

John Ludlow

The Autobiography of a Christian Socialist



Edited by A.D. Murray

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*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN
LUDLOW*

JOHN LUDLOW

*The Autobiography of a
Christian Socialist*

Edited and Introduced by

A.D.MURRAY



FRANK CASS

First published in 1981 in Great Britain by
FRANK CASS AND COMPANY LIMITED
Gainsborough House, Gainsborough Road,
London, E11 1RS, England

This edition published in the Taylor & Francis e-Library, 2005.

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and in the United States of America by
FRANK CASS AND COMPANY LIMITED
c/o Biblio Distribution Centre
81 Adams Drive, P.O. Box, 327, Totowa, N.J. 07511

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication data

Ludlow, John
John Ludlow

1. Ludlow, John 2. Socialists—Great Britain
—Biography
335'.7'0924 HX243

ISBN 0-203-98796-9 Master e-book ISBN

ISBN 0 7146 3085 3 (Print Edition)

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To my parents

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EDITORIAL NOTE

The 1,000 page manuscript of the autobiography is among the Ludlow papers left to the University Library at Cambridge by Charles des Graz, great-nephew of Ludlow, in 1953, (catalogue no. Add. 7348.) Des Graz also left a typescript of much of the manuscript, though this is very inaccurate and has many omissions, and a most useful transcription of Ludlow's own bibliography of his books, pamphlets, lectures and contributions to journals. This bibliography has unfortunately, due to exigencies of space, had to be omitted from the present edition, but it can of course be consulted among the Ludlow Papers.

Ludlow's own footnotes are printed in the text within square brackets; the Editor's footnotes are gathered together at the end of the book. The latter, due to shortage of space, have been kept to an absolute minimum. On the few occasions where the omission of a passage has made an editorial insertion necessary, this has been enclosed in double round brackets, to avoid confusion with Ludlow's own brackets. Ludlow's punctuation was sometimes erratic, and there were also occasional minor mistakes in wording; for the sake of clarity these have been corrected, but the corrections have not been acknowledged, as in no case was the meaning of a passage changed by a correction.

Considerable alterations have been made to Ludlow's original chapter list, as some chapters have been run together and a few omitted entirely. But, as far as possible, Ludlow's chapter-headings have been preserved in the new arrangement.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My initial debt is to Dr. A.R.Vidler, former Dean of King's College, Cambridge, and to the Revd. Simon Barrington-Ward, former Dean and Chaplain of Magdalene College, Cambridge. In their lectures and supervisions my interest in Christian Socialism and in its founder, John Ludlow, was first awakened. I should also like to thank Professors Emile Delavenay and Philippe Séjourné, who were my mentors in the preparation of a *maîtrise* dissertation for the University of Nice on the influence of French socialists on Ludlow and the Christian Socialists. I am also grateful to Mr. N.C.Masterman, author of a fascinating biography of Ludlow, for so willingly answering the questions I put to him.

The preparation of this edition of Ludlow's autobiography would not have been possible, given the fact that my own teaching, first in Nice and then in Oran, has kept me away from Cambridge for all but two months or so of the year, without the assistance, extending far beyond that normally due to a researcher, of Mr. A.E.B.Owen, Under-Librarian of the Cambridge University Library and in charge of the Manuscripts Department. The Ludlow papers are in the possession of the Library, and were catalogued by Mr. Owen, whose knowledge of the collection is unrivalled. My only regret is that, despite Mr. Owen's wishes, the exigencies of modern publishing conditions have forced me to edit the manuscript to less than two-thirds of its original length. Nevertheless, I feel sure that Ludlow himself, with his severely practical mind, would have carried out at least a fair

amount of hatchet-work on his very lengthy manuscript, had he not renounced the idea of publication in his lifetime.

To the staffs of Cambridge University Library and the British Museum Reading Room, and to Mr David Muspratt, Curator of Muniments and Assistant Librarian of the Working Men's College, I would like to express my thanks for their unfailing courtesy and kindness. To Mrs. Alison Ingram, typist and friend, who had to contend not only with a much-amended manuscript but also with an absent author, I owe a great deal. And finally I would like to acknowledge with gratitude the comments and encouragement of Pat Parrinder of the University of Reading, George Morgan, lecturer at the University of Nice, and, most constantly, my wife and colleague at the University of Oran, Anne.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

John Ludlow's life (1821–1911) spanned the century in which the Labour movement in Britain grew from unorganised and sporadic beginnings to a mass movement with its own political party.

