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A LADY'S MAID
IN DOWNING STREET
1877 — 1890 ❧❧❧❧

POLITICAL
ENGLAND:

A Chronicle of the
19th Century

Told in a letter to Miss Margot
Tennant by Sir Algernon West
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FRÄULEIN AUGUSTE SCHLÜTER.

1884.

A LADY'S MAID
IN DOWNING STREET

By AUGUSTE SCHLÜTER

Edited by MABEL DUNCAN · *Foreword*

by SIR BASIL THOMSON, K.C.B.

ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION

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THE NIECES OF FRAULEIN AUGUSTE SCHLÜTER, to whom this diary belongs, have asked me to introduce it to English readers. Those of us who were young in Victorian times have known the faithful German servant who, in the course of years, came to adopt the family of her English employer as her own—its hopes and alarms, its ambitions and disappointments, its religion and its bereavements. Auguste Schlüter came into the service of Mr. Gladstone's family as maid to his daughters in 1867, when she was seventeen. She understood scarcely a word of English, and the dash of schoolboy slang which illuminates the language of her diary was caught from the two Eton boys of the family during the holidays. Those who knew her—and there must be many who still remember her—say that she was a friend as well as a devoted servant; that her employer's friends were hers; that she was very intelligent and emotional, a quick judge of character, steadfast in her

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

friendships, and strong and deep in her attachments. Like many hyper-sensitive people she was prone to brood over imaginary slights and to put herself to quite unnecessary self-torture. All this is borne out in the diary, in which she recorded for her private edification all that she saw with the eyes of affection and the ears of indulgence. The diary was found after she left the Gladstone family in 1890, written in an old exercise book.

Her friends describe her as having the charm and grace which are independent of good looks: her portrait, shown in the frontispiece, is bright and intelligent, and one can imagine that she, like most of the women in the world, had her discreet and secret romance, though it scarcely emerged beyond the embryo. The gay Herr W., who flits across a few of these pages, did not fulfil her ideals, and she remained unmarried.

She lived with the Gladstone family throughout what we then called the tremendous events of the campaign of bomb-throwing in the 'eighties, of the Midlothian

campaign, of the famous yachting expedition to the Baltic—when Mr. Gladstone incurred the strictures of his Sovereign by discussing high politics with the crowned heads of Eastern Europe. Supremely unconscious of the historic background, she watched the great events of her time like a cow gazing at a passing train. The centre of her world was “our gentleman” and the satellites who revolved about him; to these she gave the affection of a faithful dog. Though there is no indication of her political sentiments, it is believed that her family had never reconciled itself to the absorption of their native Hanover by the German Empire: at any rate, her German patriotism is never asserted.

The Victorian system of chaperonage gave her opportunities which are withheld from young women of her position in these days. It was the period of great concerts, and our diarist went to them all. She heard Joachim and Norman Neruda at their best. Clara Schumann played for her. Her taste embraced every kind of music, from Mendelssohn to Wagner, and

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

her German sentimentality breaks out in thoughts of *Lohengrin* when she sees a lonely swan on the lake at Hawarden.

She must have had intelligence and education beyond her station, for we read that she "worked for the gentlemen secretaries when they had to deal with German letters." Famous men walked across her stage—Tennyson, Parnell, Ruskin, Rosebery, Balfour, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and many others, but she took them as she found them: only when she was privileged to see the actual digging of a villa in Pompeii does her enthusiasm assert itself. Passing and almost forgotten events, as they reached the housekeeper's room, are recorded in her diary. In February 1878, when crowds broke Mr. Gladstone's windows in Harley Street, she remarks grimly through her terrors, "What do they mean? They want war for Turkey, but they won't get it." Of the Midlothian campaign, all she can find to say is, "To-morrow our dear family return from Scotland, where they have been received tremendously everywhere."

She was German to the core: German in the importance which she attached to meals, and German in her ready gift of tears. When "our dear gentleman," as she called Mr. Gladstone, was summoned to Windsor, her "heart felt so full that big tears stole down my face and made me feel better." If she records her sleepless nights, she does not forget to mention the occasions when she "sank into the arms of Orpheus." Filled as her diary is of herself and her physical and mental sensations, no one could have been less self-conscious.

At Christmas 1879 she received tips from the family with the advice that she should spend them by going "on the loose," and she plunged into the wild dissipation of a visit to the Alexandra Palace and an evening with the Young Women's Christian Association.

Sometimes a sudden independence of character broke loose. She took the engagement of her "young lady" to Mr. Drew tragically. Her imagination soared to heights among the peerage, and that a

A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET

curate should aspire to her mistress was not likely to be forgiven. In that respect she sinned in good company, for even Ruskin wrote: "Don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? . . . As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in heaven for being poor? If you had married a bishop and made him live in a pig-stye, *à la bonne heure*."

Her piety was an integral part of her life. "Christmas is at hand. I have not worked for anybody. Too selfish of me." She deploras the fact that when she ought to have been listening to the sermon she was thinking of her new bonnet. In that wettest of wet summers in 1879, when the crops were ruined by an unceasing down-pour, she, like many of the unhappy farmers, thought that "God is displeased with us."

Her unselfish devotion to her family is marked throughout the book. She, to whom a sea-voyage was a nightmare and travel of all kinds a weariness, undertook a voyage to New York to comfort a bereaved sister.

INTRODUCTION

She left the service of the Gladstones in 1890 and returned to Hamburg, but she continued to visit Hawarden until 1899 and to write to members of the family on anniversaries, even after the outbreak of war. It was only her silence in 1917 and 1918 that made them fear that she was dead. They learned long afterwards that her health, which had been unsatisfactory for years, had broken down during the war and that she died in the autumn of 1917, deprived of the comforts necessary to an invalid. Her dying thoughts must have been of the family she loved so well, for the last of her letters did not reach England until after the Armistice.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
1877—1878	17
1879	35
1880—1881	47
1881—1882	75
1883—1884	95
1884—1885	115
1886—1887	138
1888—1889	149
1889—1890	161

ILLUSTRATIONS

FRAULEIN AUGUSTE SCHLÜTER, 1884	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
“ EDWARD AND ALFRED ” ETON, 1875	22
ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AND SPENCER LYTTTELTON, 1874	30
EDWARD BICKERSTETH OTTLEY, 1880	46
HERBERT GLADSTONE (VISCOUNT GLADSTONE), 1880	52
LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH, 1882	94
MR. GLADSTONE AND MRS. GLADSTONE, THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS AND GRANDCHILDREN, HAWARDEN CASTLE, 1884	122
MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, 1886	138
HAWARDEN CASTLE, MR. GLADSTONE, HIS SON AND SON- IN-LAW AFTER FELLING A BEECH. MRS. GLADSTONE AND GRANDCHILDREN. OCTOBER, 1886	142
DOROTHY DREW AND HER MOTHER, 1891	174
MARRIAGE OF FRANCIS W. PARISH WITH DOROTHY DREW, ST. MARGARET’S, WESTMINSTER, APRIL 22, 1912	176
HAWARDEN CHURCH. MRS. GLADSTONE, HER DAUGHTERS AND GRANDCHILDREN. SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY, 1898	178

A Lady's Maid in Downing Street

1877—1878

IRELAND, KILLRUDDERY. *October 21, 1877.*

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and I are here since Wednesday. The place belongs to the Earl of Meath, and is very beautiful. Everybody makes a great fuss with our lady and the G.O.M. Our sea voyage was good; but I was a little unwell, and glad when we landed here, seventeen miles from Dublin. This place is surrounded by big hills, all rocks, but in spite of storm and rain we mounted the Bray Head yesterday, Saturday. We could not see much, but enjoyed ourselves very much in tumbling about. Here are lots of gentry to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and they keep very late hours. Sunday I went to church, which was very nice, and on my return found two letters from Hanover, such a treat! In the afternoon we talked about religion; I found such a good, pious young woman here, who knows much more about the Bible than I do. Why don't I try and learn more about it? I did begin, but always leave off again. I fear I always find other books more interesting. O God, keep me from temptation, draw me more and more from this world to heavenly things above—O Lord! It is Sunday night, the moon sends her silvery light across the ocean, and carries me far away, home to my dear ones and to my dear Hawarden home, and to another spot on earth which I need not name, for Thou knowest all my thoughts.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

POWERSCOURT. *October 20.*

Just got back from a most delightful outing. Some of us went to see the waterfall, supposed to be the finest in the United Kingdom, and we sat down at the bottom of it and enjoyed some refreshments. We arrived at Lord Powerscourt's yesterday from Coolatin, the Earl Fitzwilliam's, where we stayed since last Wednesday. It was a most comfortable, pleasant visit, and I was very sorry to come away. I had two sweet letters from home telling me they are well.

CHARLESVILLE (LORD MONK'S).

Arrived here yesterday, on November 1st, and it has been raining all day, so dull as we could not go out at all. But we made up for it at night, for, with all the gay company, sets for dancing were soon formed, and we passed a very happy evening. What fun to watch the Irish reel! It was certainly our jolliest night spent in Ireland.

DUBLIN, *November 6.*

We arrived here yesterday, after staying two nights at Carton, the Duke of Leinster's, a very pretty place, and people most kind. I went to church on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon to see a little shell cottage made by the late Duchess, and after tea we sang hymns, and then were shown over the house. Now we are staying at the Bishop's, and met here a Mr. L., a nice Irishman. We met him several times before; now he came to offer to take us on an excursion to show us Dublin, and so we started at ten o'clock; went to see the Bank, then took an Irish car and drove all round the lovely park, then saw the big brewery of Sir Arthur Guinness, then to St. Patrick's Cathedral, drunk out of St. Patrick's Well. Walked home to dinner;

after dinner took another car, drove to a station and went on by the two o'clock train to see the oldest castle (called Malahide) in the United Kingdom. It belongs to Lord Talbot, and contains some lovely paintings. Then we saw the village; so quaint, they seem to be all fishermen, and the people were charmed to see Mr. L. Then after a very snug tea, we had to rush to catch the train for Dublin, where we arrived at a quarter to six, and, after attending to my dear Mrs. Gladstone, I was obliged to rest until supper.

ABBAY LEIX (*Friday*).

We are here since 4 p.m., Lord and Lady De Vesci's home. Before we left Dublin this morning I went with Mrs. Gladstone to the photographer's. Such fun, the photographer kept on saying o Mrs Gladstone: "Open your eyes and shut your mouth," until Madam and I burst into peals of laughter and he turned quite cross; he did not seem to realize that Mrs. Gladstone's lips are always a little apart. Well, to my joy, Mrs. Gladstone told the man to take "her young friend," as she called me, also. . . . I wonder what I shall be like!

HAWARDEN. *November 25.*

A cold wind was meeting me as I walked, lonely, through the park to church this morning—the moon shone lovely, and the park with the cows half asleep looked most peaceful; now and again a bird startled through my steps. We were only a few in church, so the service was short. On reaching home I found a nice letter from my dear mother—all well, thank God.

We returned a fortnight ago from Ireland; paid two more nice visits, where nothing much occurred. Our crossing

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

the Channel was fearful, and such a great mercy that we were saved, for another boat was wrecked before our eyes. We all were very ill, but God has once more brought us home safely.

December 29.

Christmas has passed—it was very jolly. We had a Christmas tree for the Orphanage, where we spent a few delightful hours with the children. The weather keeps changing from warm to cold. There is to be a dance next Tuesday, New Year's Eve—what fun it will be!

January 2.

Thick snow covers the ground; delightful to wade through it. Our dance was a great success, all our gentry—Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Lord Acton, Canon Scott Holland, last, but not least, Mr. Ruskin—came to open it, and it lasted till 6 a.m. I am attending cooking lessons just now—very interesting.

KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD. *January 27.*

Miss Mary and I came here yesterday. Miss Helen left us for Cambridge at Bletchley. The christening of Mrs. Talbot's son brought us here, Edward Keble, Miss Mary godmother. Our journey was very jolly. We enjoyed a good lunch in the train at one o'clock, and turned up here by 6 p.m. I was very well during the last three weeks at Hawarden, and took plenty of long walks. I believe we stay here until Monday next, and then go to London.

KEBLE (*Thursday*).

I went to hear the bellringers last night. It was very charming. About a hundred and fifty bells rung by five

gentlemen brought out the prettiest pieces—most wonderful was the quickness of them. My beloved Lady is always good to me—what a blessing!

HARLEY STREET. *February 2.*

About five o'clock this afternoon a dreadful crowd of people came to our door, groaning and lifting their fists towards our windows, wanting war for Turkey. I am happy to say our Gentleman was out, and only Miss Mary and I at home. It all sounded very awful; but nothing happened, as our doors were guarded by sixteen policemen. I have been in London since the 6th, and the time has passed quick and pleasant; but sadness is also mixed in with it. You remember my dear old friend Mrs. Griffith? Well, she has gone to her long rest, last Sunday. Poor old thing, how she was clinging to life, and, among her bits left, was one pound for me—so very touching. I will buy something with it in memory of her. Last night I heard a concert at St. James's Hall in aid of Trinity Church. Rather good, although I had heard some of the things sung much better.

March 1.

This has been an eventful week. Last Sunday tremendous crowds at our door again; this time they even smashed our windows, then about sixty police drove the people off and guarded our house until all turned quiet. On the 28th of last month I gave Mrs. H. a black chain for her birthday; she seemed pleased with it. My photos arrived from Dublin last night; they are very like me, much better than I expected.

March 14.

Last Sunday another crowd; it is so wretched, always on a Sunday. What do they mean? They want war, but

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

they won't get it. The weather is perfect, and I feel well, thank God!

March 30.

Nothing has happened. I am reading a lovely book called *Sir Roland Ashton*, by Lady Catherine Long. It is full of divine teaching and very beautiful; my soul has drawn light from the book, whose words are guarded in light (*sic*). There at its wellhead had I found "the dawn and day and noon of freedom."

I am attending the service at St. Paul's Church every Friday night. Mayest Thou, O Lord, grant that these Thy words help me to lead a new life, to let me sin no more; send Thy Holy Spirit to guide me in the right way!

April 14 (Sunday).

Another week has gone. Had letters from Kluggs; they have nearly reached America. Two years ago since another friend left me, in whom I had trusted, and who has turned out so faithless. I must learn only to trust in God, then all will be well. My friend Miss H. and I heard a most perfect concert in St. James's Hall. Herr and Madame Joachim, Mademoiselle Janotha, and others, all performed the most glorious pieces; such a treat to listen to those great masters.

April 21 (Easter Morning).

A most loving Easter sun called me up this morning to tell me that my Lord had risen from death and lead me away to His Table. The church was beautiful, and lots of people there; the service very solemn. I prayed for all my dear ones—may God grant my prayers. I meant to be so



“ EDWARD AND ALFRED.”

Eton. 1875.

good all last week, but earthly thoughts often took hold of me.

April 28 (Sunday).

Dear friend, this has been a week full of earthly pleasures, and I can say it has done me good. I was very fortunate last Monday; Miss Mary gave me a ticket for Madame Goldsmith's (Jenny Lind's) concert, and you may guess what a treat it was. We heard a beautiful piece by Wilbye, in which Jenny Lind's voice sounded like an angel's. Oh, how I enjoyed it! Tuesday I was busy, and only took a short walk; Miss Mary arrived on Wednesday on her way to Cambridge, and when I begged to be left in London, she was so loving and good about it and did not mind it very much. Thursday, Miss Mary left again, and Mrs. H. and I went to the opera to hear Albani as Gretchen in Gounod's *Faust*, and Signor Gayarre as Faust. It was sung and acted to perfection, and how I enjoyed it! but life never runs smooth, nor mine, for I am much troubled at not hearing from home for the last eight weeks.

May 12 (Sunday).

A most glorious morning. I am still alone. I shall be glad when my beloved Lady returns—life is so void without her. I have been very quiet, but enjoyed the parks, and had a nice visit from our kind PHEME on Friday. I gave her my photo, dear girl; we spent two happy hours together.

May 19.

Dear friend, I am no longer alone—my darling Miss Mary came home again, and took me to a lovely concert of Henry Leslie last Thursday. Alas, sad news from home.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Another visit to my dentist is over, I am thankful to say. I called on Dora, who is very wretched.

May 20 (Sunday).

Man proposes, God disposes. I had looked forward to a friend's visit to-day, but she is not well. I have spent a nice time, last week; amongst it was a visit to the Doré Gallery. Oh, what a treat, for I had not seen his last great work, Christ entering Jerusalem, nor the Brazen Serpent. Our Lord's face in the first is very sublime and full of joy, such a contrast to His face leaving the Prætorium, for there He is so hurt, yet so calm and submissive. The Brazen Serpent shows us plainly how little we can be saved without looking towards and following our Lord. What a noble man Doré must be, for do not all his paintings teach us the Bible! Strange enough, but while at Doré's we planned to go and see *Diplomacy*, and, sure enough, Mr. H., Mrs. St., and I had tea, and off to the theatre we drove to enjoy a most interesting evening. Mrs. Kendal was at her best, and I may say it was the most delightful evening of the season.

I am reading a book called *Der Jungfermturm*, by Carlin. It is very interesting.

June 2 (Sunday).

How thankful I ought to be, my beloved ladies are goodness itself—no one interferes with me. I spent the last few evenings in the park, such a grand sight to see the ladies riding. My home news never over bright. My mother was glad with my parcel. She sent me the photos of my sister-in-law and the twins—a very pretty group they are. I have finished my book. This morning I attended the German Church, then dined at Miss W.'s, took tea with

Miss K., and then was glad to return home to my reading. I am worse than a young girl of eighteen, and am nearly twenty-nine years old.

DARMSTADT. *June 6 (Whit-Sunday).*

Extraordinary enough, but true all the same. Miss Mary, the Reverend W. H. Lyttelton, and I left Victoria station at 8.30 on Thursday, where already some remark of Mr. L. sent the porter into fits of laughter; this went on all the way here. On the ship he would read aloud all the Dutch placards, and not knowing the language his pronunciation caused the greatest merriment on the ship; besides the capers he cut on the stairs were so ridiculous that all the passengers and I were glad to stop laughing when Mr. L. went to bed at last. We reached Flushing at 6 a.m. on Friday, and there everyone in the dining-room burst again with laughter, for the dear Reverend would study the Dutch placards aloud again, and on seeing "Paling in Gilly," his fun was great, for he could not make out how anyone could swallow *Paling*—meaning *Eel* in Dutch. Oh, what joy when the train was announced, for our jaws ached. We arrived at Cologne by half-past two, and enjoyed a good dinner. So far the country was very flat, but after Cologne the glorious Rhine soon came into sight, lighted up by the evening sun. My eyes feasted on all its beauty—there were the Drachenfels, the pretty Ehrenbreitstein, then the Lorelyfels—all so grand. We had three nice ladies in our compartment, who joined in Mr. Lyttelton's jokes with all their heart. About eight we reached the dearest little home in Darmstadt: four sitting-rooms and four bedrooms, a kind maid received us, and we all were soon refreshed and enjoyed a good tea. To-day Miss M. and I went to the English Church, where Mr. L. preached, for Mr.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Lyttelton has come here to be Chaplain for a time to Her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, and very soon an invitation for Mr. Lyttelton and Miss Mary arrived to dine at the Schloss. It is all great fun.

June 14.

Time passes pleasant. Elise and I do the cooking between us, and sometimes when the ladies-in-waiting come to call I have to make the best of it. Mr. Lyttelton and Miss Mary are always contented. Mr. L. bought himself a pepper-and-salt suit and a light umbrella, and it is rare fun to see him come home, from the balcony, for as soon as he sees me he shouts out to me what he has bought, for he always returns with a brown paper parcel under his arm. As the Royal Gardens are opposite I always watch his coming with great joy. To-morrow it is settled for me to go to Hanover. Lady F. Cavendish, Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, Mr. L., and Miss Mary are going to pay for my ticket; how good God is to me!

June 18.

I have been home, and it has been jolly. I left here at 5 a.m. on Saturday, reaching Hanover at 5 p.m.—a long, weary journey, and it poured all day. Mother was sadly startled, and I felt sorry I had not written to announce my coming. Well, everybody was fetched to see me, and the short but sweet visit ended, alas, too soon. On Monday at 8.50 the train left Hanover. A charming lady with her child travelled with me nearly all the way, and when I arrived Mr. L. and Miss Mary and Elise all seemed glad to see me; so kind of them.

June 26 (Saturday).

Darmstadt is not very interesting, yet I have been to see all I can. Mr. Eustace Balfour visited Mr. Lyttelton and Miss Mary. They dined several times at the Palace with the Duke and Duchess of Hesse (Princess Alice, the daughter of Queen Victoria). Spent one day in the Palmen Garten in Frankfür, and heard a German concert in the Saalban; and one night Mr. L. and Miss M. went into the first seats at a circus, and Elise and I into the second. How we enjoyed it! For Mr. Lyttelton kept turning round, laughing, which gave us a double enjoyment—even he would shout at us, “Is it not jolly?” Alas, we are off to Cologne next Monday. I shall be sorry to leave Mr. L. behind, for he has been depending on me so much for all his wants. It will be sad thinking of him alone here.

LONDON. *June 30 (Sunday).*

We landed safely here on Wednesday morning, after spending one night with Mr. Gladstone’s sister at Cologne, too short a time to see anything of it. All I saw were very narrow streets, but I was much impressed by the lovely cathedral; it is very grand. Our journey turned out well. It was very hot, but even looking at the Rhine one felt cool, and to sit on the ship was a real delight. Miss M. and I dressed ourselves at 4 a.m. and went on deck and watched the glorious sunrise. It was a lovely morning, all so still and grand, and all speaking of our Great Maker. We reached home by 9 a.m., and were met very heartily. A few birthday letters had already arrived for the 27th, being the next day. I spent a very bright birthday, had lots of presents, and several friends called. Miss Helen was at home—such joy! Now I must work, there is a lot to be done. Miss

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Mary had a sweet letter from Mr. L., so good of him, telling her he missed us very much, poor dear. I hope he is well cared for. He feels very lonely, having lost his wife not long ago.

73 HARLEY STREET. *July 7.*

Another fortnight gone. I enjoyed a visit with Miss Mary at Lord Rayleigh's (Terling) very much. I overheard Mr. Dick Strutt proposing, in the hall, to Miss Neville (cousin to Miss Mary). Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Eustace Balfour were there for the Sunday. Have been very busy, as Miss Helen is at home. Last Sunday I spent with Miss H. We did a little French, as I had to take a holiday of late which has made me forget a lot. Such a terrible incident has happened; the son of Mrs. Hampton (housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone for many years) is lost, but she does not wish it to be known.

July 22 (Monday).

To-day is my mother's birthday, and I am with her in spirit. If the lovely weather can help to make the day bright mother must be very happy, and I am invited to a tea, which is very nice, for it will help me to keep up mother's birthday. On Tuesday afternoon I heard a pretty concert with Miss Helen at Willis's Rooms. Wednesday, Miss Mary gave me her Albert Hall box, where my friends and I enjoyed a lovely concert. On Friday, Mrs. Gladstone gave a garden party at her convalescent home at Woodford. All turned out well, and, just think, the Saturday ended with the lovely play *Olivia*, acted most perfect by Ellen Terry.

July 29.

You see I am still in London, but was told to-day we should leave on Friday. I shall be sorry to go for many reasons. At last I attempted a visit to Mrs. Langhorne, the first since Charley died; all went off well, and I brought away a wee lock of his pretty hair and a little book as keepsakes. On Thursday poor Will was here; I do my best to talk to him, and will write to him. Perhaps it may help him.

August 8 (Sunday).

Never before so late in London. Miss Helen left without me. It has been a broken week. I have packed and unpacked, visited all my friends again, took some of them to the Zoo. Spent a very delightful evening at Dr. Fraser's—a very large congregation, and the singing splendid.

HAWARDEN. *August 20.*

The country looks lovely, and I have enjoyed being here with all my heart for the last fortnight. We also had a grand flower show. I sold grapes, which fetched thirty shillings—I was proud. Several letters from home with better news arrived; wrote to an old friend, and heard from him. I am alone most of the day, but don't feel lonely. The Turner girls are a great delight to me, and we take long walks together. I read the *Queen of Connaught*, an Irish tale—very interesting.

September 5.

Pardon my delay, but this lovely air makes me lazy. Our people are very quiet at present, but on Monday we had—eighteen of us—a jolly picnic, at which eight of our gentry

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

honoured us. It was great fun; then we had some games. I am taking long walks every day, and feel well, thank God. The Sundays I spend very quiet; I go to church twice, and read. I have enjoyed once more *The Earl's Daughter*, by Miss Sewell, a very pretty story. My French gets harder daily.

September 9 (Sunday).

Mrs. Wickham and her dear children have been here a fortnight, but alas, they are leaving us to-morrow again. I shall miss their sweet voices up here very much, as they all slept on my landing. I wrote to Adolf to-day, asking him to help my brother to find a post in Hanover.

September 21 (Sunday).

After all, the children of Mrs. Wickham did not leave, and so we had the donkey out and drove through the village last Monday; then I took tea at the Rectory, and heard some music. I enjoy good nights, such a blessing. On Friday was at Mary Piercy's, and highly amused at Mr. Burrige, a young schoolmaster from Broughton School. He lodges with Mrs. Piercy, and he delights in saying "Miss Schülter" over and over again. Yesterday we went to take a row on the lake—rather fun, though too small.

September 9.

How the weeks go by! This one has fled extra quick. We had some nice company, but the grand part of the week was a confirmation by the Bishop of Capetown. He was a man looking goodness itself, besides tall and handsome, and his voice sounded beautiful and loving each time he spoke the Blessing. Oh, how it placed me back years to my own sweet confirmation and to my dear Father, who



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AND SPENCER LYTTELTON.

1874.

made me feel what a wonderful day my confirmation day was in my life. Nothing more took place. Autumn is turning in, and it is cold.

October 13.

