

**MEMORANDUMS  
OF MY  
MAYORALTY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649331482

Memorandums of my mayoralty by Lord Winchester

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**LORD WINCHESTER**

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CHAPTER I.

"He hath deserved well of his country. He hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, were a kind of ungrateful injury."

CORIOLANUS.

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REASONS FOR PUBLISHING MEMORANDUMS—AN IMPORTANT ERA—WINCHESTER MAYORALTY—TOILS OF OFFICE AND DELIGHTS OF PRIVACY—MY CHARACTER ABOVE SUSPICION—PRIVATE LIFE—CORRECTION OF A VULGAR ERROR.

A CELEBRATED author has remarked, that if every man were to write down the result of his experiences and observations during the course of his life, however barren of events, the world would be greatly the gainer. Now if this be true as regards the lives of ordinary individuals, how much profit must accrue from the record of the sayings and doings of so exalted a personage as a Lord Mayor of London:—and that mayor one

so much superior to the usual run of such officials.

The history of my public career having been one marked out by many great and important events—struggles between right and might—roguery and honesty—cunning and uprightness—blustering insolence and manly firmness—the year of my mayoralty having, I repeat, been heaped up with remarkable events, to the greatest cone that could rest upon its twelve months basis—like a full *Winchester measure*,—and as I expect it will be noted in history as the *Winchester Mayoralty*, I have thought that it would be not unprofitable to note down a few passages, for the benefit of my immediate successors, and for the information of future historians.

I have been the more induced to do so, being convinced that the majority of my fellow citizens entertain so high an opinion of my acts in office, that they would hail with delight the slightest memento of them. I will not deny that some portion of selfishness attaches to this undertaking in addition to the very laudable desire of being “remembered in my line,” and standing a little in relief above the former and future dignitaries of this great City. For however much Cabinet Ministers and Lord Mayors may talk of the toils of office—and the delights of retiring into the bosoms of their families—believe

me it is no easy task to resign the high functions of chief magistrate—bid farewell for ever to Mansion House honours, and return to my pristine obscurity. Since, therefore, I cannot in reality re-enact what my enemies are pleased to call my “fantastic tricks,” I will at least live over my former life in description, and like Goldsmith’s soldier

“Brandish my pen, and show how fields were won.”

I shall not, for very obvious reasons, touch upon what may be called my private life. If I have acquired wealth as well as fame by my transactions, who shall dare to say that I have over-stepped the long established “tricks of trade” for its procurement, tricks which have been so fully sanctioned by my predecessors in business and office? Should any presume to doubt the perfect purity of my private, and the unflinching integrity of my public, character, let them recollect that there are such things in force as *libel laws*; and if they question either my will or my ability to avail myself of their salutary provisions—they may consult the late proprietor of the TRUE SUN. I flatter myself that *he* has reason to know that a Winchester’s dealings must, like the reputation of Cæsar’s wife, be above suspicion: the fellow has the assurance to say that my conduct in the affairs of the newspaper, is “beyond suspicion,”

though what he means to insinuate by that expression, I do not profess fully to understand.

It would indeed be poor policy to unfold the means by which I have succeeded in "putting money in my purse"; for however anxious I may be that my brother aldermen should imitate me in their magisterial capacities, I have no ambition that my fellow stationers should rival me in a knowledge of "how to get on in the world." I would just, in passing, mention for the mere purpose of correction, that the common saying—"Honesty is the best policy,"—is a maxim greatly influenced by circumstances; besides, although no longer Mayor, I am still a Stationer, and such knowledge as I have referred to is more to me than my stock in trade.



## CHAP. II.

"He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he who for convenience takes it;  
Then how can any man be said,  
To break an oath he never made?" HUDIBRAS.

"A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years health."  
CORIOLANUS.

PATRIOTIC FEARS FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CITY—PREJUDICES AGAINST TORIES—CUNNING OF CONSERVATIVES—TORIES ABSOLVED FROM KEEPING FAITH WITH RADICALS—MENTAL RESERVATION—A SIMPLE—TORY PLEDGE GIVERS—LETTERS FROM CUMBERLAND AND WELLINGTON—PEEL—PARALLEL BETWEEN PEEL AND MYSELF.

As Saint Matthew's day approached, I confess I was not without my fears that London would have been deprived of my valuable services in the high office, which, alas! I am now about to quit. As I remarked to the Duke the other day, there certainly do exist prejudices to the disadvantage of us Tories, among the low rabble that constitute the majority of the Livery-men; and I was rather alarmed lest my well known reputation for veracity and honour, should not avail against the foolish respect which these low-minded persons show, for whatever may contribute to the good of the city.

Luckily, however, the Reformers are by no means a match for us Conservatives, in cunning, and I choused them gloriously by pledging my honour that my personal prepossessions

should not interfere with the discharge of my official duties,—and promising to call Common Halls whenever they should think proper. It was easy to see that none of them had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, or they would have smelt out my *mental* reservation—“*Except, when it shall be against my interest and pleasure so to do.*” How I did chuckle at the stupidity of the ninnies who believed that I would adhere to my promise, when it was against my inclination! I never had the most remote intention of doing otherwise than as I have done; although I know the contrary has been asserted by some of these folks themselves, who pretend to think that when I made these promises, I meant what I said; and that it was the evil advice of higher personages, and the “insolence of office” that induced me, as they say, to violate them. I do not mean to say that I was not acting under the counsel of others; but it would have been all the same if I had not. The Liverymen have themselves to blame, if my proceedings have been displeasing to them, for putting confidence in one whom they had reason to suspect.

There is a fable by Æsop that might have taught them better, if they had been deep enough read to have known it. When the viper had stung its benefactor, it was asked by a fellow-

reptile why it had done so: "In order," said this type of a Tory-pledge-giver, "that his fate may warn others, how they do kindness to the unworthy." I hope my successor will follow in my footsteps, and prove that experience will not make fools wise. However, I have not much confidence in his firmness; he is too much attached to the old-fashioned notion that a promise is binding, to be a worthy imitator of me, Sir Roger Griersly, Mr. Andrew Johnstone, and other eminent men. If I thought I had any chance of being listened to, I would say,—“I charge thee, Copeland, throw away the ridiculous idea that you are not free as air to act as you think fit; and recollect that all good Tories and true, care no more about keeping faith with Whigs and Radicals, than Papists do with respect to heretics.”

My staunch conduct in this affair soon brought in showers of flattering epistles from the greatest men in the land, congratulating me on the firmness I had displayed, and holding out hopes of a more solid recompence for the execrations of the deluded Liverymen.

I could fill a folio with copies of these favours alone. But I shall only give here two short and pithy letters; one from a Royal Duke, whom that foul-mouthed papist O'Connell, has dared to call a "mighty great liar;" and the other