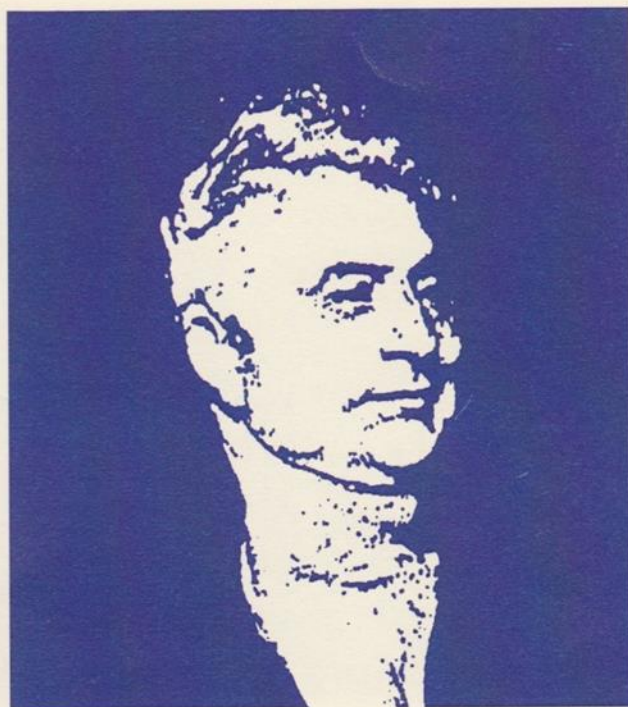


**THE  
SYDNEY SMITH  
ASSOCIATION**



**NEWSLETTER**

**Issue 26  
Spring 2021**

## **THE SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION (Charity No. 1121599)**

- To perpetuate the memory and achievements of Sydney Smith
- To cultivate appreciation of the principles for which he stood
- To support the churches connected with his career
- To help in the preservation of manuscripts and memorabilia relating to him and his family
- To arrange periodic events, receptions and services in keeping with his inclinations

### **Patrons**

The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Lord Hope of Thornes; The Viscount Knutsford; The Honourable Simon Howard; The Honourable James Stourton

### **Officers**

Chairman – Mr Colin Southall  
mail: [c\\_southall@yahoo.com](mailto:c_southall@yahoo.com)

Hon. Treasurer – Dr Harry Yoxall

Hon. Secretary and Membership Secretary - Mrs Sydness Bones  
Mail: [sydie.bones@btopenworld.com](mailto:sydie.bones@btopenworld.com)

Editor of Newsletter - Mr Gerry Bradshaw  
Mail: [gqbradshaw@btinternet.com](mailto:gqbradshaw@btinternet.com)

### **Trustees**

Chairman; Treasurer; Secretary; Mrs Peter Diggle; Mrs Deirdre Bryan-Brown; Mr Robin Price, Dr Jeremy Cunningham, Professor Arnold Arthurs

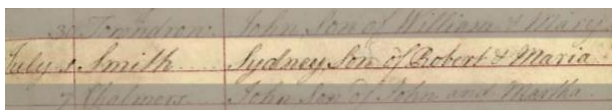
Website – [www.sydney-smith.org.uk](http://www.sydney-smith.org.uk)

*Stories, pictures or material for the Newsletter – Contact Gerry Bradshaw or Sydnie Bones – e-mail addresses above*

## OUR CHAIRMAN WRITES.....

**Colin Southall**

I trust this finds you safe and well after a challenging year under lockdown and other restrictions. For me, the continued lack of social gatherings, concerts and theatre has been the main loss. This year marks Sydney Smith's birthday on 3<sup>rd</sup> June 1771 in Woodford, Essex and his baptism at St Mary the Virgin on 1<sup>st</sup> July:



©2021 Essex Record Office, reference D/P 167/1/5

Notable events that year included Spain ceding the Falkland Islands to Britain, the first meeting of the Society of Civil Engineers, Captain Cook's return from his first voyage of discovery, the publication of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the completion of the Bath Assembly Rooms. Other notable births included Richard Trevithick, Walter Scott and Mungo Park. A marvellous group who would strive to explore, understand and improve the world they were born into.

We had hoped to mark the occasion with a meeting but plans for that have not progressed given the pandemic. However, this issue of the newsletter includes a range of articles on Sydney's legacy and his ability to provide relevant commentary on topical events. As Jeremy Cunningham notes, Sydney was "dedicated to the gradual improvement of humankind and its institutions, and fully aware that a dose of humour is often the best way of turning someone's mind in the desired direction." For an excellent discourse on wit and humour see the address given by Lord Habgood on Sunday 3 October 2004 at St Michael's Church, Coxwold as recorded in our 2005 newsletter. Sydnie Bones

provides a tour of Sydney's letters – “serious, frivolous, formal and deeply affectionate” – which can be found on our website (<https://www.sydney-smith.org.uk/unpublished-letters.html>). There you will find a trove of information for the inquisitive or curious. Graham Parry describes how contemporaries viewed Sydney Smith – a noisy guest, but one with “a substratum of earnest purpose” – while Lord Knutsford has Sydney's portrait as a familiar presence at Munden and recalls his great-grandmother's memories of visits to Combe Florey.

A topic at lunches is often “What sparked your interest in Sydney Smith?” Many times, this is answered with the comment that his wit or humour provided an insight into a contemporary issue and that led to the desire to know more about him. It is also the case that focus on an individual provides a means to understand the times they lived in and the people in their circle. If you feel moved to write about your experiences, we would welcome articles for publication in next year's newsletter (please contact Gerry Bradshaw or Sydnie Bones).

Speaking of lunches, I hope that we will feel safe to resume these in the autumn: Celia Moreton-Prichard, Graham Frater and Sydnie Bones will be in touch when this is possible. We will also explore the option of further meetings on Zoom to follow on from last year's AGM and the talk given by Jeremy Cunningham in February. Please let me or an officer know if you have a topic you wish to speak on, or if you have a topic which you are looking for input from members on. One such thread, covered briefly in Jeremy's talk, was Sydney's tea reduction diet which he followed for many months with little recorded weight loss. Why was tea seen as the culprit? Maybe it was because Sydney liked sugar and had many spoons with each cup, but he does not mention this. What other diets could he have opted for? Would any have been effective? Discuss.