Another two weeks passed, and I have to spend one hour with you in spirit, but I was rather pressed for time. Besides, we had the Duke of Argyll, four of his sons and daughters and—Mr. Ruskin! Our place was all alive. I had to take the attendants some walks and show them all the beauty of my dear Hawarden home. Alas, Miss Helen and Mr. Herbert left for Oxford and Cambridge yesterday—and, only listen, Mr. Herbert gave me ten shillings as a present. Oh, you cannot imagine my joy, for I was longing to send my mother a little help, and behold an angel in the form of Mr. Herbert presented it to me!

October 20 (Sunday).

I am left all alone again, our family have gone to Latimer, to Lord Lyttelton's wedding. He marries Miss Cavendish, and Miss Mary is bridesmaid. He is a nephew of my Mr. Lyttelton, with whom I went to Darmstadt. I went to see the dentist in Chester yesterday; he is always very kind to me, and found me better than I expected. To-day, I wrote to Miss Mary and Miss Helen—such a pity they are both away. We attended St. John's Church to-night and found the service very nice, so was the home walk through the lovely woods in a bright moonlight. Home news never very good.

MOON'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO. *October 10.*

Here I am, dearest. You will be surprised to find me at the seaside, but I cannot bear being at home without my

A LADY'S MAID IN DOWNING STREET

ladies, so I came here to a friend. This week has been charming on the whole. Before leaving Hawarden we spent a delightful day at Moel-y-Fammau. It was a lovely day, and after a seven-mile drive the five of us walked up to the top. The views were exquisite, trees beginning to turn. We returned most satisfied by 7.30 p.m.

7.0 p.m. on Thursday Mrs. Jolly (the cook) and I left for Penmaenmawr, where we arrived by 3 p.m., and were met most kindly by Miss Duncan. After tea we called at the Robinsons; found them very poor, their farming having turned a failure. They were glad we had not forgotten them. We spent a nice time until Saturday, then Mrs. J. returned to the castle, and I called on Mrs. Moon, where I spent a pleasant evening, and was called up by a glorious sun. Walked two miles to church, and back by the Little Orme's Head. Enjoyed a good dinner, and in the afternoon walked across the Great Orme's Head, and a nice evening followed. Every one here is most kind.

HAWARDEN. *November 11.*

Just sent a letter to my sister; she has her birthday. I also had one from her telling me all are well, thank God. Remained at Llandudno till Tuesday. Monday was very rough, but we made the best of it. On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gladstone arrived. I have paid lots of visits here since my return, but to-night I feel very poorly; I wonder why.

November 17.

A rather dull time has passed. I spent a pleasant afternoon with Mrs. P. Took Stephen his first wee suit. You never saw anything more charming; he looked a little picture; and repaid me well for making it. On my way home called

at Mrs. Piercy's to take Mr. B. a plaster, and am glad to say found him better on Friday. I do hope he will continue better, for I should be thankful if my little help would really be a blessing to him. Oh, friend, there is nothing that helps us better than working for others.

HAWARDEN RECTORY. *December 7.*

A long time since I wrote. I can hardly believe that three weeks have elapsed. They have passed very jolly as the Castle was full of company, besides we only returned from Penrhyn Castle, where Miss Mary took me on a charming visit. I attended the service twice at the cathedral at Bangor. Watched the wintry sea rolling along in great billows, a grand sight, and behind me were the high mountains covered with snow, the sun just touching their peaks. It reminded me of our Lord's ascending to Heaven, and made me bow down in prayer. I also had the privilege to drive to the slate quarries and see the blasting. How very exciting! the ground shook beneath us, so my visit was very interesting.

December 15 (Sunday).

My week at the Rectory was very peaceful. On Thursday my dear Miss Helen arrived, and we were bound to return to the Castle on Friday. Besides, we have had splendid skating since Wednesday, which has done me much good. Glad I found myself skate fairly well, but, alas, we had eleven degrees of frost last night, and to-day it is quite warm—such a blow! Whenever my ladies go to the lake they take me with them in the carriage. Mr. Herbert walks there.

December 22.

Christmas is at hand, and I have not worked for anybody—too selfish of me. Will write to my mother

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

and send her the little I have. I have had some skating.

December 28.

Christmas has passed quiet and peaceful. I attended the seven o'clock Holy Communion. Visited a few friends in the afternoon. To-day we had a dear service downstairs, held by Mr. Gamlen, showing us how to commence the New Year. The Old Year is waning, and I am no better in spirit than I was twelve months ago—how sad! We have two charming good curates, Mr. Gamlen and Mr. Ottley; the latter is my favourite, and a good skater, so we often find him on the lake when Miss Mary and I go in the morning. This dear lake has a watery hole, in which lives the lonely swan. It makes one think of Wagner's beautiful *Lohengrin*, and often the lovely song "Du Lieber Schwann" will come to my mind, and other thoughts crowd into it. Will my wish ever come to pass?

New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Wickham and her dear children are here—such a treat to me, it livens me up. There is to be a dance on the 8th of February; it will be fun. I also hope we shall have skating. It's getting late, and I will close this year:—

O Saviour, I breath the prayer once Thine,
Thy will, O God, be done, not mine.
One only blessing would I claim—
In me, oh glorify Thy name;
Make me submissive, keep me still
Suffering according to Thy Will.

Amen.

1879

HAWARDEN. *January 5.*

Such fearful laziness on my part. I never wrote to you for ages. I certainly cannot remember all that happened since. New Year's morning I went to Early Celebration, quiet and still, then enjoyed a something like Sunday, and now there is nothing, but the dance is coming off on the 6th. So I called at Mrs. Piercy's to ask my Broughton schoolmaster, Mr. B., but he refused to dance. How flat, for it is such work to find dancing lads for all the ladies. On Saturday I enjoyed skating once more, and have been very busy, for Miss Mary leaves for Hagley next week.

January 7 (Thursday).

Here I am, oh so tired! Our dance was very jolly, all went off well. How I enjoyed it! We were about seventy-four people. Yesterday was our dear Mrs. Gladstone's birthday, and in the early morning we sang "Home, Sweet Home" at her bedroom door, which pleased her much. Mrs. Gladstone always opens the ball, and looks most graceful. Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish were also with us. Miss Mary left to-day, and Miss Helen is going to Penrhyn Castle; so sad to be alone again, but both my ladies return on Saturday.

January 12 (Sunday).

I went to tea with Mrs. Hugh Davies last Wednesday—always a great treat. The last three afternoons I have been

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

skating, but missed my ladies sadly on the lake ; but they came back last night, and as Miss Helen leaves us on the 27th I shall have my hands full.

January 19 (Monday).

This week was pleasant. Lady Stepney and we had some more skating—great fun. Then I took Mrs. Wickham's children out several times—alas, they go away to-morrow. I also called on several sick people, amongst whom was Mr. B. at Mrs. Piercy's, who has returned worse from his holiday. Poor man, I don't think he will be long in this world.

January 26 (Sunday).

Everybody seems to have left us this last week. Lady Stepney left on Monday, Miss Helen Tuesday, and Mrs. Wickham's children on Thursday. We still have some ice, and enjoyed some skating yesterday. To-night we had Mrs. Potter to supper ; she is always bright. I am attending my night school with great pleasure twice a week, and shall be very sorry to leave my good men when the time comes. Yesterday we had great fun ; I learnt to skate outside edge. Now I have told you all I can remember during the last weeks.

February 5.

The ice is over and I am not sorry, for lots of work is waiting for me. On the second was a friend's birthday, to whom I duly wrote.

February 17 (Monday).

We have had a nice time. Lady F. Cavendish and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gladstone are here. Also I had some

pretty valentines and several nice letters, and now we are off to London to-morrow. I called on Mrs. Piercy and found that her schoolmaster had gone, and even left some debts behind him, and I thought him such a goody-goody! I also completed a disagreeable business in raffling a machine for a poor seamstress, Ellen Williams. Called once again on Dr. Dobie and Mr. Bullen, who are always very good to me.

HARLEY STREET. *February 23.*

Here I am back in London, and find it very cold here ; winter is very severe. On Tuesday I called on Dora, and Saturday visited A. Wildt, Lady Brownlow's maid. To-day I intended going to Miss Hoffmann, but the weather is too bad. I am rather glad, for I do love a quiet Sunday at home. This morning I went to church. Mr. Williamson preached as good as usual, but I was a bad listener. Our house is very damp, both Mrs. St. and Mr. J. are poorly. So thankful I feel well. Have not heard from home lately.

March 3.

Time flies. I am well, dear friend. Last week was full of interest. I fell downstairs to begin with, got luckily not much hurt, and was able to read to Mrs. Gladstone in the evening. On Tuesday Miss Mary and I faced the snow to get acquainted with the City—rather killing to find ourselves three stations beyond our goal, besides we made any amount of blunders. In the evening Miss Mary insisted on my going to see *Hamlet*. It was grand! I did admire Shakespeare in his own native tongue. On Wednesday Lent services began, and I went to church. On Saturday Miss Mary gave me the Albert Hall box, and I invited my friends. It was a good concert, but rather late when I went to bed,

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

and I felt stupid when I got up yesterday. I attended Vere Street Chapel, where the Reverend — spoke perfect. His text was "I have my God always before my eyes." His words were clear and plain; he showed us that we must not only pray to God, but we must worship God above all.

March 9 (Sunday).

At last a good letter from home. I saw all my friends last week, but I had new boots on and felt very wretched. Poor Mr. Hampton has gone to the hospital to have his eyes operated on—I hope all will go well with him. This morning I went to St. Paul's. We had a very good sermon, but somehow I have been off with my thoughts during the sermon lately. How wicked, you will say; and you are right, for what have I to think about but the sermon? In the afternoon I was very happy with Mr. Algernon West's children and governess, but on reaching home the sad news came that Lord Granville's house was burning, which made us very unhappy.

March 16.

I am making the most of the time. On Monday, Miss Mary made me drive with her—it was jolly, besides I heard two lovely concerts, one of Henry Leslie's choir and a lovely concert by Joachim. I attended church this morning, and spent the afternoon with Lina, alas, returning rather late this evening.

March 23 (Sunday).

This week was almost too much. Fancy three grand concerts, all perfectly delightful. One was for our dear

Orphanage, where I made myself useful by showing the seats. I also heard Herr Joachim, for he favoured our concert by playing for it on his lovely violin. Then I heard my long wished for Mozart's *Requiem* performed in St. James's Hall by Leslie's choir—too delightful. I placed myself by the side of the great master and drank in fully his beautiful notes. Afterwards *Forty-second Psalm* by Mendelssohn, also very grand. To-day I attended church twice, both sermons were taken from my lovely text: "Keep yourself unspotted from the world." And this evening: "Blessed are the pure in heart." In the afternoon I kept quiet.

March 31.

Last week was rather quiet; I heard the lovely *St. John* Passion music (Bach) at St. Anne's, Soho, but sadly missed the lady who used to sing the alto part; the boy taking it could not put the same soul into it.

April 17.

Easter Day and Holy Week have gone by. I attended the Morning and the Three Hours' Service on Good Friday—all very solemn. In the evening the text was—from the 142nd Psalm—"No man cared for my soul." These were the thoughts of our Lord when He hung on the Cross, these are our thoughts many times when we begin to doubt and when all seems dark. Yet Someone does care for us; our Heavenly Father is always ready to help us. Easter sermon was beautiful—also 16th of St. Mark. If no one else remembers me, dear Mrs. Jones always does; I had a lovely Easter card from her.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD. *April 27 (Sunday).*

Miss Mary took me with her, first to Lady Rosebery and to Lady Rothschild. Those visits, Mentmore and Aston Clinton, were charming—everybody was most kind to me. I also read a nice book called *The Springtime of My Life*, and made myself a present of a book called *Sacred Vows*. We came here on Tuesday, and Miss Helen left us for Cambridge at Bletchley. We arrived here by two o'clock, and were met in the heartiest manner as usual. A letter from home awaited me here. On Thursday a letter from Mrs. Jones telling me of Mr. Burridge's death, so my poor friend at Mrs. Piercy's has passed away. I shall miss him, for his illness gave me something to do, and he became very dear to me. If all goes well we return to-morrow to London. I shall be glad, for I am in need of a dentist.

LONDON. *May 15 (Sunday).*

I have been unusually busy, yet am alive and well. I always feel happy when I have a lot to do. Mrs. Burridge, to whom I wrote, sent me a kind letter and her son's photo. I made several calls last Sunday. One night last week, friends took me to see the ballet at the Alhambra, but I was not much struck with it. To-day it is bleak and rainy. I was at church this morning and heard a perfect sermon—Proverbs v. 16. He loves us more than any earthly king; He leads us safe if we trust in Him; without Him all dark; with Him all light and ease. O Lord, I know that Thou lovest me, and yet I so little deserve it, and Thou knowest how I love Thee, and yet the world gets hold of me, and I think of others more than Thee. How sad it is, my spirit so willing and my flesh so weak.

HILL SIDE, CAMBRIDGE. *May 25 (Friday).*

Miss Mary and I are here since Tuesday, dear little home of Mrs. Sidgwick, I do like my stay always here. Time has passed pleasant and sad since last I wrote to you. Last Friday I went with Mrs. Fleming to see *The Lady of Lyons*; it was very well acted. Saturday we both worked hard, and then heard a charming concert at the Albert Hall in the evening.

June 1 (Sunday).

What a wet Whit-Sunday! I don't think we will have any summer this year. I miss my friend Dora very much. I feel low to-day, am a little homesick—besides I miss eleven shillings; I don't know how I have lost it. Must write to Mrs. Jones at once. I am to go to Wellington College for a week; I daresay it will be nice.

June 15.

Never found my lost coin. I am wretched about it, but it's no use. Plenty of work made the week pass quick at Wellington, and I feel none the worse for it. We are having lots of rain and the parks are deserted. I spent an evening with Miss W., and to-day I have been to Brixton, where I spent a jolly afternoon with Miss K.

June 22.

I have been twice to church to-day, and wrote some letters. I also took tea with a friend. Nothing much happened last week.

July 6.

June has ended, and with it another year for me. Am I any wiser, any better? I must answer "No." Every

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

one remembered my birthday—so loving of Miss Mary and all of them. Lots of letters arrived from home, and all was bright on that day. Last Sunday kind Mrs. Birks, a lady next door, had lent me tickets for the Zoo, so I took a party of friends, and we all enjoyed it immensely. To-day I am not well, have had a nasty attack of sickness since Friday; it has pulled me down rather. Miss H. and Miss K. called here to-day and brightened me up.

July 19.

There is a talk of our leaving Hawarden, and I am very busy for our bazaar, which is to come off soon, nearly drives us crazy. I went to call everywhere, also had supper with Miss Constance West, a farewell to all our happy days, for she will be presented to-morrow at Court—all comes to an end. I sent a small parcel to Hamburg.

July 20.

It keeps on raining—when will it end? I fear God is displeased with us, and no doubt we deserve it, but Thou art a merciful God, have pity on us and let Thy great sun shine upon us again. What are we but frail creatures, we cannot do without Thee. Nothing of consequence took place. I am still in London.

HAWARDEN. *August 11.*

You must forgive my silence, but I had no time to write. Our bazaar took place, and upon my word it never ceased raining the whole day. I spent a nice evening with Miss Jones, joined the children in their outings, and also enjoyed a good tea at Mrs. Potter's. I am working away at my French.

HAGLEY HALL. *August 27.*

We came here last Saturday. Mrs. Wickham's children left Hawarden with us. A nice letter arrived from my mother—all well. Our gentry are intending to go to Venice; they talked of my going with them, but I fear no such luck. Last Monday the Friendly Girls' Society was kept here. We had a short service, and, as my good star would have it, I ran across the Reverend Mr. Lyttelton, and oh how delightful he was! and he made me promise to take tea with him the next day, which I did. It was jolly! He was looking out for me when I got there, and what good talk we had together, and such a dear friend. Miss Mary called on Mrs. Ball yesterday, poor soul. She sent me such a touching letter this morning, for she was so pleased with Miss Mary's visit.

BLICKLING. *September 7.*

Miss Mary and I came here since Saturday week. It belongs to Lady Lothian, a charming place. I don't know when I enjoyed anything more. They had a flower show and a treat for men who work at a railway. Both went off well, and to both a nice reporter came, and he interested me much. My not going to Venice is settled, alas, though kind Mr. Herbert tried his best for me.

I must tell of Mr. Herbert's race with a pram. Driving from Broughton station, he met a poor woman on the road, a child of two pulling at her skirts—a baby being in a pram. In a flash Mr. Herbert was out of the dogcart. "Do get in and I will walk." Nothing loath she jumped in with the child, leaving him standing forelorn by the perambulator containing the baby. So frightened was Mr. Herbert, that he raced the whole long two miles to Hawarden without a stop!

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Mrs. Wickham sent me a most kind invitation, and others sent invites; God grant that I deserve all. Had nice letters from home.

CLARGES STREET, LONDON. *September 21.*

I would have written last Sunday, but of all the Sundays I did not get an hour's peace till eight at night. Miss Mary and I arrived in London on Saturday, after spending a most delightful week at Blickling. On Tuesday I enjoyed a delightful evening at a farm belonging to a maiden lady, a very dear old soul. On Wednesday we took a jolly walk, and on Thursday Mr. M., having to drive to Cromer for the regatta, invited some of us, and so we started at 8.30 a.m., and what a splendid day I had, and we returned very satisfied by half-past seven. Miss Mary was so sweet about it all—in fact she is always a darling.

CLARGES STREET. *September 28.*

I am very happy with my friend. I once again was asked to go to Venice with Lady Lothian, but just when I was ready another telegram said, "Don't go." I received lots of jolly letters, and, as the weather was fine, went to Woodford on Friday, but our journey was rather a failure, since we did not see Willie. Miss Wildt returned from Germany, and brought me good news—such a blessing.

ASTON CLINTON. *October 7 (Sunday).*

Miss Helen brought me here, and I am having a very good time of it. We took long walks daily, as there are some nice people here. To-day I have been twice to church, and we sang some pretty hymns after tea. The last week in London was full of excitements. Mrs. Stume and Miss H. both returned from Germany, and the days passed in delight-

ful chats. We all went to a play, and once even to the Alexandra Palace, which was a grand outing.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE. *October 20.*

Where has the time gone? Fancy for three weeks I have not written to you, but when one is always pleasure seeking all others get neglected. After Miss H.'s return we did nothing but go out, and I am quite displeased with myself, and am very glad to be here and out of it all. I must write for my sister's birthday.

KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD. *November 9.*

Alas, I had hoped to go to Hawarden, but we are going to stay here for a few days. I did enjoy my stay at Wellington very much. I went to hear the Reverend Adkins preach this morning, but our places being bad I lost a good deal of his splendid sermon. His text was Jeremiah vi. 16-17: "Turn us, O God," were his beginning words, and he put before us that if we turn from God we will find God turns from us at last, and we shall be left in utter darkness, like a rolling billow dashing itself to pieces, so our life will get smashed through its sins. O God of light be Thou my light. O God of truth, be Thou my truth. I hear nothing from London.

HAWARDEN. *November 26.*

I have been very industrious lately. Our gentry have left us since Saturday, but we are making the best of it. I work in the day, and read out in the evening a delightful book called *The Vulture Maiden*. I also spent a day in Chester at the kind dentist. Received some jolly letters. My life is a mixture of joy and sadness, but I feel joy takes the largest share. I bought myself stuff for a new frock.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

I attended service this morning, and my heart went out to all I love, also to the one who is so soon to depart from us again. O Lord, do not make it too hard for him. Yesterday I sent a pretty chain to my friend for her birthday. Christmas comes near, and I must prepare myself to meet it humble.

December 7 (Sunday).

To-morrow our dear family return from Scotland, where they have been received tremendously everywhere; we are going to sing "Home, Sweet Home" when they arrive. It is very cold, and we are able to skate. There, I forgot it was my sister's birthday yesterday; poor dear, how she will miss my letter!

December 28.

Christmas Day has passed, but I found it very dull. I attended Early Celebration, and went to church at eleven and in the evening, but was very inattentive and much displeased with myself, and to make matters worse I found no letters when I returned by 9 a.m. To-day I had some skating, and this evening I spent at Mrs. Potter's, and made her a bonnet, which was at last something to gladden me a little, but again no letters nor anything else arrived.

Thanks to Mr. Henry and Mr. Herbert my purse is well filled, as each of the gentlemen put me a £1 into it, and strongly advised me to go *on the loose*.



EDWARD BICKERSTETH OTTLEY.

1880.

To face page 46.

1880—1881

January 1 (Sunday).

I am not very well; the weather is trying, one day it's cold and another it is quite warm. I have just returned from Evening Service. Alas, Mr. Ottley preached his farewell sermon. The dear man, I feel so sorry for him. He asked to be forgiven for all his wrongs and failings during his three years' stay. New Year's Day has passed, and with it Mr. Ottley's preaching. I worked a small book-mark for Mr. Ottley, and went on Monday evening to present it to him, but I found it hard work to do so, for when at last Mr. Ottley arrived my heart was in my mouth, and all my fortitude had left me. Nor did he manage to speak—a silent grasp of his hand and I left him, but I did feel full of sorrow for him, and shall miss him sadly.

January 16 (Friday).

Time has passed slow; we have had no dance to brighten us up, for our Gentleman has been called away to Cologne, where his sister has been taken very ill, but I hope she may be spared a little longer, and that we may have our dear Gentleman back soon. Have not heard from home yet, but had a great pleasure in receiving the following letter. Mr. Lyttelton is going to marry again, and I sent him a wee token of loving duty, and wished him happiness.

Well, he writes :—

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

“*January, 1880.*”

“DEAR SCHLÜTER,

“I found your pretty present and your warm-hearted kind letter (I do like it so most truly) on my return home last night, and I value them, I assure you, very much. I always think of all our intercourse on our travels, and find it real pleasure, and shall always be much pleased to hear from you or of you—and I like much to think of your good wishes for me, dear Schlüter, in my present prospects, which are, as near as can be, unmixed sunshine at present, and lovely sunset for the evening of my days, and one in whose light I ought to grow much better and much more useful to all about me. I wish you all prosperity, dear Schlüter, and God’s best blessing on the life of you and all yours, for the New Year and all coming years. And with thanks again for the pretty present and all it means,

“Believe me,

“Ever yours most sincerely,

“W. H. LYTTTELTON.”

Is it not good of the Reverend to send me such a charming letter? I think his wedding will take place next month.

Mrs. Wickham and others have left, our house is getting dreary. The Mission will begin next week. I was in Chester to-day and saw my dear Dr. Dobie—he always does me good, such a blessing for me. I am looking forward to the Mission.

January 25 (Sunday).

“Is it well with you?” was the question of our Missionary teacher to-day, taken from the Second Book of Kings, 4th chapter, where Elisha asked the woman, “Is it well with thee, thy husband, and thy son?” and she answered, “It

is well." Oh, I wish I could say, "It is well," but not nearly. I felt it when listening to the preacher. No, it is not well, but it shall and must be well, through the grace of God. O Lord, strengthen my resolution; it must, it shall be well with me ere long, that when Thou callest, "Is it well with thee?" I may joyfully cry out, "It is well." Our Mission opened on Friday night; the church was crowded, we sang some lovely hymns, then our dear Rector opened the service, asked God's blessing to help those preachers who had come to lighten the heavy burden God had laid upon him in so large a parish; then the Missionary opened his sermon with the Lord's Prayer, and dwelt on prayer; how needed to our salvation, and asked ourselves how we had lived, and however bad, it was time to change now at once with the beginning of the Mission. Not to say I will stand with my God soon, in a few months; no, not put off that day, which will come sooner than we expect, but let it be now. Turn me, my God, now and I shall be turned.

Mr. Gladstone's sister is dead. The funeral takes place in Scotland next Thursday.

I received a nice, but somewhat sad, letter from my mother. Poor mother has been very poorly. How I long to be with her to nurse her a little after all her trouble; besides, sister Mary is not well either.

February 3.

Our beautiful Mission is coming to an end; dear Mr. Kelly leaves us this morning. May I never forget his good teaching, which I feel if I follow I shall become better, for did not our Lord speak through him. Also, Mr. Cole spoke much to be ever remembered; it is difficult to say whom of the two I liked best. Must mention one more sermon

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

of Mr. Kelly's: "Keep the tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile speaking," and he gave us three beautiful questions to ask ourselves. They are: When we hear evil-speaking—"first, is it true?" I don't know. Say, then, "I will have no dealings with it." If it is true, well then consider if it be kind to speak of it. "Can I do any good in speaking of it?" And even then ask myself, "If it is necessary?" Beautiful teaching, would I but follow it. My spirit is willing, but my flesh so weak; the great thing is to walk in Christ. These last twelve days have been like a light from heaven, and I grieve their coming to an end, but now is the time to be steadfast, now is the time to wear the Crown of Thorns, which, as he said: The thorns are all those petty trials which prick and annoy us daily and make us ever angry, and yet we never remember how our Lord wore His Crown of Thorns without murmur.

Another letter from home. Sister Mary wishes to come to England at once—rather a quick resolution. Have had to write back very careful to explain all its difficulties, and am waiting an answer.

February 6.

Our Mission is over. It has passed much too quick. The sweet snowdrops are lifting their faces to the lovely sky, for the winter has left. Mr. Cole held two more services for women, very beautiful; he placed the Holy Virgin before us; how humble she was, and how her first praise is always God. On Friday, went to Chester. Took Mrs. W.'s children to Saltney, and, behold, sent my bag on with them by train and my thirty shillings inside of it, so there I was without money. However, the kind stationmaster lent me thirty shillings, so I could send off my P.O. to my mother. Then I visited my dear friend, Mr. Bullen, who is always kindness

itself to me, which makes my visits to him a great treat. I returned by half-past two; found Annie and Sarah waiting for me, and soon we ran out with our hoops like three happy children.

February 15.

We are yet at Hawarden, and already the first Sunday in Lent. A very rough day. It is horrid, wind blows across the park. We had a very solemn Ash Wednesday; the Rector took the 51st Psalm and explained each verse to us. On Friday evening we had meditation on the 23rd Psalm—"The Lord is my Shepherd." It is my beloved Psalm. Mr. Lyttelton preached too, very good; his text was Joel i. 14: "Into the House of the Lord thy God." Otherwise the week has passed as usual.