Brought up in Paris and educated in the heady atmosphere of the *Collège Bourbon* at a time when the students were enthusiastically discussing the ideas of the French social thinkers, John Ludlow completed his studies and was promised a brilliant future in France. But he chose to move to England to read for the Bar, and there began to apply the socialist ideas he had learned in Paris. As founder and central figure of the Christian Socialist Movement after 1848, he devoted immense energy to the organisation of the first Working Men's Associations and to the planning and co-ordination of the nascent Co-operative movement. As editor of the movement's journal, *The Christian Socialist*, and in a large number of tracts, pamphlets and articles in national periodicals, Ludlow developed a cogent programme for Socialism through a social revolution. As *éminence grise* behind the early campaigns of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, precursor of the 'New Model' Trade Unions, Ludlow made a major contribution to the development of Trade Unionism.

But the fact that the Christian Socialist Movement ceased to work as an organised group after 1854–5 has meant that most historians of the development of socialism in Britain, from the Webbs onward, have either ignored Ludlow and the Christian Socialists, or treated them as interesting, but insignificant,

paternalist Christian ancestors of the true socialist movement.

That this assessment is inadequate, if not erroneous, can be argued from two separate sets of evidence. Firstly the assessment fails to take account of the valuable inauguratory role, both theoretical and practical, which Ludlow and his friends played in awakening the working class to a consciousness of the possibility of social, as well as political, action as a prelude to the reconstruction of society. In terms of practical results, Ludlow was here more successful than either the Owenites or the Chartists. Secondly, the assessment, by treating the Christian Socialist Movement as an isolated phenomenon, ignores the wide-ranging activities of the Christian Socialists as individuals, after the movement itself had broken up.

Here again, Ludlow is the key figure, as leading advocate for the Trade Union movement to the Government and various Commissions, as a leader of the growing national Co-operative movement and then of the Labour Association, as secretary and president of the Congresses of these two organisations, and, finally, in high Public office. On his appointment in 1875 as the first Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, Ludlow became the Government official solely responsible for the registration and supervision of all workingmen's organisations, of which there existed by 1888 some twenty five thousand, including Trade Unions, Co-operative Stores and Associations. In this position he was able to exercise considerable influence on the growing Labour movement by advising and encouraging the development of working class organisations of all kinds. He retired in 1891, with a well-deserved C.B., and continued, in the twenty years before his death in 1911, to serve the causes he had always supported, though now in the role of elder statesman rather than activist.

* * * * *

Good Victorian autobiographies are thin on the ground. John Ludlow's personal record of a life spent in the service of the working class movement and in the attempt to develop a specifically English brand of socialism in the context of a strong, humane Christian commitment is a welcome addition to their number. But what is at least as fascinating as the record of his public life are his candid recollections of the

private reflections, reactions and emotions with which he responded to the events in which he was concerned. As with Mill, Carlyle, Dr. Arnold and so many of the Victorians, beneath the confidence of Ludlow's public pronouncements lay a deep personal insecurity. This was of a less cosmic quality than that of a J.A.Froude or Sterling; with a more pragmatic and earthbound disposition, Ludlow's doubts were linked to the major events of his life, particularly in connection with the 'seven spiritual crises of (his) life.' In describing these Ludlow eschews histrionics, and writes, with remarkable penetration, of his own motives and emotions, giving us a notable insight into the forces which beset a Victorian social conscience.

In his public life, his greatest commitment was to the Christian Socialist movement in which he collaborated intimately with F.D.Maurice; in his inner life, the greatest of his crises was that generated by the collapse of the movement and its apparent abandonment by Maurice. In [chapter 20](#), Ludlow relives the whole episode and reveals the inner conflicts he suffered. He never attempts to hide the embarrassments or failures which he experienced, whether dealing with his personal charitable visiting in the 1840s, or his public involvement in the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies in the seventies. And he actually begins his autobiography by summing up his achievement as that of a good second-rater: he felt that he had failed to realise the high promise of his early years. The reader suspects that a major motive in the writing of his autobiography was the attempt to discover the reasons for this failure.