## HOW I FOUND SYDNEY SMITH

*Jeremy Cunningham*

My aunt, Lavinia Orde- née Holland-Hibbert- was the intellectual of our family. At the end of World War II, she was a socialist, and eventually she found her home in the Liberal Party. She told me about Sydney Smith our ancestor – that he was a celebrated wit, and with liberal tendencies. From her, I inherited Sydney Smith's Works in three dull-looking volumes, published in 1840. They once belonged to Henry Jones Weston, who wrote in his name in an elegant script-with the note 'From the Rev. S. Smith', so presumably they were a gift from Sydney. For a number of years, I was too busy to even look at them; my job as a headteacher was too fascinating and exhausting. Then one summer holiday I picked up Volume 1 and two titles caught my eye: 'Female Education', and 'Public Schools.'

**'Female Education'** was Sydney's piece for the Edinburgh Review 1810, reviewing 'Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind' by Thomas Broadhurst, 1808. It starts, 'Mr Broadhurst is a very good sort of man, who has written a very bad book upon a very important subject. His object (a very laudable one) is to recommend a better system of female education than at present prevails in this country – to turn the attention of women from the trifling pursuits to which they are now condemned - and to cultivate faculties which, under the actual system of management, might almost as well not exist. To the examination of his ideas on these points, we shall very cheerfully give up a portion of our time and attention.' Smith then proceeds to ignore Mr Broadhurst's book, in favour of extending his arguments in favour of women's education.

'As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are precisely alike'. Smith asserts that the difference in capacity between the sexes is the result of

circumstance not essence. 'It is not easy to imagine that there can be any just cause why a woman of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age. If there be any good at all in female ignorance, this (to use a very colloquial phrase) is surely too much of a good thing.'

'Women are excluded from all the serious business of the world...the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all... (to those who object to the novelty of teaching women) - 'nothing is more common, or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible - to believe that all which is, is all which can be...' 'when learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.'

Smith attacks the idea that if women are educated 'there will be an end of domestic economy and if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet.' He ridicules the notion that the care a mother feels for her children 'depends on her ignorance of Greek and Mathematics and she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation.'

He takes issue with those who contrast the acquisition of knowledge with 'what they call simple pleasures', and 'deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds and pick up plants than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies.' If a girl wants to study why should she be denied: 'why is she to be sent, like a butterfly to hover over the idle flowers of the field?...light broths and fruits are innocent food only to weak or infant stomachs; but they are poison to that organ in its perfect and mature state.' 'Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.'

Smith notes 'no mother, no woman who has passed over the first few years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up, as she gives up the dress and manners of eighteen...The system of female education as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance.' The object should be to give children resources that will 'endure as long as life endures.' There may be women who want to draw, sing or dance, but it is a mistake to prescribe these for everyone; 'there is nothing so social as a cultivated mind.' If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. The influence of an educated mother on the child's first seven or eight years of life is immeasurable. It is very important for a country to increase the total amount of knowledge and understanding. 'One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation;' - and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase in knowledge.

The article on **Public Schools**, in the Edinburgh Review 1810, was occasioned by 'Remarks on the System of Education in Public Schools' published by Hatchard. 'There is a set of well-dressed, prosperous gentlemen, who assemble daily at Mr Hatchard's shop;- clean, civil personages, well in with people in power, - delighted with every existing institution - and almost with every existing circumstance: - and every now and then, one of these personages writes a little book; - and the rest praise that little book - expecting to be praised, in their turn, for their own little books: - of these little books, thus written by these clean, civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one.' Smith then proceeds to attack the basic 'construction' of such schools. 'At a public school (for such is the system established by immemorial custom), every boy is alternately tyrant and slave. The

power which the elder part of these communities exercises over the younger, is exceedingly great - very difficult to be controlled - and accompanied, not un-frequently with cruelty and caprice.' They teach servile obedience, useless for gentlemen 'destined for opulent idleness', for the three learned professions, for a calm regular civil life. 'Submission to tyranny lays a foundation of hatred, suspicion, cunning and a variety of odious passions.' The system gives to elder boys an absurd opinion of their own importance – especially the head boy (Sydney had been head boy of Winchester so he knew what he was speaking about.)

He ridicules the emphasis on sport - 'of what importance is it after life whether a boy can play well or ill at cricket, or row a boat with the skill and precision of a waterman?' He gives a long list of great men who were not educated at public school – poets like Shakespeare, Pope; scientists like Newton; historians – Clarendon and Hume; artists like Vanbrugh, Reynolds, Gainsborough; medical men - Harvey, Jenner and so on. Smith thinks that the very large numbers in such schools means there is little oversight of moral development and he favours small schools of twenty or thirty boys under a learned and sensible master.

Having enjoyed these two pieces by Sydney, I went on to browse my way through the volumes, in no particular order, and even now I have not read all the articles, reviews and sermons. Every now and then I dip in and usually find something interesting or entertaining. Sydney Smith was the archetypal Whig – full of good sense, dedicated to the gradual improvement of humankind and its institutions, and fully aware that a dose of humour is often the best way of turning someone's mind in the desired direction.

## **SYDNEY SMITH – MAN OF LETTERS**

*Sydie Bones*



Searching for comfort during the long days of lockdown isolation, I turned to Sydney Smith and began to dig through the treasure chest of unpublished letters to be found in the depths of our website. I felt that there could be an article waiting to be written. The Art of Letter Writing in Georgian England would be a good place to start. Instruction manuals on this 'Art' were popular, letters were preserved in dusty attics and correspondence was seen as an important historical record. Horace Walpole wrote: 'Nothing gives so just an idea of an age as genuine letters, nay, history waits for its last seal for them'. Inspired by Auberon Waugh's Introduction to Nowell Smith's Selected Letters (1980), I began metaphorically thumbing through pages of transcripts, recognising what Waugh describes as Sydney's 'mind wandering from subject to subject'. I jotted down headings in my notebook – information, moral influence, literary style, historical reference.

The first letter is dated 1794 and the last October 1844. By the time I had reached 1805 the best-laid plans of objective analysis had dissolved and Sydney Smith the man as revealed in his letters took over. What a paradoxical character he was – on the one hand conciliatory and charitable; and on the other argumentative and occasionally arrogant. Different facets came to light in his style of writing: letters to friends and family were spattered with dashes, abbreviations and idiosyncratic spelling whereas those to persons of rank were crafted and elegant, recipients no doubt of Mrs Smith's correcting hand when requested by Sydney to 'dot the i's and cross the t's'.

