THE

SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER

MAY 1999

The Sydney Smith Association

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The approach of the millennium and the appearance of our fourth Newsletter finds the Association in what we Northcountrymen call "fine fettle". Our individual membership has steadied at around 330. Our financial condition is steady and solvent too. Some 30 per cent of our members pay their annual subscriptions by Banker's Order, which helps enormously. As far as one can gather, we are in buoyant, Sydneyesque good spirits.

This was powerfully indicated by the gathering in York late last September. For me the week-end's events began with a trip round the remarkable Railway Museum, an impressive and nostalgic experience, followed by lunch at the "Brief Encounter" restaurant with several members of the Association.

In the afternoon a larger party met outside York Minster to be shown round by an official guide, Mrs Dorothy Williams, who triumphantly overcame various acoustic difficulties (from the Minster organ and the start of Evensong) to draw our attention to many curious and wonderful details of decoration.

From here we walked across Dean's Park to be shown round the marvellous Minster Library, said to be the largest cathedral library in the country and very much in the process of getting even larger. Two gracious guides showed us round, answered countless questions, and were thanked by Chairman Alan Bell.

Our next port-of-call was the medieval Merchant Adventurers' Hall, where coffee was taken, followed by the A.G.M.. This was conducted, I gathered, in the traditional civilised and businesslike manner. Unfortunately I arrived a little late and had to sit at the back of the room and was unable to hear most of what was said. However I was assured that our Chairman reported that all was well; the Association officers were happy to remain; and no-one was clamouring to replace any of them. The idea was floated of holding

the next gathering in Edinburgh. This seemed to be generally welcomed but proved, on closer inquiry, to be impracticable.

After the A.G.M. glasses of sherry were handed round and Alan Bell proposed a toast to the memory of Frank Muir, the text of which appears later in this Newsletter.

Later we heard a fascinating talk about the Merchant Adventurers' Hall from Mrs Louise Wheatley, and afterwards an entertainig reading called "Smith of Smiths" by Timothy Forbes Adam and Judith Graham and Nigel Forbes Adam (playing Sydney himself), with piano interludes from Eanswythe Hunter. Then we took dinner, the usual loquacious occasion.

Sunday morning found Sydney's church at Foston full for a Harvest Festival service and an Address from Sydney's pulpit from the Benedictine monk, Alberic Stacpoole. Part of the Address appears also in this Newsletter.

After the service some members of the Association drove on to Thornton le Clay for a look round the handsome rectory that Sydney built there for himself and his family.

Alan Hankinson
Editor

From the Foston church address

by Alberic Stacpole MC OSB

... Sydney Smith's first foray into larger life came when he was 31, when he became the founder-editor of the renewed 'Edinburgh Review' in 1802, during the Napoleonic War. His life experience spanned the years separating the invention of Arkwright's first spinning mill in 1771, and publication of Frederick Engels' 'State of the Working Classes in England' (1845); his effective adult experience spanned those forty-five years when Newman was still an Anglican. Of his Edinburgh Review, Sydney Smith wrote in the preface of his 'Collected Works' (1839), that at the outset England was thus:

'The Catholics were not emancipated - the Corporation and Test Acts

were unrepealed - the Game Laws were horribly oppressive - Steel Traps and Spring Guns are set all over the country - Prisoners tried for their lives could have no Counsel - Libel was punished by cruel and vindictive imprisonments - Laws of Debt and of Conspiracy were upon the worst footing - the Slave Trade was tolerated - endless evils existed, which good men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the 'Review's' honest boldness'.

In the same preface Canon Smith reiterated his distinction of principle, that he favoured free utterance of faith, even though he had no sympathy for the Catholic Faith, neither its theology nor its liturgy. When Daniel O'Connell, MP for Clare, called him before a group of Catholics 'the amusing defender of our Faith', he was quick to correct him - 'of your cause, yes; but not of your Faith'; for he strove for toleration leading to equality, not for brotherhood in ecumenicity. What he wrote in 1839, when almost 70, was this: 'The Catholic Faith is a misfortune in the world; but those whose Faith it conscientiously is, are quite right in professing it boldly, and in promoting it by all means which the Law allows'.

