

It was on this educational side of the Council that Acland's activities were conspicuously displayed, and the labour entailed was enormous. It was permitted to the Council to send visitors to inspect the conduct of the examinations held by the various licensing bodies; on these missions he was occasionally employed, and it was mainly through his agency that the visitors were welcomed at Oxford and were allowed the privilege of access to the candidates' papers, and permission to take them away to London or elsewhere. And in the entire remodelling of the Oxford medical examination he was able in many respects to give practical effect to the recommendations of the Council.

CHAPTER X

THE ROYAL PHYSICIANSHIP—VISIT TO
AMERICA WITH THE PRINCE
OF WALES

1858-1860

IN the last week of July, 1858, just as he was preparing for a holiday trip in Wales with Liddell, Acland received a Royal command to dine and sleep at Osborne, the Dean being included in the invitation. It was his first introduction to his Sovereign, and the visit was in every way delightful. The Solent was looking its brightest, and the birthday of the Prince Consort was being celebrated with feasting and sports for the tenants of the estate and the crews of the yachts. All the Queen's children were there, with the exception of the Prince of Wales; and Acland was particularly attracted by the young Prince Alfred, better known in after life as the Duke of Edinburgh. After dinner the Queen honoured him with a conversation about Oxford and the Museum, and the Prince Consort walked him about the terraces and statues in the moonlight, talking botany. The object of the invitation, it transpired, was to ascertain whether he would be willing to accept the medical charge of the Prince of Wales during his impending residence at Oxford.

No definite arrangement was made, and Acland and Liddell duly carried out their Welsh programme. But early in September the former received a letter from Sir James Clarke, the Queen's physician, saying that the Prince Consort, who was then at Balmoral, very much wished to see him with regard to the Prince of Wales, and on 'some other points of importance,'

and proposing that he should come up and spend a day or two at Birk Hall, Sir James's home when the Court was in the Highlands. Acland started on the 20th, and on the 22nd learned the cause of his being summoned.

Yesterday brought out the object of my visit (he wrote to his wife). I am sorry to say the Queen put off an excursion till to-day which had been fixed for yesterday. I did not see her; the whole business was transacted with the Prince. I leave to-day for Braemar, and to-morrow go to Leeds to see Sir Benjamin Brodie. The question I have to answer is whether I should like to succeed Sir James Clarke as the personal Physician of the Queen and Prince Consort. I proposed to leave it to Sir Benjamin to decide, a determination which greatly pleased the Prince. The whole was pure business of the most unreserved and straightforward kind, and has but confirmed the impression I had of the Prince's intellectual powers, and increased my interest in him and feelings of personal esteem¹. Sir C. Phipps said of him, as we had a walk after our conversation was ended, 'he had never known such another man, so pure, so just, so sympathizing.'

It had been agreed that Brodie's verdict should be absolutely decisive, and Acland must have anticipated that it would be adverse, for the Prince, as he left him, said, shaking hands and laughing, 'Now do not go and bet too heavily against your own horse.' On arriving at Leeds he found that Sir Benjamin had left for London, and he followed him to his country home at Broome Park. A day later Mrs. Acland was informed by her husband that 'by Sir Benjamin's advice I write definitely to decline.' His reasons are best given in his letter to the Prince Consort:

After the fullest consideration that we can give I am

¹ Acland wrote to Dean Liddell of this same occasion, 'The Prince won my heart more than ever: he showed heart and gentleness and thorough kindness, as well as his usual sagacity and clearness.'

forced to the conclusion that it is my positive duty to represent to Your Royal Highness that I do not consider myself to be among those from whom a succession to the duties now performed by Sir James Clarke can safely be selected. We think that the strength which has sufficed for the intermittent work of Oxford would not suffice in London: I must reckon on having more to do in London than I have had in Oxford; for if I were to move thither I ought to strive to keep the same professional standing there which I had in Oxford. If I did not succeed it would reflect discredit on the Queen's physician; and if I did, sad experience has shown me that from time to time my health would certainly fail. Your Royal Highness would then have the trouble of making another selection, and Her Majesty would endure the inconvenience of another change.

Further, I should be expected to take an active part in various public questions; and I should be consulted upon them, having a very various acquaintance in London. I attended to them I should be distracted from the business which brought me thither, to be a thorough, practical physician; if I did not attend to them, it would produce dissatisfaction which I should not like to bring upon one of the Royal Household.

Those are circumstances which affect not the office but me: they would not influence either a strong man, or one who had not been by circumstances brought before the public in various matters not absolutely belonging to a physician.

All this I beg dutifully to submit to Your Royal Highness. I ought, perhaps, to say no more, but I cannot end without adding that I shall look back on the conversations I have had on the subject, and concerning His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as among the most fortunate moments of my life, giving me fresh ground not only of gratitude for your personal kindness, but causing me as an Englishman increased thankfulness for Your Royal Highness's example.

I shall return to my duties as one of the Queen's professors with renewed desire to further in all ways in my power Your Royal Highness's large views for the education and wellbeing of the people of England.

A draft of this letter was sent to Sir Thomas Acland, who returned it with the endorsement, 'All right! Like a gentleman.' It was acknowledged by the Prince Consort in very kind terms; while not disguising his disappointment he allowed that the reasons contained in the letter and the advice of so competent a friend and counsellor as Brodie were conclusive as to the prudence of the decision. In a letter of the same date to Liddell, Acland was at pains to insist that no formal offer had been made: 'The object of the conversation with the Prince was to explain to me Sir James Clarke's duties, with a view to my being enabled to judge whether I would undertake them. (I may not *refuse an offer*; therefore no offer was made, so Sir C. B. Phipps expounded to me.)' And he put in a nutshell Brodie's dilemma: 'If I succeeded in London as a first-class physician I could not stand it; and if I did not I should have had no business to be the Queen's physician.' Brodie also appears to have laid stress on the extreme importance of the work which Acland was doing at Oxford, and the impossibility of replacing him. A few years later, when it seemed probable that the offer might be renewed, he expressed in a letter to his father an opinion that Sir Benjamin had estimated the Oxford life too highly, and had been blind to its disadvantages. But in the light of future events there can be little difference of opinion that Sir Benjamin was right, and that Acland, if he had become a Court physician, would have gained little, while Oxford would have suffered grievous loss.

In the October Term of 1859 the Prince of Wales came into residence at Oxford. He was entered as a Nobleman at Christ Church, but he resided in a private house¹, Frewin Hall, under the direction of General Bruce. It had been arranged that Acland was to

¹ Acland had placed his own house in Broad Street at the disposal of the Prince, and there had been negotiations for a house close to the Botanical Gardens, presumably Dr. Tuckwell's.

be attached to his person as medical adviser, and the responsibility was duly assumed. Fortunately the duties were not onerous; the Prince enjoyed excellent health, and on the rare occasions when the care of a physician was necessary he was a most docile patient. The post was one for which Acland was admirably suited, and which he filled to perfection. He was endowed by nature with the gift of perfect simplicity, which carries a man unscathed and undaunted through every form of social vicissitude. Possessed of no small share of that 'grand manner' which birth alone can give, he was at his ease alike with the highest and the lowest in the land, and seemed unconscious of the existence of any distinction; but at the same time loyalty and reverence for his Sovereign were part of his religion. He felt towards Queen Victoria and her children as his cavalier ancestors had felt towards the Stuarts:

The king shall follow Christ, and we the king,
In whom High God hath breathed a secret thing.

He was no slavish worshipper of authority, nor was the Royal House hedged round, to his eyes, by any immunity from the failings of ordinary men and women. But in his creed and practice, to honour the king followed close upon the injunction to fear God, and the personal relation in which for over forty years he stood with the various members of the Royal Family only tended to strengthen more and more the feeling of sacred duty with which he undertook the care of the Prince of Wales in 1859. He had the gratification of knowing that his services were not unappreciated, and the unfailing kindness and consideration of his Royal Mistress and her children were a source of pride and consolation to him in joy and in sorrow. The Prince of Wales during his sojourn at Oxford was a constant visitor at the house in Broad Street; he felt, like all the world beside, the attraction which Mrs. Acland never

failed to exercise upon those who were brought in contact with her; he was a not unfrequent member of the evening circle in the little drawing-room; and in the simple friendly letters which he found leisure to write from time to time to his old physician he always remembered to send some kindly message to Mrs. Acland and the members of her family.