Letters to his father, Robert Smith, reveal a fractious relationship. In 1800 he wrote at length to 'My dear Father' asking for advice about financial problems regarding his future wife's inheritance, signing off 'God bless you my dear Father I kiss your hand'. Over the next few years, however, unpleasant words flew between them. An undated letter of early 1805 shows a relationship falling

apart because of a disagreement over etiquette, beginning ‘Sir’ and ending ‘I am etc etc Sydney Smith’. The letter is polite but distant, seeking a reconciliation following a perceived slight on his father’s part: ‘I only mean to say let us live as father and Son, or not at all. I wish for the former very sincerely, you have constantly rejected my repeated offers for that purpose’. The rift was healed, if only temporarily, as in December 1805 Sydney is once again ‘yrs v affectionately & respectfully’. This on-off relationship continued throughout their correspondence.

As a young man, Sydney too could be a stickler for etiquette and in his turn could also take umbrage over a perceived slight. There is a prolonged exchange of letters in 1802 between Sydney and Mrs Hicks Beach in which Sydney voiced his unhappiness at the treatment of his new wife by the Hicks Beaches on a joint trip to Edinburgh. ‘You uniformly through the whole of our tour put Mrs Smith in the worst room and took the best for yourself – without the smallest apology. ... I know how easily people like Mrs Smith and myself are apt to be disregarded – unprotected as we are by the Splendour of birth & fortune.’ In spite of a conciliatory reply, Sydney refused to let the matter rest, and wrote again justifying his position as a ‘poor & proud man’. Happily, the ruffled feathers of both parties did not mar their friendship or professional association and Sydney remained as tutor to young Michael Hicks Beach until 1804.

References to money appear regularly in his family letters. A three-page letter to his father, written from New College in 1796 requesting an increase in his allowance, illustrates his meticulous book-keeping with costs listed to the halfpenny. He writes: ‘in spite of all my oeconomy – and the assistance you are so good as to afford me – I am sometimes without a shilling in my pocket’. His financial integrity crops up in correspondence with his first employer: in a letter to Mrs Hicks Beach following an excursion with Michael to the Highlands, Sydney requests confirmation that

his drafts for costs incurred, all listed, will be honoured, wishing ‘to explain the seeming extravagance of drawing for £300 in 2 months’. This admirable habit remained with him throughout his life – his record of good husbandry at St Paul’s Cathedral is widely acknowledged. While scrupulously overseeing expenditure, Sydney also sought professional recognition and with it a generous income: letters arguing his case for due remuneration appear throughout the files. He would approach the highest in the land in his search for promotion. In a letter written in 1830 from Foston to the Duke of Wellington, he states: ‘It is not, I think, presumptuous to say, I might have advanced my fortunes, if I had defended error with half as much earnestness as I have contended for Truth and Justice. May I now ask you for some Preferment in the Church? I shall be proud to receive it at your hand’.

Historical references abound, some as main topics of the letters and others tossed in as passing commentary. Ireland, Catholics and the war against Napoleon pop up regularly. In a letter from Manchester in 1810 he writes, ‘the manufacturers are as active as possible – every barn and shed where machinery can be set up is in full employment’. Another of 1815 mentions a dinner Sydney attended at Hertford College: ‘The Professors were covered in contusions having been pelted for 5 days consecutively with stones by their pupils’. He would ask his friends for information on topics he was considering for Edinburgh Review articles: William Smith is asked about dissenters seeking legal marriage outside the Church of England – ‘I should like to discuss this question in the Edinburgh Review’; and this in 1820 to Malthus: ‘I am about to write an article for the Edinburgh Review upon Ireland in which I am desirous of pointing out the causes of the extreme misery of the country’, adding in a subsequent exchange: ‘I believe if there had been any great choice of good coal situations, English manufacturing capital would have found its way into Ireland’. Sydney enjoyed a long-lasting correspondence with Lord John Russell, not always agreeing with each other on government

policy, but quick to praise where he felt it was due. In a letter dated December 1835, he talks about the Poor Law: 'one of the best and boldest measures which ever emanated from any Government'.

The letters contain comments on the Church, advice to friends on care of children, pervading illnesses and, of course, gossip. He admits to Lady Carlisle at Castle Howard that 'I merely write to tell you the gossip and I often like writing'. No subject is spared his sharp wit. Before broaching the subject of Irish Catholic Bishops, he writes to Brougham (December 1809): 'I write this sitting with candles at half past six in the morning ... just about the time when the Young Nobility at Lord Roberts having perpetrated their separate acts of adultery are gliding in short shirts and night caps thru' the passages to regain their apartments'. When reporting a meeting of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Sydney adds 'What accumulation of power, what a luxury of sanctity, ... what an halo of holiness must surround them'. His advice is freely given: for instance, to Francis Cholmeley regarding his newly confined wife, 'It is the greatest of all possible mistakes for a mother to nurse her own child'; and recommending to Richard York that he give 'plenty of warm gin' to his new granddaughter. References to contemporary outbreaks of infections make interesting reading for us in 2021. This from 1803: 'The influenza has killed a great number of old people here – who were in debt to nature, that it has thought fit to settle her accounts this year and put her affairs in order'. And from 1837: 'Dreadful weather – everybody ill. Physicians and apothecaries getting as rich as Baring'; adding 'Lord John Russell is unwell – he looks as the common people say like a farthing's worth of soap after a week's washing'.

Sydney's letters are as varied as their recipients – serious, frivolous, formal and deeply affectionate. I have barely scratched the surface of the wealth of material to be found among their pages. This 1834 letter to a Martha Davis, owner of the cheese shop in Taunton, a member of the Society of Friends, from whom

Sydney was ordering three cheeses, gives a flavour of the delights within the archive: ‘Martha – I am in better health, as I hope thou art: thy health is ruined by going from shop to cheese loft without a bonnet’. On this anniversary year, I invite you to wander into the website and enjoy an hour in the company of this remarkable man of a thousand letters.

## **RECIPE FOR TARTARE SAUCE**

From a letter to Richard York, December 1835, following Sydney Smith’s visit to France.

“Mince one or two shallots very fine with a little chervil or tarragon. Put it into an earthen vessel with mustard, a glass of vinegar, salt and pepper. Sprinkle it with oil and stir it continually. If it gets too thick put in a little more vinegar; if too salt, a little more mustard and oil” – then he adds “and here, my dear York, let me beg you always to use L’huile d’Aix and Vinaigre d’Orleans, not the liquid tallow and cut throat acidity with which salads are made in England”.