Here we should advert to Sydney Smith's most enduring publication, 'The Letters of Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham, who lives in the country', an anonymous series of 10 pamphlets issued during 1807-8, at the time when the Whig government was resigning over Catholic emancipation and the new war against Napoleon. By 1809 these pamphlets had run to 16 editions, selling over 20,000 copies. A 21st issue was made in 1838; and then Canon Smith admitted authorship in placing them among his 'Collected Works'. His essential argument is this: 'If Buonaparte lives, and a great deal is not immediately done for the conciliation of the Catholics, it does seem to me absolutely impossible but that we must perish'. It is a case for national security; and Catholics are mainly the Irish, growing steadily stronger and richer as hostile western neighbours, driven to animosity by centuries of persecution and poor administration or trade. Their numbers were as yet not cut back by The Famine.

Sydney Smith's second strong argument is that to deny to British Catholics the right to sit in their Parliament, to hold office in the Law, in the Armed Forces, in the Universities or in local government

would be an affront to national justice. 'Plymley' asks that all these are swept away; and he adds: 'Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are. Your alternative is to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one. If you do not admit them to the House of Commons, they will hold their parliament in Potato Place, Dublin; and will be ten times as violent and inflammatory as they would be in Westminster'.

'Plymley' confronts his 'brother's' challenge - that Catholics do not respect an oath. He says: 'Not? What on earth has kept them out of Parliament or excluded them from all the offices whence they are excluded, but respect for oaths?'. And again: 'The Catholic is excluded from Parliament because he will not swear that he disbelieves the leading doctrines of his religion! The Catholic asks you to abolish some oaths which oppress him; your answer is, that he does not respect oaths. Then why subject him to the test of oaths? The oaths keep him out of Parliament; why, then, he respects them. Turn which way you will, either your laws are nugatory, or the Catholic is bound by religious obligations as you are: but no eel in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed as an orthodox parson does when he is compelled by the gripe of reason to admit any thing in favour of a dissenter'.

These 'Plymley Letters' were popular, but not immediately effective. Extreme Protestant Tories held their opposition till beaten under the cautious Duke of Wellington, the Dublinborn Prime Minister. Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828, and the RC Relief Bill (Catholic Emancipation) became an Act in 1829, two decades later. The Plymley argument failed, since an appeal to national security intensified loyalty to Church and Crown, i.e. the mainspring of the laws restrictive to Catholics. However, by his wit Plymley gave Whigs a rallying point in toleration, a unifying marker. After 1815 the national security argument faded. The Irish argument and the Catholic were conjoined: the stage was set for The Irish Question, still unresolved. Sydney Smith reiterated the obvious: emancipate the Catholics and thus make them your eventual allies. In his 1826 'Letter to Electors on Catholic Emancipation', published in York, he advised for the long future - 'If it must be done at some time, do it when you are calm and powerful, and need not do it', and 'England will be compelled to grant ignominiously what she now

refuses haughtily'.

Do the 'Plymley Letters' have a relevant consequence in our present life? Yes indeed. In his subsequent 'Singleton Letters' (1837), to an Archdeacon on Church reform, Canon Smith had this to offer: 'The only true way to make the most of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice'. 'Plain terms': all his crusades were upon specific abuses, and his reformist solutions were equally realist. He knew well that most were selfish, but expected them to see where self interest stood close to common good. In those 1837 'Letters', Canon Smith argued for the lower clergy, that where they were especially experienced in parish affairs, and where they would be directly affected, they should particularly be consulted - for they possessed 'sapiential authority'.

