

**Some account of Lord Boringdon's accident, on 21st July, 1817, and its consequences.**

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HENRY HELE TREBY.







48986/C

To Paul Truby Esq  
of Gordonson  
From Lady Morley  
1817



[LADY MITCHELL]














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SOME ACCOUNT,

&c.



2017 ACCOUNT

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J. M'CREERY, Printer,  
Black-Horse-Court, London.









Henry Villiers Parker.  
VISCOUNT BORINGDON.  
b. 28<sup>th</sup> May 1806. d. 1<sup>st</sup> November 1844.



SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
LORD BORINGDON'S  
ACCIDENT,  
ON 21<sup>ST</sup> JULY, 1817,  
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



ATTEMPTED TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE  
SOME ACCOUNT  
The object of this account is to show that there may be  
found in the history of the human mind a series of events which  
lead to the development of a new system of affection which  
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AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

*ALTHOUGH the number of printed copies of this "Account" is extremely limited indeed, yet there may be persons disposed to criticize the printing even of a single copy, and to consider it at least as an evidence of affection which had better have been avoided.*

*The hazard of such criticism has not influenced the decision which has been taken.*

*Persons who knew and loved the dear object of this memorial have expressed a wish to see it in its present shape, considering it as that which should promise to his memory the greatest prospect of duration.*

*The quarters from whence this anxiety has proceeded, and the feelings which dictated it, have been more than sufficient to out-weigh every other consideration.*

*1st. August, 1818.*



## SOME ACCOUNT

ALTHOUGH the number of printed copies of this "Account" is extremely limited, and there may be persons desirous to obtain the printed form of a single copy, it is not possible to supply more than a few hundred copies. The first edition of the "Account" was published in the month of June 1841, and was sold at the price of one shilling. It was immediately reprinted, and a second edition was published in the month of July 1841, at the same price. The third edition was published in the month of August 1841, at the same price. The fourth edition was published in the month of September 1841, at the same price. The fifth edition was published in the month of October 1841, at the same price. The sixth edition was published in the month of November 1841, at the same price. The seventh edition was published in the month of December 1841, at the same price. The eighth edition was published in the month of January 1842, at the same price. 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## SOME ACCOUNT,

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It appears that within a very few seconds after the fatal act of putting the ear of Rye into his mouth, it was out of the power of man to have saved his life. The lower part of the ear first entered the windpipe, and after the first coughing, (which lasted about five or six minutes), no more inconvenience was felt. He was about half a mile from home when the accident happened :— he walked gently home. Dr. Heath who immediately saw him, gave him some bread which he swallowed without difficulty. It was imagined that he had in the field unknowingly coughed up the corn, or that it had passed into his stomach.

No human prudence could have foreseen such an accident: incidental circumstances however occurred to make it even still more improbable than it might otherwise appear. For during the walk of some preceding evenings, and during the walk of that very evening, Lord Morley had observed Lord Boringdon and his brother gathering stalks of corn, and had cautioned them against it, not from apprehending



any accident to themselves, but that the proprietors of the fields might not conceive that they were injuring their crops.

It appears that the ear of Rye passed gently through the whole of the lungs, where it ultimately lodged, and on the seventh day from the accident it injured a vessel, and occasioned a hemorrhage of about five ounces. In this situation it caused abscess in the lower part of the lungs and liver. All other vital organs were in a good state, and he might have lived to old age.

If the medical gentlemen attending Lord Boringdon had been able to see into his body, and to have known to a certainty the exact position of the ear of Rye, they could not have afforded him any further relief; as it was, their judicious treatment alleviated the different symptoms as they arose, and they were encouraged by hope. If they had acquired the knowledge in question, they could not more effectually have relieved the symptoms, and to Dr. Heath, who constantly attended him, and who by his incessant and unwearied care, kind attention, and cheerful manner, greatly soothed his sufferings, this melancholy knowledge could only have occasioned exertions more laborious, and anxieties more painful.

The medical gentlemen who attended him in the course of his illness were Dr. Heath, Dr. Young of Welbeck-street, London, Mr. Lemann, (who had always attended him when



in London), Dr. Robertson of Paris, Mr. Allen of Holland House, and Dr. Spurtzheim of Paris. They unanimously concurred in opinion that the passage of the ear of Rye into the lungs, coupled with the quiescent state of the lungs on the days immediately following, amounted so nearly to an impossibility, that they would be unwarranted in referring the symptoms to such a cause.

The morning after the accident he of his own accord got up and went to his lessons. He had a blister on the 27th of July.—In July he was bled on the 28th and 29th at the arm. In August he was bled with leeches on the 1st, and 2nd; and at the arm on the 8th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 26th, and 27th. In September he was bled at the arm on the 1st; he had frequent blisters; the two first occasioned pain, but afterwards Dr. Heath called them plaisters, and put a very fine piece of paper between them and his skin, and he never afterwards complained of them. He usually slept particularly well those nights on which he had blisters upon him.

It was about the 7th of September that he first quitted his bed; he afterwards kept it for a few days; but on the 13th he was carried into the garden. The air, and particularly the motion of the chair in which he was carried, (on poles) appeared very beneficial to him: the motion had a powerful effect in lowering his pulse. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th of September he continued to be carried about the garden in



his chair : sometimes he was out an hour and a half, and always with the same apparently beneficial effect as on the first day. On the 17th, and thirteen following days, he aired for an hour and a half, or two hours, in an open carriage every day. Some days he was languid in his airing : at other times he enjoyed it very much. One day in particular when he aired with Lady Morley and his sister,\* he was very

\* Lady Caroline Alexandrina Parker, who was born 6th June, 1814, (day of the landing of the Emperor Alexander in England), and who died 15th March, 1818. Her illness lasted only three days ; it was an inflammation, and the mechanical derangement of intromusception of the bowels, which rendered useless all the resources of art.