## **A GLIMPSE OF SYDNEY IN FRASER'S MAGAZINE**

*Graham Parry*

In the early decades of the Nineteenth Century the main channels for political opinion and social commentary were the periodical reviews and magazines that increased in number and popularity as the century wore on, especially after the Napoleonic wars ended, when censorship in England gradually slackened. The

foremost of these journals was the Edinburgh Review, which Sydney Smith had helped to found in 1802, and to which he became a leading contributor. I would like in this article to draw attention to a less well-known review, Fraser's Magazine, that enjoyed a long popularity, from 1830 to 1882, and on one occasion in the 1830s shone its spotlight on Sydney in a way that revealed how contemporaries saw him at that period of his career. Fraser's was basically a Tory journal, founded by Hugh Fraser and William Maginn, but it appealed to a broad readership through strong contributors such as Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray and James Hogg. Throughout the Thirties an edition would feature a sketch of a prominent personality, commonly a literary 'celebrity', usually drawn by Daniel Maclise, the historical painter who is probably best known these days for the portrait of Dickens that appeared as the frontispiece to Nicholas Nickleby in 1839. These sketches were eye-catching in a distinctive way and were accompanied by a prose commentary by William Maginn. Sometimes the sketch inclined to caricature, as is the case of the one of Sydney Smith, which was probably drawn by Thackeray, who was a competent artist and sometimes illustrated his own novels. These sketches were collected and published in a separate volume in 1874 under the title 'A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters' and reprinted in 1883 with enlarged memoirs of each character by William Bates, a contemporary literary hack, under the new title of 'The Maclise Portrait-Gallery'. The original engravings have now become extremely scarce, mainly as a result of the fashion for 'grangerizing' books in the nineteenth century, i.e. extra-illustrating books with additional plates, usually portraits, from other books that were relevant to the subject of the privileged copy.

The text of the 1883 edition brings together a good deal of anecdotal material about Sydney that was still in circulation nearly forty years after his death. The prose commentary has some qualities worthy of its subject. In recalling Sydney's brief time in Edinburgh as a preacher at a chapel on the Canongate, Bates

mentions that his colleague was the Rev. Archibald Alison, the father of Sir Archibald Alison who 'wrote an elaborate work in ten volumes to prove that God was a Tory'. One does not readily associate Sydney Smith with Lord Byron, but The Portrait-Gallery reminds us that they met, probably at Holland House, and Byron put him in 'Don Juan', at the time when he had been rusticated to Foston-le-Clay:

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes,  
But both were thrown away amongst the fens,  
For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks:  
No longer ready ears and shorthand pens  
Imbided the gay bon-mot or happy hoax;  
The poor priest was reduced to common sense  
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,  
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.  
(Canto XVI, st. lxxxiii)

Byron remembered what a noisy guest he was at dinner:  
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven  
The very power powerful parson Peter Pith  
The loudest wit I e're was deafen'd with.

This chimes with a recollection of Harriet Martineau, also recorded in the 1883 volume, when she depicts him in a morning call, sitting down 'broad and comfortable' in the middle of her sofa, 'with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice,' and then beginning, 'like the great bell of St. Paul's, making her start at the first stroke.'

Sydney comes across in the biographical commentary as the

leading dinner guest of his generation. He is always encountered as dining out, never as the host. If Samuel Rogers was the most celebrated giver of literary dinners of Regency times and later, Sydney was the most welcome recipient of hospitality. In the account of Loius Ude, a professional gourmand, in *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*, there is a record of Sydney dining chez Rogers, with a good example of why he was so enjoyable a guest: 'It was the custom of Sam Rogers not to have his lights on the dinner-table, but to dispose them so as to illuminate the fine pictures overhead, - a custom which extorted from the witty parson the remark that "above, all was brightness, while below was darkness and gnashing of teeth." A simple, well-phrased



observation can give much pleasure. The dinner-table was really Sydney's pulpit, where he was appreciatively listened to, in contrast to the church at Foston with its rustic congregation. The caricature sketch of Sydney shows him as a man of the beau monde, dressed for an assault on a five-course dinner, with a satisfied smile of anticipation upon his lips. There is not a trace of



the clergyman about him, although one might think he looks like the apostle of self-indulgence. (To be fair, Sydney knew what he looked like, and was reluctant to have his portrait

painted. Landseer, it is apocryphally said, once expressed a wish, at the table of Miss Berry, to take his likeness; but the proposition was wittily met by the question of King Hazael to Elisha, - "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Landseer, of course, had spent much of his career painting dogs.)

Sydney's enduring claim to the attention of posterity is declared to be as an effective opponent of injustice. 'It will be remembered that he supported the Roman Catholic claims, and that they were conceded; that he strenuously assailed the game-laws and that they underwent great modification; that he compelled a large portion of the public to acknowledge the mischief of our penal settlements . . .' He is identified on his caricature as the 'Author of "Plymley's Letters on the Catholics''. Those Letters appeared in 1807-8, so it is a measure of the reputation of these semi-serious, semi-jocular letters in favour of Catholic emancipation that they should still be remembered so long after publication. A prominent Church of England man arguing in favour of civil rights and freedom of worship for Roman Catholics deserved attention, and even before the authorship of Plymley's Letters was known, they had helped to make the cause of Catholic freedom seem just, sensible and even desirable to very large numbers of readers of the middle class and gentry. Sydney's amusing reasonableness formed a helpful antidote to the outdated scare stories of Catholic enmity and subversion. As the commentator in Maclise's Gallery noted, 'There was this too about his wit, that while it was manly, original, graceful, and genial, it rarely lacked a substratum of earnest purpose'.

## **LETTERS FROM SYDNEY SMITH TO NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR**

Bookseller James Fergusson of London has recently been listing books and letters associated with Sydney Smith, formerly the property of our first Chairman, Alan Bell. His catalogue of November 2020 included two such items, one of which immediately caught my eye: Lively correspondence with Nassau William Senior – 13 autograph letters signed: c16pp. 8vo, Combe Florey and London, 17 August 1837 – 13 September 1843, letters which had been presented to Alan on his retirement from the London Library. The 1897 edition of Chambers' Biographical Dictionary describes Senior as a political economist and 'prince of interviewers', educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, lawyer and later Professor of Political Economy at Oxford. Among his earliest publications were articles for The Edinburgh Review. James Fergusson gives us some of the background to the friendship of these two correspondents. Sydney was introduced by Senior to the Political Economy Club and, wishing to discover 'what value is', became a member in 1841. His membership lasted one year only: according to William Thornton, all he discovered was that the rest of the club knew as little about the matter as he did. In a letter of 1842, he writes: 'I cannot resign my seat at the Polit. Econ. without thanking you for your kindness in introducing me to it. But I came in too late to learn my lesson – and to understand the 9 sorts of value – moreover I am getting old blind deaf Stupid and Sulky.' This collection of letters was bought by Magdalen College Library which has a special interest in Nassau Senior.