Sydney died peaceably in February 1845, before The Irish Famine broke. He virtually wrote his own epitaph, thus:

> *'When wit is combined with sense, when softened by benevolence, restrained by principle, in the hands of man who loves humour, justice & religion, it is then a delightful part of nature. God has given us wit & flavour & brightness & laughter & perfume to enliven & charm man's pained steps over the burning marle.'*

Frank Muir

Frank Muir added greatly to the gaiety of the nation, but the Sydney Smith Association has special reason to remember him as one of its first founder members. As well as being a broadcaster and script-writer of great fame, he was a very widely-read man, with a large library of his own and particular enthusiasms such as Dr Samuel Johnson (he was a former president of the Johnson Society of Lichfield). We were fortunate that Sydney Smith was another of his favourites.

He was delighted that the Association had been formed, and pleased to be asked to be a founder member. He sent a larger-than-needed subscription, enjoining us to spend the surplus on sherry after committee meetings. (1 think he had a eupeptic view of the Church of England, with clerical gatherings oiled by Tio Pepe!)

His idiosyncratic anthology, 'The Frank Muir Book', quotes Sydney on digestion and opinions, and adds his own comment:

> *'Sydney Smith enjoyed superb digestion. Carlyle suffered from chronic indigestion. If Smith and Carlyle had been born with each other's digestive systems it is possible that we might never have heard of either of them.'*

1 like to think that Sydney Smith and Frank Muir would have got on well together. There is something especially congenial in manner in a remark Frank made in an interview late in life, describing himself as 'a sort of lapsed agnostic. My doubts are beginning to waver'. We shall miss him greatly, and before the York dinner toasted his memory - in sherry, of course.

Alan Bell

Alan Bell reports
on a London Evening

The Association enjoyed a pleasant and instructive evening on 8th July, 1998 when we joined forces with the Kensington Association for a lecture by Leslie Mitchell, fellow of University College Oxford, on 'Sydney Smith at Holland House'. Mr Mitchell is an expert on the subject and period, with biographies of Charles James Fox and Lord Melbourne to his credit, and also a study of Holland House in its early 19th century political and social context, which appeared in 1980.

Leslie Mitchell ranged widely, placing Holland House as the pre-eminent salon of London between 1797 and 1840, with a distinctive Whig programme. Its Anglo French connections (which required a genealogical table to show their closeness and complexity) were specially important, giving it a pro-Bonapartist, Orléanist, francophile role so that at times this 'diplomacy by salon' was seen by the Foreign Office as a threat to conventional diplomacy. Above all, Holland House became in many ways an alternative court, with Lady Holland 'the only absolute monarch in Europe'.

Sydney Smith's involvement with the Hollands was important for them, especially in introducing them to the Scottish ideas and personalities that he had got to know in Edinburgh. Conversely, Mr Mitchell felt, the association with Holland House harmed Smith. It was a notoriously irreligious establishment, in which Sydney was liked because he was tolerant of dissenters and Catholics, and especially because he made religion amusing. Though the Hollands were keen to see Sydney promoted, his relationship with them was undoubtedly compromising. Lord Grey, like Lord Melbourne, took his responsibilities to the Church seriously, and Sydney was tainted by the association and thereby disadvantaged in his search for preferment.

Leslie Mitchell's paper stimulated many interesting questions from members of the two associations, and discussions continued over an excellent supper at the Army & Navy Club where Major Peter Diggle had organised the meeting. Many thanks to him and to Robin Price, the lectures secretary of the Kensington Association, for making the arrangements.

Coming events and other business

WEDNESDAY 6TH OCTOBER 1999

2.00 p.m. AGM at King's Manor, York

The AGM will be held in the Huntingdon Room in Kings Manor, York at 2.00 p.m. and will be followed by a talk on Sydney Smith's connections with Castle Howard and the Carlisle family. There is a car park behind the Manor and a cafeteria in the building, where members can obtain refreshments before the AGM and after the talk.