Her affections, intelligence, and sensibility were, with reference to her age, of so extraordinary a nature, that although she was in the enjoyment of perfect health, Dr. Heath had for some time viewed her with a certain degree of anxiety, having, previously to her illness, remarked to one or two persons that any accidental inflammatory disorder was always liable to act with greater force on children of her peculiar disposition and temperament.

Nothing certainly was ever more remarkable than her attachment to her brother while he was living, and to his memory afterwards. During the interval in his illness, when he was able to come down stairs, she would get a chair and place herself close by him ;—take his hand and hold it between her's, kissing it from time to time, and looking up at him, her little countenance beaming with pleasure, she would exclaim, " Dear boy ! I so glad you a little better ! dear boy !" She would sit thus, as long as she was allowed, perfectly quiet, and seeming to have no wish beyond seeing him, and expressing her joy at his being better. The sensibility she shewed at the fatal termination of his illness,



much delighted. On the 1st October his side became affected with pain, and leeches were applied, which gave him immediate and complete relief. On the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and

and her recollection during the remainder of her life of the most minute circumstances relating to him were very remarkable. If she happened to find any thing, however trifling, that had ever belonged to him, she would seize it, kiss it with enthusiasm, and put it carefully into a little corner where she kept her favourite playthings, never allowing any one but herself to touch these treasures. Circumstances which had been forgotten by others, and which had occurred in the course of his illness, she would frequently recall. One of her amusements was to get a little book of his and to pretend to read about him—"He was such a good boy—he took his physic without saying a word—we loved him all so dearly—I used to kiss his hand, [the doubt of the nature of his disorder prevented their ordinary embracing] and then he used to kiss my hand; but now he is happy in heaven." She never spoke of him but with a sort of enthusiasm, calling him, "That Angel,"—"that darling, darling Henry,"—"my dear, dear brother," &c. She was passionately fond of a present made her of a little locket containing his hair, and placed it under her pillow every night when she went to bed. Notwithstanding her naturally high spirits, she was uniformly grave and quiet when her brother was the subject of conversation; she was never tired of talking of him, and would at all times forego her little amusements to join in such conversation.

Nothing pleased her so much as having stories read or told to her, she would sit hours listening to them; though she might never have heard them but once, she would repeat them on the following days with the most perfect clearness. Such was the quickness of her perceptions, that she caught the words, manner, and expressions of all the persons that she lived with, respectively appropriating them to each. She had the same quickness of ear with respect to music:



5th of October, he was extremely languid—he continued to get up and to quit his own floor, and to come down to Lady Morley's dressing-room; but his time of being out of bed each day was shorter. From the 5th of October, (the last

any tune which she had heard two or three times, she would sing most accurately.

The sort of adoration which every body seemed to feel for her, considering her age, was peculiar. If she expressed a wish, it became a sort of contest who should be the first to gratify it; yet this devotion which might have spoiled many children, had no ill effect upon the unalterable sweetness of her temper; on the contrary, it appeared only to open her heart to warmer feelings of affection towards those who shewed her such kindness. Never was there a disposition so formed for happiness—the whole day seemed to afford for her a succession of pleasures; nothing escaped her observation, and every trifle was to her a source of enquiry and delight—she had the strictest idea of a promise—she was never known to break one she had made.

Her likeness, in manner, in voice, in expression of her countenance, and above all in character to her brother was most striking. She would sometimes employ expressions, which from the tone in which they were uttered, would almost startle those around her from their extraordinary resemblance to his.

Her countenance was full of life and intelligence, and the tone of her voice most particularly touching and beautiful, varying with every expression she uttered—her spirits were high, almost to excess, but they were always under controul—a word, or a look, was sufficient to quiet her at any time.

Such, indeed, was the extreme liveliness of her feelings, when she was only a year and a half old, that upon seeing a tree cut down one day at Saltram, she seemed to feel every stroke of the axe, as if it had been directed against herself; and at last, when she saw the tree fall, she burst into tears. Though



day he came down stairs) to the 1st of November, he kept his bed. On the 13th, he had, for the space of ten minutes, a very considerable pain in his side and body. He twice used these words—"This pain is shocking."—The pain soon left him. It appears to have been the greatest he felt during his illness. From the 14th to the 19th, there was no material change in his state, except a diminution of appetite. From the 19th to the 22nd, he got weaker. In the night he usually slept a good deal though the cough was frequently too powerful for the opium given him to allay it. On the 20th, he was in a state of very great excitement, and very great enjoyment: he had for a long time together, his brother and his sister, besides Mr. Hodgkin (his tutor, to whom he was much attached) and other persons. He made his little sister repeat his favourite verses of "Little Jenny Wren, &c." and also "the Little Busy Bee," at the recital of the last he cried with delight. His passionate affection for his sister she was rarely excited to tears by any little distresses of her own, her heart was ever ready to melt for those of others.

Through her last illness she never failed to thank every body about her in the most touching manner, for every little thing which was done for her; and her patience, gentleness, and reasonableness, during that period, as well as at all others when she suffered from indisposition, were truly affecting.

On the 31st of March, her remains arrived at Saltram, and on the 3rd of April, were deposited with those of her brother, in the vault at the church of Plympton St. Mary.



was marked in the strongest manner, kissing her hand over and over again, calling her, with the greatest enthusiasm, "Darling, Darling," and she, taking his hand between both hers, and kissing it most passionately. He repeatedly exclaimed in that beautiful tone of voice, which was always so peculiar to him, (his eyes looking happy and remarkably open)—"This is the happiest day I have spent for a long while."