If he is at his most serious when examining his own character, Ludlow is at his liveliest and most mordant when dealing with his contemporaries. For Ludlow was equally willing to subject the behaviour of others to his scrutiny. To those who excited his whole-hearted admiration—Maurice, Kingsley, John Bright, Proudhon and others—Ludlow was generous in his appreciation of their qualities, yet honest in his discussion of their limitations. Where his admiration was less than uncritical, his comments could be devastating, as when he pricks the balloon of Disraeli's reputation for political courage, or uncovers the hypocrisy masquerading as timidity of Lord Shaftesbury.

But if Ludlow's shrewd penetration into character sets him apart from some of his contemporaries, he remains very much a Victorian. His nicely-observed vignettes of the social life of the period are often accompanied by a moralising comment. It is with just a suspicion of relish that he recounts the peccadilloes of some of his working-men co-operators: the occasional case of 'levanting' with the funds, or tragedy due to drink or women. Again, he is not wholly free from Victorian sentimentality, notably concerning his mother, but also in referring to strong friendships and affairs of the heart. In his account of his epic courtship of his cousin, Maria Forbes, the attitudes of the two 'lovers' are almost a caricature of Victorian concepts of duty. His moral earnestness, his unrelenting driving of himself to hard work, his occasional dark night of the soul ([chapter 8](#) contains a revealing discussion of his urges to suicide) are all emotional experiences shared by many of his generation.

Yet, throughout his life, and even by his colleagues at the Chief Registrar's office, he was noted for his logical, disciplined, *French* cast of mind. He could never abide British compromise and muddle. His upbringing and education had been completely French, and although he had left France, covered with prizes, immediately on graduating *bachelier* from the *Collège Bourbon* he continued to write and think in French for several years. It was not until he was caught up in the events of 1848 that he first began to feel himself an Englishman.

Ludlow's chapter on 'Paris in the Forties' is, unfortunately, one of the several chapters which were either never written or have since been lost (it was included in Ludlow's handwritten chapter list at the beginning of the Autobiography.) Nevertheless, throughout the book from the lively account of his youth in France onwards, Ludlow refers to men, events and ideas in France. In Ludlow's socialism we find clear evidence of his debt to (among others) Fourier, Proudhon and Louis Blanc. We find also the assumption, common to almost every French socialist of the period, that social regeneration must go hand in hand with some form of religious regeneration. The introduction of French socialist ideas and, what is more important, their application in an English context were among Ludlow's major contributions to English

socialism. And not only Ludlow's ideas, but also his character, owed much to France. It is difficult to imagine any of his English collaborators forging the cogent and effective force of Christian Socialism from the somewhat vague notions of social regeneration held by Maurice, the Tory Young Englandism of Charles Kingsley, and the various reforming interests in health, education, co-operation and sanitation of their friends. It was Ludlow's ability to force others to see the logical conclusions and practical possibilities of their own ideas which made Christian Socialism a reality.

The Christian Socialist movement ceased to work as an organised group in 1854, and its concrete achievements were hardly momentous. The Working Men's College, founded in 1854, inspired many imitators and has been a permanent and effective institution; the Industrial and Provident Societies Act of 1852 had justly been called 'the co-operators' charter'; Working Men's Associations, though they have never threatened the capitalist economy, have continued to flower and fade at intervals over the last hundred years. If these are regarded, however, as the sole results of the movement, then its later neglect by historians is perhaps comprehensible. But the Christian Socialists also had a major influence, even before 1854, on two developments of critical importance: the organisation of a national Co-operative movement, and the formation of the 'New Model' Trade Unions.

In the two decades after 1855, when Christian Socialism collapsed as a movement, there was relative industrial peace and national prosperity; in this period the foundations were being laid for the beginning of the labour movement proper.

During this 'dormant' period for working-class activity, the Christian Socialists, though now working as individuals, were, with the Positivists, among the few continuing to fight for working class progress. Even without mentioning Ludlow's work, the list of their activities is impressive: Maurice and Kingsley influenced a generation of undergraduates from pulpit and professorial chair at Cambridge, Tom Hughes and Lord Goderich (now the Marquis of Ripon) were in Parliament promoting working-class interests and Trade Union legislation, Neale and Lloyd Jones were at the head of the Co-operative movement, while a group of 'slum priests' were agitating on their parishioners' behalf. The Working

Men's College brought many Londoners, teachers, including John Ruskin, William Morris and Sidney Webb, as well as students, into contact with the Christian Socialists. Later, in the East End, Canon Samuel Barnett's Toynbee Hall, another Christian Socialist foundation, attracted other important figures such as Octavia Hill, Bernard Shaw and Beatrice Webb.