6.15 p.m. at Castle Howard

The Right Reverend Lord Runcie, who is one of the Association's patrons, has kindly agreed to unveil a plaque in honour of Sydney Smith. The plaque, based on the bas-relief bronze head in Foston church commemorates Sydney's long friendship with the 5th and

6th Earls of Carlisle and their families and has been generously sponsored by the Gemini Foundation.

Members will be received by the Honourable Simon Howard (another of our patrons) in the Great Hall and conducted through the State Rooms to where the unveiling ceremony will take place. After this brief ceremony we will all dine together at Castle Howard.

Simon Howard will be sending out invitations together with further details nearer the time. Numbers will have to be be limited so please let the membership secretary, Peter Diggle, know as soon as possible if you would like to come.

LONDON: WEDNESDAYS 2ND JUNE AND 1ST SEPTEMBER 1999

As we have so far not been able to organise an event for members in the London area this year, it was felt that an opportunity of meeting each other informally over lunch might be attractive.

Arrangements have been made with our member Ranald Macdonald yr of Clanranald to reserve a small private room, the Jacobite Room at the Boisdale Restaurant, 15, Eccleston Street., London SW1 (five minutes walk from Victoria Station) for lunch on the first Wednesdays of June and September, at 12.30 p.m. The room will accommodate 15 to 16 people and we will be well looked after by the owner, who was early introduced to the works of Sydney Smith by his father, who used to read extracts to his family after dinner.

The cost would be from £19.50 for a good two-course lunch. Alan Bell has kindly agreed to help organise these two lunches, which, if popular, could be the precursor of others.

Would those who are interested in attending please get in touch with Alan Bell at Flat 6, 105 Hallam Street, London WIN 5LT, or on his office telephone 0171930 7705.

Tribute in 'The Guardian'

A recent and very welcome recruit to our ranks is the journalist Matthew Engel, columnist with 'The Guardian' and also editor of 'Wisden'. His 'Guardian' article, published in late April 1998, paid tribute to Sydney, and is partially reproduced here by kind permission.

It being exactly a year since the election of our glorious leaders, 30 years since Enoch Powell's speech, the Prague spring and the Paris événements, 50 years since something or other and 150 years since the publication of the Communist Manifesto, this column is about the Reverend Sydney Smith, who was born 227 years, 10 months and 22 days ago today and died 153 years, two months and three days ago. Why? Why not? Just listen.

Sydney Smith is not exactly forgotten. He was the Dr Johnson of the early 19th century, and he still takes up a full page in the major dictionaries of quotations, and some of his lines get trotted out quite regularly: "What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia?" "Macaulay is like a book in breeches." "Praise is the best diet." Many of his others were lost, apparently because they were said at dinner parties, and his supposed Boswell, Thomas Moore, was laughing too much to write them down.

But hardly anyone now remembers who he was. Smith was much more than just a wag. He was a writer and polemicist, a founder of the Edinburgh Review, who did as much as anyone to create the intellectual climate that led to Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. His wit gave the edge to his writing, but it was sharp without ever being cruelly barbed. It is a wonderful trick to be as funny as he was without being unkind.

Smith was a clergyman, but a clergyman of a type that was rare at the time and got rarer as the century wore on. "He believed," said his biographer Hesketh Pearson, "that Christianity was made for man, not man for Christianity". For him, it was "a moral code, not a dogma . . . . a practical code of behaviour."