Nothing could exceed the affecting nature of this scene, whether reference is had to his own appearance; to his enjoyment; to the knowledge which all but he and his little brother and sister had of his inevitable and approaching end, or to the devoted attachment of those who were with him. Nothing equally affecting occurred in the course of his illness. On the 21st he was proportionably low; for some time Dr. Heath thought he had breathed his last, and if he had given him four instead of five glasses of wine he thinks that would have been the case. On the 25th and 26th he rallied, but was generally in a low quiescent state. On the 27th an operation was unsuccessfully performed upon his body, with a view to draw off the matter which was obviously collected near his liver. On the 28th, his respiration having become difficult, it was thought that the matter from the abscess near the liver had oozed into the chest. It was therefore wished to open the chest, with a view to obtain relief by drawing off



the matter. But that was, upon trial, found impossible, from adhesion having taken place.

Dr. Spurtzheim was, at the request of Dr. Heath and Dr. Robertson, sent for from Paris, to assist them in their judgment as to the exact spot where the incision should be made.

On the 29th he was weak and uncomfortable, but suffered no pain, his chief uneasiness arose from the state of his bones, which the plaisters and pads which were constantly placed upon them could not entirely protect. On the 30th, he was particularly comfortable; he again saw his brother and sister, and conversed with them cheerfully. On the 31st, was low and uncomfortable. On the 1st of November, he was more comfortable, and in the afternoon particularly so. At ten minutes before six he said to the maid, "Mary, I want the bookseller," (such being, from its outward appearance, the name he had always given his night-table) he was taken out of bed, Lady Morley supported his right-side, Miss Smith his left. After he had been upon the night-table about a minute, Lady Morley felt his weight increase towards her side, and his head sunk on her arm. He had breathed his last. So instantaneous was his death, that his lungs were found distended with air; a small quantity of matter entering the large blood-vessel occasioned the heart to stop.



From the 26th of July, the day on which he was first confined to his bed, till about the 9th of September, he had a good deal of enjoyment. He constantly saw Lady Jersey, and almost every evening, from half-past six till nine, he used to have Lord and Lady Morley sit with him, and as he called it, make his evening. He read, in this time, between thirty and forty volumes, reading quietly in bed five or six hours a day upon an average. From the 13th of September to the 5th of October (the period when he appeared to be convalescent, and when he had left his room and used to air) he amused himself a great deal with his little sister; in looking at prints; once or twice in drawing; twice he heard Lady Morley play on the piano-forte; once he played at cards, but found it too much for him. As late as on the 23rd of October, he read for some time "the Mysteries of Udolpho," and on the day preceding, he listened with a great degree of interest and attention to Lady Morley's reading of Mr. Ellis's account of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China, and the account of Riley's Shipwreck in the thirty-second number of the Quarterly Review.

He cried only three times during his whole illness, once from the pain he suffered in his back-bone, while in the warm bath, once (as before mentioned) at hearing his sister repeat her verses of "the Little Busy Bee," and once when conversing with Lord Morley, upon his (Lord M.'s) illness in



February, 1816, he told him he was very lucky at that time, as, instead of sleeping in a room with four or five boys, as big or bigger than himself, (as was usually the case) he slept in a room with only one little boy, so that he could cry all night, without being annoyed or observed. Previously to his illness he wept on two occasions which it is impossible not to mention. About the end of January, 1817, he was travelling from Saltram to London, in the carriage with Lord and Lady Morley. Whilst he was engaged in looking at the horses, &c. Lord and Lady Morley happened to talk on a subject which considerably affected the latter. Upon turning round and perceiving Lady Morley crying, he instantly threw himself upon her neck, and burst into tears, from which it was a long time before he could recover himself. The other occasion in question was in London at the latter end of April last. He was playing with his brother, when, by hastily shutting a door, the finger of the latter was caught, and so violently crushed that the nail was torn off—the little boy came down stairs, and related what had happened, adding, “ Henry is so unhappy and crying sadly above stairs, but, indeed, it was not his fault, he could not help it.”—He was, in fact, so excessively distressed that it required every effort to sooth him and reconcile him to himself. His extreme sensibility was certainly remarkable in a boy of his age; but above all it was



so when connected with other parts of his character, which was particularly lively, and most especially fearless, never looking in any thing to the possibility of danger.

There never were but two portraits made of him, one by Mr. Stuart, when he was two or three years old, and a whole length by Mr. Burnell, exhibited at Somerset-House in 1812. The latter caught both his likeness and air. The little wax model made of him by Lady Morley in 1814 was at the time, and continued to be, a strong likeness. At three years old he was very like the portrait made of Lord Morley, at that age, (in the same picture with his mother) by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now in the library at Saltram; but, perhaps, the strongest resemblance of all to him was the portrait of Lord Morley, painted by Cosway in 1783, and in the possession of Mrs. Villiers. During the first years of his life he was not particularly well looking: he was, however, rapidly improving in his appearance, and at all times the softness yet shrewdness of his character were expressed by a look of archness and intelligence peculiar to himself. His height was four feet eight inches. The engraving, by Mr. Rogers, prefixed to this account is a most striking resemblance. It is taken from a drawing made by Mr. Croizier subsequently to his death. Mr. Croizier had never seen him, but was enabled to make the drawing from Lady Morley's wax model, from a copy made by Mr. Ball (under the direc-



tion of Sir William Elford), of Mr. Burnell's portrait, and from a mask taken after his death.