But it was not their educational work alone which kept them in the public eye; Neale, Maurice, Kingsley, Hughes, Lloyd Jones and Furnivall all published books or pamphlets on social issues, while Ludlow remained the most effective propagandist for socialism. He continued to write, throughout these years, frequent articles for reviews and periodicals of all kinds, especially the *Spectator*. In 1867 he produced an influential book, *Progress of the Working Class 1832-67* (written with the help of Lloyd Jones). This was his most substantial work of propaganda for the working class movement. But although its content was both democratic and socialist, its tone was undoubtedly pitched to appeal to the middle classes and to overcome their fears and prejudices. It might be said, indeed, that one factor which prevented Ludlow's being remembered as a major theoretician of English socialism was his tendency to write with middle-class reactions constantly in mind. This was probably less true of the other group active on behalf of the working class, the Positivists, who have been paid the attention due to them, notably by Royden Harrison in *Before the Socialists* (1954). But ever since the Webbs relied on Frederic Harrison, the leading Positivist, for their account of this period in their *History of Trade Unionism* (1894), the Christian Socialists have been neglected by historians of socialism. But this is not the place for a revaluation of the Christian Socialists, nor indeed for the badly-needed reassessment of Ludlow's socialism.

In any case, in his autobiography, Ludlow is more concerned with events than ideas. He does of course give an account of his opinions and their development at various important periods of his life, and is never slow to justify his actions when they excited controversy. But he does not attempt to give any detailed account of the principles of his socialism. He prefers to refer us to his writings. These, being voluminous and widely

scattered, have to be sifted through with careful attention before the elements of his socialism become clear. What Ludlow gives us in the *Autobiography* is a candid and forthright record of the life, work and opinions, both public and private, of a Victorian socialist reformer.

A.D.MURRAY



John Ludlow

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John Ruskin



J.M. Ludlow



Thos Woolner



F.J. Turnwall



Frederick Denison Maurice



Tom Hughes



John Wastlake



J. Llewelyn Davies



R.B. Litchfield

From "The Working Men's College—1854–1904," Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies (ed.).



Frederick Denison Maurice
 (1806-1872)
 Principal Founder
 of the Working Men's College.



Entrance Hall, Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street



Art Room, Working Men's College, Gt Ormond Street.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PRELIMINARY NOTES

I think I see, at last, what my calling and position have been in God's world, so far as my sphere of action is concerned. I have more than once, and in various directions, been for the time being virtually at the top, but never permanently. I seem now to understand that I have been one of God's odd men—the men who, in a great household, being neither steward nor cook, coachman nor groom, butler nor valet, yet are kept on because, in case of emergency, they are able to fill, pretty tolerably, any place that suddenly falls vacant, and are ready to do any odd jobs. I have never been permanently a first rate lawyer, a first rate writer, a first rate critic, a first rate economist, a first rate speaker, a first rate thinker, a first rate man of business, a first rate leader. But when the call was upon me, I have been able temporarily to fulfil all these various parts, as the odd man of the household, and it is only when my 79th year is more than half over that I have at last understood this.—29th October 1899.

PREFACE

I have had a somewhat varied experience¹. I kept for some months the ledger of a French colony. I practised for many years at the bar as a conveyancer, on my own account or as a devil, doing a somewhat large amount of Parliamentary drafting. I was secretary for four years to an important Royal Commission; I was for about 17 years at the head of one of the smaller government departments responsible both to the Treasury and the Home Office. I was afterwards for some years a member of a Committee of Inspection appointed by virtue of an Act of Parliament to look after a class of bodies of no inconsiderable social importance.

I have contributed to daily and weekly papers (including one Indian one), to monthly and quarterly periodicals (one American); I have edited weekly journals, both social and literary, and for a short time a monthly periodical. Brought up in France and being as familiar with French (as with English I have contributed to two French (religious) journals. To say nothing of Blue-books, I have published some eleven volumes, on legal, historical, political, literary, religious and social subjects, besides one written in conjunction with a friend, and contributions to series of Tracts, Dictionaries, Transactions, etc. The work written in conjunction with a friend has been translated into German (two editions), as also has another paper by me.

