

plained that they were not sufficiently fresh, and sent his valet to the landlady with a desire that an egg warm from the nest should be procured for him. The eggs, according to the good hostess, were the freshest that could be had, and always "laid" within a few hours of the time when they were eaten. To obtain one absolutely warm from the nest was not, however, so easy of accomplishment, but she hit upon an expedient. She descended to the kitchen—took up one of the recently-laid eggs, and dipped it for a second or two in hot water, then reappearing before the servant, placed the plate which contained the egg in his hand, stating that, as he might perceive from the warmth, it was one just laid, which she would immediately boil for his Lordship. This was done, and the egg eaten under the impression that it had been fresh from the hen when boiled.

The charge of haughtiness is brought against his Lordship in the two following brief anecdotes:

While seated or walking on the deck of the *Cobourg*, the mate approached, with the view of doing something to the jolly-boat, which was lashed to the quarter. His Lordship flew into a violent passion, and, demanding to know how he dared come near that part of the vessel while he was there, ordered him away immediately.

On another occasion, one of the waiters of the *Cobourg* either carried something to the Earl, or was met by him without a jacket, and with his short sleeves tucked up. His Lordship was highly indignant at this mark of disrespect, and directed that the man should be sent off the boat forthwith.

Now, these several anecdotes I have given precisely as they obtain currency in the country, and, admitting that they are correct, I really cannot discover anything so very extraordinary in the conduct of Lord Durham. It was very natural that, if he paid liberally for the exclusive use of an hotel, he should desire to have it wholly to himself, and his numerous family and suite; nor is there anything so very remarkable in the fact of his being nauseated with the smell of tobacco. To those who are unaccustomed to it, nothing can be more offensive, and as he had no suspicions that there were any others than his own party in the hotel, he could only assume that some of the servants of the establishment had been thus perfuming the house. To summon the landlord, and question him, was, therefore, the obvious course. True, that might have been done by one of the aids-de-camp, but as his Lordship chose to perform himself that to which it was the duty of an aid-de-camp to attend, the condescension at least relieves him from the imputation of undue haughtiness.

Then, for the egg. What is more natural than a desire for a fresh egg at breakfast? The Kingston market had credit for an abundant supply of all things, and Lord Durham paid money enough at the British North American to have made it an object with the proprietor to have bought, if necessary, every laying hen in the district, and kept them on his own grounds. The whole gist of the anecdote consists in the landlady's ruse, and yet Lord Durham must have been a poor judge of an egg, indeed, if he could not detect the difference between one newly laid and one that had been simply immersed in hot water to make it appear so.

The repulse of the mate of the *Cobourg* can easily be accounted for, by the strong probability that the man was drunk, or insolent, or unnecessarily noisy, for no one, not imbued with the strongest prejudice against Lord Durham, can fail to perceive the absurdity of imputing to him, who had so frequently crossed the Atlantic, and who must, therefore, have been fully aware of their privileges, the act of undue interference with a ship's officer, however humble his rank.

As for the dismissal of the waiter, his Lordship was perfectly right in desiring that this should take place. It was for a gross mark of disrespect, and one which must have been singularly novel to him. Were a waiter to make his appearance in his shirt sleeves before a gentleman at Long's, or any other fashionable hotel in London, he would be ordered out of the establishment without ceremony. How much more disreputable and offensive, therefore, was such conduct in reference to the Governor-General of British North America. The Captain of the boat, however, was as much to blame as the waiter, for he ought to have had the good taste and the good sense to have given the necessary orders for the conduct of his people.

There is another story in relation to the *Cobourg*. This steamer, as was well known to the Canadian public, was chartered for the sole use of the mission, and it was perfectly understood that the Captain was not to receive any other passenger on board. Notwithstanding which, some obscure and not very polished preacher was allowed to embark, under a promise of concealment on his part, until he should arrive at the place of his destination. Soon after the boat was under way, however, this individual, whose sole object in selecting the *Cobourg* appears to have been to gratify an ill-timed curiosity, and to be brought immediately under the notice of the Governor-General, emerged from his hiding-place, approached His Excellency, and indulged in some familiar remarks. Lord Durham had too much penetration not to perceive the whole facts connected with the presence of the stranger, and promptly summoning the Captain, who disclaimed all knowledge of his being on board, desired him to stop the boat

at the first landing-place, and disembark the intruder. This was done, and the steamer then proceeded on her way, leaving the disappointed reverend to bestow his benediction on the haughty peer, and wend his way homewards as best he might. The papers opposed to Lord Durham's policy made a great outcry about this asserted outrage; but, in my opinion, the unworthy and petty cunning of the man found its merited reward. Had he openly solicited a passage from Lord Durham, it would, in all probability, have been accorded to him, but the very trick to which he had recourse to effect his object, had in it something so offensive, so much of low manœuvring, that a marked disapproval was called for.