February 22.

All leave here to-morrow, but Miss Mary and I go on a visit to the Rectory. I am very happy about it, for the two dear girls, Annie and Sarah, will make life sweet for me. I wrote some letters to-day, and am sending some snowdrops. I have not heard if mother has received my thirty shillings.

March 21.

A month has passed, and I have been a fortnight of it in London, and have been very busy since our arrival. Miss Mary and I were very sorry to leave the dear Rectory. Oh, I did spend a happy time there. A letter from my sister Marie tells me that she will come to London in May. Poor mother will lose another daughter, and Marie is going to America. However, I shall love to see her first.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

March 28 (Easter Sunday).

Holy Week has ended. It was very tranquil and still. I was to go to Hawarden, but circumstances prevented it. I don't know why, but London does not seem like other years. Perhaps I am myself changed, and I have nothing to say to you to-day—so dull.

April 2 (Friday).

April again. The elections will soon be finished. I have been very gay last week, went twice to a play—*Forget-me-not* and the *Merchant of Venice*. Oh, I did like the latter very much, and Ellen Terry acted perfect. I was charmed with her, but not so much with (the play?), the moral does not please me. Elections go on favourable, but our great day is to-morrow. We are in a constant whirl, for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Herbert are in for it. I heard our Mr. Herbert speak on Thursday. God bless him and all his efforts, for he spoke beautiful. After hearing Mr. Herbert we dined in the city.

CAMBRIDGE. *April 11.*

A most exciting week has passed. Mr. Herbert did not get in for Middlesex, though it was a gallant fight, and very soon after he was elected for Leeds. He had to proclaim it on Monday. He is so good over it, and he spoke very grand saying, though he was defeated, he hoped for some other time. Miss Mary and I were to go to Hawarden, but we came here instead. I had a dear letter and photo from Gustav; all seems well at present. It is very cold here, and rains a lot. . . . I always feel happy here. I was in church this morning and heard a good sermon; the text was: "Simon, lovest thou me?" But do I love Him who is good to me? Always then the answer: "Feed My lambs,"



HERBERT GLADSTONE (VISCOUNT GLADSTONE).

1880.

To face page 52.

those are the sick and the poor. Am I good to them? I want to be, but am I? No, not always. In the afternoon I went to King's Chapel, where I heard an anthem, the 2nd Psalm, sung very glorious.

LONDON, *April 18.*

After a nice week at Cambridge we are back here. . . . Sent some flowers to Chester. Time is passing. Politics will soon be settled. I wonder how it will turn out. Will our gentleman be Prime Minister? My sister will soon be here—what a delight to me! I am thankful Miss Mary feels better—she was not very well at Cambridge. We are expecting Mr. Henry home from India. Sunday evening I heard Mr. Spurgeon. To-night he preached splendid on Corinthians viii. 9; and to see the thousand faces uplifted to Mr. Spurgeon is a wonderful sight. We also sang some lovely hymns.

April 25 (Sunday).

This week has been one of the most exciting ones in my life. Within a few days' time our gentleman was made the first in the land. Last Monday he returned, and Mr. Henry at the same time from Calcutta; very anxious days followed the Monday, as the Queen could not make up her mind; everybody became very excited. Then she sent for Lord Hartington on Thursday; in the evening nothing was settled; it was almost too much for me. On Friday Lord Granville was sent for, and he and Lord Hartington rode back to Windsor. I went out, for the house felt stifling me. When I returned by half-past six I heard already outside that our dear gentleman had been sent for by the Queen. My heart felt so full that big tears stole down my face and made me feel better. A lovely sunshine brightened

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

his journey. God grant that all may turn out well. The moon rose silvery as he returned amongst loud cheers at night. Will he satisfy the people? Let us hope so; may the Almighty guide him to rule in love and truth. Miss Mary took me a long drive yesterday. I sent an illustrated to my mother and a long letter to Penmaenmawr.

May 5 (Sunday).

May has come. I don't feel very well. I went to Early Service this morning, and am spending my afternoon alone. Miss Mary went on a visit to Lady Rosebery. We are going to move into Downing Street. What fun to be here again. The Prime Minister keeps well.

May 16.

A fortnight ago since I wrote. We have moved into our Government house, 10 Downing Street; it is a jolly old place, and my room looks out on the Parade. The weather is fine, and Whitsuntide at hand. I went to church this morning, but was not good; I thought too much about my new bonnet—so wicked of me. Miss Mary has been away for two weeks; won't I be glad when she returns to me. It is so lonely without my dear ladies.

10 DOWNING STREET. *May 20 (Sunday).*

This has been a lovely day. I went to the Young Women's Christian Society with Miss Tapper, and I liked it very much. I have never been to such a place before. A lady held a Bible class. She chose the 13th chapter of St. John, verses 22 to 38; she put before us the three characters of the Apostles St. Peter, St. John, and Judas, showing us, I might say, especially their imperfection. First she placed Judas before us, showing us how many times everyone of

us betrayed our Lord daily ; yes, it is true, I often feel like betraying our Lord, and then, again, like Peter, we feel too confident and must always call our Lord to aid. Could I but put myself on my Master's breast nothing more would touch me. A wonderful explanation she gave of Judas : he went out, and it was night. I used to think night time ; no, it was night with him, for Satan had entered his soul and all was dark, not even his Master's words had any more impression on him. Her last words were : " Love one another."

June 2.

I don't know how the last week has gone. I had a delightful letter from my mother ; all are well. I expect Miss H. to-night. It seems lately a discord in our friendship. I don't know why, on my part, because I wish to act rightly. My Heavenly Father, do send Thy Holy Spirit to enlighten me ; let me remain true to myself and I shall be true to others.

June 6 (Sunday).

Lina's birthday was last week, and I enjoyed it very much. We went on a nice excursion, and did not return home till 2 p.m., so I feel a good-for-nothing to-day, and did not take in much of the beautiful sermon this morning.

June 13 (Sunday).

I have paid some visits last week and also heard a perfect concert at the Albert Hall. Adelina Patti sang " Ave Maria " of Gounod, and also a part of *Il Trovatore*, assisted by Nicolini, and Albani sang " Robin Adair," and all sang parts of *Stabat Mater*. I felt in the seventh heaven with joy.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

June 21.

I must write to-day, for last week was very charming. I heard a Richter concert ; Miss Mary took me to it. I also went to the Royal Academy, but was rather disappointed to see nothing but modern masters' work ; however, some likenesses were very good. I also heard a Richter rehearsal last Monday—very grand. On Sunday, quite against my will, Lina persuaded me to go with her to Kew Gardens, which were very pretty. We went on a 'bus, and then had a good tea there, and at half-past six we mounted our same 'bus to return, but were still there by half-past seven. The fun to hear the drivers of all the 'buses call out was ripping, and I began to join in it so to get our 'bus filled with passengers, and, do you know, I managed to make three gents mount our 'bus ; they were luckily very nice, and a most pleasant conversation took place between us, but when we arrived one of them would see us home—quite a gentleman, and so ended a nice outing.

June 27 (Sunday).

My birthday, and thirty-one years ago since it pleased God to give me life, and all these years He has cared for me in His great love. Being Sunday I cannot receive letters, but I have Dora, and that is something. I know at home their thoughts are with me. I kiss them all and pray that God may keep them safe and good. I kiss that friend who would wish me joy if he knew it. Oh, this last week has taught me sad experience. I had to learn that most people are not angels, had to learn that the one in whom I trusted, of whom I thought so much, has turned out sadly deceitful. But why did I think there could be angels ? O Lord, teach Thou me to know how to die, so

that I may know how to live—let the good teaching bring peace to my soul.

July 4.

My mind is getting more at ease, but the last sorrow has made and left a sad impression. Had a letter from Ida about W. was rather taken too. I will answer to himself. I have become so lazy lately, I used to rise at seven, but now much later. I was in church this morning and heard a lovely sermon on the simplicity of a child; yes, a child hears and forgets—wish I could do so.

July 11.

Another week has passed, and I feel happier again. My own lady, Miss Mary, has returned; now all will be well. I have answered all my letters. I have written to my dear Dr. Dobie, as I don't feel well. Lots of letters arrived from Hamburg; they made me feel very happy. I saw Madame Modjeska at the Court Theatre, she pleased me very much. Dora arrived yesterday, and I actually met her at the station. She was much surprised to see me and so glad.

July 18.

The day is ending and I am very happy. I fear my dear Miss Mary has been very poorly since Wednesday, poor dear; I have tried to do all I could for her. Dora has visited me thrice, and to-day we have been to church and to Lina. Miss Mary is ill, but I will hope for the best. I feel immensely happy to-night, for I have caused some peace between two people, and blessed are the peace-makers.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

July 25.

Mother's birthday was on Thursday. I hope she spent it happy. We are having perfect weather, and shall soon start for Hawarden. I heard a good sermon this morning—"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Yes, Lord, let me never think I could not be tempted, but give Thou me Thy Holy Spirit to strengthen me and keep me from temptation.

August 3.

All has been altered. Alas, Mr. Gladstone has been taken very ill, symptoms of typhoid fever quite sudden. The doctor found him a little better. Poor dear gentleman, my heart beats for him, and I can think of nothing else, when I remember what he is to us all; how he insisted on coming home on the box from Chester to Hawarden, because it was pouring with rain, so that the lady's maid might keep dry inside the carriage. London is very empty just now, as all my friends have left it. I will go to Lina, although I would rather stay away. I sprained my ankle there last time, being much too gay on a Sunday, and had to suffer all last week from it—it was due punishment for my wickedness—and also lost two good plays through it.

August 8 (Sunday).

I am thankful to say Mr. Gladstone is better. What a blessing to have him still, when only a few days ago we feared to lose him. We had a fearful storm last night, showing us the greatness of our Maker. I quaked in my bed, yet how thankful to have a bed; many were without and no shelter. Oh, what advantage God has given me, and I would like to do something for Him. O Heavenly Father, I

know if I earnestly try to seek I shall find a task to do for Thee where I can show you my gratitude. Give me the light of Thy Holy Spirit. No letter from home; I don't think Dora will go. I visited Lina twice, and feel more reconciled. I am reading *Little Women*. It is very charming.

August 15.

We are still in London, never did we stay so late before; it is no doubt good for me. All my ladies are away, but I hope to see Miss Helen here to-morrow. London is quite desolate.

August 22.

Dora is going to Hanover, so I shall have a chance of sending a parcel to my mother. At last we are going to Hawarden next Wednesday, won't I be glad. Mrs. Hardy has been very ill for some days, and we all feel very troubled about her. To-day she is a little better, and perhaps she will recover, please God.

HAWARDEN. *August 29.*

Here we are at last, since Friday, and are having lovely weather. All the children are here, so jolly. Our gentry was very undecided what to do last week. However, Mrs. Hardy took a turn for the better, and so Mr. and Mrs. G. sailed on Thursday. I fear I regret very much not having gone with them. I am suffering from sleeplessness; it is most distressing. Mrs. Hardy keeps very poorly—so sad. I have not heard from mother if she got my present. Our people are enjoying their voyage. What a pity Miss Mary and I did not go!

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

September 7.

Last week I acted head nurse, and the new nurse has not arrived. I had a letter from my mother. I went with Miss Mary to Chester yesterday, and we saw the dentist, but not my kind Mr. Bullen.

September 12.

Our children left us, and though I much like to have them I was not sorry when they left. Nothing much has happened.

September 19.

Had a sad letter from Madame Bichou, telling me of the loss of her son. It made me very sad, as I felt sure that he was better after getting him, through kind Mrs. Gladstone, into the hospital. I have started music lessons, but feel very stupid. I am enjoying a lovely, lovely book called *Cerilla*, by Baroness Tauphous.

September 26.

I don't know what to write. Am I happy or unhappy? The other day I met a captain here who was going to Hamburg, so I quickly arranged to send a wee parcel to Emil. Mr. Bullen visited our home, which was also a nice treat for me.

October 4.

I don't think it is worth my while to learn music, I have too little time. I heard from Marie that all is well. Miss Helen left us for Cambridge this morning, and the weather being fine I went to Mrs. Hugh Davies at Hawardenhays farm.

October 16.

Pardon my long silence, but I was obliged to go to Mrs. Potter last Sunday, and besides, my dear Miss Mary was very poorly, and I could not leave her much alone.

November 7.

We had our house full of visitors, but they have all departed. I had no news from Hamburg; I don't know what to think. To-morrow we go to London. I sent a letter and gloves to Dora for her birthday; I hope she will be pleased. Herbert Potter instructs me well, and I enjoy my lessons.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE. *November 21 (Sunday).*

We are here since yesterday. We left Hawarden a fortnight ago. We rested a night in London, where I saw Dora. Miss Mary and I were a few days at Lady Alice Gaisford's, and I enjoyed my stay very much, although they were Roman Catholics. Then Miss Mary took me with her to Lady Stepney, a dear little house in a fir wood. I would love to stay for some time here. We are staying here until Tuesday. I received six letters to-day, and am reading by a bright fire in my own room, and feel very happy.

OXFORD. *November 28 (Sunday).*

Instead of going to Hawarden we came on here, where I always feel happy. Mrs. Talbot is most kind to me, she even allowed me to practise on her piano. Time goes quick. Miss Helen was also for a few days here, and I was glad to have her. I heard a grand sermon from the Bishop of Peterborough to-day; he spoke on the beautiful

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

words of our Saviour, saying all the world has food and I must starve—but as far as I made out he spoke more on “I will arise and go to my Father.” His aim was to point out to us that whatever comes to us and troubles us, we fly to our Father’s aid.

HAWARDEN. *December 12.*

We are alone here, so I have a good chance to practise. I had a letter from Thema yesterday ; she is passing through Chester. I feel much better, and thank God for all His mercy. Our policeman died suddenly.

December 20.

Christmas is near. I am writing to my mother, and feel very busy. The weather is strange—more like summer. Miss Helen arrived from college last week. I am forgetting my French over my music.

December 26.

Christmas has passed very quietly. I don’t feel well, and am very lonely. I had a letter and a pretty handkerchief sent to me—very nice. We dressed two Christmas trees.

December 29.

I am busy packing, as we are off to London. A few nice dances took place. On Sunday I was at Mrs. Piercy’s, and on Monday took leave of Mrs. Potter, wrote home, and now feel ready for bed.

Mary wrote to say she wanted to go to America, what did I think of it ?

DOWNING STREET. *January 13 (Thursday).*

My journey was pleasant on the whole. Miss Green travelled with me from Crewe, and was very kind. I reached our house at quarter to five, where London life was awaiting me, a grand dinner and party, so all sorrow had to be put aside. All went off well, and I was glad to go to sleep. Time passes quickly. Miss Mary treated me to a lovely concert last Saturday. I heard the "Lost Chord" sung by Antoinette Sterling—very fine. Last Tuesday Miss Deveral ran in asking me to be her bridesmaid. It seemed very funny, but Miss Mary made me say "Yes." The stupid part is the wedding takes place in Hornsey. Had nice letters from Potters this morning. It is very dreadful; I had a pin to bring for Mr. Herbert, but I fear I have lost it.

January 15 (Sunday).

The wedding is passed, and I enjoyed myself very much. I left at a quarter to nine, the marriage took place at eleven. Bride very pretty, grey silk edged with blue velvet. I wore a brown and cream silk. I have not heard from home again.

January 23.

Another week has passed, and all my friends not yet in London. A letter from Hanover has come from my aunt and contained nothing much. We are having a fearful, cold winter. I skate, and thick snow covers my parapet and window, and I feel, since I cannot look out, a prince ought to dig me out. I visited Mrs. Eccles and liked her home much.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

LONDON. *January 30.*

You must pardon me, I don't know why I did not write last week. I have found my lost pin—what joy! I was in church this morning; we heard a good sermon; he spoke of selling our soul to keep our life for this world. He quoted from *Silas Marner*, where his gold vanished, and then he found back his soul, as God sent him a child instead. His closing words were: "I breathe, think, live, Lord, through Thee. Oh, breathe, live, think, love, Thou Lord in me." We sang my favourite hymn, "Fierced raged the tempest."

...

February 16.

No news from home, yet I wrote twice lately. I visited Lina and found her happy. A letter from Hamburg told me their place was burned down partly—too sad, as they were getting on. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh dined here last Wednesday; she was all smiles. Heard a grand sermon at Christ Church, of Mr. Fox to-night. His text was Wisdom—and how we would find it in the Proverbs—explained to us. Oh, how easy to know when it is explained by a learned man!

(Sunday.)

I went twice to the play. Saw Tennyson's *The Cup* and the *Corsican Brothers*—very different pieces, but both very fine elsewhere. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were grand. I called on my lately married friend, and they took me to a circus. I had long wished to visit a circus, and I enjoyed it very much. My music goes on very slow, but I do love my little snatches of it, and don't care much for going out.

We had a perfect sermon this morning—"Go work in my vineyard." Oh, I could keep all the good resolutions

which crowd my soul, whilst I listen to the beautiful words of God, how different I would be ; but how soon they escape my memory, and I fall back into daily sins !

10 DOWNING STREET. *February 20.*

Dora has arrived, a great joy to me. I shall see A. Wildt on Saturday, then all friends are back in town. I had no news from home, but good news from Potters. Herbert has passed his examination, I am glad. I don't feel very well ; shall have to take advice, yet I went to a play and saw *The Good-natured Man*, a very amusing piece.

ASTON CLINTON. *February 28.*

I think I am better for this change. We came here Saturday, and return to London on Tuesday. It keeps very cold all this time. I do like being here, for every one is most kind to me.

March 6 (Sunday).

I heard a lovely concert at the Albert Hall on the Wednesday, and, yesterday, one of the Pops at St. James's Hall. Norman Neruda played divine, and dear old Madame Schumann very charming. What an unbounded treat to hear those two great artists ! had pleasant letters from home ; my cousin was delighted with the dress I sent her ; such fun. I sent in my poor woman's letters ; may God grant to relieve her husband from prison.

Tuesday night.

I just read *Felix Holt*, by George Eliot ; most fascinating book, where one learns how, at least now and then, the noble mind wins the day. Esther, when once she found out the grandeur of Felix's character, no longer wavers. That is

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

the pure love to make people happy, to think of better things than personal self.

March 14.

Nothing happened last week. I wrote to invite people to the Albert Hall, but got no answers yet. No news from home. I really must not grieve about it. I have completed *Felix Holt*, and am satisfied with its end.

March 18 (Thursday).

I have just returned from church, and I feel thankful to have heard the Rev. Boyd Carpenter from the 2nd of Hebrews: "For in that He Himself suffered being tempted, He was able to succour them that are tempted." He laid it out beautiful, meaning that by suffering ourselves and having gained strength in our suffering, we can give comfort to those who suffer, but others must recognize our strength through our suffering that they may feel the power we have gained by suffering in the Lord, and so will learn how to suffer and get strong; be not afraid of suffering, but be afraid of suffering alone—there is One always ready to succour; a man is only great when he has reached to a certain amount of sorrow and suffering, then only he can give his advice so that it is felt by others. He said: "What is a man in his youth?—what a stream where it begins to flow through crags and stones?—what a flower before its opening?" Everything is nothing before its power can be felt; then we admire it, then we feel what it has passed through before it reached thus far. I sat below the preacher, and he kept my eyes fixed on him; every word was a lesson to me. Mr. Gladstone was another Listener.

March 20.

I quite forgot to tell you that I called on Miss Dennis, where I found two nice gents; one I found very nice. Well, by riding in a 'bus to the Albert Hall, he happened to be in the same 'bus, and finding out I had a whole box, he was cheeky enough to ask for a corner in it. I was obliged to laugh, as all was done in such a frank way, and fortunately Mr. Farneley did not turn up, so there was a vacant chair when he made his appearance—to our luck, for he kept us alive all the evening. I was pleased to see Mr. S., and to ask after Mr. Lewis, who I hear has taken to religion lately. Oh, I always thought there was a lot of good in him, but he would not own to it. Not very good news from home. Herbert Potter comes to London to-morrow, and drawing-room on Tuesday, so my hands are full. Last Tuesday passed off well. I stuck to my resolution and went to Evening Service. I am not so much taken with our Lent Service; I liked them better in St. Paul's, Portland Street, yet I feel sure they ought to be as useful to me if I try to understand them. I heard Mr. Body preach to-day in St. Margaret's, from St. John's Epistle, explaining God's love. His illustrations were very grand, that charity surpasses all other greatness and clever doings in this world. He has very liberal views.

April 4.

Many nice things took place last week. I told you Herbert would come. Lina called twice, wanting me to go, but I don't think I shall.

Sunday.

No news from home, the world seems full of ingratitude. I wonder what I am like; I fear a very poor specimen of

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

nothing better, for with all my strivings, with all my good intentions, I seem to remain the same. I heard a concert at St. James's Hall (Royal Academy) last night. I took Herbert and Harry with me.

April 18.

Easter has passed. We had most lovely weather. On Good Friday we heard the *Messiah* at the Albert Hall—very fine. Easter Sunday passed beautiful. I attended church thrice at St. Margaret's. We had Mrs. Hampton's children here, and all were happy. Easter Monday Mrs. Jolly, Herbert, Harry, and I went to Greenwich—rather jolly.

April 25 (Monday).

Another week has passed very quickly, and no news from home. I must write and find out what it means. We went to another lovely concert last Saturday at the Albert Hall. Lord Beaconsfield died on Monday last; all London is in great mourning for him. Our gentry have arrived.

May 3.

I had a letter from my mother. She is very sad for the time, for sister Mary's departure draws near. Miss Helen has left for Cambridge on Thursday. The time for my holidays comes near. God grant I may be a comfort to all at home.

May 15.

Nearly a fortnight passed, and I begin to count the days for my starting to Hanover. I had a letter from Mary, saying she is coming at last. What a joy it will be to see her. My poor woman turned up again like a bad penny last

week; all I could suggest was the House of Charity, but she did not go there. . . .

May 23.

My dear Dora left for home last Saturday, and I hope to follow her soon. A letter and photo arrived from sister Dora and gave me pleasure. Last week, two men from Hawarden were here; I took them to several places, also to the theatre; we saw *Olivette*, and I am sure they returned to Hawarden much pleased with their London visit.

June 20.

A whole month has nearly passed since I wrote to you. Well, on May the 28th my darling young sister came, looking fresh and pretty. It was one o'clock; she stayed till three, and then I went home with her, and after that I took her and her charge to Hyde Park to see the riding. On Thursday she came to dinner, and later on we went to Madame Tussaud's, which we enjoyed with Herbert and Harry very much. Alas, on Friday I had to take leave of her, which was very sad; it was also Lina's birthday, so calling there brightened me up again. I spent a very quiet Whit-Sunday; it rained cats and dogs, but Whit-Monday took Harry to see *Masks and Faces*—a most enjoyable piece. On the following Saturday Miss Mary took me with her to Lord Rosebery's; it was a most charming time. Now I have been to see *The Cup* again and *The Belle's Stratagem*, both very fine pieces, and last week to the Albert Hall, but now must be the finish; my means are outrun, and I must go nowhere for another twelve months.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

June 28, 1881.

A week ago I had to go with Mrs. Gladstone to Windsor ; it was very grand. Yesterday, Herbert, Harry and I visited St. Paul's Cathedral ; Canon Kelly had given me an order. What a grand sight it was, and how hungry we got, and how we enjoyed a splendid tea with our dear Elizabeth at Minor Canon Kelly's—real fun it was.

July 16.

Alas, alas, where is my promise ? I have been too much taken up with other things, no time was left for letters. I went thrice to a play and heard two most lovely concerts, the one last week at the Albert Hall was very fine. Patti, Albani, and all the best artists sang. Besides, I heard *Preciosa*, a German musical piece at Covent Garden, rather good ; and to hear it all in German was a change. My birthday was gay as usual. I had a nice book from Miss Mary, and lots of other nice presents—delightful letters from home and also one from sister Mary from New York. I feel very thankful she has got there safe. We are having warm weather, but I feel well. I don't know when I shall leave for home yet. We had Princess Louise and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany last week, and our dear kind Mrs. Gladstone made him speak to me. How affable he was ! When I told him I lived in Hanover, he said he would be in Hanover next autumn, and I might perhaps see him. He spoke quite like any other being.

July 31.

I am very angry, for I am forgetting all my French ; time goes so quick, and many other things occupy my mind. Had another contented letter from America. Mother's birthday has gone by, and I am still in London. Mrs. Turner

was here, and we spent a gay time together, in which the boys, Herbert and Harry, joined us.

HANOVER. *August 21.*

Am here since last Saturday. Left Friday on the 12th, and arrived here happy after a most interesting journey; a most kind gentleman travelled with me and shortened the time very pleasant. When we got here I was met by all my people, and so Mr. W. asked me to introduce him. I found all my people well, and everyone seemed glad to see me. I had a most kind invitation from Hamburg, and Bad Reburg, and I hope to visit both.

BAD REHBURG. *August 30.*

Ida and I arrived here yesterday, and were met most kindly by Lina and her husband. My time passed most amusing last week. I heard some nice garden concerts, visited the Zoo and lots of other places. Lots of letters arrived from London, all full of love, one amongst them from Mr. W. I could not trust my eyes; I had given him my London address, but never expected a letter. I visited my father's grave; poor darling father. . . .

BAD REHBURG. *September 4.*

Well, shall I answer Mr. W. or not? I will ask God to guide me, as I always do, for He knoweth best. Alas, there is no service here to-day—such a blow. I am alone in my room and enjoy my letters. Mrs. Stume and Mrs. Jolly all write kind, besides I have a darling letter from Miss Mary; they are all well. Ida and I take long walks in spite of all the rain. There are lovely fir woods here. It is a place to cure the consumptive people.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

HANOVER. *September 11.*

Another week gone, but I have not written to Mr. W. yet; his letter is rather hard to answer. This week we went to Bella Vista. We also saw the Crown Prince. Hanover was very gay.

September 25.