In the course of the next year an invitation to cross the Atlantic and represent his Mother at the opening of the Montreal bridge over the St. Lawrence, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Parliament House at Ottawa, was accepted by the Prince of Wales¹. It was the first occasion on which the heir to the throne had visited a British Colony, or indeed, since the Crusades, had travelled outside Europe. Canada was far off in those days; it was thinly populated and little known; and public opinion had scarcely decided whether Colonies were a nuisance or not. Still the Royal tour was a great event, and the most sluggish imagination could hardly fail to be impressed by it. The Prince's suite was carefully selected. The Duke of Newcastle went with him as Secretary for the Colonies, Lord St. Germans, an experienced courtier, was directly in charge of his person, assisted by General Bruce, and Acland was asked to join the party as medical attendant. It was a serious responsibility, but he had no hesitation in accepting such a mark of confidence. His practice was left to itself. Rolleston kindly undertook to act as his deputy in University matters. Mrs. Acland and the children were bestowed in lodgings at the seaside, and in the first week of July he was at Osborne ready to start.

On the 9th of that month H.M.S. *Hero*, under the command of Commodore Seymour, set sail with the

¹ Canada had raised a regiment during the Crimean War, and begged hard for a visit from the Queen. That being impossible, they asked for a Royal Prince as Governor-General. Finally the arrangement in the text was arrived at.

Prince and his suite on board¹. Though it was the height of summer the weather was cold and disagreeable. They ran for nearly 1,000 miles, seeing no star and scarcely the sun; and the latter part of the voyage was rendered to some degree hazardous by the fogs which hung around the shores of Canada. During part of the time the *Hero* was towed by her consort the *Ariadne*, in order to allow of husbanding her coal for emergencies. Acland enjoyed the life on board ship with all the old zest of his days in the Mediterranean three-and-twenty years before, and possessed an immunity from sea-sickness which was not shared by the rest of the party. He records how, while the Prince of Wales lay in his cot overcome by the pitching of the ship, he enlivened the tedium of the day by reading to him four cantos of 'Hiawatha.'

You will imagine (he writes) that we have much conversation. I seldom get up till breakfast, as I *crois devoir* take it easy—a life, by the way, I am getting quite tired of. We breakfast in state; i.e. meet in the Prince's cabin, and he goes into the common cabin first, we after; the Duke on one side of the middle of the table where H.R.H. sits, Teesdale² at the bottom, the Commodore at the top, Bruce opposite H.R.H., I usually next Bruce, the other equerry and secretary anywhere of the remaining two seats. Three sorts of hot meat or cold are handed round; we have done chatting by 9.45; the Prince rises, and we file off. Lord St. Germans is very precise; and we (the Oxford party) not being so, bow exceedingly to correspond, relaxing afterwards to our own dear selves, H.R.H. enjoying both performances to the utmost; then we go to read, usually either in the 'Lords-in-waiting' cabin, or the main cabin

¹ The voyage down the Solent on the Royal yacht made an indelible impression on Acland's mind: see Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iv, p. 13.

² Sir Christopher Teesdale, Equerry to the Prince of Wales from 1858 to 1890. He was one of the heroes of the defence of Kars, and, together with General Bruce, had been in attendance on the Prince during his residence at Oxford.

all together, or in our cabins *ad libitum*. Lunch at 1.30, and dinner at 6.

The Duke of Newcastle has quite won my heart; he is so honest; so just; so full of various knowledge, not profound but extensive and sensible; so without any desire for form, beyond what is his own nature, that I am getting quite a regard for him. Bruce¹ I wonder at more and more—I do not know hardly what he has not thought upon; pinch him where you will, and he gives out thought or its fruits. He reads a great deal and reflects on what he reads. He is hard at work at Bancroft².

Another entry records how the Prince had lunch with the middies, and how a sea suddenly broke in the stern light and pretty well swept them from the table. On another occasion Acland himself visited the gun-room, sat and chatted with 'the young gentlemen,' and arranged to give them a drawing-lesson. This friendliness was reciprocated in a practical manner. Rising early in the morning to see the sunrise, he was conducted down below by a hospitable middy, introduced to another of the same rank who was boiling cocoa in the stoke-hole for the officer of the watch, and there regaled with a basin of the beverage which warms but does not inebriate.

On Monday, the 23rd, the *Hero* reached Newfoundland, and entered St. John's Harbour; the Prince and his party landed on the following day. There were the usual ceremonies—a procession through crowded streets, the presentation of addresses, a review of the Volunteers, a levee and a luncheon at the residence of the Governor, Sir Alexander Bannerman. 'He is an aged strong-bodied Scotchman, and Lady Bannerman a splendid Scotch Dame of measured forms of speech and of

¹ General Bruce, the brother of Lord Elgin and of Lady Augusta Stanley, was no stranger to Canada, having served there for a year.

² Acland, it should be added, put himself through a course of reading on Colonial and American History during the voyage.

person.' Acland would never have guessed that his hostess was Margaret Gordon, the first love of Thomas Carlyle. The Governor himself was a homely man in many ways. Plain black with white cravat was in orders for the dinner costume, and Sir A. Bannerman, being without the latter article, borrowed it from one of the Prince's footmen, and with much simplicity narrated the fact at dinner to the Prince. Obedient to the resolution which he had formed of acquiring as much practical and professional knowledge as possible, Acland spent such hours of leisure as he could snatch in visiting the lunatic asylum, the hospitals, and the fish-curing establishments.

Halifax was the next destination, but the party landed at Sydney in Cape Breton, saw the coal-mines and a settlement of Micmac Indians, and inspected the Volunteer Corps, 'admirably dressed in blue blouse of strong serge or woollen material with a belt round the waist, rifles and bayonets, and a kind of wide-awake.' These were the early days of Volunteers, and Acland, as one of the Oxford University Riflemen, looked with interest into all the details of equipment.

Thence we sailed, and steamed the same afternoon along the coast, passing between Flint Island with its lighthouse and the mainland, and through a very narrow channel and shoal waters for the purpose of seeing the entrance to and ruins of Louisburg. . . . This touching and mournful place cost the French a million and a half to fortify, and us two fleets to take; it was taken by Lord Amherst, and is now without an inhabitant. Through our glasses we could see the broken batteries, and the grass-covered embrasures lining the shore. The sun set angrily and solemnly behind the low range; the sky was broken by the long low lines of jagged undulating firs. The next day was our day of rest; it was a calm. The fires were banked up and the sails flapped idly; we had our peaceful day as each could spend it. A great seaweed was caught, and I thought it no desecration of the Sunday to collect from its surface some polypes—a species I was not

acquainted with, but allied to Sertularia—and to show it with a long explanation to General Bruce, Captain Orlebar, the Prince, and some midshipmen; explaining the formation of the Medusae from the Hydroid Polypes, and the general relations of these minute scavengers of the ocean to decaying matter, to the higher animals, and to the formation of islands by the coral reefs.

The *Hero* reached Halifax on July 30, and the Prince and his companions crowded a heavy programme into the next seven days. The doings of the week are recorded in Acland's letter by a series of mere jottings which render extracts impossible. He found time to visit the lunatic asylums, poor-houses, and other public institutions, while bearing his full share of the balls, dinners, and processions. He mentions a walk with Bishop Field, the text of the sermon in the cathedral, and his perusal of some of the more serious writings of Judge Haliburton ('Sam Slick'). Other entries record 'swim in the harbour with Teesdale and Grey¹,' 'swim off raft on St. John's river.' On the 8th the party re-embarked on the *Hero*, and landed on Prince Edward's Island on the following day. Here the same enthusiasm was experienced, and much the same routine was followed. On the 12th the *Hero* anchored in Gaspé Bay. This was the appointed rendezvous for the Governor-General of the Canadas, Sir Edmund Head, who came on board to breakfast next morning, and his executive council followed him in a separate steamer as the flotilla proceeded to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. In a letter to his sons Acland describes their excursion up the Saguenay:

Mr. Price was with us. He rents from the Government of Canada the whole river. It extends very many miles, perhaps 150—and still further through lakes. He employs

¹ Son of Sir George Grey, and the Prince's equerry and valued friend. When he died in December, 1874, the Prince of Wales wrote of him to Acland in most feeling terms.