And he lived it. Everyone in London society knew him, and the most

powerful distrusted him, so he never became a bishop. Indeed, for more than 20 years he was rector of the remote Yorkshire village of Foston, "Twelve miles from a lemon". He hated the exile, but threw himself into it: feeding the hungry, trying to heal the sick, and infuriating his fellow-magistrates by habitually supporting the poachers against the squires. But he still fought against the great orthodoxies of the time. His greatest achievement was probably The Peter Plymley Letters, written to his imaginary brother and published anonymously at a time when Napoleon was threatening British freedom but Catholics were not allowed to join the fight. "When the population of half the globe is up in arms against us; are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop examines a candidate for holy orders; and to suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with you about the 2nd of Timothy?". When the House of Lords held out against electoral reform, he compared them to Mrs Partington of Sidmouth who, when the town was engulfed by a flood, stood at her front door with a mop "vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean". He attacked the education system with its emphasis on Latin and Greek verse, as training a young man for nothing except "elegant imbecility". "A classical scholar of 23 or 24 years of age is a man principally conversant with works of imagination. His feelings are quick, his fancy lively, and his taste good. Talents for speculation and original inquiry he has none .... he hates the pain of thinking, and suspects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend his opinions and prove his assertions."

His arguments seem unexceptional now, because Smith's battles were won. Had he gone in for works of imagination himself, he would be read more. Had he kept quiet and flattered the powerful more, he would have been a richer and more successful cleric. He did escape from Foston eventually, was granted the living of Combe Florey in Somerset, (later the home of Evelyn Waugh, just as funny if less genial), and became a Canon of St Paul's. Smith's most famous line of all is his conception of heaven: "eating pâté de foie gras to the sound of trumpets". One hopes, when the last trumpet sounds, that he is around for company. Everything one reads of him makes him sound more likable.

"What is real piety?" he asked once. "What is true attachment to the

Church? How are these fine feelings best evinced? The answer is plain: by sending strawberries to a clergyman. Many thanks."

(Sydney's "most famous line" was his picture of a friend's idea of heaven. He himself, as his sermons show, had a more profound one.) *N.T.*

A Grace for the Sydney Smith Society

kindly offered by the Very Reverend Robert Holtby

For food and drink, and wit therewith,
And their upholder, SYDNEY SMITH,
We gather here to thank you. Lord,
And may his spirit bless our board.

Sydney Cited

Our Hon. Treasurer, the Reverend Norman Taylor, wrote to me some months ago to suggest that the Newsletter might be further enlivened if its readers were invited to send me any passages they come across in their reading that refer in some way or other to our Sydney. To set the good example he sent me photocopies of two pages from Anthony Trollope's 'Barchester Towers', the second of the 'Barchester Novels' which was published in 1857. Both passages come from the opening chapters of the book :

1. *"... Sydney Smith truly said that in these recreant days we cannot expect to find the majesty of St. Paul beneath the cassock of a curate. If we look to our clergymen to be more than men, we shall probably teach ourselves to think that that they are less, and can hardly hope to raise the character by denying to him the right to entertain the aspirations of a man".*

2. *"... Some few years since, even within the memory of many who are not yet willing to call themselves old, a liberal clergyman was*

a person not frequently to be met. Sydney Smith was such, and was looked on as little better than an infidel; a few others also might be named, but they were 'rarae aves', and were regarded with doubt and distrust by their brethren. No man was so surely a tory as a country rector - nowhere were the powers that be so cherished as at Oxford".

More recently I came across a brief mention in E. M. Forster's "Commonplace Book", edited by Philip Gardner and published in 1985. Forster, it seems, had acquired the two-volume "Letters of Sydney Smith" when it came out in 1953. He was moved to transcribe into his Commonplace Book one lovely and lapidary sentence from Sydney's letter to Bishop Blomfield, dated 1840 : "You must not think me necessarily foolish because I am facetious, nor will I consider you necessarily wise because you are grave".

Please let me know if you discover anything.