The engraving of the monument here given is also by Mr. Rogers. The monument itself (which is to be placed on the northern side of the chancel of Plympton St. Mary Church), is the work of Mr. Delaistre, a sculptor of eminence in Paris. He was for many years a resident member of the French Academy at Rome, in the reign of Louis XVI. and since that period has executed several works of considerable reputation. His statue of the Virgin, in the church of St. Nicholas at Paris, and of Cupid and Psyche at the Palace of the Luxemburgh, are among his best productions. Lord Morley would have preferred to have charged an English sculptor with the execution of this monument, but the refusal of three out of four of the principal sculptors in London to furnish a design which was to meet competition, (Mr. Westmacott being the one), the satisfaction derived from witnessing the progress of the work, and the merit of the design of Mr. Delaistre, led to the abandonment of this preference. The medallion on the column of the monument is taken from Lady Morley's wax model.

He was passionately fond of travelling. From the middle of August till the 5th of October, when he was confined to his bed (and even once or twice subsequently), he talked with the greatest pleasure of the proposed journey to the



south of France, and was particularly anxious to spend some time at Nice; he never however when he talked of moving, omitted to express a preference for a journey to Saltram over every other place.

Before he went to school, he used to say his prayers aloud night and morning; at school, and after he went to school, he used to say them to himself in bed. This practice he continued throughout his illness. About the middle of the night of the 15th of October, Lady Morley heard him repeating something to himself: She asked him what he was saying: He answered, that he was saying his prayers, as he had omitted to do so before he first went to sleep. On the morning of the 29th of July, Lord Morley flattering himself that the severe illness with which he had been threatened had passed off, said to him, that he ought to thank God for having restored him to health.—He replied, that he had already done so.

It was in February, 1814, that he first went to Dr. Pearson's school at Sheen; he remained there till Easter 1817, and during these three years made the greatest progress in general improvement. Numerous as was the school, Dr. Pearson had remarked in him "a character beyond his years." "It proceeded from an originality in the operation of his mind." "Although there was a great independence in his spirit, he was perfectly sensible of the propriety of



obedience where his duty required it, and he knew how to obey." "On no one occasion did any malicious or vicious propensity ever manifest itself." Dr. Pearson "considered him as a youth of the greatest promise, both as to his talents and disposition." "The dire tidings produced a general gloom upon all his school-fellows." "Those of nearly his own age who knew him best, were most sorrowful."

After the 5th of October, from which day he was confined to his bed, Lord Morley very frequently saw him only once a day, and that usually late in the evening, when he was going to compose himself for sleep. This principally arose from his knowing Lord Morley's excessive anxiety about him, and from his being most solicitous in consequence to appear pretty well whenever he saw him; and it frequently happened that Lady Morley would propose to him to see Lord Morley, and a fear of coughing, or appearing ill, would lead him to decline it. In fact, it sometimes occurred, when Lord Morley had been with him, that his extreme anxiety not to cough, would almost of itself produce a fit of coughing. Lord Morley was in his room for a quarter of an hour, about an hour and a half before he expired.

After the first week of his illness, he never mentioned the ear of corn till the day of his death. On that morning he described to the maid with him the ground, as it might be



seen from his window, but did not particularly refer to it as the cause of his then state.

The case of Lord Harold, eldest son of the Duke of Kent, mentioned in some abridgment or chronicle of former times, is the only case which persons in England have cited to Lord Morley as being analogous to the present. Lord Morley's aunt, Lady Grantham, being great niece of Lord Harold, Lord Morley has been enabled to receive upon the point the best information which, at this period, can probably be obtained. "The Marchioness de Grey, Lady Grantham's mother, having been questioned upon the subject, said that she believed Lord Harold's disease resembled a quinzy, and that she had heard an old woman say that she remembered going into his room, and seeing him with his throat covered up with napkins. It is reported that Lord Harold had said that he never felt well since the day he had amused himself with rubbing out and eating an ear of Barley in the fields; but, as it was much less usual at the period of Lord Harold's death, in 1722, to ascertain the causes of diseases than at present, it is not conceived that any search was made; it is imagined that the whole case was dubious, and that, if the Barley caused Lord Harold's death, it was rather by working its way into the glands of the throat than into his lungs."

It is probable that many persons who may have inspired



different substances without its having been noticed by their friends, or reported by themselves, may have died from the accident, though thought to have died from consumption, the symptoms of which are not unlike those which disclose themselves from such introduction of a foreign body into the lungs.

As has been before hinted, the researches made in England for cases strongly analogous have been ineffectual. After the employment of much industry upon the subject by Dr. Heath, the three following cases appear to bear the nearest analogy; but, in this case, from the ear of Rye having unfortunately penetrated deeper and more into the centre of the lungs, the termination became necessarily fatal, whilst in the examples cited, though the sufferings appear to have been as great or greater, and, in one instance, protracted to a much longer period, the patients recovered.

1. " In 1662, Armand de Bautree, son of the Comte de Nogent, was seized with a violent fever, accompanied by a great difficulty of breathing, a dry cough, afterwards spitting of blood, sleeplessness, and great pain in the right side. A tumor at length appeared on that side, when a surgeon extracted from it an ear of barley almost entire, which was quite green and had undergone no change. The young man on being questioned as to the period when he had swallowed this substance, stated, that about two months be-



fore, being at the College of Navarre, he had plucked an ear of corn in the course of his walk, and thoughtlessly put it into his mouth; he had endeavoured to draw it back, but the beard of the barley so adhered to his palate that he was only able to get out a small portion, and the rest of the ear was inspired: he coughed violently at first, but immediately afterwards, and for five weeks previously to the manifestation of the symptoms, he apparently enjoyed good health."