3,000 workpeople. He has built saw mills at the streams, of which one cost £50,000. Mr. Price put some tents for us on the shore of the river St. Marguerite, which runs into the Saguenay. In each tent was a buffalo-skin for us to lie on, boughs of fir-trees for our carpet, dishes of birch-bark, and stools and tables tied up with birch-wood. He had fifteen canoes with Indians and hunters. Each of us went in one up the rapids. Each canoe is made of birch-bark, as Hiawatha made his. We knocked against the rocks. The great waves threw us about, and we seemed ready to be overwhelmed. When we could not go on we jumped on shore and carried the canoe and got in again. At one rapid we had just got through when a wave caught my canoe and dashed it round—we all sat still and were swept like an arrow to the bottom of the fall, to turn round and succeed the next time.

At four o'clock on Saturday, August 18, the party landed at Quebec.

The preparations which have been made are of the most sumptuous kind. No single word, however, can express the nature of the Prince's reception. All classes have united to make it acceptable—acceptable from its unanimity, acceptable from its loyalty, acceptable from its splendour, acceptable from its considerate kindness, its manifestly heart-deep intentions, its reflection of the sentiments of love for the old home, for the England that is called and felt to be the mother country; and acceptable from the not unfounded hope which the imagination is forced to entertain, that great benefit will arise from all these things to England, to these good sturdy people, to constitutional government and national liberty throughout the world. I am writing now at an open window in the Governor's residence, hanging over the St. Lawrence. The house is called Cateraguay. It is a mile and a half from Spencer Wood, the old Government House, which two years ago was burnt down. We are three miles from Quebec: between us lies the old battle-field of the Plains of Abraham.

The state entry into the capital of French Canada was deferred till Tuesday, August 20; on the preceding day the party were entertained at a picnic in the

wood by the falls of the Chaudière, and here Acland's old simplicity of taste asserts itself.

The luncheon was so oppressively rich that I ventured for once to express my opinion on state affairs, and I said the Governor should represent to the Council that though the liberality and splendour of their entertainments were most gratifying, yet that, but for state purposes, it would be more acceptable if in private the Prince was entertained in a more simple and less costly manner; and I said that the physician had no moroseness in his composition, but still he could not but think of the contrast between the excessive *luxe* and the toils of those who helped to provide it, and there was an obvious difference between its adoption for public purposes or for private necessity. Which announcement was heartily accepted.

I am quite in love with Sir Edmund Head, and indeed am getting very happy with my companions; for I have shaken out of all share in any state business; as it were, am able to listen without talking, and to take the proper place of the physician as a quiet and ready companion when useful or wanted. . . . Sir Edmund is full of knowledge, classical, artistic, scientific. He lost his only son suddenly last year, and has since not rallied, and indeed takes little interest in things compared to what formerly he did; or rather, is less willing to exert himself, and is in bad health.

In Quebec the party were established at the Parliament House, which had been fitted up for the occasion at great cost; fifteen saddle-horses had been provided, with carriages and servants in livery to correspond, while 100 men were told off as a Guard of Honour to accompany the Prince of Wales throughout Canada.

Each of the suite has a bedroom and sitting-room well and neatly fitted up. We are looking north over the St. Lawrence, which turns away homewards round the point to the right. A battery is under my window; *Flying Fish, Ariadne, Hero, Nile*, beyond; to the left timber vessels, and six miles off the Falls of Montmorenci.

The Executive Committee were assiduous in their attention, and among them Acland's chief allies were Mr. Rose, the Commissioner of Works, and Mr. Macdonald¹ and Mr. Cartier, Attorney-General of Upper and Lower Canada respectively. His spare time was as usual occupied in an inspection of the educational and charitable institutions of the city. The regulations for obtaining the Medical Diploma in force at the Laval University struck him as excellent in their severity.

The principle of the examinations is peculiar. Every three months there is an examination by the professors of the Faculty, each professor writing one question; the answers must be twenty-four pages fairly written. For these examinations marks are given, and the total of these, if sufficient, gives the Bachelor of Medicine in two years' time. If insufficient, he has the option of a regular examination, which is intended to be very severe. An examination of a serious nature includes a viva voce (of three hours by statute), public to the University and Medical Profession. This gives the licence. Two years after practice or the licence the Doctorate is conferred, on a thesis which has been given to the professors for perusal a month before. . . . It is a great mistake that the Government does not publish a Medical Register, and before any quackery becomes rampant it should be done. I hope to be able to convince Mr. Rose, the Prime Minister, of this.

Acland's letters from Quebec contain such information as he was able to glean from books and conversations on the subject of the North American Indians: it was a question in which he took much interest, and with regard to which, before leaving Canada, he was to receive enlightenment. Another topic which could not fail to attract the attention of any competent observer is dealt with in an extract from the New York *Evening Post* which Acland enclosed to his wife. Written on the eve of the great American civil war and eight years

¹ Afterwards the famous Prime Minister of the Dominion, 'Sir John A.'

before the formation of the Dominion of Canada, it is a striking forecast.

Some five or six years ago the Duke of Newcastle, at present the companion and mentor of the Prince of Wales in Canada, delivered a speech which we cannot conveniently put our hands on at this moment, but in which he distinctly stated that he looked forward to the formation of a new empire on this continent at no distant day. This was no idle talk of the British peer. It foreshadowed a policy already matured, and which only waited a convenient opportunity to be put into operation. The Crimean, Indian, and China wars, together with the uncertain designs of France, have kept England so much occupied since then that British interests in America have been treated as of secondary importance.

The spring of 1860 brought with it a period of comparative repose for England. One of the consequences is that the Prince of Wales is now on the American continent. The Duke of Newcastle, the Queen's Secretary for the Provinces, is with him. Both are for the first time quietly feeling the pulse of the Queen's subjects there; seeing face to face and conferring with the leading men of the separate colonial possessions, with a view, as we have reason to believe, of ascertaining the practicability and expediency of bringing about at the 'earliest practicable period' a *consolidation of all the provinces*, for which there is unquestionably a strong popular aspiration. The Canadian Government is decidedly in favour of it, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are thinking about it with favourable dispositions; Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island will not resist if the rest can harmonize. The Red River Valley wants a Government, and British Columbia an Atlantic connexion. All these combined have a population of over four million souls, a million more than the number of American colonists when they declared their independence, and with tenfold the number and value of public works, to say nothing of their advanced civilization. This hardy, self-reliant, and industrious population have grown up near neighbours to our prosperous republic, and familiar with the working of our institutions. They are not disposed to

become republicans exactly, nor to adopt our laws and institutions entire if they could, but with the growing ambition of a manly youth they are beginning to ask to set up for themselves; that is, to have some separate provision. They are proud of the old family name, their model Queen, and, since they have been allowed to govern themselves, of their model Government, but they are not content to remain for ever mere colonists, with no chance of imperial dignities; they don't wish to be called for ever Canadians, New Brunswickers, Nova Scotians, Prince Edward's Islanders, Newfoundlanders, &c., &c., but they wish to have a national name and a national character. We have reason to suppose that one of the ends proposed by this visit of the Queen's eldest son to Canada will be to propose a suitable response to these aspirations, and that it will be forthcoming very soon after the return of the Royal party to England. If we may judge from such information as has already transpired, some new name will be given to the entire British-American States, and they will be placed under the rule of the young gentleman whom they are now receiving with such attention, with the title and powers of a Viceroy. That something of this kind is in contemplation there can be no doubt.

If this tour were made simply for educational purposes, like his trip to the states of the continent and to various parts of the British Islands, he would not be permitted to receive greater or more costly attention from the Queen's subjects than he received there; whereas, he is received in Canada as the immediate representative of the Sovereign, the same etiquette and homage being required in all cases, he alone being indulged with the freedom of intercourse which European sovereigns usually part with on mounting the throne.

We may therefore reasonably expect, as one of the fruits of this visit, the creation of Red River into a colony, and then the formation of a united confederacy, extending from Canada on the east to British Columbia on the west, composed of six or eight independent state sovereignties, united under a single viceregal federal head, to be as nearly independent as can be made to consist with the Queen's supremacy.

That the Queen's Government is inspired to this step by other than merely motherly considerations for Canada or for her eldest son it is easy to suppose. The position which our country is gradually acquiring among nations, and what to foreigners seems its uncontrollable energy of will and impulse, have caused us to be regarded as in some respects a rather dangerous neighbour. Government is supposed to be at the mercy of the people, and in the Old World it is not the habit to put much faith in the people's respect for other people's property unless protected by a pretty strong government. It is, therefore, no doubt in view of the somewhat reckless foreign policies of the last two administrations, and the tendency in the same direction which is ascribed by a large class of British statesmen to our system of almost universal suffrage, that it is now proposed to consolidate and strengthen the British power on this continent so that it may be more effective for military purposes than it can possibly be while distributed about as at present in the several provinces. With a well-organized government extending along our frontier the entire length of the continent for a land approach, and a sea-coast accessible to an invading fleet every fifty miles for more than three thousand, the United States will find herself under stronger bonds than she has ever yet been for her good behaviour to England.