At last I wrote to Mr. W. last Sunday, and had already an answer on Friday; too quick for my taste. I have called on several people. Mother and I went to church this morning and heard a good sermon. "How to know God" was the text. It was the dear old church in which I had been confirmed, and it brought back sweet memories of the past. Have sent word to Hamburg, telling them of my coming visit. I shall be sorry to go from here, but I have to keep my promise.

October 6 (Evening).

I returned a few hours ago from Hamburg, where I spent a most delightful ten days, though some of it was sad. I arrived there last Tuesday, and was met by Emil and Dora with their own carriage—such fun. Granny and children made great fuss with me when we got to the house. The same night Dora and I drove to the opera and enjoyed the *Queen of Sheba*. Wednesday I visited Dora Jungge, and on Thursday Dora Snecht took me to a theatre, *Unsere Frauen*, a delightful comedy; Friday, Zoological Garden, and Sunday we spent in the country near Bismarck's Friedrichsruhe. Another opera (*Oberon*) we saw on Tuesday, and all went off too nice. They were glad when I returned to Hanover. On Friday Ida took me to *Boccacio*, and now I forgot to say that I found another letter from Mr. W. It is very funny;

I wait fourteen days in answering his letters, but he writes always by return of post, just a little too quick. He wants to know when I return to London, for he wishes to meet me at Flushing. Poor man, to think he will travel from London to meet me. No; I cannot allow it, so will not write until I reach Hawarden.

HAWARDEN. *October 24.*

I returned from Germany last Saturday. Had a very rough passage, and felt very tired when I reached here, but I felt duty bound to write to Mr. W. after his kind offer, and now he does not respond; however, all comes right that is right, and no doubt this will. A very bad cold on my chest keeps me very low.

Another week has passed, and my cold still bad. A letter from Mr. W. arrived on Tuesday, saying how gladly he would have met me, and now asked me if I would meet him in Chester, but I could not meet a gentleman by myself, and I have no one to ask, as I do not wish to be talked about, so I sent a nice refusal saying we could meet later. However, rather a stiff letter came by return, and I have resolved not to write again, for I am sure my Heavenly Father will lead me on and make me choose the right path. This week has gone very quick. Wednesday I spent at dear Mrs. Potter's; Friday at Forsyth's; to-day I went to church, then to Mrs. Turner for dinner and tea. Alas, my cold still bad.

October 31 (Sunday).

A letter from Mr. W. yesterday, full of sadness. He thinks I do not care for him, but how can I, after seeing him only once on a journey? However, I told my own Lady, and she comforted me and made me write, and a nice letter by return made me happy.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

November 14.

Sunday again. A fortnight has passed, and no letter since. It somehow troubles me, yet I feel God is working all for the best, so I will give myself and my dear secret into His keeping, and I know He will not leave me troubled for long. Had a sad letter from home, the dear old great-grandfather of the twins, Herr von der Heyde, has passed away. Too sad for my sister-in-law, as he lived with her and kept the house going. I had to go and see dear Dr. Dobie in Chester, since my cold won't go. Miss Mary wants me to go away, but I feel so loath about it. At last arrived a jolly letter from Herbert Potter; I was glad. Also a nice letter from Mr. S.

1881—1882

November 29, 1881.

To-day is my bosom friend's birthday. I wrote and sent some flowers to her. It is lovely sunshine. May it brighten her, and also cheer another heart, poor man. I hope he will pardon me if I have hurt him. My cold is better, and my heart beats lighter; the weather so fine, but I am longing for home news. On Sunday, in the afternoon, the Rector preached about a wicked king, who made a blacksmith cast a chain a hundred yards long, then fifty more and more; then, instead of wages, had the chain fastened round his neck and cast him into outer darkness. This was Satan; each ring of the chain a sin, in which, at last, we all end, unless we check ourselves in time. It was a good parable, and very plain to take in.

December 11.

Christmas is at hand, and I feel so sad to-day, and ought to be so joyful. I had four nice letters last week, especially one from sister Mary, full of life. Oh, I am so glad she is well. I am also better, my cold is gone at last. I called on Mrs. Leach last week, poor thing; she has come down to a small cottage of four rooms, yet she did not murmur, but looked bright and happy over it all. I must do something for her. It will take away my wretched yearning if I consider those who have far more sadness than I.

January 7, 1882 (Sunday).

Dublin, Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park (the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland). Here I

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

am with Miss Helen since last Monday, and, much as I dreaded my coming, my visit is most delightful; the people are charming, and all goes on well. We had two balls, one for the gentry and one for the household. All went off well, and now there is to be one on Tuesday for the household at the Viceregal Lodge, and I need to send home for a ball gown. Oh dear, and what lots of things took place since I wrote last! Christmas brought me nice letters from home; I also had another from Mr. W., but I care less for them every time. I also had my photo taken with Sarah and Annie, and it has turned out well.

THE LODGE, PHOENIX PARK. (*Wednesday.*)

Here I am, tired out after the Castle ball, which was very beautiful. The Earl and Countess Cowper opened the ball; the band greeted them by playing "God save the Queen," and we all bowed low. At half-past twelve a hearty supper followed; we left at half-past three well satisfied. We are off to Lady Meath to-day, and back here on Friday, and home, please God, on Saturday.

HAWARDEN. *January 8.*

Arrived her yesterday. I was very poorly on the boat, so must keep quiet; besides I have a most wretched earache, have suffered much with it lately. Our visit at Killruderery turned out well, and I was sorry to leave the Lodge yesterday, for all had been most kind.

January 15.

I have passed another week full of horrid pain in my ear. My darling ladies are so good to me, and do all they can to ease me; but I could neither write nor work, I was too

ill. A letter from home telling me sister Dora has a post again. I do feel thankful.

January 29.

I could not write sooner because I was quite ill. We arrived here last Tuesday, and I feel already a little better for the change. I had a letter from home full of sadness, but no news of Mr. W. lately, all the better for me. Miss H. has left England; so sorry not to have seen her again.

February 12.

Rather an exciting week has passed. On Monday was a large reception here. On Tuesday a letter from Mr. W. rather annoyed me. Wednesday, a most lovely concert at the Albert Hall. Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* lifted my soul above all earthly things. It was a most delightful performance. I meant to have met Dora, but she only returns to-day.

February 18.

I received some lovely valentines, also a nice letter from my aunt. I found Dora very happy. I met Mr. W., but he did not impress me nearly as much as on our journey. However, I will give him another chance.

February 27.

I saw *The Squire* last week; it was too delightful to see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal act it. I also attended a little birthday party at Hampstead, where we had great fun. I have decided to invite Mr. W. to hear the Passion music with me next Friday. I had to be a lot at the dentist last week, so feel rather low in spirit.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

March 13.

I went to hear the glorious Bach's Passion music. Mr. W. went with me. He was most gentlemanly, but I don't think I can make up my mind to marry him; it's all too hasty, but it is my own fault, as I never allow him to meet me, and the poor man is to be pitied. I was very gay all last week, Aquarium, Albert Hall, twice to St. Ann's, Soho Square, and tea'ed and supped out several times. To-day I am very tired.

March 20.

A rather sad week. The news came that Uncle Thiele had died; poor mother, she will feel it sadly. . . . All seems black just now, and I seem to have no one just now to open my heart to. Help me, my God, and keep me calm. I feel wretched, and grieve much about the dear uncle's death.

OXFORD. *April 4.*

Here since Saturday, and I hope this change will do me good. My faceache keeps on. I go from here to Hawarden—such a treat. I saw *Romeo and Juliet* last week; it was very fine. . . . I have been reading the last chapter of *Queechy* again—if I could trust like Freda!

THE RECTORY, HAWARDEN. *Easter Sunday.*

Here I am. It was fun to arrive almost unexpected, as Madame Stume was to come. Little Mother Turner's greeting me was too delightful, and Annie's face all bright with joy. We were going to Mrs. Potter on Wednesday, but alas, it pelted all day, so I sallied forth on Thursday morning, and was greeted by every one with jollification. Found the Potters pottering as happy as usual; on my way back I greeted the various Homes, and after that followed a

quiet day and Evening Service. Good Friday dawned with the most glorious sunshine, so unlike what we picture it, and I do prefer myself the day beginning gloomy and the glory to come out when our Lord says: "It is finished."

I went to Early Service, and to the second and third, after that the day being still bright we walked to Potters', left Annie there, and we came back for Evening Service. On Saturday Annie and I roamed about in the park, and after tea to church. To-day, Mrs. Turner and I attended Holy Communion, and strolled about in the park; in the evening we sung hymns, when some of the Potters joined us.

RECTORY. *April 19.*

Another week has passed. I feel much better for the change; the country is lovely at present. Had an announcement of marriage and an invite from Germany yesterday. Last week we spent jolly. Danced at Mrs. Potter's on Monday—such fun, but I felt good for nothing the next day. On Wednesday we went to Chester, where I saw my kind Dr. Dobie, who gave me a lot of medicine to take. I hope it will do me good. . . . On Friday Arthur drove us to Mold, which we greatly enjoyed; we visited a lovely old church, and returned home very satisfied.

THE RECTORY. *April 23 (Sunday).*

The past week has been much more quiet, for Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left already on Monday, and with them ceased all the crowds of people in the village. On Friday we had a magic lantern at school. It was very pretty, then at the end I undertook one of the Mission boxes; now I must find members. Miss Helen left us yesterday, after which Annie and I took leave at the Castle Homes. Then went down to Potters' and stayed the evening.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

DOWNING STREET. *April 30 (Sunday).*

I feel much better, the weather is cold and damp. I left Hawarden last week. What a lovely time I spent there! lots of good letters from home and America. Yesterday I heard a glorious oratorio at St. Margaret's; it was very fine, some beautiful solos in it.

May 13.

It is too bad of me to be so lazy. It will take all my brain to remember all that happened. Mother wrote, but sad as usual. The twins are still away, which makes her very unhappy. I spent one day with Liza. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gave their first great dinner and reception in February, which turned out very grand. I also went for two jolly drives with my dear Miss Mary. Last week Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. There was great joy on one side, and much fear on the other; he left London on Friday. For Saturday Miss Mary had given me the Albert Hall box, so I and my young party enjoyed a most perfect opera concert. The Garden Scene of *Faust* was acted by Christine Nielsen, Mr. Foli, Trebelli, etc., and the "Diebishe Elster" by Weber was played, then a part of *Trovatore*, also *Roberto il Diavolo*—the whole thing was delightful. We went home peacefully happy. Miss Mary had gone over at midnight to Lady Frederick's. I knew not why, but the Sunday morning met us with most agonizing news, Lord Frederick Cavendish had been assassinated on Saturday in Phoenix Park. The news struck me like a great blow; I staggered back to my room and wept bitterly, thinking of dear Lady Frederick. I could not help wondering why I, in my fragile health, was left, and her dear useful lord taken. All was too sad—we all kept hushed on that memorable Sunday.

Lina came to condole. Then on Monday mourning had to be talked about, and I called at 21 Carlton House Terrace. Then Miss Helen arrived. Miss Mary left for Chatsworth on Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone followed on Thursday. The day of the funeral we attended a very solemn service at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington High Street, where Lord Wolverton's brother is Rector. How I did like the sweet notes of the organ playing after every sentence, making one realize walking behind the coffin. Then we all sang the 39th and 90th Psalms, and the Hymns 428 and 225. The "Dead March" by Handel finished the service; the organ pealed forth like thunder, then again hushed into sweet silence. A heavenly peace stole over my soul. I felt sure that the dear one had gone home to rest.

May 21.

Time goes on like an ever-rolling stream, even Lord Frederick Cavendish's death is hushed to a great extent. I am better, but am bothered by a stupid cold. I behaved reckless last Saturday, came home outside on a 'bus all the way from Willesden. Had some good letters from my aunts and cousins. I have been very busy lately.

June 5.

Whit-Sunday has passed, and was very peaceful. Sarah and I attended eight o'clock service, also the eleven o'clock service. In the afternoon we read in the garden, and finished the day with church. Whit-Monday I did too much—Battersea Park in the morning, then walked in the park, home for tea, and then to see *The Squire*, acted by Mrs. Kendal, more jolly than ever. On Thursday was Mr. Hyam's (Mr. Gladstone's valet) marriage. He called here on his way, so we showered him with rice. On Friday Mrs.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Stume and I had a great treat; we heard one of Hans Richter's concerts, symphonies of Beethoven beautifully performed. I also went to Lina's birthday.

June 18.

The weather is very cold and wet, one cannot get warm. However, I am always snug in my room, between reading and writing. Of the latter I do sometimes a little for the gentlemen secretaries when they have to deal with German letters, which interests me very much. [The Secretariat presented her with a testimonial later, which greatly delighted her.]

Have just read *Red as a Rose is She*, a very light written story by Rhoda Broughton, and the last week was full of life again. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gave a grand dinner. Wednesday, I saw *Romeo and Juliet*, and took Mrs. Fleming with me. On Thursday I felt very tired, yet I accepted an invitation to the Military Tournament—a very grand sight. This was enough for one week, don't you think?

10 DOWNING STREET. *July 2.*

I am not well, but I don't know what ails me. Last Wednesday was my birthday, which one and all in the house remembered. I felt like a child again. I also received sweet letters from Gustav, etc. Also a jolly letter from my sister in America. I had a tea-party, to which lots of friends arrived, then yesterday another great treat at the Albert Hall. Nielsen was superb, Trebelli sang her best, and all the others as good as we could wish for. After the concert we accepted an invitation from A. Wildt to tea, so it was a happy birthday week; and now I don't feel well, but I went to church this morning, and found all yesterday

nothing compared to the splendid sermon of this morning by Canon Boyd Carpenter, at St. Margaret's. Fool I was, I did not take a pencil and paper. I want to let you have a share of it, and now, by half-past two, nearly all is gone out of my head; his text was "Will He find faith on earth when He comes?" He began by comparing the perfect with the imperfect picture. First a painter uses his brush roughly, afterwards he perfects his painting by putting in feeling, faith, belief. Then he paints with his soul. The soul must believe first in God than in those surrounding us. His comparisons were glorious; he said how can we believe in our leaders when they are so shaky, then faith goes; he quoted *Hamlet*, so virtuous, so pure, discovering all around him false, the brain softened, he lost himself because his faith left him. I also believed in someone once—ah, it has left a deathly sting in me, but, thank God, not lessened my faith in Thee, my great Redeemer. Oh, strengthen Thou me through Thy Holy Spirit, that my faith, although so often shaken, may remain strong and pure, and full of charity.

Last week Mr. Jones, the organist from Buckley, came to London, and poor man, although nearly sightless, wanted to see everything; so Mrs. Jolly and I between us took him to see the various sights of London. My young friend, Sarah, had her birthday the third, so I had here to celebrate it, and very happy we were. Last Sunday we spent reading in the Downing Street garden; and yesterday I had the chance of the Albert Hall box and heard another delightful concert—Patti, Albani, and lots of great people; but when I returned Adolf Meyer, from Hanover, had been. Just realize my disappointment, but it was no good fretting, so we went up to Mrs. Foote and stayed the evening.

A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET

July 23.

Most lovely sunshine streams into my window and makes me feel joyful. Yesterday was my mother's birthday. I have sent her an old dress and made two frocks for the twins—such fun to make them! My dear Adolf came again last Thursday at four. He had a carriage outside, and Mrs. Smith, a friend of his, in it, so we three drove up and down Hyde Park, which was fun, and yet stupid. After that we drove to their house to dine, and then to a delightful play called *Odette*. Oh, how I did enjoy it! Mr. Smith had taken a box, and we were comfy in it.

July 30 (Sunday).

I am anxiously waiting for home news to know how all the frocks fitted. Last Sunday was lovely, and I sat reading *Coming Through the Rye* in the garden. On Monday we all went to Steinway Hall and heard a nice amateurs' concert. I am so well at present, which makes me very happy. Have just finished *Coming Through the Rye*. It is too sad.

August 3.

Twelve months to-day I left for home. How time goes! and what have I done during the last year? I promised to be good if only I felt well, but how do I keep my promise? Last Sunday we spent at Dollis Hill, a dear farm belonging to Lord Aberdeen, quite close to London, yet out in the country—it was fun. I also spent a pleasant evening at Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings (schoolmaster), such nice people. I was reminded of my dear old home, when I used to fetch potatoes for dinner from the field with my dear father. Dear father, how I loved you! Plead thou for me above, where I feel sure thou art. You see I am so weak, so

small-minded, I need strength to carry me through this world and lead me to the brighter realms above.

PORTLAND. R.D.V.G. *Palatine*. *August 20.*

Here we are on a yacht, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Mary, Mr. Herbert, and my humble self. We anchored here last night, after six hours' journey from Cowes, and what a journey! How the boat rolled and pitched, and made me feel so bad I had to go to bed, and there dropped off to sleep at last, and then awoke about ten with a raving appetite, which caused Lord Wolverton, whose guests we are, and Mr. Herbert to laugh most heartily. However, they managed to call to the steward to give me some food. You see, hearing those two gentlemen talk, made me call out to Mr. Herbert how hungry I was. The Friday evening at Cowes was very enjoyable, some lovely music came across the water. This is called Land's End. Portland is an island in itself, with a prison on it, where all those people are sent to for life; sixteen hundred are there at present. Miss Mary went all over it, and gave me the minutest description. I feel as if I had seen it myself. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Wolverton, and Mr. Herbert went with her. It is too sad to think of all those forlorn ones in those gloomy walls. The weather is very rough to-night, and there is a talk of our going to Lord Wolverton's country seat to-morrow; how I shall like it, for I dread the pitching of the ship. I am glad we were able to go to church this morning, to a dear little church a long walk up the hill. It is all hills here, and I felt all the better for it. We had thirty young women to tea last Tuesday, and all turned out well. I had some games with them. Miss Wildt returned from Hanover; she had seen my mother, sister, and the twins.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

MINSTER HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY. *August 23.*

We arrived here on Tuesday from yacht *Palatine*. It was delightful to get on land. Sea life is very pretty, but I do not care about it; I am always poorly.

August 24 (Thursday).

Mrs. Gladstone leaves us for Hawarden to-day, but no plans as to our move. Wind is still high, it is just right weather for harvest.

THE CLOSE, SALISBURY. *August 27.*

Here since half-past twelve on Friday, a dear, snug little place, just like country. The big cathedral lies right before my window, so full of majesty, and my darling Miss Mary feels much better again; she was not at all well, the dear one. This pretty home is inhabited by the Misses Hamilton, daughters of the late Bishop of Salisbury, and they are all most kind to me. I attended the Early Service this morning, but I was not there in soul, only in body. We leave here to-morrow.

10 DOWNING STREET. *August 29 (Tuesday).*

Arrived here at two o'clock yesterday, and to my great surprise and pleasure I found Willie Hampton with wife and baby here; all looked well. At once a play was planned, and off we went to see *Romany Rye*; it was very pretty, and we much enjoyed it.

HAWARDEN *September 13.*

Here I have been for the last fourteen days; everything looks as usual, but the old friend of the people, Dr. Moffat, has gone to his long rest, and everybody lives in expectation

as to who will be the new doctor, and whom he will choose for a wife. We have had lovely weather since I arrived, and I had many nice walks, swinging in trees and on gates, and I have been to several tea-fights, and now am off to the Isle of Skye to-morrow if all is well. I do look forward to it. Had a letter from Dora. Her beloved is better. I am glad. Lady Frederick leaves for Wales to-day, and we leave to-morrow night. Miss Mary, Mr. Spencer Lyttelton, and Sarah, Annie Turner, and self went to Mrs. Potter yesterday. We helped to load the last hay, and afterwards enjoyed an excellent tea.

OBAN, N.B. *September 15.*

We left home at ten o'clock last night: I was loath to go away so soon, but had no choice. And Mrs. Stume is away in Hanover, so Mrs. Gladstone will be lonely, for Miss Helen left with Lady Frederick for Penmaenmawr. Last night we spent in the train, and I never slept. We reached Glasgow by 7 a.m., took some breakfast there, and then on to Greenock; arrived there an hour too soon for the *Columbia*. The morning began tolerable, and we hoped for a fine day; but alas, it got blacker and denser, and a great deal of the lovely scenery was hidden from our sight. Yet we did see some along the Clyde—for instance, the Kyles of Bute. We left our big steamer about 12.20, and, after walking a mile, entered a small steamer, which conveyed us through the locks. Such fun to watch the opening and closing of thirteen locks. To each lock belong two gates, and always between the gates our boat went feet deep down, and then we were raised again and found ourselves level with the land. We arrived here at the Great Western about 5 p.m., a nice hotel, and I mean to take a good rest.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

ISLE OF SKYE. *September 16 (Saturday).*

I can hardly realize being in Scotland, since it was my wish for years; yet I knew I would get there when it was good for me. Our sea journey here to-day was pleasant, though it commenced wet. Yesterday a band played on the ship, and to-day we have a Scotch piper. The scenery was perfect all along. I was much struck by a place called Tobermory, where we arrived at ten o'clock. Many people went on land there. Then we had about twenty minutes open sea, but I luckily kept well—*such* a break. I must say it was past being noble, the hotel people at Oban paid themselves with the honour of having Mr. Gladstone's daughter as a guest, nor did they charge for Mr. Lyttelton, nor my little self. We had four rooms, a dinner last night, and a good breakfast this morning, and what a scuffle we had to catch the boat! Mr. Lyttelton was paymaster, and when he came on board Miss Mary asked him what was the amount of the hotel bill. They laughed at me on hearing me exclaim: "Well, I'm blowed!" when Mr. Lyttelton said the landlady refused all payment. We could see this castle a long way off; it looked very pretty hidden in the trees, and then appeared Mr. Graham's boat and a small boat with Miss Frances Graham in it. Oh, my delight in it all! it looked already like leading a Robinson Crusoe life. Mr. Graham has hired this place from Lord Macdonald.

SKYE. *September 24 (Sunday).*

This is past all my expectation. Just imagine, ever since last Monday I have plunged into the waves of the Atlantic Ocean every morning. It's quite warm here. I sleep well, and eat like a bear; am always hungry, and feel I ought to thank God from morn till eve for giving me this big pleasure. I trust it will do me good and that I may be spared ailing

for a time. I have made great friends with Mrs. Mackenzie's children and nurses. I go walks with them and bathe with them. I was out in a boat for twenty minutes one afternoon and seem to turn into a sailor—such fun! But I am so wishing for a letter from home; it is such a long time since I heard from sister Mary. Am also longing for news from the Castle; the ship comes but seldom with the mail, and what joy when it does come in sight! There is a talk of our going home this week, but I'll believe it when we start. I was in a Scottish church to-day. We drove miles across the hills; the day began wet, but turned out beautiful afterwards. The service was very odd, but we had a good sermon and some nice hymns.

THE GLEN, INNERLEITHEN. *October 1.*

This is the home of Mr. Charles Tennant, and we arrived here on Saturday. We (Miss Mary and I) left Skye on Friday afternoon. Another delightful four days of bathing and walking; I also had a row in a boat by moonlight; it was delightful, and we sang and fished. Our journey to Oban was pleasant, and we were made most comfortable again at the Great Western, Oban, and had to pay nothing. We left there by 8 a.m., after a hearty breakfast. Our journey was glorious to Edinburgh, everything illumined by sunshine, and a gentleman in the train explained everything to me, which made all light to take in. This is a very lovely place; very grand people, so I don't feel at home; it's rather a pity, but they are all strangers.

HAWARDEN CASTLE. *October 6.*

Home once more. Arrived here on Tuesday evening, after a most enjoyable journey from Innerleithen, which we left by a quarter-past 8 a.m. Arrived at Galashiels by a

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

quarter-past nine, were met by the stationmaster, and at once conducted to the cotton mill; there the manager received us, and we spent a most interesting hour and a half in seeing the rough sheep wool from Australia manufactured into the most beautiful cloth. Nothing could have been more interesting, and never shall I forget the labour it takes to manufacture cloth. The journey from there to Carlisle was rather dry, and took about two hours; there we changed trains, and I made myself comfy again, finding myself alone; but before we left a gentleman came into my carriage after leaving. I enjoyed my dinner, and then started work, feeling all the time sure the man would murder me, but there he introduced himself as a Scotch minister from Gibraltar, and his questions demanded my answers, and for two hours and a half I enjoyed the most delightful religious conversation. Then we parted great friends, and I asked him to remember me in his prayers—that I may become good. He gave me the text: "God has manifested Himself through the death of His Son." When I arrived I found two letters, one from sister Mary full of joy, one from sister Dora full of care. . . .

[A great contrast to this occasion occurred when travelling alone with a gentleman in a second-class carriage. He begged her to translate for him various little sentences, beginning with "Give me a piece of bread," and going on later to "Give me a kiss." She willingly translated, never seeing the significance of the last sentence till the man came across the carriage to claim his reward. Instantly he received a swinging blow on the ear.]

October 15 (Sunday).

A very pleasant week has ended. We had nice company, and I had my hands full in showing them all the beauty of

our place. Thursday I spent at Mrs. Potter's, and Friday I worked quite seriously, but yesterday I tossed my work aside by two o'clock and took Annie and Arthur for a row on the lake, and after that we enjoyed a hearty tea at Mrs. Turner's, and then I taught Arthur a polka—such fun.

October 29 (Sunday).

Dear, dear, I did finish my last letter abruptly. Well, nothing particular has happened since. We have had some very nice people here, especially Lady Grosvenor, but six of them left on Tuesday, so then Mrs. Hampton, Annie, and self went to Chester. The morning was bright, and our drive very jolly. I called on the dentist and had Annie's teeth looked to also, and then I bought a pair of nice boots. On Thursday we had a little dance at Mrs. Potter's. Mrs. Hampton left for London, and Annie will stay with me till Monday. Two p.c.'s have arrived bidding me to pitch my tent at the Rectory. Had a long letter from mother mourning over her grandchildren—they have left Hanover again.

THE RECTORY, HAWARDEN. *November 4.*

It was no good to protest. Another letter bid me go here, so I came last Tuesday, and I feel very happy here. I am going to stay with Mrs. Potter next Thursday. I had two letters from W. Clark last week, sounding very bothering, but yet if I can help him I will be too pleased to do so. News from my aunt, who was pleased with my parcel, but alas, sister is without a situation again.