## **SYDNEY AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN**

*Lord Knutsford*

One of Sydney's Grandchildren, Lizzie Hibbert, was my Great-Grandmother, who had lived at Munden in Hertfordshire, still my family home. There hangs in the house a seated portrait of Sydney with which I have been familiar for all my long life. A large head of greyish hair, Roman nose, with piercing twinkling eyes and a good-humoured ruddy face indicative of a bon viveur.

No wonder his eight natural and adopted Grandchildren looked forward to their annual summer visit to Combe Florey rectory. Sydney was at his best with children. He spoke to them at their own level, teased them mercilessly and was able to enter their imaginative world, sharing with them his own delicious sense of the ludicrous. He took them for walks and if wet, they played funny games in the library and danced to the fiddle, played by Thomas the footman. Grandpapa would join in with all his heart and effort for he was a heavy man in his late sixties.

Sydney concurrently was a Canon of St Paul's Cathedral where his duties included the daily management of its affairs and surveyor of the fabric. He enjoyed these tasks and carried them out with sound judgement and business acumen. He was however, often exasperated by the Dean and Chapter, who were in Sydney's opinion ambivalent and intransigent.

Back at Combe Florey, Sydney took his five-year-old Granddaughter, Caroline Holland, to see some friends who kept a pet giant turtle. While the grown-ups were talking, Caroline began eagerly to stroke the turtle. Sydney joined her, bent down and whispered in her ear, "Why are you doing that?" "Oh, to please the turtle." Sydney's face was wreathed in smiles. "Why, child, you might as well stroke the Dome of the Dean of St Paul's." Imagine the giggles when in due course Caroline would be introduced to the Dean of a Cathedral whose bow would reveal a mottled pate!

Oh, how I wish I could be transported back to those days as a teenager, sitting with Great-Grandpapa over a pot of Earl Grey in the library of the rectory. The bay windows would be open revealing the garden in every direction and letting in a blaze of sunshine. I would listen enthralled to the anecdotes, teachings and witticisms which would bubble out of his mouth like a babbling brook. What bliss, but alas only a rhapsody and all I can treasure is the immortal memory of Sydney Smith, unrivalled amongst his contemporaries for his conversation and wit.

## **SYDNEY'S COMMON PLACE BOOK**

### ***Based on Jeremy Cunningham's Zoom talk to Members***

Jeremy Cunningham gave us an eye-opening introduction (online, of course) to this freshly discovered volume, which he had been given by Sir James Cropper, a descendant of Sydney.

The book, started in about 1825 when he was already in his fifties, is about foolscap size, leather bound, marbled covered and inscribed 'The Common Place Book of Rev Sydney Smith' with 372 heavy and numbered pages divided into alphabetical sections.

He used it to note observations, make lists, record passing thoughts on many subjects, and of course, religious musings. But after nearly 200 years of wear and tear and the challenge of Sydney's writing (he sometimes asked Mrs Smith, with her neater hand, to be his secretary) there is much study ahead before we have a full grasp of its contents.

Here are a few samples of what is to come – from Chemistry to Dieting by way of some surprisingly un-PC views on women whose arguments with men are too spirited.

P43/44 'Books I should like to read' – some in French, re peninsular war, History of the Troubadours, Machiavelli, Erasmus, 'Lord Byron and his contemporaries' by Leigh Hunt. History of English Law, statistics of France and Netherlands, Manners at the beginning of the French Revolution, Political Economy. Tom Paine. Erasmus. Few or no novels and no poetry.

P52 **Chemistry.** 'I began towards the close of the year 1799 to make a few chemical experiments. – Linseed oil and tallow'. 'the oil becomes concrete with the tallow even when there is so much of the oil to turn the whole ...yellow. Sulphuric acid added to melted tallow turns the mass black as ...and the acid hardens in the tallow... the compound is much harder than the original tallow, its specific gravity is greater, as it will not swim in water...'

P82 weighing a meat pie, and a waggon

P85 coal, price of rice pudding - a pudding weighing 4 and half pounds satisfied three men for dinner who therefore ate 1 ½ lb each. Recipe for ground rice - inc sugar, egg, almonds.

P86 roast beef for 5 servants - calculations of weights and prices. E.g., 5lb meat at 6d, potatoes 2d.

P122 'Consideration of that, as a proof of resentment or as an evil which is by common courtesy and consent thought valuable and **honourable**, I am afraid he will speak well of me, that he will take a liking to me, he will drop in'.

P179 'it is rather curious that the word 'naughty', a term originally used by the best authors for 'Iniquity' should now be confined to the nursery' 'when the mad hand of passion dashes over the strings of the soul.'

P185 'I am one of those innocent and constant mortals who having very little in the interior of their heads or houses to occupy them, domesticate themselves in some elegant reception for loungers, see out three generations of fellow mortals(?) and grow grey and decrepit in a coffee house. I have frequented the same house...for 20 yrs, have sat nearly in the same spot, never varied more than a few seconds in the time of my arrival or departure...I overheard a careful housewife ordering her maid to put on the kettle every morning exactly as I turned the corner'.

P186 onward. Ladies- 'there are a species of ladies that are frequently met in society who are *affirmed* (?) as the champions of their sex and eagerly seize on every occasion to humble the confidence and revenge the superiority of men. The most delicate attentions are so justly the due of the Ladies, that distant and elegant censure which diminishes the neglect of them may be occasionally admired and allowed, even in the mouth of the females. The display of spirit however from such a quarter should never be too frequent or too violent. And we expect that the importance of a woman should be *excused* (?) for by the magnitude of the provocation or *atoned* (?) for by the conciliating manner in which it is expressed. Will you have the goodness, Sir, to explain to these fair Amazonian readers who form a kind of middle link between the true Sexes, that the power of saying bold things without blushing is not a subject for pride but for apology... that a woman is never justified in laying aside the gentleness of her sex but from the most cruel necessity - that it would be more pleasing to perceive her regret than to hear her repeat the instance of compulsory *usage/rage* (?) And that she should take care lest in boasting of such unpopular qualities she do not impress us men (more) with the want of shame, than her excess of spirit. Mrs Plumpley is a lady somewhat advanced in years, of a portly presence, eyes that indicate.... And a nose suffused with blushes. The conversation of Mrs Plumpley is a glowing and copious narration of the squabbles of her preceding life – she has