II. "On the 21st June, 1703, at Frederickstadt, a boy aged twelve years, playing with his companions in a churchyard, gathered an ear of barley and put it into his mouth; an accidental cough coming on, he unintentionally swallowed it: from that moment he became extremely ill; but about the 25th day a tumour appeared on his right side, which on being opened, the ear of barley was discovered and extracted, and the boy recovered."

III. "In 1795, Martin Rassicant, a Swiss boy of eleven years of age, struck with a stick some straw which had been recently thrashed; part of an ear flew into his mouth, and he swallowed it; his cough in the first days was almost incessant, but the surgeon did not attribute this or any of the numerous baneful effects, which succeeded each other with rapidity, to the presence of the foreign body. The boy was deemed consumptive, and upon being taken to Lyons, Drs. Rast and Carré, being of the same opinion, gave his parents



no hope of a recovery. His weakness was extreme, he seldom left his bed, and complained of a stitch in the side. At the end of a year and three days he was considered at the point of death; at this period and in this situation, he coughed up an ear of rye, which had lost nothing of its form, or experienced any alteration. The boy found instant relief, all the bad symptoms in the course of a few weeks completely ceased, and he is at present (February, 1818) in the enjoyment of good health."

He was perfectly unconscious of his real situation. The idea of his death certainly never once came across him. He spit blood more or less till the 18th of August—he knew that was not right—and no recurrence of blood taking place, he appeared easy about his situation.

On the 21st of October indeed, in the night he spit some blood, but Lady Morley, who was sitting up with him, had the presence of mind, when she saw his handkerchief, to throw her own over it, and clandestinely to take away his, so that he never knew it. The pains he occasionally suffered in his side and shoulder, from the state of his liver, (where, as well as at the bottom of the lungs, the ear of corn, as was before noticed, produced an abscess) he always called rheumatism, and compared his case with that of Mrs. Dobnor (the groom's wife) at Saltram, who has been confined to her room, for twenty years with that complaint.



No expression denoting impatience of illness, or even anxiety to get well ever escaped from him. Only three or four expressions designating any thing like uneasiness at his own situation are remembered. On the 25th October, he remarked to Dr. Heath, "Nobody who had not suffered from sickness knew the value of health." On the evening of the 27th of October, when his respiration was a good deal affected, he asked Dr. Heath with some earnestness, "Dr. Heath, don't you think I am worse to-night?" and on the following night, after coughing a good deal, he said to Miss Smith, who was sitting up with him, "This nasty cough takes away the little strength I have left." On the 30th of October he consulted Lady Morley, as to the manner in which, upon his recovery, he should employ the probable excess of 20*l.* which, at an early period of his illness, Lord Morley had given him to purchase a poney; and on the 31st he told Mary Catchpole, that when he went back, he expected to find that Dr. Pearson had made great alterations at Sheen. The unconsciousness of his situation probably arose from his never having suffered for any time any acute pain; from his habits of reflection and combination being perhaps not commensurate with the general acuteness of his faculties and powers of his mind; from the readiness with which he always believed all that Dr. Heath and Lady Morley told him; from his confidence in them, and the cheerful faces



with which every body who saw him always approached him.

The persons from whose attendance he derived the greatest comfort and satisfaction were Lady Morley, the maid Mary Catchpole, and Dr. Heath; for Dr. Heath he had conceived a strong liking previously to his illness, and nothing ever exceeded the watching and affectionate care marked to him by that gentleman. For Lady Morley and Mary his affection was unbounded (to the latter he gave gowns, caps, &c. repeatedly during his illness): he preferred Lady Morley to sit and talk with him; but he preferred Mary always to arrange his pillows for him, and assist him in his bed: besides these, Miss Smith, Mrs. Metcalfe (Lady Morley's maid) and Hester Catchpole (sister to Mary) all attended upon him in turns, with indefatigable zeal and attachment, which nothing could exceed; and this full attendance by persons he loved greatly mitigated the sufferings of his situation.

There was indeed an entire reciprocity of feeling; for whilst those who attended upon him were thus devoted to him, he, on the other hand, was invariably and without a single exception during his whole illness, anxiously alive to sparing them either trouble or fatigue. He uniformly thought of them and never of himself; his anxiety that Mary, &c. should take their walks knew no bounds. The total ob-



lition of himself, whenever he conceived that he interfered with other people, was almost incredible.

If his consideration for others was remarkable, so was his habitual kindness and civility, and so was his courage. During the operation of the 29th October, he asked Mrs. Metcalfe to give him a pocket handkerchief, which was lying upon an adjacent table, and upon receiving it had the attention, (which at such a moment must be considered extraordinary) to express his thanks.

On the evening of the 30th of October, when upon seeing his brother for the last time, this latter repeated to him some little French Fable, which he had been learning, he repeatedly said, "Thank you, dear Edmund; how very good of you: I am sure you will be very glad to have amused your old dear Brother Henry."

At the operation performed upon him, on the 27th of October, he refused to be confined; he insisted upon seeing the operation itself; he never uttered a cry, a groan, or a complaint. At that performed on the subsequent evening, he held the same conduct, and examined the instruments. When it was performing, all he said was, "Do I bear it well?" and added, "I will bear any thing you please, provided you tell me first," (this second operation not having been communicated to him before-hand). Dr. Spurtzheim,



who attended this operation, said that he had, in his experience, never witnessed such courage in a man, and above all in a person of his age, and in his state of emaciation and weakness.