Acland adds his commentary :

I had intended to have written to the same effect; but, without pledging myself to all this article says, I think it deserving your thorough attention. I will at a later period say more; now it is only necessary to say that the Canadians are probably willing enough, and that the sole objection would spring from the Lower Provinces. But I had much talk on the subject with persons of political influence and knowledge, and I saw no real opposition, on the contrary a strong desire on their part. The Canadian and other N.B.A. colonies are thoroughly averse to American institutions and manners.

His allusions to the Heights of Abraham and to Wolfe's crowning victory and death are chiefly remark-

able for his quotation of the noble and touching letters of Montcalm, which Mr. Francis Parkman has now made familiar to English readers. He mentions with admiration the orders issued by the Government of Canada for the charge of the party:

The care, precision, and forethought displayed is quite curious. We are catered for by an American hotel-keeper, Mr. Anderson of New York, a kind of manly Spiers¹. He prefaced his account of himself to me thus: 'Doctor, I wish you to understand in the first place I am a gastronomer by taste, by profession, and by science; and that I hope to live to prove that in my hands the school of cookery in France, England, and Russia or Germany, is inferior to the school of America.'

The nominal object of the Prince's visit to Canada had been to open the gigantic bridge at Montreal, which connected the island with the mainland, the north shore with the south, Upper with Lower Canada. On September 1 the party had reached that city, and Acland summed up the impressions of the earlier part of his tour:

There is something strange in the way in which every place on our journey is progressively more striking than the last. I was struck by the simple life of Newfoundland, interested in the progress of Nova Scotia, astonished at the energy of New Brunswick, instructed by the obvious civilization of the entrance to Canada, unprepared for the energy displayed by Mr. Price's trade at the Saguenay, almost awed by the St. Lawrence and the approach to historical Quebec—and now brought to a standstill of many questionings as I sit before the outspread city of Montreal, the towns, the spires, the banks, the bridge, the great river, the greater plains, the distant mountains of the States. Round us are the Indians and their birch canoes, near us the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief and all the state of

¹ Spiers, for many undergraduate generations the magnificent provider of nick-nacks and most aristocratic of haircutters, has long since vanished from the Oxford 'High.'

monarchy, a little way off the Guard of Honour come up from Republican Boston to wait on the Prince. To all the public buildings I think one criticism is applicable, excepting only the Anglican cathedral and some new houses. The French Canadians imported a sense of proportion, but did not bring detailed knowledge; therefore the general forms of their buildings and their distant effect is much better than the nearer view confirms. This is not uncommon either on the continent, and was Sir Christopher Wren's fault also. You will notice at once how it is the converse of Woodward's buildings, as far at least as we know them.

The bridge was successfully opened, but Acland leaves the glorification of that engineering triumph to the reporters of the *Times* and *Illustrated London News*, and expatiates rather on the Meteorological Observatory upon the Isle Jesu, belonging to Dr. Smallwood, a man of 'little means but much wit,' who had come out to Canada as a surgeon in 1834, aged twenty-two, had acquired a practice and a maintenance, and set himself to work to investigate the effect of climate upon health. This inquiry had developed into the establishment of a regular Observatory, meteorological, magnetic, and astronomical; and Acland records with zest the contrivances by which zeal and ingenuity had triumphed over the lack of funds. 'I do not find that he can connect yet the observations with any sanitary conclusions or principles; he is, however, now attempting to connect the sun's spots with the ozonic observations and magnetism. . . . I have promised him a set of the Radcliffe Observations, and have endeavoured to make his work known to several persons.'

The Geological Museum at Montreal and the survey under the direction of 'that indefatigable person,' Sir William Logan, also attracted his attention, and he was interested of course in the charitable and medical institutions of the city; while the treatment of the local fevers, of pneumonia, and of Canadian cholera supplied a fertile subject for conversation with the numerous

acquaintances which he formed among the Montreal doctors.

We were lodged in various houses. I with the Prince in General Williams's house, hired from Rose, the Commissioner of Works—with a good library, a splendid view, and some nice pictures—a place altogether in good taste, and its owner, Williams, a noble, nice fellow—good-humoured and witty, as strong and firm—and Rose, a clever, pleasing, affable lawyer, beloved and trusted. They have become quite among my 'intimes.' The General has been into my bedroom, where we all hold our personal levees, and, finding already three or four there, he says on entering, 'Good morning, Doctor; now look here, if any fellow insults, worries, or distrusts you, just you communicate the same to me, and I am his man.' So pleasantly goes the daily life.

The 1st of September found the party at Ottawa, where the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the new Parliament House, and, after the luncheon which followed, slipped away to enjoy the perils of a descent on a lumber slide on the Ottawa River. Acland missed his companions in the crowd and arrived by himself at a bridge which crossed the stream.

I got on the bridge as the raft went through with the Prince, Commodore, Governor, Bruce, and three or four more on it. A chain hung from the bridge. I could not resist; they all called out, 'Drop down, Acland, come, come!' and down the chain I went into the middle of them, and away we bounded. People were lining the edge of the slide, and the splash of the great raft as it rushed into the bottom or level of the river was such that several crinolined ones were nearly washed off the rock by the rush of the uprunning wave. As I come up to write, in walks Sir Edmund Head again, and sits down, and has but just left. I wish I could stereotype his conversations. He was originally a Fellow and Tutor of Merton: then Poor Law Commissioner—then Governor of New Brunswick—then Governor-General of Canada—such a varied store of knowledge—such memory—such quotations—such mildness—such taste and tenderness. . . . I tell

him and Bruce how strongly you advise me never to talk, so that they may with propriety take the most share!

After Ottawa the next stage was Toronto.

We left Ottawa on a delightful excursion on Monday, September 2, early in the morning. I do not stop to describe scenery because I have many little sketches, rough enough, but sufficient to enable me to explain all to you, when, God willing, we meet. Still I must say Ottawa is a splendid place. Below the town is the Rideaux Fall of about 50 feet and 200 in width, and above it, in full view of the town, the splendid Chaudière where the river, narrowed from a mile to a few hundred feet, came violently surging down its ledges and precipitated over its cliff. As we entered on this scene on Friday, the moon was rising behind the Rideaux—and we, escorted by one hundred and eighty large canoes, manned by six or eight men all clad in red woollen frocks! The sun was setting on them and the Fall; and as they paddled and sang their rude songs it produced an effect of a kind I have never experienced. We quitted more quietly in carriages and drove nine miles up the river-banks past the Rapids, and then embarked for fifty miles in a steamer. We reached in about six hours the Chats Falls and Portage, the Falls so-called because the water comes leaping over like kittens at play. We left our steamer, and our twenty canoes were lifted out, turned over on to men's shoulders, and in procession, preceding, following, and mixing with us, we cross the Portage to the Upper Lake: there we embark, pull some miles in a splendid air and sun—reach Rapids—another portage—out—walk one to two miles through the woods with our boats—off again and up to Mr. Maclaughlan's pretty and comfortable settlement. Here at three we have a splendid lunch. It cost Maclaughlan £500 to make the necessary preparation for this expedition.

From Mr. Maclaughlan's hospitable home they drove through the forest to Aylmer, then 'the extreme station,' and a journey of fifty miles brought them to Brockville, where they were greeted with a most uproarious demonstration. 'On the platform the crowd in all

kindness all but crushed us. It was dark—the Prince was got into a carriage and driven off. The whole town was illuminated. The roofs were covered with people frantically exploding fireworks, and we were preceded by some three hundred men in red dresses bearing great torches and firing Roman candles and rockets from their hands.'

From Brockville the party proceeded by steamer to Kingston on the edge of Lake Ontario, and here began the only incident which disturbed the harmony of the Canadian visit.

The complication of the Orangemen's movement has become more serious. The Orangemen in Canada form an important body; Lower Canada, as you so well know, is French and Romish. The whole of our splendid reception was by them. It would appear as though the Upper Canadians have taken umbrage at the way in which the Roman Catholics were received. We learned that the Orange party at Kingston had determined to pass through the streets in procession with every Orange emblem and motto, and to decorate the arches the Prince was to pass under in a similar manner. The Duke and Sir Edmund agreed that this act of tyranny could not be recognized. Orange lodges are not illegal in Canada; but they are in Ireland¹, and if the Prince formally and deliberately recognized them *here*, it was argued, it might have inconvenience at home. The Lodges and Orangemen deliberated half the night, turned out the leaders who advised moderation, and took possession of the landing places. We, therefore, could not land. Several persons came with addresses on board; but the Mayor and Corporation would not venture, and many members of the Government held aloof.