THE RECTORY. *November 11 (Sunday).*

Mrs. Potter's boys arrived last Wednesday; we all walked to the farm to meet them. No news from Miss

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Mary. I shall write to-day and ask her for a speedy answer. Our Castle is in a terrible state, the drainage is being done. Such a comfort to be here and well cared for.

November 19 (Sunday).

I am still at the Rectory, and it has been a jolly week. We went to several dances and whist parties, and besides, I received lots of letters. It was delightful to get one from Miss Mary, when I felt very homesick. One day Annie and I walked into Chester, but how we did enjoy our soup at Bollin's! and then we just managed to get home for tea. Our Harry Turner went with Herbert to Dublin; but both returned safe last Friday.

November 26 (Sunday).

I fetched Mrs. Hampton from the station last Wednesday. It was nice to see her again, and on Thursday we all tea'ed at Queen Margaret's—rare fun, for the old dame makes a great fuss when we go. Friday was wet, still I made my way to the Castle, found Mrs. Hampton out, went on to Potter's, where we were all expected, but had not taken it in, so I got quick back to the Rectory, where Mère Turner (the Rector's cook-housekeeper Sarah) and Harry shouted with joy at the idea of going to Potters', and we all sallied forth by a quarter to eight and enjoyed a most delightful evening at Mrs. Potter's. Miss Mary's birthday was last Thursday; I sent her some flowers, and received in return the following:—

“ 10 DOWNING STREET,

“ *November 24, 1882.*

“ MY DEAR SCHLÜT,

“ Many thousand thanks for your letter and flowers, which were quite fresh. I hope now we may get home before

another fortnight is over. I wish you could have seen the review. Mrs. Hampton will tell you how we were all lost in fog, our eyes gazing on to the Parade, and unable to see even the opposite houses. We could hear the cheers of the people, the music of the bands, the tramping of the soldiers, but we could see nothing. Through the mist we could see the helmets of the Queen's escort faintly glimmer, and we all thought how sad it was she should be hidden from our view; when suddenly, as she drove on to the ground, in one great flush of light the sun leapt out, the mist melted as if by magic, the whole brilliant pageant was glittering before us. I never in all my life saw anything so wonderful, and the newspapers give no notion of it. Last night we dined with Lady Marion Alford (green gown). First I put myrtle all round my head, then, looking in the glass, I was just like a Red Indian, my head all over spikes. I had to tear it all off in a minute and put on the old ivy I picked hastily the day I left Hawarden. I had a good many jolly presents. A great party at the Foreign Office last night by Lord Hartington. Mr. Herbert went to the Albert Hall (*Elijah*) last night with Colonel Lyttelton and one of Mrs. Tennant's step-daughters.

“ Good-bye, with many more thanks.

“ Yours,

“ MARY GLADSTONE.”

Is it not a nice letter?

December 10 (Sunday).

I don't know what is the matter with me, but I do not feel well, am aching everywhere. I had thought I was quite well now, so am sadly disappointed. The other day we buried Mrs. Best; alas, it rained in torrents, and the

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

boys left for London. I am working some tam o'shanter, and have made myself a new dress. Dora was much pleased with my photo on the 29th, being her birthday. Miss Mary arrives to-morrow. Adolf Meyer sent me an invite to his wedding in Hanover, but it is too expensive.

December 26.

Christmas has passed, and I have been too lazy all this time to write. I finished my dress and jacket and another tam o'shanter. We also had some skating, ice was not very safe. And now the New Year is approaching, and what will it bring for me? What sorrow or joy may be in store for me, God only knows.



LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

1882.

1883—1884

January 2, 1883.

Last night we danced at the Home. What a strange mixture how I begin the New Year. I went to church to the seven o'clock service—how peaceful! only a few of us there; Lady Frederick Cavendish in our midst. She gave me a lovely photograph of Lord Frederick on Saturday, when we had a little children's party. So loving of her; how I shall treasure it! I called on the Rectory Post Office and Annie Fairbrother; the latter I took with me to Potters' in the afternoon, and in the evening a small dance took place at the Orphanage, and I enjoyed it much. I was obliged to go to Mr. Bullen to have my tooth drawn—such a loss. I was able, through my beloved Lady's help, who procured me the signatures, to send Adolf four photos—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Mary—and I wonder what he will say. Some pretty New Year's cards arrived and a white silk neckerchief from Arthur, Henry, and Stephen Potter for Christmas. All too good to me.

THE CASTLE, HAWARDEN. *January 14.*

The last week has been full of company and pleasure. Lord Rosebery, Lady Stepney, Mr. George Russell, Dr. Andrew Clark, Professor Stuart, and others. I sent a telegram to Adolf Meyer for his marriage. Had a nice letter from Herbert Potter; he feels so much happier for being friends again with A. Fairbrother. Our gentry are going to France, Chateau Scott, Cannes.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

January 21, 1883.

One really does not know where one will be to-morrow, for now I am in the South of France, and only last Sunday I made plans for London, and had my head and hands so full, and could not think how to send everybody off at once. I was told to be ready to start for here, and all my efforts to let Mrs. Stume come were no good. Oh, and the jealousy it causes is too sad to realize. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Mary and Mr. Stephen, Zadock and I left dear old Hawarden on Tuesday last, slept a night in London, then left Charing Cross by half-past seven on Wednesday, reached Calais by twelve, where we had some soup, and so we moved all in a good humour; when night came we laid ourselves down as best we could. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Mary had a sleeping car. The Rector, Zadock, and I stretched ourselves; Zadock on the floor, the Rector and I on a seat each. It was a hard bed, and I never slept, so I was glad when the day dawned. I dressed quietly as best I could, and then gazed my fill at the glorious blue sea (Mediterranean). We arrived here by half-past 4 p.m. on Thursday, and found ourselves in a most delightful house, high up on a hill, and the grounds sloping down towards the sea. I have been strolling about these three days in the grounds. Some of my delicious moments are after seven in the evening, then I steal out on to the balcony to admire the glory of God, for a scenery of such beauty meets my gaze that I cannot find words to describe it. The garden looks like fairyland, and above the silvery moon, sending her gentle light down in full glory, and at the foot of the grounds, quietly, majestically stretches forth the lovely sea, as far as eye can reach. These are moments made to praise God, and as I stand gazing, all around me through the stillness of the evening appear to me all those dear faces I love in my German and English

homes. There is something so sweet in looking at the moon, knowing that one's dear ones see it at the same time.

CANNES. *January 27.*

I have just returned from a lovely, lonely walk along the meer. I feel better already. The days fly by.

January 28.

I have spent a beautiful Sunday. Had my first good night. Alas, neither our darling Mrs. Gladstone nor I have slept much since we came. This morning I walked to church; got very tired in the hot sun, but was rewarded by a dear little cool church, a sweet organ, and a good sermon, 42nd Psalm—"My soul thirsted for God." I love that Psalm; there is so much comfort in it to help us, and the Reverend gentleman spoke well. I walked all the way back, but how tired I got, for I had new boots on; so in the afternoon I read a tale called *Caleb Field*, a story of Puritans during the time of the London Plague. Then Annette paid me a visit, trying to understand my French. After tea, our Rector, Mr. Stephen, held a nice little service. At last a few letters from home and England. Mr. Gladstone is much improved for the change, but Mrs. Gladstone is not at all well. She has the shingles, a very trying illness; I feel very sorry for her. The weather is not quite so fine as one would expect in this lovely spot of earth.

CANNES. *February 6 (Tuesday).*

Two heavenly days of cloudless sky have passed, and I lived outdoors; to-day I have been to Nice to see the carnival. It was very exciting; it was confetti day, and we had to wear wire masks and capuchons. What a lovely place Nice is, and how fashionable! We returned by half-

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

past seven rather tired. Have read two more books : *Eliana*, very pretty, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and *A Modern Instance*, by W. D. Howells—a rather unsatisfactory ending.

CANNES. *February 18 (Sunday).*

I walked to church this morning, but felt like a stray sheep, for I could not fix my mind on the preacher, only the singing made me feel good. Being very hot we had to cab it home again, otherwise the day has passed peaceful. Last Wednesday (St. Valentine) brought me a bright letter from sister Mary. Last night the moon shone beautifully on to the lovely landscape, and I was lost for half an hour in sweet reverie. I am reading *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (Besant), a very interesting novel. I advise everyone to read it.

March 25 (Sunday).

But alas, our last, rather a blow, as the weather has been perfect since last Tuesday, and, what is more, my great friend Miss H. has appeared on the scene last Tuesday. We have been a lot together, such fun, and I shall see her to-day. I received a letter from sister Ida full of Adolf Meyer's marriage; it must have been grand. I was in church on Friday, but got there rather late. Yesterday brought me a loving letter from Annie Fairbrother. I was wondering if I should see Miss H. yesterday, and behold she arrived, and a few delightful hours we spent together. I am taking a tonic since Thursday, which seems to do me good. I walked to church this morning, a glorious day, and we had a pretty service; then after dinner rested, and then went to have tea with my dear friend Miss H., and how we laughed! Oh, it was good to be once more together, and loath to leave her at six o'clock.

PARIS, THE EMBASSY.

Lord Lyons is now Ambassador, and there is no Lady. We enjoyed a most comfortable journey, and reached here by half-past nine, and it is a beautiful house and very comfortable. All the people very kind, but I felt too tired to go out to-day, so am looking out of the window.

PARIS. *Thursday night.*

A nice young woman took me about yesterday, first to the Grand Louvre, then we visited the burnt-down palace, then the once Palace Royal, which is all turned into shops—a very curious building, all courtyards in the centre; and then we saw some of the principal streets, all very delightful. I am so charmed to be here. To-day Monsieur Pierre and his daughters drove me about for an hour and a half, which was very jolly, and did me more good than walking.

10 DOWNING STREET. *March 18.*

What may you think of me, I really don't know where the time has flown, it goes too quick, and it keeps very cold; but I feel all the better for the delightful change at Cannes, and dear Mrs. Gladstone feels also much better. Saw *Much Ado About Nothing* last week; it was a great treat, and Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving were splendid. And I heard a lovely concert at the Albert Hall yesterday, to which one of my guests was Herr Eifert; he is such a refined young tradesman, and I do like him, and our evening was pleasant. Now I must not forget to tell you that the Local Government Board was nearly blown up last Thursday. I was alone in my room reading when the thing took place, it shook me so violently that I jumped up and stood for a few minutes petrified, not knowing if it was an earthquake. To-day I

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

went to look at it. How is it possible that anyone can do such a foul deed ; fortunately no lives are lost, which shows us that a Higher Hand was protecting it—the world is coming to an awful crisis, O God have mercy on us ! Our sermons to-day were full of it, showing us that the world will sink unless our hearts and souls rescue it.

HOLMBURY. *March 23 (Tuesday).*

We arrived here last Saturday, and my stay has turned out a very pleasant one. Good Friday we spent in London, so I could attend Canon Farrar's sermons. They were very impressive. My young friend, Sarah Turner, stayed with me, and on Good Friday evening we heard the glorious *Messiah* in the Albert Hall. Anne Williams sung the solos most ripping. To-day I had a letter from Ida, rather more cheerful. I am reading a delightful tale called *The City and the Castle*, a tale about the Reformation in Switzerland ; wonderful to read how the first Roman Catholics came to see the great light. We are having cold weather, and I feel less well again ; we leave for London to-morrow.

10 DOWNING STREET. *April 4 (Tuesday).*

The days fly. We came here last Thursday, and on Saturday I went to the dentist. The weather has turned out warm, such a comfort. I had a dear letter from sister Mary last night, and on Thursday an invite to a theatre from Herr Eifert, so I chose Haymarket ; so we went last night and I did enjoy it very much. I am reading the *Wide, Wide World*, and find it very pretty. I heard Canon Farrar twice on Sunday, always a treat to me.

10 DOWNING STREET. *April 27.*

Lots has happened since last I wrote to you. Miss Helen was at home, and I was busy with her—alas, she has left again. I saw a good play (*Impulse*), and heard several good concerts at the Albert Hall; besides, I spent a nice day at Hampstead. I have turned my bedroom into a nice sitting-room, putting chintz curtains and covers all about.

May 5.

Life has been rather dull. I paid some visits, took Mrs. Hampton to the station last Thursday. On Friday worked the whole day, for it was raining, and yesterday I was at Mrs. Foote's.

May 20 (Sunday).

Busy three weeks have passed. Miss Helen was up for the Drawing-room from Thursday till Friday. At the same time a letter arrived from Arthur Potter telling us of his arrival by half-past five at Euston; Mrs. Gladstone had kindly invited him, so on Friday we looked at Regent Street, and in the evening "Christy Minstrels." On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Mary left for Whitsuntide, and I spent the afternoon with Dora. A wretched low feeling crept over me, which increased after I got home; a wretched night followed, I had to weep a lot in the night. Whit-Sunday dawned lovely, and I managed to get through it fairly well. Our service was beautiful, and Canon Fleming preached splendid; his lesson was: we can only be happy in making others happy—how true!

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Whit-Monday.

Cold and rainy, but as everything was settled, we left for Hampstead by half-past nine, and from there a party of twenty of us drove to Hampton Court, a most lovely palace and magnificent grounds. First we took luncheon in our 'bus, and afterwards roamed about. I got very tired, and was glad when we reached home by about 11 p.m. Tuesday we went to the Zoo and Madame Tussaud's; Arthur was glad to see all; then, on Wednesday, we visited the Tower, the Bank, and St. Paul's Cathedral, and ended with a good tea at Mr. Kelly's (Minor Canon). Friday we went to the Crystal Palace and spent a lovely time there, and to Drury Lane in the evening.

May 29 (Tuesday).

Arthur and Annie returned to Hawarden on Monday, and I feel very lonely now, but also much in need of rest. I had several letters from home.

10 DOWNING STREET. *June 10.*

A most lovely day dawned. It lifts my soul to the higher sphere, it helps me to pray more fervently; my last few nights have been full of earache and mental suffering. I am at enmity with a friend, and it grieves me sadly. However, when all seems darkest God is nearest, and through His great strength I did what becomes a Christian; oh, how thankful I feel, my heart beats light again, and I thank Thee for Thy help, my heavenly Father. I have been rather quiet lately, but am expecting a letter announcing sister Mary's arrival. Won't it be fun to clasp her in my arms! Last night I could not sleep, and then, a surprise, I fell into the arms of Orpheus (*sic*) and enjoyed the remainder of the night.

10 DOWNING STREET. *June 27.*

If my memory won't fail, I have much to write about. To-day is my birthday—eleven precious letters, a sweet book, vases and flowers are surrounding me. Alas, my dear sister has left again this morning. It has just made the day a little sad, yet I had her since last Friday, and we have spent most of her precious time together, and we will look forward to our next meeting, at Hawarden, in October.

10 DOWNING STREET. *July 12.*

All has gone well. I meant to write last Sunday from Berkhamstead, but felt too lazy. We had another large evening party, and I had a jolly letter from Mary; she is charmed with Paris. I also had a kind invite to a play from Mr. and Mrs. Gidley. Annie Fairbrother called here yesterday, and I meant to give her a great treat in a hansom; it ended very wretched, our horse slipped down, and we were nearly thrown out of the cab. Poor Annie was terribly shaken; we had to sit for a long time in the park, and I took her back to the station to return to Slough very upset.

10 DOWNING STREET. *July 22 (Sunday).*

It is my dear mother's birthday, and I am with her in spirit. Dearest mother, no heart like hers in this world. Our season will soon be over—shall I be glad or sorry? Dora took me last week to the Fisheries Exhibition, and we enjoyed it much. Last Sunday I drove with Mrs. Gladstone to Dollis Hill and returned on Monday. On Thursday Mrs. Gladstone had arranged a lovely concert here; all did go off well. A letter from sister Mary was not very joyful, I trust all will right itself again.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

August 5.

The season is over, and most people have left London. I hope we shall all leave for the country soon. I am well and happy, in spite of dentist. Last Sunday, the 29th of July, a beautiful window was unveiled in dear memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish in St. Margaret's Church, and Mr. Wickham, of Wellington College, preached a splendid sermon. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left for Osborne yesterday.

HAWARDEN. *August 26 (Sunday).*

Three weeks since I wrote to you. Well, my last week was spent in London. On the 13th I went to the House of Commons, thanks to dear Mrs. Gladstone's kindness. How very interesting it is to hear the speeches and to see the gentlemen bob up and down. Then I went to see another jolly play (*Fedora*) with Mrs. Hampton. She has left us for six months, and the last Sunday I spent very quiet in London. On Monday I said good-bye to Lina, and on Thursday Mrs. Gladstone and I left for here; arrived here at five o'clock. Drove to Mrs. Dumaresq, and then went straight on to the flower show, for Mrs. Gladstone to give the prizes. After that Sarah, Annie Turner, and I joined in the dancing and had some great fun. We remained with Mrs. Dumaresq until Tuesday, and then Mrs. Gladstone and I went with her to Abergele, a charming village in North Wales. It was very nice, only Mrs. Gladstone was far from well, but I am thankful to say the five days' good sea air did her a lot of good, and I was able to bring her home much better this day week. We found the Castle well peopled, mostly family, including the grandchildren; but so strange without Mrs. Hampton and Mrs. Stume. To-day Mrs. Potter expects me to tea. Had notes from Mrs. Hampton

and Mrs. Stume. Mr. and Mrs. Wickham and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gladstone are here, all very jolly.

HAWARDEN CASTLE. *September 24 (Monday).*

We arrived here last Saturday, after sleeping one night in Downing Street. I did not know when I wrote last that I should sail about in a grand ship for a fortnight. Well, Mrs. W. H. Gladstone and children left us about three weeks ago on the Wednesday. Mr. W. H. Gladstone and Miss Helen left for Switzerland on Thursday, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Mary, Mr. Herbert, Miss Constance Gladstone, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton, and Zadock and humble self left on the tenth for Chester, where we were joined by Mr. Alfred Tennyson (Laureate) and his son, and then proceeded to Carnford station, where our family was received by Sir Donald Currie. The embarkation at Barrow was witnessed by a very large number of people. A small boat took us across to our beautiful ship, the *Pembroke Castle*, and at four o'clock we were steaming to sea. Our ship was attended by a double crew, besides the builder from Barrow. We had lots of gentry besides the above mentioned, Sir Algernon West, Sir Arthur Gordon, and Sir Andrew Clark, and last, not least, Miss Laura Tennant, with a delightful attendant, Miss Fisher. Well, our vessel moved along most smoothly until 5 p.m., when alas, a little swell turned me bad at once. Luckily we cast anchor opposite Ramsay (Isle of Man) to prevent chance of breakdown or accident, as our vessel is new and on her first trial trip; the little town with all its lights looks pretty. I just now discovered that the stewardess seems to be a very kind woman, and Mr. Bennett, the first steward, promises to be very jolly. I am just picking a chicken bone, and a glass of champagne. They say it will be good for me. . . .

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

COPIED FROM MY VOYAGE ACCOUNT.

September 9 (Sunday).

10.30 *a.m.* I have slept well until this morning, then the noise of the ship woke me up. I dressed at 7.30, enjoyed a hearty breakfast, greeted my ladies, and then came on deck. We are just passing the Ailsa Crag, a very large mountain in the sea. 4 *p.m.* Just woke up, have slept sound after a horrid little turn of feeling unwell; I did manage to get through our dear service this morning, and turned very poorly until two o'clock, when the kind stewardess and Miss Fisher placed me in a chair on deck; now the four o'clock bell wakes me up, and I see we are at the Isle of Islay, in the Sound of Jura, where we are going to cast anchor. This island looks very bleak; the only place on it is a large whisky distillery, and the owner a Mr. Bullough. So here is a sweet rest again until four to-morrow morning, and I can now enjoy my tea and spend the evening in reading and writing. My ladies are angels; they get Mrs. Macpherson (the stewardess) to help them and to look after me.

September 10 (Monday).

12 *a.m.* We are passing the Mull Islands, and before us lays Dunolly Castle (Lord Bradford). On awaking this morning the ship rolled much, I dared not venture down from my cosy bed, but the stewardess insisted on it, so I dressed with great difficulty and rather tumbled into the saloon, and after an attempt at food I was obliged to lie down again—so wretched, for Miss Fisher keeps quite well. I was able to mount on deck by 10 *a.m.*; found it wet, but stayed and made acquaintance with the doctor and one of our engineers, Mr. R., from Barrow, very nice. And now the sun is shining, and we are steadily steaming into the outer Bay of Oban. Letters came (but none for me), and the yacht of Sir James Ramston,

who took our people into the locks. Miss F. and I had some fun at home. At 9 p.m. our people came back for dinner. I have just come on deck, a lovely moon looks at me and fills my mind with poetical thoughts. Dr. Marsdon joins me, looking very homely with his pipe. We were soon joined by Miss F. and Mrs. Mac. and Mr. Roger, and we laughed and flirted until 10 p.m., then tumbled into our beds.

LOCH HOURN (SKYE). *September 11 (Tuesday).*

I have been on deck since 9 a.m. It is Heaven's own day, the sea is like glass, we are passing the lighthouse (Ardnamurchan). About 11.30 we rocked a good deal, but I remained well. I am getting my sea legs on. I am knitting, and Miss F. reads out to me *Which Loved Him Best?* one of those sensational novels, but very fair for a voyage. Our Dr. and Mr. Rogers keep peeping at us; our doctor stammers, and I feel inclined to laugh. Mr. James Currie's yacht follows our ship and takes them into the locks; they are coming here for tea. We are off for Tobermory by 3.30. 7 p.m. We have just cast anchor, twenty-one fathoms. Sir William Harcourt came to visit Mr. Gladstone at 6.15, somewhere near Ardnamurchan, and Lady Clark, Sir A. Clark, and Miss join us here. 9 o'clock. I have had a good dinner, and come on deck again; the night is sweet, and the pretty town before us right in a valley. Six yachts are anchored here, so all is merry and too lovely to behold all the lights on the masts. The moon is all silvery. Sir W. Harcourt and son are off again, and then Mr. R., Dr. M., Miss Fisher, and I played hide-and-seek, which we kept up till 11 p.m.

September 12 (Wednesday).

1.45. We are just steaming gently round Gairloch's lovely hills. I felt rather bad an hour ago, but kept up. Am

A LADY'S MAID IN DOWNING STREET

sorry to say Mr. R. leaves us here. It has begun to drizzle, and the hills turn misty. 2.30. Weather turns worse. We have cast anchor opposite Flowerdale, and our gentry go ashore—but Miss F. and I stay wisely at home. By 4.15 visitors to me are announced, and true there stand Miss Meyer and Miss Morgan. Both came from Flowerdale to call on me; they left by six; as we are off at seven, I go to bed. It is just nine o'clock, but it is so wet upstairs.

ORKNEY ISLAND, KIRKWALL BAY. *September 13 (Thursday).*

10 a.m. We have just anchored after a most interesting run through the Pentland Firth. Our ship was soon surrounded by boats from the shore, all anxious to cheer our dear Prime Minister, and deputations from the Town Council pressed upon Mr. Gladstone the Freedom of the City. The morning is lovely, and we are all going ashore. 9 p.m. Miss F. and I visited the Cathedral, built in 1435, also the earl's palace, very old and historical. Then we dined in a hotel, where Mr. C. Small treated us to some good claret. We visited the grand ceremony of the Freedom of the City, and returned to our ship for tea; then read out loud, and I wrote some letters.

9 p.m. We were going to start at six, but a dense fog kept us here all night.

Friday.

10 a.m. We are only now off, and could move or glide along but slowly since five this morning. This fog throws us out twelve hours; foghorns went all night to prevent danger. At 11 a.m. we are in full steam, the sky turns into a sweet blue, the sun rises like a ball of fire, and my heart is full of gratitude for the safe night, now the sea is very smooth, and I feel like a lark.

Friday.

11 p.m. We had a very jolly evening; all the sailors performed an opera under God's bright heaven. The moon is light enough to read by. Miss F. and I, the steward and stewardess, sat in the second tier. It was rare, fun the doctor shared with us. Ten sailors sung, played, and recited, and nearly fell out with the kind doctor. Now we are going to lie down to rest, may God guard us all through the coming night.

Saturday.

10.30 a.m. Had good sleep and enjoyed my breakfast. Saw all my dear family, Mr. and Mrs. G., Miss M., and Mr. Herbert. . . . Kind Mr. Algernon West shows me where we are on the map. Sea rather rough, but no swell. 12.15 p.m. Great excitement; we see the pilot coming, slacken our course, and with loud hallos and cheers he is picked up, then he takes his place on the bridge. Wind blows cold. Miss Fisher went down into the cabin, but I shelter under one of the lifeboats, and the doctor came, so we chatted. 1.30 p.m. We have cast the anchor after a run of thirty-two hours. Here we are in the Bay Christiansund; the little town looks pretty and picturesque, the bay is supposed to be rather dangerous. 4 p.m. Our people went ashore after luncheon, and I stretched myself full length under my lifeboat. Miss Fisher began to read, but no such luck, for soon the chief and fourth officer came to torment us, and have only now left us. 8.30. After tea I read, and wrote, and knitted, and now the anchor is up and we are moving on, may God protect us through the coming night. Our people had a nice time of it to-day, they drove fourteen miles out into the country to see the lovely Torrisdall Waterfall.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

September 16 (Sunday).

3 p.m. I woke up well, had an excellent breakfast, and went on deck by 9.30; then from 10.30 we had a short service, sung some pretty hymns—all looks Sunday. We dined at 1.30, and now I am on deck watching the beautiful castle of Elsinore, from whence the lovely play *Hamlet* originates. It looks splendid on this glorious Sunday. 9 p.m. Our pilot arrived at six o'clock and took us safely into the harbour of Copenhagen. Thousands of people were watching our grand ship slowly gliding in. The moon is full and I am able to write by it; beautiful lines of Goethe fill my soul:—

“Wieder Busch und Strauch, sanft mit Mondenglanz
Losest endlich auch, einmal meine seele ganz, etc.”