I missed a fortune by declining to take Suez Canal shares when they were offered to me at a very low price by Ferdinand de Lesseps himself.

Though often preferring to act as a free-lance, I have been on the council of various institutions and bodies of a social, educational or philanthropic character, have taken part in some important social and political movements, and have been in contact of fellow-work with members of various religious bodies, churchmen and dissenters of several denominations (Quakers included), French Roman Catholics, Calvinists and Lutherans. Outside of England I have, or have had, friends in France, Germany, Denmark, the United States.

My range of travel has been a very narrow one according to present practice, but my foreign experience has included a stay of between 11 and 12 years in France, of seven months twice in the West Indies, a winter in Madeira, and travel in or at least visits to Italy, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal. Besides French, I have known enough German, Italian and Spanish to read without difficulty works in those languages (I do not reckon Portuguese—have yet to find any book worth reading in it).

I have received a prize from the hands of Guizot. I have had cousin to Villemain among my examiners for a French degree. I have been in Paris during one revolution, and immediately after another. I was present at the last expiatory Mass solemnised at St. Denys for the soul of Louis Seize, the then Duc de Chartres (who took my boy's fancy prodigiously in his blue Hussar's uniform), being present with the King's sister, Mme. Adelaide, who, six months later was a fugitive, whilst the young Duke was heir to the throne. I have seen Louis Philippe beat time to the Marseillaise and Parisienne from his balcony, and Ledru-Rollin give his first audience as Minister of Justice. I have declined to dine in company with Mazzini, and to be introduced to the Comte de Paris. My friends have included clergymen, a Lutheran Minister, artists, politicians, literary men, commercial men, working men. I have been privileged to number among them one great man,—Maurice —, several eminent or distinguished men and women, Charles Kingsley, T.Hughes, W.E. Forster, Norman Macleod, C.B.Mansfield, Llewelyn Davies, Mrs. Gaskell, Arthur Stanley, Vansittart Neale, F.G.Penrose, Lloyd Jones, John Westlake, R.H.Hutton, Lowes Dickinson, Samuel Clark, the Lushington Twins. I have had the entrée of Tennyson's upstairs sanctum

at Farringford. The first Lord Metcalfe, Lowell, Clough, Froude, and Mr. Martin have sat at my table. Among my foreign friends have been or are V.A.Huber, Lujo Brentano, Adolf Held, Harald Westergaard, Martin Nadaud, George Thomson of Copenhagen. I have been in close contact with statesmen such as the present Lord Ripon, the first Lord Aberdare, the late Lord Shaftesbury, Henry Fawcett, W.H.Smith, G.I.Goschen, Lord Rosebery. I have dined in a small company with Brougham.

I have known, on terms often amounting to friendship, Archdeacon Hare, John Bright, A.J.Scott, Dean Plumptre, Lord Welby, John Taylor, Henry Kingsley, the first Lord Houghton, Harriett Martineau, Thomas Cooper, Huxley, Woolner, Richard Barwell, Charles Bennett, J.F.Maclennan, Louis Blanc, Chevalier Bunsen, Edgar Quinet and his wife, Amédée Thierry; to a less extent Maréchal Bertrand, Erskine of Trinlathen, Sir Charles Eastlake, Archbishop French, W.Lovett, Phillips Brooks. In various ways I have been a fellow worker with John Stuart Mill, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, Sir C.E.Pearson, Sir M.E.Grant Duff, Ruskin, Dante Rossetti, Herbert Spencer, Canon Scott Holland and Bishop Gore. I have spoken with Chopin. I have seen Paul Delaroché in his class, Ingres in his studio and Horace Vernet. I have given an introduction to Ferdinand de Lesseps for an English Under-Secretary of State. I have stayed as a fellow guest with the then future Lord Herschell at Dr. Norman Macleod's. I have received a visit from Cabet on his way from America to face voluntarily a criminal tribunal of the Second Empire; have seen Thackeray writing at the Reform Club; have heard Father Mathew speak from an open air pulpit in Whitechapel, Lacordaire in Notre Dame, Cobden and Bright in Drury Lane Theatre, Daniel O'Connell from more than one platform, Evanson in Exeter Hall. I have exchanged letters with Mr. Gladstone. I have heard Carlyle deliver his lectures. [On 'Revolutions' (not, as it is generally worded— 'On the French Revolution' —this being the subject of only one of them)—I have met him more than once, without caring to be introduced to him.] Though I have never laid myself out for an orator, I have spoken once in Exeter Hall, once in Hyde Park, once in the Albert Hall...