About two we set off for Belleville *re infecta* up the Bay of Quinte. We received telegrams saying that at Toronto the Orangemen would withdraw, and we were to breakfast on shore and proceed by rail to Cobourg to-day to attend a ball. But a large body of Orangemen came by a special train at eight just as we were landing, put their emblems on the

¹ Under 4 George the Fourth, c. 87.

arches, and the poor, loyal, sober people who wished from their hearts to have us were left. Seventy young women had in the night arranged to meet us on horseback and escort us in, and Mr. Murray, whose family had been up all night arranging for breakfast, were, alas! disappointed; we had nothing to do but up anchor and away. We shall reach Cobourg on Lake Ontario about dark, and if the Orange party have not preceded us by rail we shall land and go to a ball there to-night.

The landing at Cobourg was quietly effected between ten and eleven at night. There was an enormous display and reception by torchlight, and the ball was duly attended. The next day they were sent off on a long railway journey, reaching Toronto at dusk. Here their troubles recommenced.

We had received telegraphic assurance that there would be no Orange display in this capital of Upper Canada, and we landed in by far the most splendidly prepared scene we have witnessed. It surpassed Montreal, as Montreal all else; an amphitheatre containing certainly 10,000 persons, with many thousands outside. We were engaged till long after dusk with the procession. I was not aware of any *contretemps*, but when we reached Government House we found the Duke in a great taking: it appeared we had gone under an arch with the portrait of William III.

The offence seems somewhat trifling, for after all the 'Protestant Deliverer' had sat upon that throne which the Prince of Wales was destined to inherit, but his counterfeit presentment came under the heading of 'Orange emblems.' The offence, moreover, was aggravated by the fact that previous to the entry into Toronto the Mayor of that city, relying on a promise from the Orange party, had written to the Duke of Newcastle to say that the offending portrait had been removed. When morning came the Duke's temper had undergone no improvement, and he gave vent to a violent tirade anent the Mayor at the breakfast-table before all the servants, and announced that he had written to tell that official

what he thought of him. The cooler heads among the party were struck with consternation; they saw themselves within measurable distance of a difficulty which might have the most far-reaching consequences.

I went to the Duke's room after breakfast (writes Acland), and quietly begged him to pause in his strong letter to the Mayor; for, I said, 'if I were Mayor or the people of Toronto, I fear my temper would lead to retorts and retaliation; and if the Mayor and people happen to be of hard stuff, you will have raised a storm which will never be quelled.' He was very good to me.

But the Duke reiterated his opinion of the Mayor, and 'swore roundly' that if Canada could only be kept on such terms it was not worth keeping. The sentiment has a fine smack of George Grenville and Charles Townsend, and one realizes that the last forty years have seen a considerable change both in the temperament and point of view of Colonial Secretaries.

Of course I could only say (continues Acland), 'Well, you may be right and it is probable; but I could not rest without asking you to pause.' Bruce and Lord St. Germans, agreeing in the alarm, got the letter remodelled into a gentler tone, and all is for the time quiet. But I fear a sting has been implanted, not easily to be withdrawn.

However, it is satisfactory to find him adding a postscript to the letter: 'Mayor all right. Duke ditto. Mayor dined.'

The Canadian tour was now nearly ended, but a pressing invitation to visit the United States had been extended to the Prince of Wales. It was decided that he should accept it; and though it entailed a further separation from his family of at least a month, Acland felt that his duty would not allow him to think of crying off¹. As the departure from the 'Province' drew near,

¹ The Prince Consort, with his usual thoughtfulness, had offered him the opportunity of returning in time for the Oxford term, and

enthusiasm seemed to increase, manifesting itself in true Transatlantic fashion.

There are sometimes twelve or more addresses a day; and now American deputations come up, even from the place of 'Gals,' Buffalo¹, begging the party to go there. So great is the furore that on board the *Kingston*, after we left, one of the visitors kissed H. R. H.'s pillow, and cut up the soap that was left into bits.

On September 12 they quitted Toronto;

but not till the Prince, returning from the ball which I would not go to, had waked me up at half-past four to look at a bruise which he had from a fall, and which I, half asleep, rubbed with Arnica, he in full uniform, I in my shirt, the whole process being solely for the fun of calling me at 4.30, which of course I was not quick enough to see, and therefore insisted on assiduously rubbing; nor indeed did I see it till I had had my morning levee of a Professor, a Physician (Wilson and Hodder), and a member of the Legislative Council (Mr. Cayley), conversing with all on the subject of the Medical Act which it is desirable to obtain for Canada.

The 17th found them at Niagara. The marvels of the waterfall have been described by too many pens to admit of my quoting Acland's description: a more personal detail must be accepted in its place.

To-night after dinner there was a demand for *skittles*; and to skittles at ten we went, to a curious big room eighty feet long at the back of the great hotel, and played as heroes in Homer. H. R. H., Lord Hinchinbroke, Gore, and the

relinquishing his post to Sir Henry Holland, who was then on an excursion in America.

¹ The allusion is to the almost forgotten song 'Buffalo gals, are you coming out to-night?' Christy Minstrelsy was then all the rage in England, and Lord Malmesbury, in his diary for July 24, 1860, tells how 'Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as "Campdown Races."' See also *Punch* for October 11, 1884.

General commanding in chief; on our side, Sir Edmund Head, the Duke of Newcastle, the Commodore, Grey, and myself. The game lasted an hour: we beat. We had 'sherry cobbler' to sip through straws—a great institution. It is now 11.30; I begged off to write to you; and they are at it again, the Duke from time to time signing state papers on the marking-board.

The visit to Niagara was also marked by the renewal of a curious acquaintanceship which Acland had formed a few days earlier.

Some time since at Toronto, after I had seen and drawn many, and read and inquired much concerning them, there were standing one day in the passage two Indians; I accosted one, who answered rudely. I accosted the other, who said, 'I do not speak much.' 'Will you allow me to draw you?' 'I do not much like it.' 'Oh! never mind, I have drawn many: they never object, come to my room.' He, slowly but not sullenly, followed. He was a young man, herculean, with a large ring in his nose, and painted. I placed him and began to sketch. 'Do you hunt or fish?' 'Hunt, never; fish, not often.' 'What is the Indian for pike?' (The answer is not recorded, but Acland went on to say) 'That is not the word always used—Sturgeon is *Nama*.' 'Not in Mohawk, in Ojibbeway it may be so: but in my dialect, which is Mohawk, there is no word which requires closing the lips, and therefore any person who knows Mohawk can at once eliminate a great many words such as *Nama*, and say they cannot belong to Mohawk.' 'Indeed,' I said, 'then you have paid attention to the structure of your language.' 'Certainly, I desire to be acquainted with whatever is of importance to my people.' 'Are you a chief?' 'I am a chief of the Mohawks.' 'Is that hereditary or elective?' 'Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes both, as in my case.' 'I am sure you will forgive me for asking such a question; I am a stranger, and like to know all things—Why do you wear a ring in your nose?' 'I told you I take delight in all that concerns my people; this ring is part of the old Indian dress.' 'Well, but it is not a pleasant custom.' In a sad tone, 'It is the custom, that is enough.' 'But surely you do not mean to

advocate every custom, you might now scalp me in no time.' 'Certainly not, by coming to your room you are my friend; I may and shall support all the customs of my people that are harmless, because I please them by so doing, and can therefore better aid them in their true elevation, and in all that will develop their intellectual faculties and raise their moral sense. For this reason I am indebted to Longfellow. His "Hiawatha" is intended to purify and perpetuate the Indian sentiment, and it is an admirable purpose.'

'Really, Sir, I must beg your pardon, but first what may I call you?' 'Oron-hya-tekha.' 'Pray say it again; what is the English of it?' 'Burning Cloud.' 'Well, I was about to beg your pardon, Burning Cloud—I shall never say it in Indian—for having asked you to come to sit (especially when I make you so ill-looking). But of course I could not know when I saw you what kind of mental cultivation you had, or I should not have thought it respectful to you; so pray forgive me now I cannot help it.'