COPENHAGEN. Monday.

3 p.m. My ladies and gentlemen have just left for Fredensborg to dine with the King, and I was in town to the museum this morning. Miss F. is still there. I returned by 1.30. 10.30 p.m. The noise here is deafening, no chance of sleep; our people have just returned after a charming visit. Miss Fisher returned by 3.45. We had tea, and then went off again to town; loitered about, then visited Tivoli, a large concert garden; then Miss F. bought me those lovely models “Night and Morning” by Thorwaldsen. 7 p.m. It turned very dark, and we made our way back to our ship just in time for a good dinner.

Tuesday.

7 a.m. I feel just right, it's too jolly when our steamer is at rest. After a good breakfast our people go ashore. 12.15. Everybody came back just now, and the sailors have been scrubbing and brightening the ship all the morning, for our people expect the Royalty on board for lunch by

12.30. 3.30 p.m. We are off again, so farewell, dear Denmark! Loud cheers arise, and all from the warships, "God Save our Queen" is played. Oh, it was grand to see all the kings, emperor, empress, and queens. Here were the Danish, the Russian, the Greece, the Crown Princess and Crown Prince, the Princess of Wales and all their children and attendants; also our dear Princess Mary from Hanover, who conversed with me for some time. It was grand, for as soon as the royal barges left all the cannons fired salutes, all the flags went up, and all the yards were manned, and thousands of people cheered them, and the most lovely sun shone upon them. 7.5 p.m. Miss Fisher and I are watching the moon; alas, a constant veil hides her from us. 10 p.m. Our people found out during dinner that to-day is Sir Donald Currie's birthday. Our gentleman made a nice speech, to which Sir Donald responded, and now, at 9.30, we will go to bed. The wind blows cold.

Wednesday.

4 p.m. It has been rather rough to-day, and I felt very stupid. I have managed a wee dinner, then lay down and slept, and am just woke up to enjoy a good tea. 7 p.m. The moon is up, and we are going to have an entertainment of Christy Minstrels to-night; but first I will have some food.

September 20 (Thursday).

9.30. All this evening we hoped to reach Gravesend, but a fog prevented us getting in. Our entertainment was pleasing last night, they turned our doctor into a conundrum: "Why is he like a dead duck?" "Because he has no quack in him." How I did chaff him! 7.30 p.m. The pilot has just been picked up; we are nine miles from Gravesend, and he is afraid to take us any further, so we cast

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

anchor. The night is cold. Miss F. and I go to bed, but when dear Mrs. Macpherson appeared with tea I got up again and made them all jump.

Friday.

10 a.m. We are moving slowly into Gravesend.

10 DOWNING STREET.

5 o'clock. Our farewell from our good ship and all its dear people was quite sad, and cheers and waving of pocket-handkerchiefs as long as we could see and hear; lots of people. Our gentleman made a pretty speech, then prolonged cheers, and again cheers for the Laureate, the carriages were entered to convey us to the station, and so ended our beautiful trip.

KNOWSLEY. *October 8.*

I am already here again. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Mary, and I left London on the 22nd of September for Hawarden, and arrived there by 6 p.m. Sunday, 23rd, I went to church twice, and rested a good deal, and since then I have been very busy. A rather troubling letter from sister Marie awaited me here; however, I shall have her at Hawarden for a few days, and we can talk matters over. Last Thursday was our Harvest Thanksgiving, and I helped to decorate the church. This is Lord Derby's place, and I came here with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Great fuss is made with our dear gentleman everywhere. Mr. Irving, the actor, is one of the party.

WHITCHURCH.

Mrs. Gladstone and I arrived here by 4.30 p.m., just for one night. You see, I am like Jo, "always a-moving." I enjoyed my stay much at Knowsley.

HAWARDEN. *October 19.*

Just received sister Mary's letter telling me to expect her on Thursday. Mrs. Gladstone and I returned on the 12th, and since then I only thought of sister's arrival.

October 24 (Sunday).

Alas, all joy turned into sorrow, when I saw the ship carry off my dear sister to America yesterday. Thursday I went to Chester at 7.20 to receive her. She took a fly, so we drove to the Castle, talking of home, for she came straight from mother. How precious to have her! Friday it poured all day, yet we looked over the park, Rectory, and church in the morning, and took tea with Mrs. Potter, and a pleasant evening at the Castle. I also showed her the Orphanage, and yesterday by ten minutes past 9 a.m. we left for Broughton, and arrived in Liverpool by eleven, and the steamer left at twelve. We spent a nice but too short hour there, and then the sad parting came, which was too wretched. Annie Turner was with me, and her little dear self took off some of its sadness. We returned to the Castle by 6 p.m.

November 2 (Sunday).

We had some nice gentry staying here lately, and it made me forget partly my loneliness—Captain and Mrs. Neville Lyttelton (lately married), Sir Henry James, Lady F. Cavendish, Mr. Balfour. The weather is very damp, and Mrs. Jolly is very poorly. Zadock has been ill for several days, but I am glad to say he is better. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Mary are in London, but Miss Mary hopes to return next Thursday.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

December 2 (Sunday).

Alas, Mrs. Gladstone is not well, so they are detained in London. Mrs. Jolly is much better. A nice letter arrived from sister Mary—such a break. She has landed safely in America. Miss Mary did not return; I suppose it is all for the best, for then Mrs. Jolly will be quite well again by the time they get here.

December 16.

I had a tooth out and now feel better. So glad to have all our dear family home again. Christmas is at hand, and I have prepared nothing. Had a nice letter from sister Ida, and another from sister Mary. She has consented to marry the sea captain—dear girl, may God bless her choice! We have lots of company, but no ice or snow—rather stupid, as it looks so much nicer at Christmas. I am now attending a singing class at the school—rather fun.

1884—1885

January 6, 1884.

Time and tide wait for no man, nor for my letter either, and Christmas is passed, and New Year is passed. I walked through the lovely park on Christmas morning to Early Communion. All was peaceful, and the stars still blinking. When I returned I found some dear letters awaiting me, and then I spent a quiet day. On the 26th Mrs. Potter allowed us to dance in the kitchen—all very nice. On Friday we were asked to the Bennets', where we enjoyed ourselves very much; but then came the reaction, and I felt very tired. Our dance took place on New Year's Day and turned out delightful, and I had seventeen cards with New Year's wishes, and worked three woollen scarves for Mr. Potter and Henry and Stephen; they gave them great pleasure. To-day Mrs. Stume and I have been to the farm and spent a most peaceful afternoon with Mrs. Potter.

10 DOWNING STREET. *January 23.*

I arrived here on Monday night, and feel very fatigued and a little ill. I fear I have been dancing too much. I found some nice letters on my arrival from home and from America, and when I left Hawarden Mrs. Turner gave me a pretty china basket to hold flowers. It makes my room look very bright.

February 6.

Our party is over; it went off very well. I am busy making a light blue frock for myself. I will wear it to-morrow, when

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

I hope to hear Berlioz's *Faust* at the Albert Hall. Mrs. Hampton has returned, and I fetched her from the station; yesterday I spent at Hampstead.

February 17 (Sunday).

Already ten days ago since I heard *Faust*; it was lovely. Since then I saw *My Milliner's Bill*—very amusing. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Mary sat in the stalls and laughed most heartily. Alas, Mrs. Hampton is gone again like a dream.

February 29 (Friday).

I have not been at all well—the old complaint has kept me down for the last fortnight, but I am getting better. I do miss Mrs. Hampton sadly, and I find it hard to stir [steer] straight. Last night Mrs. Stume and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in *A Scrap of Paper*—very striking.

March 9 (Sunday).

Times are very critical just now, the papers threaten to turn the Government out daily, (*sic*) also dynamite is put about in various parts of London. The only thing is to give ourselves up into God's keeping, Who in His great mercy will protect us. I feel better; how joyful I write these words no one can realize. Miss Mary left me for Cambridge yesterday until Tuesday next.

March 16 (Sunday).

Drawing-room went off all right, and I saw a play, *Nell Gwyn*, with Mrs. Foote on the same night—very jolly. To-day I am invited to Hampstead.

March 31 (*Sunday*).

I am a poor writer just now. Last Wednesday our Gentleman was ordered down to Coombe Warren (Lord Wolverton's), and Mrs. Gladstone bid me go with her. Poor Mrs. St. was not well. I spent three quiet, happy days there; returned here by the 22nd, and went to see *Pygmalion and Galatea*, also *Comedy and Tragedy*. In both pieces Mary Anderson was perfect; and last Monday dear Miss Helen arrived and set me up with work—such a blessing. Also good news arrived from home and from America. Also the very sad news of Prince Leopold's sudden death has struck deeply home to all hearts here. Our sermon by Archdeacon Farrar to-day showed us the beauty of his character; he is compared to his illustrious father, the Prince Consort. The glorious "Dead March" was played twice and a beautiful hymn sung. The sermon by Canon Duckworth was very fine to-night, his text was out of St. Paul: "Look not behind but before, strive to gain the prize."

Easter Sunday I spent very quiet, attended service at 8 a.m. and at 11 a.m.—both times very solemn. Our dear Mr. Henry arrived from Calcutta last week. It was nice to have him. I returned with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone from Coombe Warren last Monday, and heard the lovely *Messiah* on Good Friday; Albani and Maas took the solos.

April 27 (*Sunday*).

I returned from Mells Park last Monday, where Miss Mary took me. It was a treat to see Mrs. Horner, for she was always so kind to me; but now I have a wretched cold, and must keep at home.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

May 4 (Sunday).

Sister Mary wrote to say she would be married in a fortnight, so I am sending off a parcel. God grant that she will be happy. Oh, how I long to be with her, poor dear, so lonely out in America! We are having awful weather. I am spending a very peaceful Sunday.

May 18.

Everyone has turned up now, so we went to the Albert Hall on Wednesday and heard a most perfect concert. Mrs. Turner is here, so I am rather taken up with too much pleasure again.

May 25.

Am served out for doing too much; thankful Mrs. Turner is gone. I am reading *Queechy*, and feel better. Had wretched earache, but am thankful it is better to-day. A week ago Mrs. Gladstone took me with her to London Hospital, and there I saw what suffering is, and my little bit nothing. Oh, my heavenly Father always knows how much I can bear.

KEBLE, OXFORD. *June 5.*

Miss Mary and I came here last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone went off last Tuesday. We were at Wellington College, and arrived here on Monday. So singular, I had a letter from Mr. W. last week, asking me to see him; but he will have left for Russia before I return to London, and I am glad of it.

THE DEANERY, WINDSOR. *June 15.*

Two years ago since I was here; all looks the same, yet different. Two deans have died since, and the promising

young gentleman, Mr. Arthur Wellesley, only son of the Dean of Windsor, has passed away also ; the former attendants have left. Last week passed quick in London. Miss Mary sent me to Elliot and Fry to get my photo taken ; I do feel excited about it. I also asked Mrs. Gladstone for a holiday to Hanover. We had a beautiful sermon in St. George's Chapel this morning, " God is Love," and the fine anthem, " Blessed are the —."

WARREN HOUSE, COOMBE. *June 22.*

There, I had to leave town again, and I did hope to stay in London, but dear Mrs. Gladstone is not very well, and I must nurse her kindly—she is always so good to me. I read a child's story called *Fan*, in which a little being was in quite as bad a humour as myself, and the result was, when I had finished it, that tears relieved my heart, and I felt better and ashamed.

June 29 (Sunday).

My birthday was last Friday, but my party took place to-day ; dear Mrs. Gladstone allowed me to invite a few friends to tea, and all went off well. I have been a little busy, but nothing much took place.

10 DOWNING STREET. *July 20.*

Rather a long time since I wrote to you. I have been to Dollis Hill with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. It was all peace there ; such a good rest for Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. And now our dear madam has consented to my holiday, I have been very busy. Just think, my beloved Miss Mary treated me to *Lohengrin* ; it was very grand, Albani and Niccolini as the two, Lohengrin and Elsa. This morning and to-night I attended church, but I fear was much engrossed in my homeward journey.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

HANOVER. *August 1.*

Already eight days ago since I left my dear ladies. Alas, I never saw Miss Mary to say good-bye, so had to say it on a scrap of paper—rather nice for once, since it brought me the sweet following letter :—

“ MY DEAR SCHLÜT,

“ The inkpot is still open, from the moment you wrote me the nice little note, so that I don't feel you can be far off. You can't think how vexed I was not to see you again. I came up to you at five, hoping to catch you, and then hoped to be back in time to see you, from the House of Lords, and actually it is twelve o'clock, and I am only just back—dining in my brown gown, fancy! I walked to the House of Lords in pelting rain, but managed to keep pretty dry. The brown cap is beautiful, just right; how could you have time for it? Many thanks. The night is so quiet, I fancy you must be having a fine crossing, and perhaps you are asleep in a berth this very minute. I found Mrs. Gladstone awake, but very sleepy. You see, Mrs. Jolly is not going to Deal after all, as Lord and Lady Sidney are going and will take their own servants. It feels very desolate without you, but I must get used to it, and meanwhile I delight in thinking of you and your mother's happiness now you are together. After all, it is not far off; I shall imagine you to-morrow evening arriving there.

“ Ever yours,

“ M. G.”

BÜCHEBURG. *August 24.*

I am near here since Tuesday, a place called Wendthöhe, situated close to the lovely forest, full of deer and wild boars. My friends are the directors of the big glass works. I go

to see the men blast it. We also see the feeding of deer and boars. This is a lovely hilly country, and the director takes us some fine drives. He has an enormous landau and two big horses to take us about.

HANOVER. *August 31.*

I was quite loath to leave the delightful country abode, but had to return here yesterday after a fortnight's delightful country life, but mother and all seem pleased for me to be back here.

September 12 (Friday).

I saw the grand opera *La Sonnambula* last week, and, what is more, received a nice letter from Miss Helen. Here is the copy :—

“ DALMENY PARK, EDINBURGH.

“ MY DEAR SCHLÜTER,

“ Very many thanks for your letter and the pretty handkerchief case, but both sides are so pretty that I almost think I shall want sometimes to turn it inside out. It arrived very comfortably in its nice little case. We had a very interesting journey on Wednesday, with crowds of people, as usual, at the stations and great enthusiasm ; we were given five or six nosegays, besides a basket of roses and several stray flowers. Also a basketful of cakes and ten pounds of beautiful honey. The reception in Edinburgh was very fine, and even Mr. Henry and I, who drove in the second carriage some way back, were enthusiastically cheered. Mr. Gladstone made his first big speech on Saturday, the second comes this afternoon, and the third to-morrow evening. There are a number of people staying in this house, so we drove into Edinburgh in five carriages, two of them with four horses. We go on other visits on Wednesday, and

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

expect to be back at Hawarden about the 24th. It was so pleasant being all of us together at Hawarden. An excellent photograph was taken of the whole group of eighteen, even the babies coming out well. What a pity it rained on the day of your party! but I hope that perhaps it cleared up and your guests came all the same—it would have been a great pity, after you had taken so much trouble. I am so glad you seem to be enjoying yourself so much, we miss you, but are getting on capitally, as you left everything conveniently, and Bolton manages all right. I enclose a letter which came here for you. I hope the rest of your visit will be very happy.

“ Ever your sincere friend,

“ *September 7, 1884.*

“ HELEN GLADSTONE.”

October 14 (Tuesday).

Just returned from Hamburg, where sister Ida and I spent a most delightful week. We stayed at Herr Der Meyerhof, and he and my sister, who has been his housekeeper for years, made us very happy. To-day I have fixed my return journey.

10 DOWNING STREET. *October 25.*

I am back since Monday. I heard *Tannhäuser* last week in Hanover—splendid. Then I called on lots of people and said good-bye, which is always sad. I had a good journey, and Mrs. Hampton gave me a warm greeting. My dear ladies arrived on Tuesday, and were very sweet. Miss Helen came also for a few hours, and was very sweet to me.

10 DOWNING STREET. *November 23.*

Already a month ago since I returned from Germany; the first fortnight I battled with homesickness, but have



MR. GLADSTONE AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS AND GRANDCHILDREN.

Hawarden Castle. 1884.

got over it now. To-day is Miss M.'s birthday. God bless her, she is a treasure to me. I have been away with her at Cambridge, and at Lord Rosebery's. I have also been away with Mrs. Gladstone; we had much talk together and felt happier since. I did wish to keep quiet, yet I have been to Albert Hall and to the play since. Lots of birthdays in this month, and I must save up for stamps

OXFORD. *December 7.*

Miss Mary and I came here on Monday, and I have had a wretched cold since; besides, our sweet baby was taken with convulsions, and we have all passed days of the greatest anxiety. To-day the wee darling is better. My letters from home always full of trouble, how sad this world is sometimes.

HAWARDEN. *December 18 (Thursday).*

Miss Mary and I arrived here on Monday. I am still battling with my cold. We have very nice company—Duke of Newcastle, Warden of Keble and Mrs. Talbot, Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

(" . . . It was one winter in the 'eighties, at a time when Irish troubles and threatening letters obliged the Home Office to appoint detectives to shadow Mr. Gladstone, even at Hawarden. He and Mrs. Gladstone and their daughter Helen were to dine and sleep at Soughton Hall, a neighbouring country house. An hour or so before the hour fixed for starting, word came from the stables that the coachman had injured his hand too badly for him to drive. No one else could be trusted to drive the rather fresh pair of horses. The only fly in the village had been requisitioned by the detectives. What was to be done? Mr. Gladstone was

A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET

the last person to be told. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were staying at the Castle, and quickly Mrs. Gladstone and Lord Aberdeen cut the Gordian knot. The latter would drive. It was dark, so Mr. W. H. Gladstone would play the part of footman, sit on the box, show him the way, and return with him to Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone, in the innocence of his heart, hunted for his guest to bid him good-bye. Lady Aberdeen played the game, joined in the hunt, and finally made his excuses, and took the farewell message. They drove off, and the following day the favourite little foreign maid, who was inside the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and their daughter, wrote the following account of it to Lady Aberdeen :

“ ‘Not many yards beyond the castle gate, somehow the question arose about carriage coming back. “But the carriage puts up at Soughton?” “No, dear, I thought it best for you to return to-morrow in the Victoria.” “How is that?—strange thing to change plans.” “Oh, mamma, you’d better tell father the truth.” “Very well, now we’re safe on the way—we have had the most bothering affair.” [Mrs. Gladstone then explains to him the whole *contretemps*, as interpreted by the maid in the most racy language.] “But where is Zadock?” “Oh, don’t bother yourself, father; it will be all right.” Mr. Gladstone, having gradually looked at the thing with merry eyes, burst out laughing, and a most joyous glee took place. The carriage was jogging along slow but sure, lodge past, a stray gate arrived, and suddenly a figure flew past carriage window, and Mr. Gladstone called out, “Why, there is Zadock opening the gate” (Mr. Gladstone’s valet). “Most extraordinary proceedings; we must be in fairyland.” Another glee took place, the door of the house was reached, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, footmanlike, jumped down from the box and put the luggage inside the

front door. Alas, the delightful wonderland came to an end. Had I known I was to write this I would have had pencil and paper in carriage.

“ ‘Your Ladyship’s humble
“ ‘AUGUSTE SCHLÜTER.’ ”¹

Miss Helen arrived last Saturday, and now I have plenty to do. I called at Potters’, dined at Mrs. Turner’s, tea’ed at the Home, and so forth. Now I am going to be very presumptuous, and things repeated never sound nice :—Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, inside the carriage, I on the box. *Mr. H.* : “Who is that?” *Mrs. G.* : “That is my daughter’s maid.” *Mr. H.* : “A German?” *Mrs. G.* : “Yes, a most clever, quick, wonderful charactered woman, so different from the usual run.” Can you understand when I all but jumped down to embrace Mrs. Gladstone, and when she said, “She is a great treasure,” the tears streamed down my cheeks, and my soul sent up a prayer to the Almighty. It does not sound well, but I know you like me to tell you, for it will give you pleasure.

HAWARDEN. *January 9, 1885.*

Many things have happened. On the 21st of December our dear Rector was engaged to be married to Miss Annie Wilson, in Liverpool. Everyone was much surprised and much pleased, for no one had expected such an event to take place. Christmas passed jolly as usual, and last Friday our ball took place, and I had the first dance with Mr. Herbert and the second with Mr. Henry, both great fun. One night we went to the Moores’ and once to Potters’, always enjoyable.

¹ *Catherine Gladstone. Nisbet.*

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

January 11.

Just had a charming letter from Mary (America), she is very happy with her husband. It rains heavy this morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are not very well, but, thank God, both are getting better. We, the household, presented the Rector with a beautiful clock. I was in Liverpool on Friday to settle bridesmaids' dresses, and found the family of Mr. Wilson very charming.

January 21.

Alas, no skating! Miss Helen left on Tuesday, and now I am busy for the wedding. I am taking my daily walks, and Mrs. Hampton is still here, also Mr. Leveson Gower.

HAWARDEN. *February 8.*

Three weeks have passed. We left for Liverpool on the 28th. I was glad the time had come; the wedding took place on Thursday. Alas, the morning began with rain, but when the bridal pair knelt down the sun came out most brilliant, such a blessing for our dear Rector. The bride looked very sweet in soft silk, the bridesmaids in cream llama trimmed with gold. We returned here by 6 p.m. on the same day.

February 24 (Tuesday).

Here we are back in dear old London once more, after a most dashing week at Hawarden. Our Rector and his bride came home a week to-day, and in spite of snow and rain everybody turned out. I, one of the number, was at Castle gate at two o'clock. The carriage arrived after a most stupid delay, the band struck up, then Druids gave their address, and then all marched up to Hawarden. At the "Glyn Arms" we halted, then the committee of the village

handed another address, to which our dear Rector responded in beautiful words. Then the carriage passed through a lovely arch into the Rectory drive, where all the schools had assembled; and after Mr. Spencer handed another address the school children sang "Home, Sweet Home," and so ended the ceremony; but in the evening we enjoyed a splendid dance. Last Thursday we arrived here, and already on Saturday I went to see *Hamlet*, the afternoon performance, and, just fancy, in the evening to hear the Handel Choir singing *Saul*. Miss Mary and Mr. Herbert sang in the choir. It was a very fine performance.

March 8 (Sunday).

We had a glorious sermon by the Archdeacon Farrar this morning, and to-night heard Mr. Newman Hall. Last Sunday I spent with Meyers at Wimbledon; it was very peaceful. Last week I witnessed *As You Like it*—very jolly; and yesterday Mrs. Gladstone made me drive to Woodford with her. These drives mean some of the sweetest moments of my life.

March 20 (Friday).

These have been two eventful weeks. My brother and sister-in-law's birthday, to which I wrote, then I had a long letter full of joy from sister Mary (America), and I heard the *Messiah* in Wellington Church last Sunday, very fine solos; then on Wednesday Mr. Foote (head messenger residing at 10 Downing Street) took Mrs. Foote and me to see *The Household Gods*—a very fine piece. Our ladies attended the Drawing-room on Wednesday; all passed off well. Alas, my ladies left me yesterday, Miss Mary for Oxford and Miss Helen for Hawarden, so I am alone, and have a horrid cold.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Good Friday.

A rather cold day, and my cold no better. I attended the Early and the Three Hours' Service, both beautiful, at St. Margaret's, and at five I wandered to my great friend, Miss Wildt (Lady Brownlow's maid), and stayed a few hours; from there I went to the Albert Hall with my friends from Wimbledon.

Sunday after Easter.

Easter Sunday I spent very quiet, and on Monday Miss Helen arrived for a few hours; in the evening I saw the piece *The Lady of Lyons*—very pretty. I am always lonely without my ladies, so was very glad when Miss Helen came home on Thursday. In the meantime I have enjoyed a book called *Ateliers du Lys*, a French book, otherwise I shall forget all I know.

April 26 (Sunday).

Last week I followed an invitation to Wimbledon and witnessed the pretty play *Comedy and Tragedy*. Alas, the news arrived that our dear matron of the Orphanage is sinking fast. Her death will mean a great loss to me, she was a great friend to me.

May 9 (Saturday).

Alas, my beloved Lady left me for Hawarden last Tuesday, on 28th, so I darted off for a week to Wimbledon again. My German well-to-do people there are always overjoyed to have me. I returned last week and found plenty of letters awaiting me. Mrs. Hampton and her son arrived last night.

June 4.

Did you ever know me so lazy before? A month has passed; somehow it's gone like a dream. Mrs. Hampton left again. Mrs. Stephen, whom I rigged out to be presented to the Queen, stayed with us for a fortnight. Then on the 21st May the lovely wedding of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton with Miss Laura Tennant took place, and Miss Helen turned up for the occasion, and I saw two plays in the same week; then I spent ten delightful days at a small home (at Ashridge) of dear Countess Brownlow, with the kind matron and her children. It was delightful; it is not far from Great Berkhamstead, but alas, my throat complaint followed me back here and I was obliged to visit Sir A. Clark. At last summer has come, and the news of Mrs. Jones's death; so she is at rest. We have been defeated in Parliament, so had to pack up and move on here to Richmond Terrace.

July 7.

I am certainly growing worse. I meant to write long ago. We completed our move into this house a fortnight ago; it was sad to leave the dear old grand home, and I felt very wretched. However, I might have fared worse, for my room, though small, is lovely situated. I look out on to the Thames. My birthday on the 27th went off well, loving letters and presents turned up, and in the evening some of us went to hear Strauss play at the Exhibition, and we heard him again twice since.

July 14.

I had A. Wildt on Sunday, but to-day we are all ready to leap for joy as a son and heir [William G. C. Gladstone, killed in the war, April 1915] has been born to Mr. and

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

Mrs. W. H. Gladstone. Oh, so touching to witness the great joy of our dear Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Yesterday I called on Mrs. Foote; she gave me a pair of pretty candlesticks for my writing-table.

RICHMOND TERRACE. July 23.

My mother's birthday yesterday, so I had my little darling Regina from Wimbledon to celebrate it. Fritz Meyer, her father, fetched her at 8 p.m. Now our dear Gentleman is not well, he suffers from his throat.