The case may therefore be said to be unparalleled in a moral as well as physical point of view; as there appears to be no case upon the record of medicine that corresponds with the peculiar, but too fatal, course taken by the ear of corn upon its first quitting his mouth, and with the consequences that it produced; so it may be presumed, that the annals of youthful virtues scarcely authenticate a more remarkable assemblage of all that was most amiable, affectionate, and gentle in feeling, with every thing that in character was most firm, manly, and courageous.

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On the 8th of November his remains left St. Mandé, for Havre. They were accompanied by Mr. Hodgkin, in one of Lord Morley's carriages, by two English servants who had been very many years in Lord Morley's service, and by a French servant, also in Lord Morley's employ. According to the preparations made, the journey was performed with the highest degree of decorum. The arrival took place at Havre on the 12th, and the embarkation, (in the ship "Thomas and Elizabeth," engaged on purpose by the British Consul



at that port for the voyage to Plymouth), was immediately effected.

Orders were sent to England for the proper reception of the remains—for their continuing three days in Saltram House, and for their being afterwards placed in the vault of his family in the parish church of Plympton St. Mary.

It was especially directed that the ceremony should be conducted in a manner most strongly to mark Lord Morley's devotion to his child, without being at the same time unsuitable to his years. Conformably to this principle, it was specifically ordered that if any persons were so obliging as to offer the attendance of their carriages, the same should be declined.

On the 18th of November, the ship "Thomas and Elizabeth" arrived in Catwater. The offer made by Mr. Whidby of his craft for the necessary transport from Catwater to Blackstone having been accepted, the remains were landed on the following day at Blackstone quay. They were met by Dr. Woolcombe, Mr. Harris of Radford, and Mr. Coppard, minister of the parish, and from thence, borne on the shoulders of some of the Tenantry, were deposited in Saltram House.

On the 24th, at noon, the remains left Saltram for interment in the family vault at Plympton St. Mary.

The following was the order of Procession :

Undertakers on Horseback.

*William Haac* Carriage.  
containing The Rev. James Coppard, Minister of the Parish, and the Rev. Joseph Lane Yeomans, Chaplain.

The Body in a Hearse, drawn by four horses.

*The first Mourning Coach.*

containing Montagu Parker, Esq., Francis Parker, Esq., and Edmund Bastard, Esq., M. P. (*relations.*)

*The second Mourning Coach.*

containing Dr. Woolcombe, John Harris, Esq., and S. L. Hammick, Esq. (*friends.*) *in Stephen's*

*The third Mourning Coach.*

containing Mr. Yolland, Mr. David Smith, and Mr. Walter Worth, (*agents.*)

*The fourth Mourning Coach.*

containing Susan Stranger, Grace Nicholson, Robert Dobnor, and Henry Birkinshaw, (*servants.*)

Eight of the Tenantry (who bore the Body from the Hearse to the Vault), on Horseback.

*The Labourers.*

*Mr. William Langmead's Carriage.*

containing Himself, and Mr. H. Woolcombe.

Mr. Hawker, in his Carriage.



The procession reached Plympton St. Mary church at half past one, and returned in the same order to Saltram House about three. "The church was crowded to excess; it was computed that there were in it above 2000 persons." "Had the offers of carriages been accepted, the procession would have been of unexampled extent."—"Every thing was conducted in the most solemn and respectful manner—one common sentiment of deep regret pervaded the whole assembly."

The following Epitaph, written by Dr. Woolcombe, and fourteen Latin lines, written by Lord Morpeth, are engraved on the Column of the Monument :



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY VILLIERS PARKER,  
 VISCOUNT BORINGDON,  
 ELDEST SON OF JOHN EARL OF MORLEY,  
 AND AUGUSTA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF JOHN EARL OF WESTMORLAND;  
 BORN IN LONDON, MAY 28, 1806,  
 DIED AT ST. MANDE, NEAR PARIS, NOVEMBER 1, 1817,  
 AGED 11 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.

His death was occasioned by having on the preceding twenty-first of July, incautiously taken into his mouth an ear of rye, which passed into the windpipe, and was found after its fatal effects were completed, entire and unchanged, in the substance of the lowermost part of the lungs.

The illness which ensued was supported with a firmness, cheerfulness, and patience, which circumstances the most trying could never disturb.

Gifted by nature with no ordinary share of intellectual acuteness, he was yet more blessed in the possession of the lovelier qualities of the mind, a sweet and ingenuous temper, and a warmth and ardour of affection, which secured him the strongest attachment in life, and in death the deepest regret.

In memory  
 of the beloved object of his fondest hope,  
 this marble is placed by his devoted Father,  
 deeply wounded, yet humbly resigned to the divine will,  
 and gratefully mindful of the blessings that yet remain.





*R.N. Delavie inv.*

*J. Goussier del.*

*B. Roger sculp.*

MONUMENT  
 Erected to the Memory of  
 Viscount Boringdon  
 in the Church of Plympton St. Mary, Devonshire.





## LINES

BY

LORD MORPETH.

CARE vale, dilecte vale! non vota tuorum  
 Nec valere preces optatam extendere vitam,  
 Non dolor, et ducta ex imo suspiria corde,  
 Nec quicquid tacito audebat Medicina timore.

Immaturus abis, primoque extinctus in ævo:  
 Innocuos inter lusus, æstivaque circum  
 Rura, mali labes aderat, penitusque reposita  
 Insolito tenerum lacerabat vulnere pectus:  
 At licuit tibi, care Puer, dum læta juventas  
 Ingenuum decus, et puros afflaret honores,  
 Ante annos animum gerere, ingeniumque virile,  
 Intactamque fidem, verique ostendere normam;  
 Et morbo sensim vires minuente, serenâ  
 Pace frui, et placido vultu succumbere morti.



## TRANSLATION

OF THE LATIN LINES ON THE MONUMENT.