'The great drawback which any Indian of real cultivation finds is that he is looked upon by the white men as an inferior being. Those even who are appointed by your Government to care for us look on us as children, and treat us so. As long as this is so there will be no real manhood.' 'That is, I dare say,' said I, 'partly the fault of individual superintendents, partly your own; tell me now what else depresses your race.' 'I should say the condition of our women. No cultivated Indian can find in his wife a suitable wife, and no superior white woman will marry an Indian.'

'What is the remedy? you have schools provided for you, and few go to them; and when they do go, they run away, and the parents do not care.'

'That is true; but the schools are not advanced enough: whites would not care for them, or be elevated by them, they are too low. I have two sisters, my heart's desire is to give them a good education. I cannot do it; I went myself all the way to Ohio, and lived on charity to attend the University. I became apprentice to a shoemaker to get maintenance, and then went back to my people and taught them what I learnt as well as I could.'

'I think I can help you in more than one way, but, my

friend, you had to leave by a train at four. It is now 2.30. I have spoiled my drawing. Be gone, and God bless you; write to me your thoughts and your wishes; I will do anything for you, except give money, and that I cannot. Good-bye.' 'Your red brother thanks you: you will hear.'

This evening at seven, 'Burning Cloud,' who had written to me at Niagara, walked into my room. There was sitting with me a chief of the Cayugas, at tea. It was a strange party: the steady and philosophic 'Cloud' on one side; the illiterate, wiry, active Cayuga on the other, his chin resting on his hand, eyeing me; his hair, black and hard as horsehair, tied tall over his crown, a handle for his enemy to scalp him; a bow and arrows on the table-cloth, and the peaceful doctor between the two. The Cayuga had been seized to be drawn as the 'Cloud' had been; very different were they. The Cayuga a real child of the red men, and nothing more; and yet a true man. Hear his talk, you shall have one sentence: 'You say Indian men no work—why not—Indian wish do what God of Indian bid him—God of Indian said, "Have forests, have deer, have fur, and hunt"—and Indian do it well. God of white men say, "Dig and be farmers, and have town, and railroad, and all that"—and he do it; but why white men come cut down forests and drive away deer and all animals and then say Indian no work when Indian have no place for hunt?'

The Cayuga went away: he would not sell me an ornament, for it was his wife's, he said—and Oron-hya-tekha stayed. He has remained the whole evening, while I unravelled the laws under which the Indians live, sought to know what is to be done for them, reasoned with him against his too great confidence in the wisdom of 'preserving his nationality,' and succeeded in introducing him to the Governor-General¹.

¹ Not very long after his return to England, Dr. Acland received a letter from Oron-hya-tekha announcing his intention of coming to Oxford, and the letter was followed by the unexpected arrival of the chief, clad, not exactly in his war-paint, but in mocassins and deer-hide. He had worked his passage, and his capital amounted to 4½*d.* Acland befriended him to the utmost of his power, raised the necessary funds, and got him entered as a student at St. Edmund Hall, of which Liddon was then Vice-

On September 19 the party entered the United States. For purposes of etiquette, and to allow of as much freedom of movement as possible, it had been arranged that the Prince should assume a nominal incognito and travel under the name and style of Baron Renfrew.

We reached Windsor station on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. We walked into the huge steamer which acts as a ferry. It was eight in the evening: we saw both sides of the river illuminated, rockets flying, and ships lighted up. On the boat were the Mayors of Windsor and Detroit, and the Aldermen and the Governors of the Western States and the Bishops of Michigan and Illinois. The quay and the streets as far as the eye could reach were a mass of human heads. There was not an inch whereon to land. To disembark was impossible, and we saw and waited long the hopeless endeavours of the magnates to get us room. At length we rushed to some carriages, and, barely noticed, the Prince unrecognized reached our hotel.

At Detroit the Governor-General of Canada with his ministers and entourage bade farewell, to Acland's intense regret. Lord Lyons, the Minister at Washington, with a couple of attachés, joined the party, as did also Lord Hinchinbroke, otherwise it was reduced again to

Principal. Though he is mentioned as having prepared a grammar of the Mohawk tongue for Professor Max Müller, Oron-hya-tekha went back from Oxford without a degree, but he became, thanks in no small measure to the interest which Acland continued to manifest in him, a doctor of medicine in Canada, was appointed medical attendant in the Indian Reserves, and is to-day a highly respected citizen, famous for racy eloquence, and head of the important order of Canadian Foresters. He never ceased to correspond with his benefactor, and would often send him small specimens of his handiwork, and on his visits to England on business connected with the Foresters he seldom failed to pay a visit to Oxford and to Broad Street. He once brought with him his wife and daughter to show them, as he said, the man and the home but for whom he would still be a wild Red Indian.

the original members who had gone on board the *Hero* at Southampton.

At tea this evening the order changed. Lord Renfrew sat with the American Minister on his right, and his travelling companion, an English Minister (the Duke of Newcastle), on his left. Teesdale and Grey, no longer at the bottom and top of the table, are the Baron's *friends*. The *Equerries* left us in Canada. Some details are changed in our forms, some change there will be in our relations. The Duke is no longer chief; Lord Lyons, a more capable man, shares government with General Bruce.

It would be tedious to multiply extracts from Acland's diary and correspondence during the journey on American soil. Not only is the America of 1903 widely different from that of 1860, but many of the social innovations, many of the institutions which impressed him with their novelty, have become commonplaces to-day. The American Hotel, which so excited his wonder, has multiplied itself in every European capital. The Chicago whose growth he details almost with awe was destined to perish in the flames, and out of its ashes has arisen a town with which no city in the United States of 1860 could stand the remotest comparison.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the record of the short visit is the sublime unconsciousness alike of guests and hosts that the country was on the verge of a tremendous civil war which at a colossal price in blood and treasure was to give birth to a new nation. Acland's observations on the future of the country, and on the effects of slavery, are shrewd and far-sighted in many respects. But neither he nor those with whom he conversed betray the smallest suspicion that the sands were running out in the glass; and he shows that reluctance to credit the staying power of a democracy which explains the attitude and the errors of so many thinking Englishmen during the war of secession.

'Now reflect,' he wrote to Mrs. Acland, 'these twenty newer

states are not slave states. The newer ones, these North-west ones, abhor the name, not because they hate slavery only, but *because in the slave states the middle class is depressed*. There are wealthy men in several degrees, and slaves. You are a slave-owner, a slave, or nobody. Not so in the successful new states. Every man is "a man for a' that." What chance, think you, has slavery in the whole Union? They will shake it off from their feet. The Southerners must be outvoted. The old states have increased of late years ten per cent., some of the newer districts tenfold. The votes in Congress will become proportional.

'And further, what chance, think you, has such a splendid portion of the globe, inhabited by so strong and nobly energetic a people, of desiring war? How say you of the Chicago people? Will they wish war for an idea? Will they bear restraint?

'We were treated at Chicago with true genuine politeness—no interference—but the greatest affability and almost courtesy. There is but one desire, to show respectful kindness to the son of a great and good mother.'

Before leaving Illinois the Prince stayed for a couple of nights at Dwight, where a certain Mr. Spencer had built himself a farm right out on the Prairie. There was a great shooting expedition, and fair bags of prairie chickens (grouse) and quails are reported. Acland took a gun, but failed to cover himself with glory, partly from the fact that he was absorbed in the flowers, the geology, and the cultivation rather than the game. As the brother of a mighty farmer he was interested in all pertaining to agriculture, and he learnt enough about the enormous annual production of wheat in the Western States to be prepared for the day when the European markets would be flooded with cheap corn.

St. Louis was reached on Wednesday, September 26, the latter stages being made on board one of the huge river steamers which descend the Mississippi.

I hope to bring home considerable information on this

district for your perusal, for I have sworn eternal friendship with a person of combined ability and goodness, Captain McLellan, now superintendent of the St. Louis and Cincinnati line¹. He was seven years engaged as an engineer officer in the great survey for the Pacific railway. We landed in a mob of rowdies on the levee or quay of the 'City of the Mound.' Here was Liverpool Americanized, and Blackwall gone rough. We *did* reach the hotel, to be called on, rushed in on, and serenaded with the most pathetic of the national airs and the maddest of 'Yankee Doodles' till one in the morning. Large gaslights in every bedroom and negro servants.

Acland was present at a great trotting match, and was duly impressed with the Fire Brigade, but he was more interested in the completeness of the educational system and the excellence of the hospitals.