Sydney on "Letters sur l'Angleterre"
(Edinburgh Review 1803)

A book has just been published with the intriguing title "Voltaire's Coconuts or Anglomania in Europe". (Author: Ian Buruma; Publisher: Weidenfeld). Anglomania flourished in France even during the wars with Bonaparte, but a Mr Fievée sought to end it once and for all by his "Lettres sur l'Angleterre" which Sydney reviewed in 1803. Sydney begins with a wise generalisation:

'Of all the species of travels, that which has moral observation for its object is the most liable to error, and has the greatest difficulties to overcome, before it can arrive at excellence. Stones and roots, and leaves, are subjects which may exercise the understanding without rousing the passions. A mineralogical traveller will hardly fall foul upon the granite and feldspar of other countries than his own; a botanist will not conceal its non-descripts; and an agricultural tourist will faithfully detail the average crop per acre; but the traveller who observes on the manners, habits, and institutions of other countries, must have emancipated his mind from the extensive

and powerful dominion of association, must have extinguished the agreeable and deceitful feelings of national vanity, and cultivated that patient humility which builds general inferences only upon the repetition of individual facts. Everything he sees shocks some passion or flatters it; and he is perpetually seduced to distort facts, so as to render them agreeable to his system and his feelings! Books of travel are now published in such vast abundance, that it may not be useless, perhaps, to state a few reasons why their value so commonly happens to be in the inverse ratio of their number.'

The reasons we can omit, for Sydney goes on to say,

'But we are wasting out time in giving a theory of the faults of travellers, when we have such ample means of exemplifying them all from the publication now before us in which Mr Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity that has hitherto been known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which well entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and discovery in impertinence.

We consider Mr Fievée's book as extremely valuable in one point of view. It affords a sort of limit or mind-mark, beyond which we conceive it to be impossible in future that pertness and petulance should pass. It is well to be acquainted with the boundaries of our nature on both sides; and to Mr Fievée we are indebted for this valuable approach to *pessimism*. The height of knowledge no man has yet scanned; but we have now pretty well fathomed the gulf of ignorance.

We must, however, do justice to Mr Fievée when he deserves it. He evinces, in his preface, a lurking uneasiness at the apprehension of exciting war between the two countries, from the anger to which his letters will give birth in England. He pretends to deny that they will occasion a war; but it is very easy to see he is not convinced by his own arguments; and we confess ourselves extremely pleased by this amiable solicitude at the probable effusion of human blood.'

Sydney now specifies some of the charges against the English, e.g. "the opera band plays out of tune", and ends:

'One of the principal objects of Mr Fievée's book is to combat the Anglomania which has raged so long among his countrymen, and which prevailed at Paris to such an excess, that even Mr Necker, a foreigner (incredible as it may seem), *after having been twice minister of France* retained a considerable share of admiration for the English government. This is quite inexplicable. But this is nothing to the treason of the *Encyclopedists*, who, instead of attributing the merit of experimental philosophy and the reasoning by induction to a Frenchman, have shown themselves so lost to all sense of the duty which they owed their country, they have attributed it to an Englishman, *of the name of Bacon*, and this for no better reason than that he really was the author of it.

When to this are added the commendations that have been bestowed on Newton, the magnitude and the originality of the discoveries which have been attributed to him, the admiration which the works of Locke have excited, and the homage that has been paid to Milton and Shakespeare, the treason which lurks at the bottom of it all will not escape the penetrating eye of Mr Fievée; and he will discern that same cause, from which every good Frenchman knows the defeat of Aboukir and of the first of June to have proceeded - *the monster Pitt, and his English guineas.*'

Books of travel are still published "in such vast abundance" and some authors may well be grateful that there is no Sydney to review them.

N.T.

The Orwell Connection

This is a sad little tale of literary incompetence

I have long held the conviction that George Orwell, somewhere along the line, must have read Sydney Smith and written about him. Both, after all, were accomplished polemical writers, though in very different styles. Orwell read widely and worked for many years at the heart of English literary life, reviewing all sorts of books in newspapers and magazines. He was there when Hesketh Smith's trail-blazing biography, "The Smith of Smiths", was published. To

me it seemed inevitable that Orwell must have known about our Sydney and written something about him. In 1968 when "The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell" came out in four volumes, I got them and read them through and was disappointed to find no mention of Sydney.