Something of all this experience should be worth reading, — not on my account, whose utmost capacity has been that of good second-rate, but for the help of the few generations immediately following my own, so long as interest in the period to which I have belonged shall not have entirely died out. No one can know as well as myself how far beyond my deserving God has been gracious to me throughout life. I began to write these lines at 75, with dulled senses of hearing, smell and taste indeed, and failing memory for recent things, yet otherwise clear of thought, capable of enjoyment, love and loving; waiting for death so far without fear for myself, but only of that dread time when the wife whom I have loved for now 53 years shall be taken from me in her increasing weakness, and I shall be left alone on this earth,—God in His mercy grant, not for long!

CHAPTER I

Introductory

I am three parts English and one part Scotch. On my father's side I know only by his portrait my grandfather, painted as a boy with a bow in his hand by Sir Joshua Reynolds when quite young, and the colours of which are perfectly fresh to this day. It hung for years in my dining room, where it had been deposited whilst its owner of the elder branch, the late General Ludlow, had no home of his own, until eventually restored to him after his marriage. When Tom Taylor, who was then engaged on his biography of Reynolds, saw it his first exclamation was 'But that cannot be a Reynolds, whose is it?' And Tom Taylor was constrained to admit that there was no other painter of the day on whom it could possibly be fathered, and that it was no doubt painted by him on his first stay in London, and he inserted the picture accordingly in the catalogue at the end of his work.

[I was told by a gentleman from the Heralds' office, on the occasion of my nephew Edwin Liot's assuming the name of Ludlow, that since the death of Charles, my cousin General Ludlow, I have been 'Mr. Ludlow', the head of the whole Ludlow family. I have in my possession a pedigree once belonging to my uncle Ludlow, and the earlier part of which has long since been enrolled at the Heralds' office, carrying back the family to one William Ludlow of Hill Deverill, 'boteler' to King Henry IV, V, VI, 1399–1425.

I am, myself, profoundly indifferent to genealogy, holding with Plato that we must all have about the same proportion of decent folk and rascals among our ancestors.

Since the above was written I have been told by Mr. Ludlow Bruges (who is a true Ludlow) that William Ludlow the 'boteler' is undiscoverable in the records of the royal household under Henry IV and Henry V, but that he is described as 'Groom Trayer² to the King's cellar', 1451, and 'Yeoman of the Cellars', 1454, i.e. under Henry VI. There was also a Richard Ludlow who was 'Serjeant of the Cellars' in 1437, but there is nothing to show what was the relation between William and Richard.

Meanwhile a peerage of Ludlow has been revived in favour of Lord Justice Lopes (since dead), whose claim to belong at all to the true Ludlow family was made fun of in the *Saturday Review* and is, I believe, entirely unsupported by evidence.]

I may mention that my Uncle who owned the picture had also in his possession an unprinted sketch by Reynolds of his 'Perdita' far more graceful in outline, but altogether fady as compared with the portrait of my grandfather. Of the latter, all I know is that he was very fond of playing the violin and very extravagant, and that born heir to a good landed estate he virtually fiddled away the most of his property. He left two sons. The younger son was my father John, afterwards Lt. Colonel Ludlow, the elder, Edmund Ludlow, I shall hereafter designate as my Uncle Ludlow. Of my father's youth I know nothing, except that when quite young he is said to have fallen in love with 'the beautiful Lady Oxford', then a girl, and to have been sent out to India in the army to cure him. He took part in the Egyptian expedition under Sir R. Abercrombie, was aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley when Governor General, and was by all accounts a first rate soldier, winning his C.B.—in days when the authorities were not prodigal of the honour, especially in the Indian Service—by marked gallantry in the Gurkha war. His last action in that war was, however, a failure—an attack upon a hill fort, when his men would not follow him, alleging afterwards as an excuse that their colours had been changed, and that they could not beat the enemy under the new ones! This repulse preyed upon his mind, and though ill of the disease which caused his death he insisted on taking his regiment into the Birdaneei war, but the fatigues of the expedition killed him. My mother, in her last illness, handed me over a batch of his letters, which I have somewhere. I read them once,—I could not bear to read them