Friday (September 28) we left St. Louis, rattled over prairies and through forests along eight degrees of longitude in fifteen hours out of Missouri into Illinois—across Illinois and Indiana into Ohio, and over against Kentucky—walked, dined, and went to bed in our 'cars'—came up to an overset luggage-train—and at midnight, meeting the Mayor and half the Corporation of Cincinnati, reach the City of Hogs and the pretty river banks on a cold moonlit evening about 1.30.

His next letter is dated October 3, from the 'Executive Mansion'² at Washington, and is a record of breathless travel.

The rush of cars and circumstances has left me no time for thinking or writing. I am like a mass of clay under the

¹ The friendship with the soldier who was so soon to command the Army of the Potomac lasted until the death of the latter. A magnificent buffalo robe, procured by him for Acland on this occasion, is still in the possession of the family.

² 'The President's residence is called the White House because it is, as all other public buildings, of white marble, the Executive Mansion because they always use hard words for plain things, and the People's House to gratify the inordinate political mania of the nation.'—Acland's diary.

hands of a dozen modellers at once: and into what manner of thing I shall harden, if I harden at all, no one can foresee. Our very pace astounds the Americans. We had run in from 90° long. (St. Louis) into 76° (Baltimore) since Friday morning; on October 1 to Pittsburg from seven a.m. till one a.m. next day. From Pittsburg to Harrisburg at eleven p.m. on the 2nd, and thence through Baltimore to Washington, and a state reception after our arrival at the President's, and a state dinner for the American Cabinet to meet Baron Renfrew, whom everybody calls the Prince after all.

He relates 'how we all rode on the engine swinging along round sharp corners, up, over and down the Alleghanies, rising 1,200 feet in twelve miles and down again'; and 'how Sir Henry Holland and I had a regular row because he thought a plaid unnecessary for the Prince to wear at sunset on the engine when I thought it necessary, and I told him he had not charge of the Prince of Wales and I had, and that I should not discuss whether I was right or wrong'; and 'H. R. H.'s sweet and pretty way when he afterwards in the evening said to me, "Neither of us will catch cold now"; and at breakfast next day, "Well, I mean to effect reconciliation between you and Sir Henry"; and I, "Made, Sir, before breakfast."

Washington is like nothing else. It has a few palaces shied down upon a rubbishy heath—palaces of marble surrounded by dirt-heaps. 'We are they,' is said by all these great efforts—and when they have said they spit on the marble floor. At St. Louis there was a notice that persons who spit on the walls are not proper guests for the parlour. There are other cautions, really not so select and not proper to be noted except in the Far West. But, on the other hand, a man of St. Louis gives 1,000,000 dollars for education and a company 1,500,000 for an hotel. At Baltimore one man, Peabody, gave the other day—*gave*, not left—600,000 dollars for an institute; and we came from Baltimore to the capital in a very dirty, rickety car with spittoons and the dirtiest white curtains, along a single line, ready to be pitched off

every moment, and at each turn of the road; and between Baltimore and Pittsburg, the main line of one of the most important railways in the States passed right along the street, unprotected, and slap along a street very little wider than Holywell, with one or two curves in and out like the Corn-market into George Street from Broad Street.

We reached Washington yesterday about three, and drove at once to the Executive Mansion. President Buchanan received the Prince with all the simple cordiality of an old English gentleman. He is seventy-seven years of age, of stalwart proportions. There is no finer man in Oxford; in mere bulk and nobility of appearance he is bigger than he of Wadham¹, without the constriction of a clerical common-room, and with the urbanity of one who had been ambassador at St. James's, and the benevolence of a genial gentleman. It was pretty to see those two, the old, the young; the old representative of the burly young nation; the young representative of the old, historical, manly, yet disciplined nation: to see those two standing alone in a balcony, chatting; the Prince leaning, with his slender, easy frame, and now thinned, almost sharp, features (for we are all thin and wiry), against the window-frame, and the erect old statesman gently discoursing, but not a word that passed unheard.

Acland little dreamed that he stood at the parting of the ways, that Buchanan was the last of the genial Southern gentlemen who was to occupy the White House for many a long year. The 'burly young nation' was on the eve of its great probation, and out in the west the Illinois lawyer was already conducting that great electoral campaign destined to lead, through blood and sorrow, to the making of a new America.

Then the next day there was a levee. The President, with the Prince of Wales on his right and a few of us in a line, had stationed himself in the middle of a large room on the ground floor. On came the people—one by one—then two by two—then swarm by swarm—till the whole room

¹ Dr. 'Ben' Symons.

was full—no one capable of being presented—no way back nor forward—and the illustrious recipients of honour like balls in a bag equally pressed upon all sides, till by the rules they used to teach us we should all have become hexagonal. Ladies in crinolines and feathers. Gentlemen, and Gents, in hats, uniforms, wideawakes, umbrellas, sticks, bundles; children, too small to walk and old enough to be terrified, and young enough to cry—a huge band playing frantically; then, in the hall, porters strive to get some in at the doors, ladies taking headers like sheep in at the windows, while streams of shouldering people, of all sizes and shapes and of either sex, struggle out at the doorway.

The levee ended at one, and was succeeded by an oyster supper at the house where Acland was billeted. The next morning he was hurried off¹ to Castle Hill, Cobham, on a visit to Mr. Rives, who had been a guest at Killerton, and who prided himself that his American home and its surroundings were not unlike the Devonshire seat of the Aclands.

Ten times did my good host ask me was it not like Sir Thomas's place, and he recalled everything of his visit—the dinner—the conversation—all the guests—my father's ways—his lending him a shirt which was far too large for him, and his great white necktie, because his luggage was lost—and setting a pleasant man, Lord Chichester, by him at dinner that he might not feel uncomfortable for lack of talk, being not like the other guests.

Here for the first time Acland was brought face to face with the negro question. There was not a servant in the house who was not a slave. He records much

¹ It was apparently this visit which prevented Acland from accompanying the Royal party to the tomb of Washington, a visit which formed the subject of a Cambridge prize poem in the following year. The winner was the late Frederick Myers, and two lines (thanks largely to a parody in Sir G. Trevelyan's *Horace at Athens*) have escaped the limbo of undergraduate verse:

'For he did rear a race he might not rule,
So thou shalt rule a race thou didst not rear.'

interesting conversation with his host and with others who kept slaves, treated them well, and justified the institution. It would be idle, though not uninteresting, if space permitted, to reproduce the arguments. The stern arbitrament of the sword was about to render the ethics of slave-owning a merely academic topic. Acland's summary, however, is worth recording, for during the bitter years that were to come, public feeling in England was largely divided, and, whichever form it assumed, was seldom based on knowledge¹.

I think you will be surprised to hear how very much more perplexing a case it is than the Abolitionists represent or know. Ignorance in part, and in part politics and passion, have hindered fair accounts of the history and present aspect of it from being correct. But at best it is mingled with horror debasing to all humanity; with degradation too hateful to paint to the negro; and with a distortion of moral sense astonishing to view to the whites.

These last words are an echo of personal experience:

So then I went to the Auction rooms, large, dirty—like second-class waiting-rooms in Shoreditch—slave-dealers hanging about in slouching hats, with sticks and pipes or cigars and papers, sitting on three or on two chairs. No auction—two rows of slaves; one, males standing; one, females standing. A coarse, expressionless man slowly saunters up, opens the mouth of one, feels his arms, legs, neck; says no word. Negro does not move nor speak. He passes on. Another not good enough for examination, and

¹ A couple of years afterwards Acland submitted a copy of his *American Diary* to the Comte de Paris, then a visitor at the Deanery at Christ Church, who replied: 'Mr. Rives's conversation represents exactly the views of the enlightened slave-owners who see the dangers of the situation, but are not strong enough to head the current of opinion.' Acland had at another place recorded the case of a U. S. lieutenant from the Rocky Mountains from whose upper jaw an arrow-head, implanted three inches deep, had been extracted after five weeks of suffering. The Comte identified him as 'Brig. Gen. Bayard, a most distinguished cavalry officer in the Army of the Potomac.'

then another. He sits down expressionless—whistles—walks—tries again—looks at the females, who are uncomely and expressionless—walks off. I meanwhile half sick with emotion—the result of association rather than any definite and absolute fact, the effect of the whole scene and my whole education and nature—lay down my *Sun*, one-cent paper, and saunter too. 'No auction to-day, Sir?' 'Spose not, why should there?' 'Didn't know, a stranger.' 'Always mornings.' We respectively sheer off. I descend the steps into the sultry street, puzzled, thinking of you, of the Indians, of negro races in Africa, of Darwin, of Wilberforce, of death, all in one nightmare, and going into a bookshop see Arthur's¹ *Daily Steps to Heaven*.