BY

THE HON. HENRY HOWARD.

FAREWELL beloved, lamented youth! the prayer  
That rose to Heaven for thee, prevail'd not there.  
In vain for thee was heav'd the frequent sigh,  
In vain the tear-drop dimm'd affection's eye.  
Medicine in silent fear her art essay'd,  
And sadly minister'd her fruitless aid,  
For thou art gone; oh! gone before thy day,  
In youth's bright morning torn from life away;  
(When all was mirth, and pleasure smil'd around,  
And Summer's golden ear the plain embrown'd,  
Destruction came,—and in thy tender breast,  
With wound unusual deep the shaft impress'd)  
Yet ere that morning was o'ercast, 'twas thine  
For one short hour in purest light to shine:  
Thine to adorn the native grace of youth,  
With plain sincerity and steadfast truth;  
Thine, as in ripen'd manhood, to control  
The fervent spirit of the opening soul:  
And in the hour that closed thine agonies,  
Nobly above all grief and pain to rise:  
Still cheered by hope to yield thy fainting breath,  
And sink to slumber in the arms of death.

## VERSES

BY

LADY MORLEY.

---

No more that smile of love shall glow,  
To welcome our return;  
No more that tender tear shall flow,  
When we are doom'd to mourn.

Clos'd is the eye, whose angry dart,  
Our wrongs reveng'd and shar'd;  
And still that bold and generous heart,  
Which lov'd our steps to guard.

Belov'd! and was that kiss the last,  
On thy pale lips imprest;  
When, as thy gentle spirit past,  
Thou sunk upon my breast?

Oh! keenly still does memory trace  
Thy last sad parting sigh,  
The pallid hue of that dear face,  
Thy dim and languid eye:



And fondly will she linger o'er  
 The treasures of thy mind ;  
 And deeply will her tears deplore,  
 That heart so warm and kind.

The sufferings which thy firmness tried,  
 Unmov'd thou learn'dst to bear ;  
 Thou had'st a smile those pangs to hide,  
 When those thou lov'dst were near.

Vain were our tears, thy virtues vain,  
 To avert th' unerring doom ;  
 Love, Hope, and Joy, with thee remain,  
 The tenants of the tomb.

The fell destroyer mark'd his prey,  
 In unsuspecting hour ;  
 Midst blooming joys, in life's young day,  
 He crush'd our op'ning flower.

It droop'd beneath his withering blast,  
 In happier climes to rise ;  
 There, in eternal bloom to last,  
 Midst bowers of Paradise.

If purified from mortal leaven,  
 When freed from mortal cares ;  
 If fitted for the bliss of Heaven,  
 I quit this vale of tears :

Thy welcome smile my soul shall greet,  
 From mansions of the blest ;  
 Thy hand shall guide my wandering feet,  
 To realms of endless rest.



## VERSES

BY

LORD CLARENDON.

---

ERGO perpetuô somnô te longa premit nox?

Heu mihi! quam cordi est te meminisse! Vale!

Vita brevis, sed fors non immatura! reposcit,

Ut libet, Ipse suum quem probat Omnipotens.

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---

TRANSLATION,

BY

THE REV. JOHN HODGKIN.

---

ARE then thy eyes for ever clos'd in sleep?

And gone the smile that mantl'd o'er thy cheek?

Alas! Farewell! Remembrance long shall trace

Thy virtues bright, and mourn thy short-liv'd race:

But God is just;—unerring in his will;

He took thee hence to bloom an angel still!

## VERSES

BY

THE REV. JOHN HODGKIN.

---

FAREWELL, dear youth! thy short-lived race is run,  
Thy early blossoms fade, and with'ring die:  
The smile that o'er thy beauteous cheek once shone,  
No more shall glad the fond parental eye.

With every grace and manly virtue bright,  
Thy early day arose, like cloudless sun;  
But long ere thou attain'd meridian height,  
Thy splendour set—thy ray of life was done.

No more at Mis'ry's tale thy heart shall beat,  
Or parent's sickness draw the filial tear:  
No more thy voice, as angel's mild and sweet,  
Shall sooth his soul, or calm each anxious fear.

In vain for thee is lisp'd the favourite verse,  
By her who would thy wither'd hand caress;  
And whilst her little tale she did rehearse,  
Thy eye would beam with looks of tenderness.



Thy parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,  
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;  
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,  
 So, from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare!

BY A FRIEND,  
WHO LOVED HIM DEARLY.

---

"O penitus toto corde recepte mihi."

---

SHALL all lament the loss, and I alone,  
 Restrain my grief, who felt it as my own?  
 No, Henry, no—whilst memory holds its place,  
 With streaming eye, it shall delight to trace  
 Virtues, that promis'd to adorn thy race. }  
 In thee appear'd a fortitude of mind,  
 With childhood's guileless purity combined;  
 The spirit high, that daring soars above,  
 On eagle-wings, yet gentle as the dove;  
 The moral courage, fearless, brave, yet mild,  
 Portray'd the man in Nature's simple child.  
 The stranger tear was never seen to flow,  
 Except in sympathy with other's woe;  
 But when the merry tale of mirth went round,  
 The eager ear quick caught the gladsome sound;  
 Flashes of light would on thy visage glow,  
 Dart from thine eye, and luminate thy brow;  
 Then the arch smile that slily 'scaped the boy,  
 Would make a father's heart o'erflow with joy.