More recently Professor Peter Davison's "The Complete Works of George Orwell" came out in 20 fat volumes, a work of devoted and colossal scholarship. I could not afford this, so was delighted when a local friend of mine told me he had been given the set because he had been Orwell's nephew and had given much help to Orwell scholars.

As soon as I could, therefore, I visited my friend's house to see the definitive work. I looked up the index and there found the long longed-for reference :
"Smith, Sydney; Vol X, p426".

My faith had been justified at last. I seized Vol X and turned to the page. It concerned some apparent confusion over Orwell's lodgings in Wigan in February 1936 when he was researching into the lives of the coal-miners for his book "The Road to Wigan Pier". Most scholars seemed to hold that Orwell had stayed at 22 Darlington Street. But a footnote to this entry added : "However, Sydney Smith (b1909) argues that it was 35 Sovreign Street". That was all, not at all what I had been hoping for. Not our Sydney! I can only conclude, reluctantly, that I have been completely wrong all these years about the Sydney/Orwell connection.

Books about Sydney in print

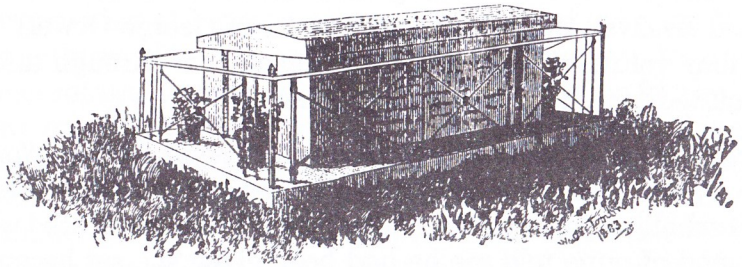
Sydney Smith by Alan Bell (Oxford University Press)

Twelve Miles from a Lemon - Selected Writings and Sayings of Sydney Smith by Norman Taylor and Alan Hankinson (Letterworth Press)

Sayings of Sydney Smith Ed. Alan Bell (Duckworth)

Available at good bookshops. "Twelve Miles" is obtainable also from the Editor of this Newsletter at the reduced price of £15 (p & p included).

Sydney's Grave



Stuart Reid, in his biography of Sydney, published in 1884, included the above picture, and wrote as follows:

"He was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery, on Friday the 28th; the funeral strictly private, and only a few of his nearest relatives and friends were present; but in spirit at least, there was no section of the nation which was not represented by the sorrow round that grave.

There is an official handbook to the vast and silent city of the dead in which he sleeps, and yet so late as the summer of 1883, the name of one of the truest benefactors of the English people who rests within its gates, was not judged of sufficient importance to be included in the pages of that manual. Those who wish to make a pilgrimage to the grave of Sydney Smith, will therefore be glad to know that they can easily find it, by following the north walk until they are opposite the entrance to the catacombs. Turning to the left at that point, they will discover in the fifth row from the walk a raised tomb of Portland stone, which bears on a weather-beaten marble slab the following half-obliterated inscription:-

TO PERPETUATE,
WHILE LANGUAGE AND MARBLE STILL REMAIN,
THE NAME AND CHARACTER OF
THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH,
ONE OF THE BEST OF MEN.
HIS TALENTS, THOUGH ADMITTED BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES
TO BE GREAT,
WERE SURPASSED BY HIS UNOSTENTATIOUS BENEVOLENCE,
HIS FEARLESS LOVE OF TRUTH, AND HIS ENDEAVOUR TO
PROMOTE THE HAPPINESS OF MANKIND
BY RELIGIOUS TOLERATION AND RATIONAL FREEDOM.
HE WAS BORN THE 3RD OF JUNE, 1771.
HE BECAME CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S
CATHEDRAL, 1831.
HE DIED FEBRUARY 22ND, 1845"