August 9.

I have stayed a week ago at Wimbledon, and visited the Exhibition again. Miss Kathy came on a visit, and was very good. We also had the sad news of Mrs. Fleming's death. Poor thing, it happened quite suddenly; how sad for the poor soul.

August 16.

I have been here (Wimbledon) a week to-day. Uncle Meyer and Cousin Emy are here, and we are very jolly; they brought me letters and photos from home. Last Sunday the christening of baby took place here, so we had lots of people to dine with us. To-day we all dined as a family and spent a bright Sunday; I also took them through the parks.

August 20 (Thursday).

I spent another charming week at Meyers in Wimbledon. Last Monday Miss Helen wrote would I meet her at Rugby, and leave London 8.50 p.m. So all the Meyers dined, for my sake, at the High Holborn Restaurant, which we all enjoyed much; then they saw me off at Euston, where I was shown into our reserved carriage, and after the train left

I soon dozed off to sleep, and only woke up when we ran into Rugby. Rushing to the window and waving my pocket-handkerchief was the work of a moment. Miss Helen spied me and joined me at once, and on we ran after settling ourselves comfy for the night, and I slept well. On Tuesday at 8.15 p.m. we reached Perth; we took a good breakfast, and left again by 9.45, and reached Laurencekirk by twelve o'clock, and then followed a six-mile drive to Fasque, Sir Thomas Gladstone's. Scotland is very wild. I took a lovely walk across the hills, and could not help Mendelssohn's pretty hymn, "Oh, forest deep and gloomy, etc.," darting into my mind.

FASQUE. *August 23 (Sunday).*

I just took tea with Mrs. Jolly's mother, a dear old lady, and her laugh is quite bright. I have been twice to church to-day. Last Friday we walked along a burn of the most romantic description, which I enjoyed very much.

August 30.

I had a delightful letter from Miss Mary:—

"Sunbeam.

"MY DEAR SCHLÜT,

"Your letter was such a break. I delighted in hearing about the christening, and the cooking, and everything in it, and it was a specially good idea of yours enclosing Mrs. Hampton's letter, because we were longing to hear about Wellington College, and how she was getting on there. Well, we are getting rather frightened of the home passage; at least I am. Only think what splendid sailors Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have turned out—never sick at all or ever losing appetite! Yes, it was indeed lucky you were

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

not here, and I think we managed pretty well, though it is a bore to dress every night, and what I am to wear to dine with the Prince of Wales to-night I really don't know. I did not bring near enough clothes. However, I have just managed. It is like being in Switzerland. We get wet through every day, and then come home and all fight for a hot bath, or feet in hot water, and there is a regular scramble. We had some Wunderschön days of deep blue summer. I will tell you all, I hope, when we get back. Good-bye. So glad you have lost the sweet taste, and Sir A. Clark bids me say he is very glad, too, and that he thanks you for your message.

“ Ever your friend,

“ MARY GLADSTONE.

“ So glad you like Fasque.”

FASQUE. *August 30.*

We took a bonny drive across the hills yesterday to Glendye, a shooting-box of Sir Thomas's. The day was glorious; we drove there to visit the gamekeeper, and enjoyed a hearty tea when we got there; then we wandered about on the hills.

September 4.

How quick all changes! Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Mary are here. On Monday we all went to the Dalala Glen and back at the foot of the beach, which I thought lovely; and meanwhile a telegram had arrived saying our people had reached the north coast of Scotland, and would likely arrive here on the Tuesday. And we believed them in Norway! You may fancy what excitement was caused by it, and it was delightful to see them when they arrived. And my ladies also were glad to find me here.

HAWARDEN. *September 14.*

Home once more. I spent one more charming day at Fasque. Mrs. Gladstone sent us to the burn; it belongs to Colonel MacOnroy, six miles from Sir Thomas's—and what a burn! How very fine! It runs through their grounds, after starting quietly under a beautiful bridge, and then, after a short distance, it breaks itself through caves, rushes wildly over rocks. Then I saw for the first time a salmon leap, and even had the pleasure to see three all at once attempting to get over the rocks, but they were whirled back again, and turned most amusing somersaults. On we walked, the rocks getting bigger; some stretched right into the burn, and we could sit on them. It was very grand, and reminded me of some of the great paintings which I have seen. We left Fasque on Monday, the 31st of August, and arrived here safe on the same day, and were met most heartily by everybody. So nice to be home again.

September 25 (Friday).

Last night was our Harvest Thanksgiving, but too sad, for it rained in torrents, yet the church was crowded. I had some good letters on Sunday.

October 11.

Already a fortnight gone again. Autumn has turned in, and it is cold. Miss Helen left us last Monday. Last night we had a good entertainment of spiritualism—great fun; Miss Mary treated me to it. I also heard from home—rather bad news. I feel somehow very low, no reason, but somehow service becomes more painful to me every year. Not as far as my ladies go—no, no, they are Love itself. But do I again forget—“All your cares put upon God, for He careth for us.”

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

October 31 (Sunday).

At last a letter from America, and sister Mary does write happy, what a comfort. And I read a lot again, so feel better; besides, we are full of company:—Lord and Lady Rosebery, Lord Wolverton, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, Lady Stepney. And so stupid, it has been raining for the last fortnight, but to-day (Sunday) it is fine.

November 16.

Our whole family have left for Scotland, and I must run into Chester, for I have broken a tooth. Miss Mary always sends me a newspaper—so gracious of her. I have sent a wee robe to America for baby, and dolls to the twins in Hanover; they had their birthday yesterday.

November 29 (Sunday).

Time has been very exciting, for elections are going on. I fear we shall not get in, for we have lost twenty-three seats—an enormous *loss*. Our people returned last night, and certainly victorious as far as Midlothian is concerned. Also, Mr. Herbert had a splendid majority at Leeds. The night was peaceful, and the horizon illumined by millions of stars, all twinkling a welcome. The lovely moon rose majestically to brighten the way of our dear Veteran Champion, who has had to bear the most unjust accusations from an unprincipled Irishman last week. It was fifteen minutes to one when the carriage wheels were heard in the distance; then our Orphanage windows turned suddenly bright with numerous candles, and then “Auld Lang Syne” was sung. When Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Mary drove into the courtyard, they looked so noble and expressed their delight

most graciously. Afterwards we all sang "Home, Sweet Home." Since then time has passed quickly, and I have been busy and gay, and received lots of sweet letters.

December 17.

Just now the news came from America telling me the birth of a boy—thank God for it. Our dear little family will arrive Tuesday, and Miss Helen to-morrow.

December 27.

This has been a week of such sadness, it will always remain in my memory. Christmas passed very peaceful. My greatest joy is the Early Service, and the walk up to church. Oh, the heavenly peace during that walk. I can almost hear the angels sing "Glory to God," etc., and my heart seems to overflow with joy. However, I little knew what was in store for me until yesterday, when my beloved Lady asked me would it be a great shock to me if she married Mr. Drew? My answer was, "Don't jest with me on so serious a matter, for such a thing would be quite impossible." She tried all day to make me believe it, and although my heart refused, a cold fear crept over me. There was a dance in the school, and I could not refuse to attend without divulging the news, and when I saw Mr. Drew I felt like a tigress wishing to throw herself upon the enemy. What a sad night I passed no words could tell, and when on Sunday morning my beloved Lady repeated her question, a burst of bitter tears was my answer. On Monday my own Lady made me go to Mr. Drew, who wished to see me, but all my answers were a fire of reproaches broken by big sobs, which made him feel very wretched. Miss Mary and all were unhappy about it, and I felt obliged to write to Mr. Drew,

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

asking his forgiveness for New Year's Day. This is what I wrote to Mr. Drew:—

“ THE CASTLE,

“ *December 31, 1885.*

“ DEAR REVEREND SIR,

“ I wish you and my beloved Lady, your future wife, a very happy New Year. May God bless your marriage with her, whose sweet love has been part of my life for seventeen years. I feel with the last day of the old year, that I must henceforth live on the past, and give you all my share—only wishing, hoping, trusting that a small portion of her friendship, blended with yours, may always be mine. Do pray forgive me for my cruel behaviour to you last Monday; a wound, when fresh, will have its time for bleeding, and mine felt very sore. Since then, every hour reveals more to me how much Miss Mary must love you, as she is so peacefully happy; besides, everybody tells me how good you are, therefore I feel sure you will take care of her. After all, what is greater in this world than real true love, which beareth all things, faileth never. May God help you both in the storms of this life, that your united love will cut through the waves without fear, and so bear the trials which come to all of us in their turn with patience. There is one tremendous bright point in it, knowing that everything for the present is to remain as in the past. Only one thing more for me to do, which is, I must learn to love you as much as I love her. I am a persevering scholar, and have good faith in passing my examination satisfactorily.

“ Once more receive my most sincere congratulations, and believe me, Reverend Sir, to be

“ Your humble servant,

“ A. SCHLÜTER.”

No letter could have been more gentle and kind than his reply, and I tried to get calm. Oh, how sad all was, and through it all I had to attend parties with a heart bleeding. On Friday Miss Mary, Mr. Henry, and I drove into Chester; they to the dentist, and I to my dear Dr. Dobie, for I did feel so ill. He was beautiful, which made me weep bitterly, but the tears were less scalding.

1886—1887

WIMBLEDON. *February 2, 1886.*

At last all is over. Miss Mary has become Mrs. Drew, and is spending a happy honeymoon at Berkhamstead House (Lord Brownlow's). Miss Helen, for Cambridge, left us on the fifteenth of January, and Mr. Henry on the twelfth for India—one parting after another, all so sad. Miss M. and I left for Lady Stepney's on the 22nd of January, where we stayed at Woodend (Ascot) until the 26th, and then went to 21 Carlton House Terrace.

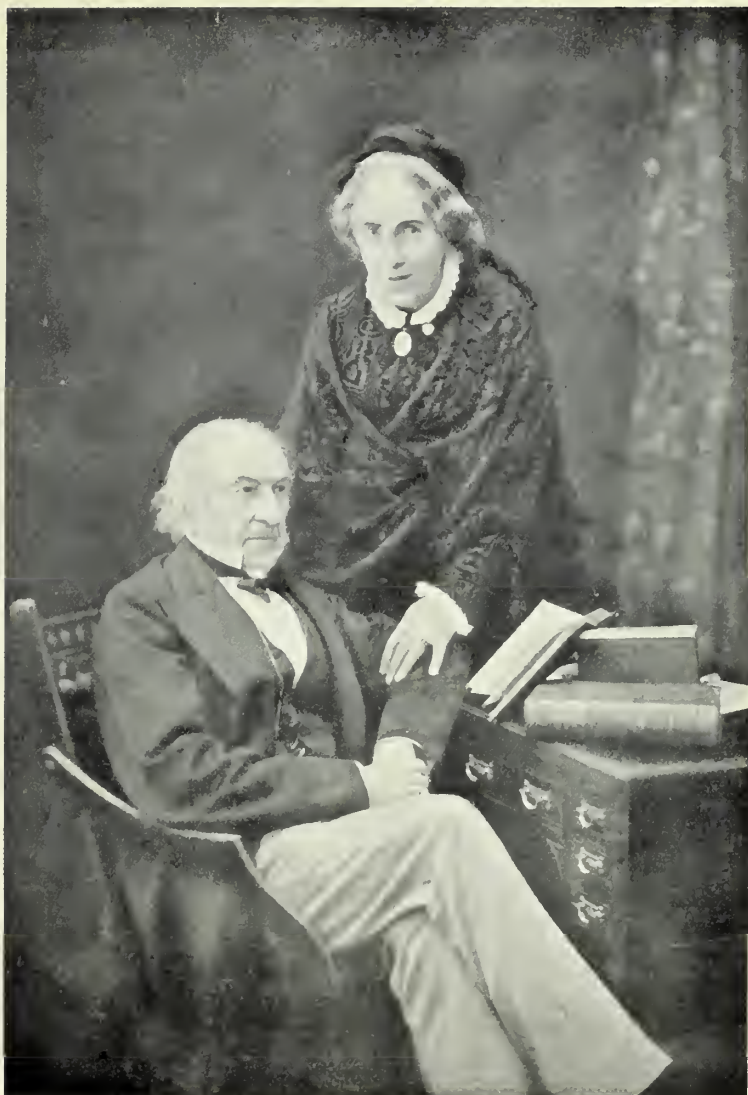
February 2.

The wedding took place, all pretty, but I in a kind of stupor *all day*. (Mr. Alfred Lyttelton wrote :—"After the service was over I came across poor Schlüter in the aisle, in great disorder, and comforted her as best I could.")

On the wedding day Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the fourth time. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince George, Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery signed the register. In the early morning my Lady went to St. Paul's Cathedral. The wedding was at 11.30. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton came to help dress her.

EDWINSTOWE. *February 17.*

I am here with Mrs. Hampton since Monday—all quiet and peaceful. I had some nice letters from Mrs. Drew; all happiness, and I must try to be happy also for her sake.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

1886.

HAWARDEN. *March 16.*

Time passed very quickly at Mrs. Hampton's, as we had some nice invitations, but nothing I liked more than arriving home after a good walk and taking our tea, and then for a jolly read—this was after both our hearts. On the 27th all came to an end; the 4.20 train from Mansfield took us to London, where we arrived at 9.30 in 10 Downing Street, for our side had taken office again.

April 10 (Sunday).

Five weeks of the marvellous change of my life have passed, so far so well. Mr. and Mrs. Drew are very happy and very satisfied, so I am contented. I go my usual visits, also attend a Mothers' Meeting—always a great joy—besides taking lessons in cooking. Mrs. Drew left for London last Thursday, and as I took her to Chester I attended to some business at the same time. Mr. Gladstone has made his great speech. What will be the result? It is not known yet, but I fear people are much divided.

May 2.

It is strange, but I find scarcely any time for writing. We had Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone here on the 17th April, and left us last Tuesday. Although they slept at the Rectory, they were always here. Also Mr. Herbert stayed with us. We had most sublime weather for Easter, and thousands of people found their way here for Good Friday and Easter. But Easter brought us deep sorrow; darling Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (Miss Laura Tennant that was) died on Easter Eve. She drooped like a flower, dear little lady; it was too sad. The baby lives. Mrs. Drew and Mr. Herbert attended the sad funeral in Scotland, at the Glen. Several nice letters from mother and Marie arrived, also photo of the boy in America,

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

and Mrs. Gladstone gave me a Scotch plaid. Cooking lessons are over; I have learnt much by them. Poor Mr. Alfred Lyttelton came to stay with M^{ss} Mary.

HAWARDEN. *May 31.*

Another month has gone, and all has turned out satisfactory. Oh, how I thank my Lord, who has aided me in this new duty! How true it is—"Trust in the Lord and thou shalt never be confounded." Mr. and Mrs. Drew are love itself; I do like Mr. Drew dearly. Mrs. Drew made me write to Mr. Henry in India. I also sent off a jolly parcel to mother. I gave a little outdoor picnic yesterday; it was delicious, for Nature is in its best garment, woods and fields all in perfect splendour. Last Saturday I was caught in the rain, so took shelter under a fir-tree, and then my mind roamed on to Hanover, and I wondered if I should be with mother a few years yet. God knows best.

10 DOWNING STREET. *July 2.*

I arrived here on Monday, a day after my birthday, which I spent for the first time at Hawarden, and I must say it was lovely. We tea'ed out on the lawn, and I had lots of presents and lots of loving letters. Wrote to Wimbledon, and then they took me to see *Frou-Frou* yesterday. Politics are in a wild state, and we shall have to turn out soon here. [Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill had been defeated on June 8th.]

HAWARDEN CASTLE. *August 16.*

Back once again. I am neither glad nor sorry. The weather is rather chilly. I went to Wimbledon several times and saw all my friends there, when in London.

August 17.

Mr. Drew's birthday to-day, and such news. Mrs. Drew expects the stork in due time, but she is not well, and has to be in bed.

August 24.

Miss Helen here since Friday, and has gone with Mr. Gladstone to Germany. She was very jolly.

September 24.

Little did I know what was before us when last I wrote; we have nearly lost my beloved Lady. A nurse has arrived, and on September 1st a wee boy was born dead. Lady Grosvenor and Lady Stepney both saw the sad little one before his burial.

October 1.

My beloved Lady keeps very ill. Mr. and Mrs. Wickham left us again, and all is confusing. Dr. Dobie was sent for again, and an operation had been decided upon for the same evening.

Letter to Hon. Lady Stepney:—

“HAWARDEN CASTLE,

“September 16, 1886.

“ . . . You will be sorry to hear, Monday less well; still, she got up by five, and looked through the window at all the mothers enjoying a good tea.

“Tuesday very feverish. Dr. Dobie came and told her she would have to suffer much pain yet before she could feel better. *No comfort in that.* Nurse and all of us got very alarmed by 10 p.m., the change in her face was extraordinarily sad to behold. I cannot tell you what it told me,

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

I felt all at once my beloved Lady was to be taken from us altogether, the agonizing pains have almost beaten her. Doctors came again, and telegraphed for Mathews Duncan. Not himself, but his substitute, Dr. Griffith, will arrive at six, meanwhile my darling Lady is a wee bit more comfy, as they have given her morphia. Oh, may God help her! My eyes are only satisfied when feeding on her face.

"6 p.m. Doctors all here. London doctor gives hope, and stays all night. They have decided to operate, and she is now under chloroform. . . ."

October 2 (Saturday).

Yesterday passed better than we expected, and to-day Dr. Dobie and Sir Andrew Clark are here.

October 4 (Monday).

Sir A. Clark has left again and we are as wise as before. All he says is it will take time. What do they call long? Oh, how frail is the eye of man! To-day the Irish are expected to present Mr. Gladstone with the Freedom of Cork.

October 7.

On Tuesday I attended a Mothers' Meeting at the Rectory, and afterwards saw Mr. Gladstone cut down a tree, which I enjoyed very much. Miss Helen and Mr. Drew joined us, and we all pulled together when Mr. Gladstone gave the command.

October 11 (Monday).

Our darling is just the same, my heart leaps into my mouth whenever I look at her; no one knows how I suffer. Snatches of prayers are ever on my lips that God may spare her to me yet.



HAWARDEN CASTLE.

Mr. Gladstone, his son and son-in-law after felling a beech. Mrs. Gladstone and grandchildren.
October, 1886.

October 17.

Miss Constance Gladstone is here and of great use to us. Doctors are full of hope again. What a delightful change has come over us all. Now all will be bright once more, and I will trust in the Lord.

October 20.

I fully expected Miss Helen to-day, but Mrs. Gladstone has put her off until Saturday. Mrs. Drew goes on all right. Dr. Dobie, our great comforter, was here yesterday.

Saturday.

8.30 *p.m.* Another day of gained strength. I am thankful that Miss Helen has come.

October 24.

Another Sunday drawing to its close, and all is peace, for our darling is better. I attended church this morning, all was joy. I took tea at Mrs. Potter's, and now am on duty, 7.30 *p.m.*

October 29.

8.30. We are going on slow but sure. I feel low at times, a little run down. Been to call on Lady Margaret [the village carrier, a great character, always called Lady Margaret by Mr. Gladstone] to-day, which did me good. I also wrote to Mrs. Hampton and Mrs. Stume.

November 7.

This week has been very blessed. We had a lovely holy service at our patient's bedside, and she is going on slow but sure. On Friday was my sister Ida's birthday, and I

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

could write a joyful letter. O Lord, Thy ways are wonderful, and so I sent token of love to all.

November 23.

This is my Lady's birthday, and she has had lots of presents. Alas, it is chilly and dreary out of doors to-day, but my heart is full of joy and gratitude, and in spite of all I attended the Mothers' Meeting and had tea at Mrs. Potter's. Mrs. Stephen Gladstone has had a boy, and Mrs. Gladstone is delighted. I am reading a German novel, very interesting, by Grafín Ida Hahn Hahn.

December 5 (Sunday).

Our nurse left us ten days ago, and the doctors appointed me to finish the case. So far all well. Years ago I wished to be a nurse, but there it remained. A fortnight later.— Our dear patient is learning to walk again; she is now able to rest in her sunny sitting-room. It looks like frost out of doors, maybe we get some skating yet. I am taking long walks again, and revel in God's nature. Mrs. Hampton and Miss Helen are here.

January 15, 1887 (Sunday).

We are having a real winter and are skating, and we had a pretty dance on the 6th, to which my darling Lady appeared herself in her bridal garb. It was very delightful to have her among us again. (She had been carried downstairs on Christmas Day for the first time since August.) I also had some good letters from home.

HOLKER HALL. February 12.

Alas, our comfy visit to Lady Frederick, at the Duke of Devonshire's, is drawing to its close. Three weeks ago we

came here to convalesce. Mr. Drew only stayed a night, and then I was put into his dressing-room, so our two pretty rooms join; they are very snug and face the sea, and I once more imagine my Lady unmarried and enjoy the sweet intercourse with her. I also am reading a pretty tale of Ancient Rome—*Neara*—and a very interesting German tale, *Der Gunstling der Præsidentin* [sic]. And one evening I was asked to join in a game by Lady Frederick and Mrs. Drew and one of the Duke's granddaughters. We play some cards with names of admirals and field-m Marshals on them. Lady Frederick asked me to write a little about the dear Mr. W. Lyttelton. I felt vague about it, but somehow I hit the right bits, for her ladyship seemed pleased with it. Politics are very bitter downstairs here: one, a great Tory, is almost rude in his expressions about Mr. Gladstone; the two Unionists are tolerable. How odd it seems that all who worshipped the G.O.M. have on the Irish Question entirely left him. I cannot help pitying them, for, after all, their attachment could not be really sincere. I am keeping very quiet, so get on best, and the Tory became full of grace towards me. Mrs. Pass (maid to Lady Frederick Cavendish), who has so much to say when at Hawarden, sings very small here. Oh, I wish she would not always look so dusty!

Lady Stepney is with us here.

PENMAENMAWR. *February 22.*

Mrs. Drew and I were watching the tide to-day, and talking of our nice housemaid, who is married from the Castle to-day. We left Holker on the 14th, called at the Castle for luncheon, and arrived here by 7.30. I feel very happy here. Mr. Drew came with us, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. Stephen spent two days here already. Last Sunday

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

I walked twice to church, and in the afternoon I took a lovely walk with a nice young woman who had stayed here for two nights. Tuesday the hotel keeper offered me to drive with his sons, and so we went to Aber Waterfall. It was killing fun, for the wind blew our hats off again and again. I am reading a French story, *La Mare au Diable*, by Georges Sand.

HAWARDEN. *March 6.*

We landed once more at our chateau. We had another lovely drive to a place called Dwygywylchi, where lots of little mountain streams meet. I also had to look at a dog for Mrs. Drew. I found lots of letters here.

April 15.

Partly duty, partly laziness, have kept me from writing, and six weeks since I took up my duty as housekeeper again. My small staff is a good one, all willing to do my bidding. We have been extra busy. First, came delightful Canon Holland, then my darling Miss Helen, and then the dear bereaved Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. Then last Tuesday our pageboy was confirmed. To-day I feel lonely—one of my bad days; they will turn up now and then.

June 30.

Where has time fled? I have been more than busy, but the reward will come. Only a few weeks and I shall be once more among my own people. My homesickness is very severe, and I shall find my sister and her baby there. Whitsuntide is past, and I have paid my usual weekly visits to Mrs. Potter, Davies, Hurst, Rectory, and, last not least, to my dear Mothers' Meeting.

July 3.

A beautiful month of heavenly sunshine, and roses has gone by. I have worked hard, but the thought of my homeward journey kept me afloat. I also had much to study, for examinations of ambulance and nursing classes were to take place. The first was on June 8th, and (the second) on the 29th June, and I passed both *first* class. What a break! On Monday, 27th, was my birthday, which brought me first, when I opened my door by 8.30 a.m., a lovely arrangement of roses and maidenhair ferns—(my Lady had gathered them early in the morning)—the centre ones held an envelope with a pair of ear-rings and a £5 note, with heartfelt wishes from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drew! So, first, my little staff had to admire it, then I carried the wicker table into my room, knelt down, and felt very small for allowing doubt to poison me lately more than once. Then I thanked God for His mercy. In the afternoon we all had tea out of doors. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone was here, which helped to brighten the Castle.

BAD GRUND, HARZ MOUNTAINS. *August 19.*

We left July the 5th for Dollis Hill, where the days spent quickly, and on the 20th I left for Hanover, where I arrived with shouts of joy on the 21st. Sisters, cousins, nieces, and nephew met me at the station. On Friday, the 22nd, was mother's birthday, and we kept it in the Zoo. Sister Dora was here from Hamburg, Mary and baby from America—too good for words. On the 16th Mary and I came on here for her lungs. We are amongst pines here, and very comfortable.

September 8 (Monday).

Back in Hanover a fortnight. Sister Ida took my place, and I came home to help mother with the baby. Our little

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

niece arrived from the seaside, and we all lunched together. On Sunday, the 4th of September, the dear old church where I had been confirmed was, after restoration, re-opened, to which mother and I went. How beautiful, yet how strange, the dear old church appeared to me; yet what a blessing for me to be once more granted to worship in it.

HAWARDEN. *October 24.*

I returned four weeks ago from Germany. Alas, my poor sister-in-law, whom I left very poorly, is no better, and I hear my brother-in-law will fetch Mary and her baby home again to America. All here seem glad to see me back.

November 23.

My dear Lady's birthday, and the sad departure of those dear ones at home for America. How they will miss them! I long to be there to aid them all in their great trials. May God grant them a safe journey.

December 11 (Sunday).

Already the Third Sunday in Advent, and I am doing nothing to prepare for Christmas. On Monday, the 28th of November, Mrs. Gladstone sent for me, asking me to start with her and Mr. Gladstone and Miss Helen for Italy on December 26th, and as Mrs. Drew had given her leave to it, I could but say "Yes." I could not swallow the idea of leaving home just for Christmas. In the meantime the sad news of dear sister-in-law grew sadder, and I out here so helpless. I remembered she had no dressing-gown, so I asked Mr. Drew for his old one, and carried it with great joy to the P.O. It will keep her warm. Mrs. Wickham has been here since the 2nd.