In this connexion one more incident deserves to be recorded.

I attended their service on Sunday and heard a negro, Brother Dawson, a slave, pray. Nothing in 'Uncle Tom' could exceed it. There was a profound simplicity—a force of expression—a tender Christianity—an unearthly nature of voice and of speech that was a Niagara or an Alps—a thing new to my sense. And a flow of scriptural language that was as David evangelized without a semblance of quotation.

'Ah! Father,' he sung rather than said, 'what do we not owe Thee? Thou madest us a little lower than the angels, we made ourselves not much higher than devils. Thou daily givest us, oh, how very much! This day here we have from Thee this sun, this House of Thine, and this holy cheering communion of Thy blessed Church, and to feed our great love of Christ. Thou givest us our food, our clothes, our dwelling, our dear friends, our masters, our mistresses, and protection from many, many evils, some which we know, some which we know not. Oh, we are very happy, to be Thy children, very, very happy—let us not be confounded—let no enemies triumph over us—be our wisdom—be our counsellor—lead us to Glory—so will we never more go back from Thee—oh! then never, never, never back from thee, never any more.' And his voice rang sweetly yet shrilly in a long, as though never-ending, even, swinging cadence, and the people swayed with

¹ His brother Arthur Troyte.

him, gently undulating, and by a low faint musical murmur praying in his words, the words too faint to be heard.

They passed on to Richmond, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia. Wherever they went Acland found himself well known to the medical profession, 'on account of the book on cholera—and some other things—so that instant kindness and help is given me.'

New York was reached on October 11. There were only three days at the disposal of the party, one of them a Sunday, but Acland contrived to see the University, Cooper's Institute, the Astor Library, the Deaf and Dumb Institute, the Hospitals, a torchlight procession, and a Review, and to attend the noble Trinity service. He records that they were 'settled in a white-marble hotel much larger than the whole of Queen's College, the Fifth Avenue.'

It was decreed that a day and a night should be devoted to the inspection of the famous Military School at West Point, and a five-hours steam up the Hudson brought them to their destination.

We landed on a rude quay at the foot of a crag, scarce a house in sight. There were officers and troopers waiting. We had to ride. It was a bitter cold day. Such a set of rude troop-horses, saddles, and stirrups I never saw. The undress men, with their republican hats—the old feather and turned up brim—the wild scene was altogether as of the middle ages—rusty hanging swords, capering, skipping horses—one dragoon nearly pranced over the cliff. The Prince and the Colonel commanding going off first, we intermingled with the thin-faced dragoons, their swords drawn and imminent upon our heads—the water below—the many timber schooners glowing against the shaded woods—it was a strange sight.

On the West was a field battery. In front of the building about 200 cadets drawn up in double line, their bands playing 'God save the Queen,' present arms as we pass. I gazed into their faces—these young Americans; slender, active forms were clothed by the neatest and most unexceptionably fitting grey uniform; scarce any ornament—

a plain red trouser-stripe is all : a tail coat, not tunic, gives an air of *dress* which is perfect—no whisker nor moustache—intellectual keen faces tell of work within—curiosity is imprinted on some—on a *few* a contemptuous smile. These youths from seventeen to twenty-one seem a set of refined men ready for any work, mental or bodily.

It was well, perhaps, that Acland did not possess the gift of the Highland seer. There was scarcely a lad on parade that morning who, ere twelve months had sped, was not to be found enrolled in one or other of the great contending hosts that shook the continent. Lee and Jackson and Longstreet, Sherman and Grant and McLellan, were to find their ablest and boldest officers among the youngsters who stood to attention as the heir to the English throne passed down their ranks. And the shadow of doom hung over many a bright young face destined to lie beneath the sod at Gettysburg or Chancellorsville or in the tangled depths of the Wilderness.

We dine alone and play at skittles or ten-pins by gaslight. All smoke—for I smoke when Lord St. Germain does—that is when yielding to the Prince's malicious endeavours the civil Earl falls a prey to the pressure. Officers join us, and about 11.30, at his own desire, the polished Bishop McIlvaine, formerly, before he was Bishop of Ohio, the accomplished Professor of Mental Philosophy in this Institution and come here to see us in his old haunts, joins the game and so liberates me for bed.

The journey was nearly over. At Boston, Acland received an invitation from his friend Charles Norton 'to meet Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Shattuck, Wyman. General Bruce and Lord Hinchinbroke came with me. I sat next to Agassiz.'

In Boston, as elsewhere throughout the States, he records the overwhelming kindness of his profession. Wherever he went there was the utmost eagerness to show him all those institutions and objects which could

interest him as a medical man, as an educationalist, or as a sanitary reformer. He left America laden with the reports of every conceivable scientific society and charitable institution. Nor had he been neglectful of one of the prime objects of his journey, an inquiry into the medical arrangements and the poor-law system of our own American colonies. Notes on those and on kindred subjects occupy many pages of his diary. After a lapse of more than forty years they bear witness to his keen observation and to his determination to utilize every possible moment of what so many would have regarded as a season of well-earned relaxation¹.

On October 7 he wrote to the Prince Consort :

I have endeavoured to add a mite to the work done by the Prince's party (as I know you, Sir, would desire) by making an effort to visit the principal persons in each place connected with scientific and charitable institutions. It has been an instructive, though, when added to our state life, often laborious endeavour. But it pleased a large class of persons not much touched by the state progress, and will be of service in interchange of scientific work and knowledge.

On October 20 the party left Boston, and by four o'clock in the afternoon were once more on board the *Hero*. Their programme, devised weeks before, had been so scrupulously adhered to that there was scarcely an hour's deviation from it. The voyage home was accomplished safely, but under unpleasant accompaniments of gale and fog. The *Hero* was delayed several days beyond its proper date—a cause of no inconsiderable alarm to the nation, and to the families of the members of the Prince's suite. One who knew Mrs. Acland well refers to the serene reliance on Providence with which

¹ Acland's leisure had also been employed in a series of sketches filling six small books, besides a large portfolio. It is a family tradition that an English lady who had been recommended to consult him declined to do so on the ground that a man who so abused a holiday could not be in the full possession of his senses.

she bore the suspense and anxiety as an instance of the calm faith which never deserted her, and helped to smooth the path of all who were brought within her influence. The following letter to Sir Thomas Acland shows the vicissitudes of the voyage:

H.M.S. *Hero*, November 15, 1860.
(1 a.m.) Lat. 49° N. Long. 63° W.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I add this enclosure to my now ancient letter that you may understand why we have been so long. We did not make a very favourable passage even to the 25 W. Long. We were ten days reaching that, having had a sharpish gale south of Newfoundland, in which indeed we were in the night in some anxiety, having had no sights for three days and being, we knew, near the most dangerous place of those seas, Table Island. We had had head winds moderately up to the 25th and so continued till the 5th of November. An easterly gale there meeting us drove us to the west of Ireland, back again on our steps and down off the Bay of Biscay.

We are now in a south-west *Gale* which has suddenly caught us and has involved us in a deep wet fog. But I fear the wind is going to die away. We, of course, have hardly any coal, having exhausted it ten days ago, and we are getting short of provisions. There is not more than a fortnight's—and of course all fresh food is gone. However, God be thanked that we are thus far. I shall write again from Oxford. I write this midway between Ushant and the Lizard. We have not yet of course sighted land, or lighthouse, and have had no good sights for some days, except a Polar latitude last night.

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,
H. W. ACLAND.

The chapter will find a fitting close in an extract from a letter to Acland from Sir Charles Phipps dated November 29, 1860.

I wish you could hear (though I believe your modesty would make you prefer *not* to do so) the terms in which

Bruce speaks of your care of and attention to the Prince during his most trying exertions, and of your general value during the tour. I never had any doubt of your being that rare creature in Zoology 'the right man in the right place,' and I feel, as I know do the Queen and Prince also, how much of loyalty and high feeling must have prompted you, at such heavy sacrifice, to undertake so arduous and responsible a duty.

The success of the expedition has been beyond all expectation; it may be reckoned as one of the most important and valuable State measures of the present age, and whether we look to the excitement and encouragement of loyalty and affection to the mother country in Canada, or to the soothing of prejudice and the increase of good feeling between the United States and Great Britain, it seems to me impossible to overrate the importance of the good results which the visit promises for the future.