nonplussed lawyers ... and charmers, and once made an Irish captain of Dragoons blush. Her great consolation seems to be that she can give a person as good as he brings - that she is not afraid ... and that man or woman, cat or dog should never yet insult her with impunity. It is hardly possible to mention anybody in the Inn in which she lies whom she has not to use her own phrase, 'taken down.' But the great boast of her life and support of her declining years is that she called the celebrated Mr Charles Diddle, the bear of his time, a jackanapes and a fool in a crowded assembly, and bid him go home and rub the paint off his monkey face. Our sex, Sir, is really in want of protection upon these occasions, when the face from antagonist is as plain as her speech and we are cut off from the retort ... and have nothing left for it but the uncomfortable resource of looking foolish, or the Evangelical one of doing not one harm by another and by turning the left cheek to be smacked after the manner of the right. When the (*volume? Level?*) of female indignation can no longer be confined to words but breaks out into manual forms ... the laws of society have indeed provided remedy .... The well-known ... box on the ear ... I am rather inclined to suspect that this rule, instead of putting stop to such enormities would draw the more antiquated part of the sex to the study of pugilism and that every well-meaning young man might incur the eminent risk of being knocked down by any lady ...

P192 'there is always a certain degree of testimony which will make any event credible ... it is quite contrary to human experience that a stone has spoke ... it is quite contrary to human experience that 400 philosophers who have had said so should lie - ... you cannot add to the incredibility of the speaking stone, but you can add to the credibility of the philosophers, doubling, trebling, quadrupling their number ... and so make their assertion more credible'.

P194 'The passions as well as the ideas become more vivid from contrasts ... hence, we love different pleasures ... I believe the

inflammation of passion by short absence proceeds from the effect of contrast as does the vivid reintegration of love after the quarrels of lovers’.

P248. ‘Whence comes our idea of beauty? – I mean personal beauty- have animals any preferences in their females?’

P250 ‘all desires and all aversions become stronger as the time approaches’

P280 **Subjects** for reflection or writing - ‘on the advantage to be derived from the rudeness sometimes experienced in society’.

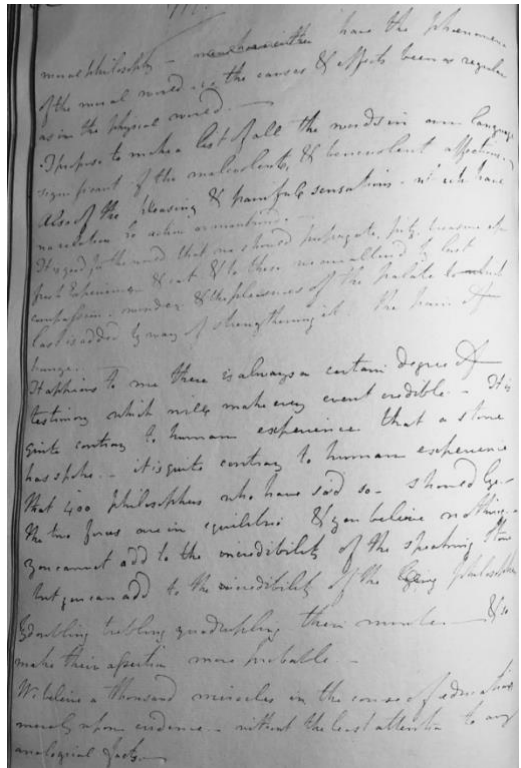
P287 List of 58 **sermons** ‘already in my possession’ from Adultery to Vanity by way of Government of the Church, Patriotism, The Pleasures of Old Age and For a Female Charity School.

P291 ‘Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise up the dead?’

P294 to 296 Theology e.g., ‘God has predestined from all time to deliver from damnation those whom he has chosen ...’ ‘a man is to be accursed who says that good men of any sect will be saved.



P332 Weight. 'Finding myself threatened with great corpulency, I began a plan of reduction from June 1828 to Feb 1829, my weight varied from 15. 4 to 14.2 ... left off wine, reduced liquid I took to 24 oz or 4 cups of tea, drinking nothing at dinner, at breakfast I ate only a few slices of bread and butter, weighing as I find about an ounce, luncheon left off altogether, at dinner omitted fish soup and endeavoured to confine myself to 8 or 9 oz of meat - I used I believe to drink at breakfast 24 oz of tea, at luncheon 8 oz, at dinner 32 oz - after 16 - total 80 oz - saving 56 oz or 3lb ½ and of solid food I think I saved 2 lb - perhaps 5 lb a day or nearly a ton of food in a year. I began this diet on 1<sup>st</sup> February 1829 weighing 15 .4 and by the year I had lost more than 3 lb (*this looks pathetically little considering the effort and as a proportion of his total weight - he lost 1.5%!!*) ... I added to this friction and light binding the belly with which such little food I could bear. It is supposed that health may be preserved with 1 lb of food a day or 24 oz of drink.



## **HOW I MET SYDNEY**

***Gerry Bradshaw***

Nearly 60 years ago, on my engagement, I received a note of good wishes from Martin Higham, a senior colleague at Rowntrees, containing Sydney's comparison of marriage with a pair of scissors. It was not the last Sydney quotation I absorbed from him and I was not alone.

Only a few months earlier, my eye had caught a job ad in the Sunday paper featuring a paragraph in Latin, a piece of wit worthy of Sydney. I couldn't resist replying in my mock Latin. The hand behind it had been Martin's and the consequence has been nearly 60 years in Yorkshire with no time off for good behaviour.

Martin did much for the Sydney Smith Foston Church Appeal that led to our Association's founding but, sadly, he passed away before our association was formed.

## **SYDNEY SMITH AT ST PAULS**

***A talk by Janet Unwin at the 2020 AGM***

Sydney Smith was appointed to a Residentiary Canonry at St Paul's Cathedral on 10 Sept 1831, five days after the newly vacant See of Worcester, which he might reasonably have hoped to be offered, was given to someone else. It may have looked - and felt - like a consolation prize, but in my view there could hardly have been a better outcome both for Sydney and for the Cathedral.

This may not have been apparent at first. Sydney was delighted that his post required him to be in London for three months of the year; but he rejected the house provided for him at Amen Corner ('an awkward name on a card and an awkward annunciation to the coachman on leaving any fashionable residence' as he wrote to

Lady Morley). It was just too far from what he called the parallelogram – the Mayfair centre of his social life where he was in constant demand at the dining-tables of all his friends among the good and great. He first rented, then bought houses there and subsequently never lived in any other part of London. Also, he was always ready to sacrifice St Paul's to a witticism:

*'To go to St Paul's is certain death. The thermometer is several degrees below zero. My sentences are frozen as they come out of my mouth and are thawed in the course of the Summer making strange noises and unexpected assertions in various parts of the church'.*

There was a proposal that St Paul's should be surrounded by a wooden pavement *'Let the Dean and Canons lay their heads together and the thing will be done'*.

