

of welcome or farewell—voted to him in the three great dependencies of which he was sometime the head.

After the first hasty examination of these papers, I had little doubt that they had been preserved for the purpose to which I was about to devote them. Nothing fortifies and encourages a biographer so much as such an assurance as this. Metcalfe had a very early prescience that he was destined to be great. When yet little more than sixteen he wrote, not lightly and jestingly either, of the “fervent biographer,” who was to seize upon the traits of character indicated in the self-searching entries in his Common-place Book. But carefully as all these papers had been preserved, and multitudinous as were the records, they were hardly to be regarded as the best, or most legitimate materials of biography. Of the thousands of letters which passed into my hands, there was hardly one which was not, of some use, as suggesting an idea, strengthening an impression, contributing something to the full comprehension of a trait of character, or supplying a clue to the elucidation of some incident in Metcalfe’s life. Yet the entire collection did not supply complete materials for a biography. Whilst there was a superabundance of letters addressed *to* Lord Metcalfe, there was an obvious want of letters written *by* him. The want, however, was soon supplied. Although some of his most intimate friends and cherished correspondents