again. Those written during his last campaign, the enfeebled handwriting straggling crookedly down the page (and often blurred with what evidently were her tears), all breathing the simplest affection to her and to his children, are more touching than I can say. He was devoted to his profession, and used always to read some military work while dressing, in which he would become so engrossed that my mother has told me he actually worked through a perfectly good tooth by brushing at it, quite unconscious of the lapse of time. To encourage his men, he used always to lead them into action—as an old comrade of his, the late General Pitman, has told me was the custom with the best Indian officers of those days—with nothing but a walking stick in his hand.

My maternal grandfather, Murdoch Brown, I know also only by his portrait, though he knew me and was very fond of me as a baby. The face, without being handsome, is singularly alive and shrewd. His history was a remarkable one. He was the son, so it is reported, of a Scotch Minister in Edinburgh (but of this I have my doubts). Lame from a boy through some accident, and clever at his books, he was yet passionately fond of the sea, of sea-things, and whenever the time could be found, was down at Leith among the shipping. Here he scraped an acquaintance with a skipper, trading to Portugal on his own brig and who, having no children, used always to have his wife aboard with him. This skipper took so much to the lad that when the latter was sixteen he came to my great-grandfather and offered to take his son to Lisbon that he might see a little of the world, promising that he (the skipper) and his wife would take good care of the lad. At Lisbon, however, the skipper died of fever...and from thenceforth ((he)) maintained himself, never returning to the British Isles and, it is said, speaking English with a Scotch accent to the last. I wish I could tell the story of his subsequent wanderings—he wrote his memoirs, but they were burnt in some Indian insurrection... In Austria he obtained with a Frenchman, a Baron Dineur, a grant of a silver mine in Croatia, I think (which I have seen), and eventually embarked for India as Consul of the Empress Maria Theresa at Tellicherry, then a port of great importance on the Malabar coast. Here he became one of the merchant princes of India...

He married late in life, under very singular circumstances, which I will not here detail, a girl much younger than himself. They had several daughters and a son, the eldest of the daughters being my mother. The children were sent home to England to be educated and my grandmother, who had been brought up in France and knew scarcely anyone in England, placed them under the care of a Mrs. Spence, who...appears to have been an Irishwoman of the worst type,—speaking ill of persons behind their backs almost in proportion as she fawned on them to their faces; virtually without a word of truth in her; pretending to anybody that she was keeping her charges out of charity, while my grandfather was paying her a very handsome allowance for them,—leaving their education—except as to music and dancing—utterly neglected, so much so that my mother used to read, and get her sisters to read with her by stealth, Robertson's *History of America* and such other instruction books as she could get hold of. Instead of educating the girls indeed, Mrs. Spence used to employ them in writing out lying puffs for some quack medicine, the recipe for which she had got hold of and money out of. Nor is it possible to believe that all this was mere neglect for the creature at one time actually sent one of my aunts, then a very handsome girl, to walk under the windows of the notorious Duke of Queensberry—fortunately without result. Yet thanks be to God, the girls passed through the ordeal unscathed. Indeed, the experience of Mrs. Spence's lying and duplicity inspired my mother with a perfect horror of such vices, and though she was simple-hearted as a child to the last herself, gave her a singular instinct for seeing through falsehood and double-dealing in others.

Apart however, even from this strange conflict between good and evil in her bringing up, my mother's childhood passed odd vicissitudes. During the peace of Amiens Mrs. Spence went over to Boulogne with her charges, professedly to improve their French... Whilst they were at Boulogne war broke out again, and all the English at Boulogne...were sent into the interior—made *déternes* and *internes*...Eventually the women and children *déternes* were allowed to return to England, which they did via Rotterdam, and not long after my mother and one of my aunts were sent for to India, where at last they enlightened their father and mother as to Mrs. Spence's

character. During the whole time of their stay with her not one single genuine letter had they been allowed to write, all being dictated or at least revised by Mrs. Spence...

My mother married not very long after her return to India—at eighteen, from the house of the first Sir Charles Forbes, who had not then received his baronetcy... Twelve years of married life were all that were vouchsafed to my mother. I was her youngest child of five who outlived birth. My elders being Eliza, Maria, Julia and my brother Edmund Ludlow, whom I never saw, but my sister Maria has often spoken to me about him...