Still would the soul, almost to self unknown,  
 In silent prayer approach th' eternal throne;  
 Conscious of earthly joys with these would roam;  
 But still in secret seek its native home.  
 Say then, ye wise, who, skill'd in sacred lore,  
 The mysteries of Providence explore,  
 Say, why should virtue shine so heav'nly bright,  
 Merely to mock a parent's doting sight?  
 Confirm the doubting mind, some hope impart,  
 Speak comfort to the agonized heart.  
 Can God be good, and yet the source of ill?  
 Hush'd be the impious thought—his gracious will  
 Directs his world with mercy—just his sway—  
 Good when He gives, and when He takes away.  
 When spirits pure, on mercy's errand sent,  
 To earth descend, full of the great intent,  
 They point to brighter worlds—the angel guest  
 Stays but obedient to the high behest:  
 Just shews to man, while earth's dull dross he spurns,  
 Empyrean light, and quick to heav'n returns:  
 The glorious shape is vanish'd, but the mind  
 With rapture views the radiance left behind:  
 So, lovely boy, fair virtue's form was given  
 Only to mark the road that leads to heaven.

*Bishop's Tawton*  
*Devon.*

*The following Stanzas appeared in the Times of the 1st May, 1818. They were never communicated to Lord or Lady Morley by the Author, who seems to have written them with a view to their being engraven on a Monument.*

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

SACRED TO THE MEMORY AND VIRTUES OF

VISCOUNT BORINGDON,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 1st, 1817, IN THE

12th YEAR OF HIS AGE.

BY

THE REVEREND THOMAS MAURICE, A. M.

AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES, &amp;c.

---

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?

---

HOR.

TO EARLY worth, exalted as rever'd,  
To genius in its loveliest prime laid low ;  
A sorrowing Sire this votive shrine hath rear'd,  
And bids his tears in breathing marble flow.



Lamented youth ! what pencil shall display  
 The fortitude that arm'd thy steadfast mind ;  
 When of corroding pangs th' unceasing prey !  
 On death's dire couch thy patient head reclin'd ?

Who paint the anguish of thy youthful peers  
 That saw thee slowly to the grave descend,  
 Beheld, with bleeding hearts, and streaming tears,  
 And now with speechless grief bewail thy end ?

For sure, than thine, from earth's polluted bound,  
 No purer spirit ever wing'd its flight ;  
 'Mid youth's beguiling snares unspotted found,  
 A parent's transport, and a world's delight.

To noblest views thy ardent soul aspir'd,  
 No vulgar objects occupied thy thought ;  
 In youth, with all the manly passions fir'd,—  
 In youth, with wisdom's sacred precepts fraught !

To fortune born, and of distinguish'd line,  
 That soul disdain'd the empty boast of blood ;  
 And, deeming learning's stores the richest mine,  
 To none paid homage, but the wise and good.

Warm with exalted friendship's purest flame,  
 And boundless filial love thy bosom glow'd :  
 Did agonizing want thy bounty claim,  
 Free, as the solar stream, that bounty flow'd.

Ah! what avails above the vulgar throng,  
 Sublime in rank to shine, in genius soar ;  
 Impetuous rolls the flood of time along,—  
 The bubble bursts, and life's short dream is o'er.

Yet, when by Time's destroying hand o'erthrown,  
 The tow'ring fanes of this vast globe shall fall ;  
 When faithless proves the monumental stone,  
 Virtue shall still survive the crumbling ball.

Thy sterling worth defies oblivion's rage—  
 For when, with years, this marble shall consume  
 On the Recording Angel's faithful page,  
 Thy lov'd memorial shall for ever bloom.



*Different Articles appeared in the Foreign and English Journals during his illness, and subsequently to it. Two only are subjoined.*

*Journal de Paris, November 5, 1817.*

“Le Vicomte Boringdon, âgé de onze ans, fils aîné de M. le Comte de Morley, pair de la Grande-Bretagne, est mort samedi, 1<sup>er</sup> de ce mois, à Saint Mandé, près Paris.— De son vivant ses médecins, M.M. Heath, Robertson et Spurtzheim, n'avaient pu constater les causes de sa maladie. L'ouverture du corps a prouvé qu'il fallait attribuer sa mort à un épi de seigle qu'il avait eu le malheur d'avaler à la fin de Juillet, et dont les effets n'avaient paru nullement fâcheux dans le moment. L'épi, long de trois pouces, a été trouvé dans les extrémités de ses poumons; il était dans son état naturel.”

*Flindell's Western Luminary, November 11, 1817.*

“On Saturday, the 1st of November, died at St. Mandé, near Paris, in the 12th year of his age, Henry, Viscount Boringdon. The death of this amiable young nobleman was preceded by a long and severe illness, the cause of which originated in the presence of an ear of Rye in the substance of the lungs, which passed into the windpipe in the month of July last, when his Lordship, walking through a corn-field, carelessly plucked and put it into his mouth. The

improbability of its having taken this passage, added to the consideration of various other circumstances, led to great and continued doubt, whether the train of subsequent and remote symptoms was not independent of the accident. The event has proved the contrary; and the almost entire ear of Rye, exceeding three inches in length, has been found, scarcely altered in texture, imbedded in the abscess it had created in the lowest part of the lungs, where it had penetrated. The sweetness of his disposition, and his engaging and affectionate manners rendered him the object of general love in an extended circle, and secured to him the warmest attachment of those with whom, in their respective relations, he was most immediately connected. In the course of his distressing illness, his patience and his fortitude were alike proved. The promise of early years is not always realized; but rarely has a fairer promise dawned than in the unfolding character of this young nobleman, whose loss is severely felt, and will be long and deeply regretted."

This last article was furnished by the friendly pen of Dr. Woollcombe.

FINIS.



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material to the lower part of the trunk, where it had been  
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This is a notice was furnished by the family pen of  
Dr. Wallbridge.



1877

