Probably one of his most famous quips is the one about the Brighton Pavilion looking *'as if St Paul's Cathedral has come down to Brighton and pupped'*. When I checked the exact wording, I was intrigued to find that William Wilberforce of all people is credited with something very similar ('as if it had come down to the sea and left behind a litter of cupolas.) It would be interesting to know which of them first came up with the conceit.

However, his friend Lord Houghton recorded that he had never except once heard Sydney make a jest on any religious subject 'and then he immediately withdrew his words and seemed ashamed that he had uttered them'. There was certainly nothing frivolous about the way Sydney fulfilled his duties at St Paul's, both from the pulpit and as an administrator.

He had no doubts about his own worth. *'I am distinguished as a preacher'* he wrote to a bishop who had accused him of irreligion, and elsewhere he said with truth *'I never wrote anything very dull*

*in my life*'. After twenty-five years of articles for the Edinburgh review, the sell-out lectures on Moral Philosophy which first made his name in London and a lifelong readiness to take up his pen on any subject as 'a friend of freedom' (Chesterton's phrase) there was no register of the English language which Sydney could not command. The American George Ticknor went to St Paul's in July 1835 and listened to 'the best sermon I ever heard in Great Britain', and the diarist Charles Greville, who could be quite waspish, had nothing but words of praise: 'Manner impressive, a little familiar but not offensively so; voice sonorous and agreeable; language simple and unadorned; sermon clever and illustrative'. He could apparently also reduce his congregation to tears whenever the occasion seemed to warrant it, and, perhaps best of all, his sermons seldom exceeded twenty minutes. It seems entirely appropriate that the first sermon he preached at the Cathedral was on Toleration.

No-one could have been surprised that Sydney was an outstanding preacher, but his efficiency and thoroughness in practical matters must have come as a rude shock to the Cathedral establishment. As he said of himself 'No-one believes that I can be a plodding man of business, as mindful of its dry details as the gravest and most stupid man alive'. He was the first canon for many years who had taken the trouble to master the affairs of the Chapter and he cut down unnecessary expenditure right and left. He insisted on signing all the bills that he audited and said that no work was to be undertaken without his consent. Nothing was safe from his scrutiny. Initially he had a fraught relationship with the architect and superintendent of the Cathedral, C E Cockerell which occasioned some remarkably stinging rebukes of which this is one example:

*Sir,*

*knowing the time and trouble I have given up to the Cathedral I think it is but fair that the paid architect of the Cathedral should*

*render me some assistance when I request his advice. If I am not successful in obtaining this I must but shall do it with the greatest reluctance obtain other professional assistance and firmly state to the Trustees my reasons for doing so; I sincerely hope you will not drive me to this Expedient. I have done so now out of my own pocket, but cannot again subject myself to this Expence. I cannot but observe that while you tell me that ill health prevents you from attending me in the Cathedral you have come there at an hour when you knew I was not there. Your letter to me is dated from the Bank and you leave Town for ten days on business - I will not trouble you to call upon me when you return – I have obtained elsewhere the knowledge and information I thought I had a right to ask from you. I am*

*Sr yr obt st Sydney Smith*

This letter perhaps does not show Sydney at his best, and they went on sparring for a while, but the relationship eventually improved, and over time it was recognised that he had probably brought about more improvement to the fabric of St Paul's than any other single individual.

Here I quote directly from Hesketh Pearson:

'The surveyor of the Cathedral (Cockerell) testified that there had been no superintendence at all comparable with Sydney's: he had warmed the library and rebound the books; he had insured the fabric against fire and 'brought the New River into the Cathedral by mains'[??]; he had repaired and cleaned the monuments and set them in order. He did not at first believe that the Cathedral itself could be warmed (remember "*You might as well try to warm the county of Middlesex*") but the plan succeeded, and he gratefully admitted his error.'

Henry Hart Milman, who succeeded Copleston as Dean of St Paul's four years after Sydney's death wrote:

“I find traces of him in every particular of Chapter affairs: and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find stronger reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all the perfect fidelity of his stewardship ... His management of the affairs of St Paul’s (for at one time he seems to have been the manager) only commenced too late and terminated too soon”.

I’d just like to pick up on ‘he seems to have been the manager’ because I don’t think Sydney can have been all that easy to work for. He was far too hands-on. The final story in the chapter I have been unashamedly plundering tells of a run-in between Sydney and the clerk of one of the City companies over the seating arrangements for a Royal visit. The clerk tried to resist Sydney’s involvement “Too many cooks, you know, spoil the broth”.

*“Very true, sir,”* replied Sydney; *“but let me set you right on one particular. Here there is but one cook – myself. You are only scullions and will be good enough to take your directions from me.”*

As usual, Sydney has the last word.

Except .... as a musician and indeed a former trustee of the Royal School of Church Music I feel bound to mention the one area where Sydney spectacularly failed to do anything for the Cathedral.

We know that he had very little time for music. He could listen to it if it was melodious, and not too loud, and did not go on too long - he could on occasion be seen tiptoe-ing from the room when music was being played. Unsurprisingly, he could not stand opera. - *“Semiramis’ would be to me pure misery’* he wrote in an outspoken letter to Lady Holland declining an invitation to her box – a letter which ends piously *‘Moreover it would be rather out of etiquette for a Canon of St Paul’s to go to the opera, and when*

*etiquette forbids me from doing things disagreeable to myself I am a perfect martinet'.*

Church music fared no better: When he was at Foston he was expected to attend the York Music Festival: *'Nothing could be more disgusting than an oratorio. How absurd to see 500 people fiddling about Israelites in the Red Sea'*. As a Canon of St Paul's, he resisted all attempts to increase the choir - writing to the Archdeacon of London: *'the whole Institution of Singing boys is a gross absurdity, and instead of doubling them I should be glad to reduce them to one half'*. Four years later, when the St Paul's organist was still pressing for more choirboys he replied:

*'I think the choir of St Paul's as good as any in England. We have gone on with it for 200 years; why not be content? You talk of competing with other cathedrals, but cathedrals are not to consider themselves rival opera houses. We shall come by and by to act anthems. It is enough if your music is decent and does not put us all to shame. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Westminster bawls louder than St Paul's. We are there to pray, and the singing is a very subordinate consideration'*.