I was born in India, but brought to England when two years old after my father's death... The period at which memory becomes retentive varies greatly. One friend of mine (the late Septimus Hansard) maintained that he had a clear recollection of a matter which took place when he was about eighteen months old. With me, memory is an absolute blank till I was over two years old. I have not the faintest recollection either of India, or of the voyage to Europe. But of my old Ayah—old Jane—who stayed with us for some months after our arrival, I have a dim, shadowy remembrance as of a dusky face bending over me, and I have still distinctly in my memory the tune of a lullaby which she used to sing over me, and also what seem to me have been its words:

Serotin peis a murchali minar peis an ghee,

only unfortunately no old Indian has been able to interpret them for me, except that they seem to speak of fish and butter. My mother told me that she always found Jane absolutely truthful and trustworthy, and would have been very glad to have kept her on, but Jane could not stand the climate, and had to be sent back...

I have a vague remembrance of lying in bed with typhoid—it was then called typhus-fever...but my first distinct recollection is that of falling into the fire, while on a visit to an old lady. I was trying to reach something on the mantel shelf above the kitchen fireplace, standing on the fender, when I lost my footing, and fell foremost into the grate, one of the high ones of those days. I was pulled out in a moment, and was not, I believe, much hurt, but I can see that grate now,

and smell the horror of the embers and ashes (there was nothing else, I believe) about my face. Another still keen recollection of the same visit is of the first rocking-horse I had ever seen, a grand white steed with flowing mane, and of the delight of riding such a charger... which was the means of fixing in my mind the first item of legal knowledge I ever possessed. A few years later, when we were living in France, Mrs. Marriott died. Kindly recollecting my pleasure in the rocking-horse, she had bequeathed it to me,...but it was, of course, not worth while to bring it over, and to quiet me I was told that legacies were only paid at 21. I gave in at once, never doubting but that at 21 I should have as high an appreciation of rocking-horses as I had at 7, and never from that time forgetting that legacies were only paid at 21.

...We sailed across from Ramsgate, I think, to Dieppe, my mother and her four children, and my uncle Ludlow. It was, I remember, a beautiful day, and my first recollection of being at sea is of that crossing, as well, alas! as my first recollection of personal dishonesty, though certainly not malicious. I was, as I considered, fishing, by means of a small Smyrna fig-basket at the end of a long string, into which I hoped that the little fishes would kindly enter for my benefit. On one occasion of my hauling it up, I distinctly saw, but pretended not to see, my Uncle put something into my basket. I hauled it up again as soon as possible to see what was in it, and found—a boiled shrimp, at sight of which I pretended great astonishment. I had two or three more hauls with the same result, and my Uncle always maintained afterwards that I had believed the Channel to be stocked with boiled shrimps.

From the time of our arriving at Dieppe memory is with me fairly continuous. I remember my surprise at the construction of the Dieppe house, with its large inner court-yard, over which I can in fancy now look out from the kitchen window—the novelty of living in a flat... I remember the going away of an English servant—Catherine—whom we had brought with us. She was a bigoted dissenter, and believed that all Church people must go to a bad place, and her horror at the sayings and doings of French papists may be conceived. Everything was a cause of offence. '*Vous avez quelque chose là,*' said the French *douanier* as he slightly felt her when she first disembarked, according to the then custom. 'Shoes!' she says,

'I am carrying shoes!' She came in a towering rage to complain to her mistress. I remember in the early days of our stay a scolding bestowed by my mother on the baker, who had given some cause for complaint, and his astonished look under it, which was explained when it turned out she had been giving him his jobation in Portuguese! the only European language which she had of late years been accustomed to speak when not speaking English.

I remember, though somewhat vaguely, an excursion to Arques and my first donkey-ride. Also I remember, after the lapse of a few months, the journey to Paris in a yellow chariot which my mother had brought over, and the changing horses and the long whips and jackboots of the French postilions. (I will answer for it, that if anyone in the spirit of prophecy had in those days foretold one of the 'Paris in 7½ hour' advertisements which are now in every newspaper and railway guide, it would have been held to be overwhelming evidence against him on a commission in lunacy).

The arrival in Paris I do not recollect—very likely it was in the evening and I was asleep or sleepy.