That Lord Durham was of a lively temper, extremely susceptible of slight, and disposed to resent it, I can perfectly understand; but that he was unduly haughty, is a libel not only on his good sense, but on his own unquestionable position in society, which they alone who are ignorant of the secret springs of human action, and forming their judgment from superficial observation, can be unjust enough to entertain.

I once myself saw him under circumstances of slight, very slight, irritation. During the period when the *John Bull* was lying before Montreal, I had frequent interviews with his Lordship. On one occasion, young Lord Lambton—the present Earl—chanced to come into the room when his father was communicating something which he evidently did not wish him to hear, lest perhaps, in the thoughtlessness of his extreme youth (he could not then have been more than ten years of age), he might repeat it. He very mildly said to his son, who, under the pretence of turning over the leaves of some books, was slyly directing his fine eyes towards me, "George, my boy, leave the cabin: go and play." But the handsome young Lord still lingered, and after the lapse of a few minutes the Earl repeated his desire in a more decided manner.

That extraordinary writer, and deep reader of the human heart, Eugene Sue, has somewhere alluded (I think in his "Arthur") to the sympathetic power of attraction and fascination possessed by the eye of his hero over the young sensibilities of a beautiful child—Irene de Fersen—who pines in his absence, and enjoys health and happiness only in his presence. Now, although I do not exactly think that the power of fascination was centered in my eye, there was certainly something in my ample and black moustache which seemed to claim all the interest of the young Lord, who, like the King with the apple dumplings, appeared to marvel how they had got where they were. Moreover, I had frequently chatted with him, as one would converse with a youth of his tender years, and although an extremely modest and somewhat diffident boy, I thought he evinced a preference for the aforesaid moustache at least, if not for myself. But this as it may, he again neglected to obey the Earl's command; not from any wilfulness or disrespect, but simply because he seemed to think there was no such immediate hurry, either necessary or required, in the execution of the recommendation to play. Again Lord Durham sharply repeated the order, and the youth moved slowly and lingeringly—still regarding me—to the door. His Lordship, slightly irritated at his inattention, rose from his seat, put his hand on the shoulder of his son, and, opening the door, passed him into the inner cabin, appropriated to the use of the family. In this action there was nothing more of temper displayed than any father would have exhibited at a seeming disobedience of his commands by his child.

But the anecdote which is related with most bitterness in regard to Lord Durham's "pride and presumption" is one which fortunately can be disproved (if susceptible of denial) by the individual who is said to have suffered from them, and who is now, I presume, in England.

The story runs thus. At the Montreal races in 1838, when the famous cup, (famous at least in Canada,) given by Lord Durham was won by Mr. Yarker's horse *Midas*, the prize was brought by one of His Excellency's Aids-de-Camp—the Earl of Mulgrave if we mistake not—and placed before him for the purpose of delivery to the successful competitor. Now according to rumor—yet we all know how little she is to be depended upon—the manner of placing this cup before him did not please His Excellency, inasmuch as it appeared to have been done in too careless a manner, wherefore taking it up with some vehemence, and looking at the Aid-de-Camp while imitating his mode of placing it, he remarked "that is not the way—this is the way," shewing at the same time the proper mode.

Now, if this story be untrue—and I have the strongest reasons for believing it to be a fabrication—its contradiction, by the gentleman, who presented the cup to his Lordship on that occasion, will be the best guarantee of the utter absence of foundation for the remainder of these anecdotes which, in Canada, are registered as charges against Lord Durham's private character. There are many of the deceased nobleman's personal friends, and no doubt several of his connexions who will peruse these pages, and it is for them to produce that testimony before the public. The only one of Lord Durham's Aids-de-Camp no longer in existence is Captain Conroy of the Coldstream Guards, and he, I know, is not the party said to have been thus painfully reprimanded.

It is somewhat remarkable, I may here observe, that although I was in the stand with Lord Durham during the greater part of the race, and particularly when the cup was delivered over to