However, it seems that he was aware of it enough to find minor keys depressing, and he would not allow music in a minor key to be introduced into any of the services when he was in residence.

I'm glad to say that later in life he mellowed, and his views changed. He began to take a real interest in music. Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet songwriter and singer was a great friend, and frequently stayed at Combe Florey. Sydney wrote to him after one of his visits *'I am learning to sing all your songs. I have mastered "Ship Ahoy", "Love and Valour", "Dear Harp" and several others.'* (Oh, to have been a fly on the wall!)

But the ultimate volte-face comes in a delightful letter he wrote to Lady Grey from Combe Florey in 1844, the year before he died:

*'There is an excellent musical family living in London; and finding them all ill, and singing flat, I brought them down here for three weeks where they have grown extremely corpulent ... Their singing is certainly very remarkable, and the little boy, at the age of seven, composes hymns; I mean sets them to music. I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT IF I WERE TO BEGIN LIFE AGAIN I WOULD DEDICATE IT TO MUSIC; IT IS THE ONLY CHEAP AND UNPUNISHED RAPTURE UPON EARTH.'*

For that final sentence alone, all is forgiven!

## THE SYDNEY SMITH ASSOCIATION

### MINUTES of the AGM - 12th September 2020

The social restrictions in place to counter the spread of pandemic Covid-19 prevented holding the meeting in St Paul's Cathedral as planned. The meeting was held electronically via Zoom with a dozen members in attendance.

**Apologies:** Chris Bones, Sylvie Diggle, Matthew Engel, George & Marilyn Ewart, Simon Hawes, Robin Price, Celia Moreton-Prichard, Harry & Nicky Yoxall.

**The Chairman** opened the meeting.

- **Minutes** of the 2019 AGM were accepted as a true record of the proceedings.
- **Points Arising;** donations to the churches of Combe Florey and Foston for 2019 were £500 to each; a sponsor has been found for rebinding the remaining book from Sydney Smith's library.
- **The Treasurer's** interim financial report was given by the Chairman. Tribute was paid to Professor Arnold Arthurs, treasurer for 20 years, who handed over this responsibility to Dr Harry Yoxall at the beginning of the



year. Professor Arthurs will remain as a trustee. The Association's finances continue to be sound and the annual return was submitted to the Charity Commission as required. The Chairman informed the meeting that as the upgrading of the website had cost over £1000, no donations could be made to churches this year.

- **Membership:** Numbers are slowly declining and now stand at 170. The Secretary was thanked for taking over the membership duties.
- **Lunches:** local organisers were unable to arrange lunches following lockdown in March.

**London:** Celia Moreton-Prichard hosted one lunch in January at the Boisdale Restaurant.

**York:** Graham Frater has kindly agreed to organise lunches at the Middlethorpe Hall.

**South-West** members' lunch is organised by Sydie Bones.

The Chairman thanked all concerned. With little prospect of lunches in the months ahead, he raised the possibility of meetings via Zoom in their place which, if successful, could continue in tandem with lunches in the future.

- **Newsletter:** the Chairman recorded thanks to Editor Gerry Bradshaw. Articles are always needed for the newsletter and members are encouraged to submit items of interest, for example, references to Sydney Smith in the media or in literature. The absence of lunchtime speakers this year will leave the 2021 newsletter short of copy. Jeremy Cunningham has Sydney Smith's *Commonplace Book*; the handwriting is challenging but there is scope there for an article. The Chairman has been sent copies of marginal notes made by Sydney Smith in a dictionary which could also produce interesting material. The cost of postage was discussed: electronic delivery by email may be a way to alleviate this in future.
- **Website:** the website has had a total overhaul this year and is now up and running, and virus-free. There is a facility for browsers to contact the society which has led to interesting enquiries.
- **Election of Officers and Trustees:** Dr Harry Yoxall was confirmed as Treasurer: proposed by Colin Southall, seconded by Charlotte Willson-Pepper and elected unanimously. All other Officers and remaining Trustees were willing to stand again for the coming year and this was agreed unanimously. They are: Chairman (Colin Southall), Secretary

(Sydie Bones), Arnold Arthurs, Jeremy Cunningham, Sylvie Diggle, Deirdre Bryan-Brown and Robin Price.

- **AGM 2021:** It was agreed that the AGM would be held on **September 18<sup>th</sup> 2021**, location and agenda yet to be determined. In addition to the AGM, 2021 will mark the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Sydney Smith's birth, 3<sup>rd</sup> June 1771.
- **Any Other Business:** None.

## **Financial Report**

I confirm that the final accounts for last year 2019 were submitted to the Charity Commission as required. The finances of the Association continue to be sound. Interim figures at 31 July for the current year, which runs to the end of 2020, show receipts of £1953 from subscriptions, donations towards the website and gift aid; expenditure of £1547; and a balance of £936.

Harry Yoxall,  
Hon Treasurer,  
Sydney Smith Association.

14 September 2020

**PS....!**

### **Erratum: Issue 24, 2020**

In Field Guide to the English Clergy, page 9, an inexcusable slip of the pen resulted in '*pâté de foie gras*' losing its liver and picking up time. *La prochaine fois*, I will watch my words more carefully.

***Sydie Bones***

## **ASSOCIATION NEWS**

## **Membership**

(a) Secretary Mrs Sydnie Bones has taken over the duties of membership secretary.

(b) Subscriptions Members are reminded that subscriptions were due on 1<sup>st</sup> March, £15 single, £20 joint membership. Cheques should be payable to The Sydney Smith Association and sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr Harry Yoxall, West Lodge, Pitminster, Taunton TA3 7AZ.

## **Website**

The enlarged website has attracted many visitors this year resulting in enquiries from Australia and USA as well as the UK and we have been complimented on the archive of unpublished letters. The next project will be to get transcripts of Sydney Smith's Commonplace Book onto the website.

## **Luncheon Dates**

No dates have been booked for 2021. If it is possible for us to meet in groups later in the year, members will be advised of local events.

## **KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY, SYDNEY SMITH'S GRAVESTONE**

*'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 June 1771. He became Canon Residentiary of St Paul's Cathedral 1831. He died February 22nd 1845.*

**THANKS FROM US ALL TO SYDIE BONES, WITHOUT WHOSE EFFORTS, THIS LOCKDOWN EDITION WOULD HAVE BEEN THINNER AND DULLER**

An ounce of wit is  
worth a pound of  
argument.

