

## MY MEMORY OF GLADSTONE

the attacks. She replied that he was, but that he would come home from the most exciting debate and fall at once into sound sleep. A bad night, she said, if ever he had one, upset him. But this was very rare. He chronicles his good and bad nights, showing how thoroughly he felt the necessity of sound sleep. In extreme old age he took long walks and felled trees, conversed with unfailing vivacity, and seemed to be the last of the party in the evening to wish to go to bed. At the same time he was doing a good deal of work.

The hero was fond of dwelling on his Scottish extraction. His domicile, however, was Liverpool, and his father was a West Indian proprietor and slave-owner ; a circumstance perhaps