1888—1889

FLORENCE. *January 12, 1888.*

It seems impossible to remember all late events. Mrs. Wickham stayed until the 13th, and Miss Helen arrived on the 12th. Plans were fixed more and more for Florence, and I had to put on a good face, but felt very sorry for Mrs. Bolton. Christmas passed by, and I was very busy with packing. We left Hawarden on the 26th at 10.45, reached London by 3 p.m., drove to Charing Cross, and on to Betteshanger (Sir Walter and Lady James's) by 4.15. Had to drive five miles through four inches of snow, and reached there by 7.45. It was a very cold but lovely moonlight night, all the snow sparkled like diamonds. We left on the 28th for Paris, and drove at once to the Hotel Bristol. Our crossing was rough and I very seasick. A splendacious affair. I took a long walk through the streets, and being Christmas all looked gay. Alas, at 8 p.m. we left again. We had a very comfy journey, but oh, how cold it was! and what storms of snow; one felt quite starved. And when we hoped to breakfast at 9.40 we were blocked up in the snow, and not until 12.30 could we leave our carriage for ten minutes, only to swallow a drop of soup. We were due by 2.45 at Turin, but reached there at six—too late for our train. However, we got some dinner there, and left again by 8 p.m. Our dear old soldier courier was a great comfort to me, and after being packed into a first class I did sleep as sound as a baby. We arrived here (Florence) by 8.30 a.m. on Saturday, the 31st, and with half an eye I saw what a place it was. Our

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

flat has fourteen rooms and two passages, all cement floors, and next to no carpets, only in the drawing-room. Beds are good, but the rest sadly wanting. However, it is only for a short time, so will make the best of it. The worst is we have no one to depend on; the hired woman, a jolly fat old thing, arrives at 7.30, and Mr. Gladstone enters his study also by 7.30 a.m., so if you could peep you would see a man lighting the fires and a woman sweeping and dusting—their names are Zadock [Mr. Gladstone's valet] and Schlüt. Such is my office out here, and all you at home envy me; however, with a light heart all gets done; our old Rosa, aged seventy-six, as housemaid, brother as cook, we jog along quite merrily. I have taught them to clear out all dust, ashes, and peel, etc., for all used to remain under the sink. We cook English food, with my help, have our beds warmed by Rosa every night, for the cold is bitter here—the windows are never free from ice. Sunday we all went to church, and Monday Miss Helen and I called and settled our tradespeople. Every night I study my sentence what to order in the morning, for kind Mr. Gladstone has lent me a most delightful book; and fancy, our confectioner and baker's wife is German, and she at once offered me her daughter as guide any day—am I not lucky? Our second Sunday at Florence we all went to church twice. I have been about by myself to see the Duomo, a most wonderful marble building; the belfry, a high tower, stands by itself, also pure marble, so is the baptistery—all most wonderful workmanship outside. The interior is less grand, but the altars for worship are very beautiful. A most wonderful feature of Florence are the most glorious monuments standing about so near to us. In the Piazza Cavour is a lovely archway, and so in lots of streets.

January 15 (Sunday).

I have loitered more than once through those Palazzi Pitti and Uffizzi to feast on those perfect paintings of the old Masters—how perfect they are and the colouring of them, one never tires of viewing the whole life of Christ again on canvas; also the Venuses in oil and marble are very grand, besides lovely statues and mosaic tables. Oh, I must go again, I am only half satisfied yet. One has to cross the river with quaint bridges. On each side stand wee houses with jewellers' shops, and above is a passage built for the King to get from one palazzo to another in order to escape the mob. Hallo, here comes our old gipsy, Rosa, home, singing of plum pudding. She dines out every Sunday, but hopes to get her pudding for tea. Mrs. Gladstone keeps them on board wages. Well, the poor old thing bandages herself from the crown of her head down to her toes so as to keep from shaking. I do believe she is over ninety years old, but she does warm our beds and tucks us up every night—I do love that bit of my life out here, and always save her plum pudding. I went to a pretty concert on Wednesday, a lady in first storey here took me with her; we enjoyed ourselves much. On Thursday dear Mrs. Gladstone had to stay in bed, and last night Mr. and Mrs. Stephen arrived, so my hands are full.

January 17 (Tuesday).

This has been a bright day. The kind Signorina Rossini had promised to take me out, so we rode in a tram to the most glorious spot, a Catholic cemetery called Santa ——. First we mounted a terrace, upon which stood one of the glorious sculptures by Michael Angelo—David throwing the stone at Goliath—simply perfect (Pardon me, a copy of it), but I shall see the original in marble. Then on the

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

next terrace we found a real monastery, and monks walking about. Upon the third terrace stood a church called Santa Porta, belonging to the cemetery. The organ was playing, and they were chanting a burial service. I felt awestruck. And the wonderful workmanship inside. In one little chapel they make one put one's ear to the wall and one does hear some drops falling inside; the verger said it was the blood of the martyrs trickling down. Then we entered the churchyard. We were very high up now, and had a splendid view of Florence; the sun was setting in all its splendour, the moon rising faintly, the opposite hills were covered in snow, and at our feet ice! Yes, my friend, it is bitter cold here, and hard to believe it is Italy.

January 21 (Saturday).

I am trying to sit still for an hour, but oh, the wretched cold here! If it was not such brilliant sunshine, I think we would perish. I spent some peaceful hours in galleries again on Wednesday, all alone. Alas, sad news about my sister-in-law arrived yesterday; I wish I could help to nurse her. Yesterday my friends took me to the Jewish synagogue.

January 22 (Sunday).

Just returned from Royal Gardens, Rossini took me there; they resemble ours in Hanover, only they go higher and higher, all terraces, and Florence at our feet. The fountains are gorgeous, and all over carvings of splendid sculpture. Then we turned into a café, which was much better than Doni's; and how I enjoyed it after two hours' stiff walking! We then bought some brooches, which I sent off, also a £1 to the poor sufferer, sister-in-law Minna. Yesterday Rossini took me to the museum. It is really an old monastery, and so has remained, each little cell perfect. It

is where Savonarola spent his life until he was burnt to death; his garments are kept in his cell, and each cell contains a lovely painting by Fra Angelico. A beautiful dining-hall, and various places for worship. The quadrangle is very striking, with its glorious paintings all round the walls. I am thankful I saw this old St. Mark's Monastery.

January 29 (Sunday).

On Tuesday Signorina Rossini took me to St. Maria Della —, where I saw the Spanish Chapel; every part of it is oil painting. We also visited St. Spiritu, most beautiful; and on Thursday we went to St. Lorenzo, the Chapel of the Medici. We entered by a great vault, where all the families of the Medici are buried, then some steps took us into a small duomo, eighty-six yards high; every bit of it is marble from all parts of the world, and between is cedar wood from Lebanon—it looks like marble. Around the walls are sixteen crests of various towns, all made of precious stones. The ceiling presents a magnificent oil painting representing Adam and Eve; the floors are not done, yet the building of chapel costs 23,000,000 francs. On Friday it poured, but I went to pay bills. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone said I had done well—what a comfort. After tea took leave of my kind friends, who said :—

Man sieht sich, lernt sich kennen,
liebt sich und muss sich trennen.

Too true, we all felt sad.

HAWARDEN. *February 11.*

We left Florence on the 31st of January, and broke our journey at Cannes, where Lord Acton had invited our people

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

to a lovely hotel. We stayed there a week, and then returned "Home, Sweet Home," but very lonely.

March 2.

News from home about sister-in-law Minna becomes sadder every time, poor wee twins and dear mother. My brother, I don't know how he feels. I had a very dear letter from America; they are very sorry that I will not accept their noble offer to go out and live with them, but I think it is better so. I hope to visit them soon.

March 9.

All the papers are full of William the First's death. Besides, my soul is full of grief for my poor sister-in-law, who died, after great anguish, on March 2nd; mother writes too sadly about it; how she must have suffered, poor dead darling! Now mother will have to take them all in.

May 24.

How time flies! In the meantime I lead a life of mourning and loneliness. Death has visited us, and who will be the next? Mr. and Mrs. Drew left for Schwaebach on May 3rd, so I feel very lonely. My little staff is good to me, and I try to be kind to them. We had some visitors before Mr. and Mrs. Drew left—Mr. Hubert Herkomer to paint Mrs. Gladstone's portrait.

June 27.

It is *my* birthday. I had intended a tea-party, but gave it up. However, my three faithful servants had arranged my room lovely, and I was startled when I got down to breakfast—but stop, I was woke up through lovely little voices singing at my bedroom door, the children from the Home. I thanked

them and kissed them, and asked God to make me worthy of all the kindness shown to me. Then I went downstairs, where I found a lovely display of roses and a beautiful watch from Mr. and Mrs. Drew. Was it not sweet? Then came the post from my dear mother, sisters, and my beloved Lady, and lots of presents; so I spent a lovely peaceful day. I am reading *Ben Hur* and the *Life of Carlyle*. Alas, our dear Emperor Frederic has been called home to his long rest. His reign was of short duration.

July 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew have returned, looking well. News from America came, but so sad—baby died, only six months old. Now John is going to take a trip to England, and here comes a telegram to say he has landed in Liverpool. What joy in all my great sorrow! I shall fetch him from Chester to-morrow.

July 24.

John came on Sunday, but only for a day, and brought with him lots of sunshine.

August 2.

All is over, my dear brother-in-law was allowed to spend a few happy days with me, and was I not proud of my Captain John! And I showed him off to everybody, and Mr. and Mrs. Drew were most kind about him, but now he is gone. I took him to the ship and saw him off yesterday. Oh, how sad I felt when he left, no one will ever guess.

August 15.

All our family have arrived, and now Mrs. Drew wishes me to have a change, so I am off to Wimbledon,

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

London, and Harlesden. It will be rather fun to pay those visits

September 5.

I returned here on Saturday, the 3rd, after some nice visits in London. In the meanwhile I heard from John of his safe arrival, and full of his wife and child.

September 17.

I was going to recite at the school to-night; we had all the Mothers' Meeting mothers for tea. On going in I found a letter, but I was terror-struck when I found the news of my dear brother-in-law John's death announced in it. I don't know what to do; I feel I must start to my poor sister at once, and only so lately he was here. Oh, what a bereavement! The dear man. I don't know who has written, but I only feel sadly bowed down through the awful news—and now I could not recite.

October 3.

At last a letter from my poor sister, with the one big cry, "Sister, come out to me." It made me almost ill, but Mrs. Gladstone had planned for me to go with them to Naples, so all I could do was to write and say: "Wait, darling, until spring, and I will fly on wings of love to you." The letters from home are very crushing, and between all it is almost more than one can bear. Our journey is fixed for the 19th of December.

November 15.

I find no way of getting away from going to Naples, and it causes such enmity, and I would gladly let Mrs. Bolton

go, and betake myself to America, but I have no choice, and all sounds most ungrateful on my part. How I wish I could run away, my heart is so crushed; three dear ones gone within twelve months—nay, seven months—it is bitter.

WHITEHALL GARDENS, LONDON. *December 17.*

Friday evening, fog quite dense, but as I brought some rabbits I took them over to Mr. and Mrs. Foote, of Downing Street; then I bought a picture book and sent it off to the last darling who has lost his father and brother.

December 19 (Sunday).

I have been twice to church, and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Foote, and then kind Mrs. Adams (Lady Frederick Cavendish's cook) for tea.

SCHWEIZERHOF, LUCERNE. *Thursday.*

8 *p.m.* We (Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew, Mr. Rendel and his daughters) left Victoria on Wednesday at 11.30, and I managed the journey very well to Calais. The night was rather poor, for we were six of us in our carriage. We reached Basel by 5.15 this morning, where we enjoyed some coffee and rolls, and then got here by 9 a.m. This is a splendid hotel and facing a beautiful lake, so I cleaned myself and took a walk across some picturesque bridges and to the magnificent Lion of Lucerne. I saw the glorious lake and the snow-peaked mountains—all very grand.

December 26 (Wednesday).

Here in Naples since Saturday. I am getting over the journey, but it was very tiring. We left Lucerne on Friday by 10.30 in a royal carriage sent from Milan. It was very

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

jolly, for half-way round was a balcony, from which I could watch the splendid scenery. An hour distance from Lucerne all was covered with snow, and lots of sledges about on the roads. We passed in and out of tunnels, getting higher and higher, until we reached Mount Blanc tunnel. Here, at station, we dined. All along funny little villages were dotted about, and one pretty sight was a flowing crystal stream winding its way all through the valley, but the people looked cold and poor. The Tunnel of St. Gothard took eighteen minutes to pass through, then came again the prettiest ups and downs. We reached Milan by 7 p.m., took some food there, changed trains, and left again at 9.30. I was placed in a ladies' carriage, in which sat already four ladies, so no sleep again. Well, these four Italians sang all the time the prettiest airs of *Marta*, *Trovatore*, *Lohengrin*, etc. However, I was so tired that I found myself nodding a good deal. All at once a lady left at two o'clock, and then our courier rushed in, saying I must change; so I found myself running over to another platform into another train, and there beheld one of my singers in my carriage, so now we two settled down and had some sleep.

Saturday.

I fared very badly; had no fit food, and was I not glad when tremendous shouts of people announced our arrival at Naples! What a sweet fuss they made with our Gentleman. We drove through crowds of enthusiastic young men. We were a large party, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Drew, Mr. Rendel, Miss Maud and Miss Daphne, then the two valets and self. So we got into four carriages, and I into one by myself. Oh, what joy to be alone after four days' tiring travel! During half an hour we passed through filthy streets; then the Gulf of Naples came in sight. My heart

leaped, heaven was blue, moon one mass of silver, and each star looked like a diamond, the waves rippled and danced, and then I found myself facing Vesuvius, for large flames were bursting from its peak. What a wonderful sight! I was quite awestruck. The night which followed found me very poorly, so I took a country walk on Monday. We live outside Naples—Posilipo—and our house is called Rocca-Bella. It stands near to the Gulf, and we can see Mount Vesuvius, Toranto, Capri, Sorrento, Mount St. Ango, etc. Christmas I felt very poorly, yet acted Father Christmas, and filled the younger ladies a stocking. I struggled to church by tram, a dear little church in a filthy street.

Friday 8 a.m.

Have just watched a glorious sunrise. He rose behind St. Ango, and I could see a hundred little fishing-boats, and the bay seemed quite still; then the first red streak danced across the water, until the whole water dazzled from the glorious sun.

December 31, 1888.

Time even here goes on wings, in spite of eating one's food where the lamps are trimmed. True, the scenery is fine; it is 8 p.m., and Naples looks most picturesque, with its thousand of lights and Vesuvius spitting out a wee flame. All to-day this peak looked like fleecy clouds—a sure sign that he will be angry at night—the sun set perfect. I attended church yesterday by tram: If you could but see the filthy street and the dirty people in those taverns, you would be shocked. Well, when I wanted to ride back, the tramdriver declared my fifty centimes were no good, so I had to walk all the way home, found dinner over and cold, so took only a mouthful,

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

and then rushed into the carriage, for Mrs. Gladstone had given me and Miss Rendel's maid a concert ticket; and it was a lovely concert, and we much enjoyed it, but I also relished my tea, for I felt starved. Alas, a big rock came down between us and Naples last night, so no more trams.

1889—1890

January 3, 1889 (Thursday).

There is nothing like resignation, and into its arms I have thrown myself. My ladies are love itself. The rock blocks the road, so would I. I could not go to Naples; besides, it has rained in torrents since yesterday, and however nice our windows with wee balconies are in fine weather, they prove very fatal now the water stands in all our rooms; but in spite of rain I took a ramble along the coast, and was nearly blown away.

January 9 (Wednesday).

Last Friday three of us got into a wee boat to Naples, then took a little carriage and drove about a little as far as San Carlo, the big theatre, then walked back, took some nasty coffee in a restaurant, then back home in our nutshell of a boat. On Sunday was dear Mrs. Gladstone's birthday. I wished her joy by half-past seven. Later on Mrs Gladstone told me to be ready for church, the Syndicus [*sic*] was sending his steamer to take us all there—what a fuss to get all ready! On Saturday our dear Mr. Drew arrived and brought sweet tidings from Hawarden, and on Monday a boat was sent to take our family for a trip to Ischia. Mrs. Gladstone invited me, but I begged to be left at home. On their return all were glad I had not been.

Yesterday Mrs. Gladstone and all invited me to Pompeii with them. Oh, can you realize my joy! Miss Rendel's maid was also asked, so we two were joined by the two

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

families at the station, and left by 10.30 a.m. for Pompeii. Brilliant sunshine, lovely views all along, we passed picturesque villages, then reached Castelmare, a pretty spot, and the Pompeii, a glaring light as the hot sun poured down upon the white dusty roads. Director, professor, and three other gents of the excavation met Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and party, and conducted us up the hill into the large gates of that glorious old city. I felt so much, but can put so little of what my soul felt into words. First, we were shown into the wonderful museum with its human forms, dogs, food in it—all had been excavated; then we turned into the city with its dug-out houses and temples. The scene was like Paradise—Vesuvius, the Gulf, and we in the midst of the wonderful ruins. On the altar of the temple of Jupiter we took our lunch, and then wandered about to see the Basilica, the Forum, and the house where the Dancing Faun was excavated in the presence of Goethe's son, which is the noblest in Pompeii. And then I was allowed to witness the excavation of a painter's house; lots of pretty vessels were dug out—it was a wonderful sight. Then we saw the gymnasium; after that we were finally bowed out of the gates, then entered four *carrosellas* and drove down to Torre Annuziata, a delightful drive at the foot of Vesuvius. I was, of course, in the last *carrosella* with one horse, but it happened to be a very frisky one, for it saw no fun in being last, but took to gallop and pass the vehicle before us; and how we had to laugh, and how Mr. Rendel laughed when we hurled past them. I implored our driver to stop then, for to pass all would have been shocking. We reached Naples at 4.10, and I at once bought the book, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart were also of our party. Mr. Drew and Mr. Goodhart went up to the top of Vesuvius. Mr. Drew calls it a wicked

mountain with intense heat streaming out of it. Our Goethe called it the peak of Hell in the midst of Paradise.

January 13 (Sunday).

Rather disappointing: could not go to church to-day as Annie was very poorly; but such joy, a knock at my door at 4.45 invited me to go to a service with Mr. and Mrs. Drew to Villa Capella. It is a large pension standing close to the sea, for the waves sounded so near during service. We were about sixty people in a large room. Behind a piano stood a young clergyman, a former missionary from Calcutta. All at once a voice of the sweetest sound commenced service, and I was struck to find it coming from that slim figure in the white robe. He prayed, sang, preached with a voice so full of love and yearning for the sinner. When all was over I stole out by myself into the most wonderful night—a very restless sea, moon in her glory, the heavens looked swept, and yet a great many fleecy clouds, almost lowering, upon Vesuvius, whose flame mingled, like a ruby, with them. Of what could I think but of our Great Maker; the last twenty years of my life passed slowly before my mind and I prayed fervently.

January 15 (Tuesday).

I have at last ventured a walk to Nisida, the island on which stands the great prison. It took me an hour and a half to get there and back, but I do not regret it. Mr. Herbert Gladstone arrived to-day, and we watched the *Orion* coming in between 2 and 3 p.m. He brought me lots of letters—such fun. I had a great treat last night, for I went with Mr. and Mrs. Drew to see Sarah Bernhardt act *La Dame aux Caméllas*, but we did not get back till 2 a.m.—it lasted rather too long.

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

January 19 (Saturday).

Miss Maud, Miss Daphne, and Mr. Herbert and I visited the museum. It was a great treat, for it contains the most wonderful treasures found at Pompeii, from a bed to a rouge-pot. On our way home we called on a most delicious dentist, and then first a carriage and then a boat landed us home again.

Monday.

We had a delightful drive to Pazzidi to-day, a pretty island, and Mr. Rendel's gun works are stationed upon it. Yesterday, a delightful service at Villa Capella at 8 a.m. Later on I sat on the roof of the house to see them fire the cannons at the rock, but to-day was one great treat again, the big steamer took us to the island of Capri. We left at 9 a.m., and very fortunately reached it in an hour and a half. We made at once for the Blue Grotto, but it was not easy to get in—dear, what moments of one's life! We had to lie down flat in the boat, but again and again our four boats were tossed back and big waves drenched us, until all at once we all went like a shot into the cave. One mass of sapphire met our eyes, and the diver looked like an electric light in the water; from one end of the grotto runs a subterranean passage connected with Villa Tiberius—it is all full of history. Then we were rowed to the town of Capri, and enjoyed, in the Hotel Louvre, a big luncheon. Capri resembles a big rock. We ascended higher up after luncheon, and all looked wild and rugged. I should love to climb about on it for a week. Villa Tiberius stands upon its highest peak, and the wall below goes quite perpendicular, so no one could escape it. However, the sea turned rough, and we re-entered our steamer. I now felt a horrid sensation creep over me, so I took my seat upon the captain's bridge, was covered up

in a big mackintosh, and then braved the rain and storm; the waves all but washed me overboard: However, we landed home safely by 4 p.m., none the worse for our outing. Alas, letters full of sadness awaited me, two of my oldest friends have died at Hawarden.

January 26 (Saturday).

Mr. and Mrs. Drew left for Rome yesterday, and then I took a long stroll along the coast. To-day a delightful performance was given at the Villa Capella, which was very jolly. Alas, Mr. Gladstone is very poorly, but getting better, thank God.

Monday.

I went to church yesterday, then took a steam tram to visit the amphitheatre at Pazzuoli, a grand old place. Then Anne and I mounted up higher and higher till we found ourselves walking upon an extinct volcano. St. Paul has tarried seven days at Pazzuoli. After a tiring ramble we took the tram home again, and then watched a most glorious sunset; but how little we can guess what sort of night will follow, for about 12 a.m. the storm arose, doors and windows shook. I got up and found kind Mr. Rendel already about closing windows. It sounded like demons on our well staircase, and this morning the rain came down in torrents, and the excursion to Ischia had to be put off.

Wednesday.

The journey to Ischia came off yesterday, and I did not wish to go, but Mr. Herbert said, "Don't be a fool," so I went. We left by 10.30. Our ship moved along like a swan, passing Nispa and Pazzuoli, and then a number of

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

little islands, Procida with its fort situated on the Punta di Rocciola, looking like a giant. Then Ischia came in sight, a gigantic castle on the top of it. However, Mrs. Gladstone thought I had better stay on the boat, but dear Mr. Herbert managed to smuggle me in his boat, and then into his carriage with Miss Maud, Miss Daphne, and Mr. Bell, and so good of them, our dear Mr. Herbert ran with Mr. Bell behind the carriage in turns, since they only carry four people. So we drove to Casa Niceiloo, a city destroyed through an earthquake in 1883. A most wonderful sight to behold in its sad destruction, two thousand people buried under its ruins, the shock was no sooner felt than all was darkness. Here we visited the hot springs, Mr. Herbert playing hide-and-peek with me all this time. What a lark it was! Then we drove back by the lower road to see the castle where General Marchesa Pescara was born. We mounted up to visit the dungeon up on the keep: Horrid to see all the skeletons placed there by Nero along the wall to starve to death. We returned to the ship by 3.45, and soon the anchor was up and home we went once more.

February 3 (Sunday).

Our sunshine, Mr. Herbert, has left. I have a wretched cold, so did not go to church. Sea is very rough to-day and no boats run. On Wednesday Miss Maud and Miss Daphne and Mr. Herbert and I rowed across into Naples to visit the museum once again. Oh, how kind they all are to me! I had Mrs. Gladstone very poorly to-day, so stayed with her.

February 6.

Life has again become lonely, for again some of our party have sailed for England. By 6 30 the *Orion* passed here

with two of them on board. I made a flag of a sheet and held it out of a window.

7 *p.m.* One more day of brightest weather has passed. I sat out on the balcony, drinking in all its beauty. Vesuvius is very fierce to-night, yet the people live peaceful below it.

HOTEL CONVENGE, AMALFI. *February 10 (Sunday).*

Here we are. We left Naples yesterday on a very fine morning, but on our way to the station the heavens opened and it poured down in torrents, and when we entered our carriages at Cavar it came down in bucketsful. I was put into a vehicle by myself, and it formed the last of three. Not far from the station my horse fell down. Did I not feel lonely in this strange place? However, we soon went on again, and there I found the others waiting for me. We soon left Cavar behind us, and ascended the rugged road leading around the mountains: The storm was howling, and we seemed to be so near to the edge, it sounded so wild as if we would be smashed every minute, then one of our horses lost a shoe. After two hours' trot we came to —, and our poor nag could get a new shoe; this caused quite a commotion in the place, and crowds of people assembled to look at us. On we went again, rain and wind beating time against our windows, then after passing Atrani we reached Amalfi, and then the Hotel Cappuchini, on the Marine, by 5.45, where we had to leave our cabs and mount up higher and higher to our old Monastery Hotel. The moon rose at last, and I could discern that we had got to a curious old place; we sleep in darling cells of the former monks—one monk yet survives, and he reads Mass here at night and morning.

A LADY'S MAID IN DOWNING STREET

Alas, Sunday was too wet to venture out, but we had a dear service in the reading-room. Here are three nice girls, and they took me out for a short walk.

Monday was wet again, but in spite of it I went out to explore a little, and stood for some time watching men and women climbing up some rugged steps cut into the hills. What a hard life to lead, yet no doubt the glorious surroundings help to ease it, and wherever there is a sheltered nook you find a Madonna placed, and how touching to behold those poor people's worship. I returned by 4 p.m. to-day, Monday, the 11th, and did not guess what a glorious evening was in store for us. By about nine o'clock some men and boys brought Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone a lovely serenade, playing and singing the most plaintive airs. We all stood out on the balcony; the grotto they stood in was illuminated by torchlights, all looked glorious, and I realized once more a real Italian night. After all was over some of us walked in the moonlit cloisters, watching Donna Louisa light the lanterns—she is the sister of the landlord, Don Francesco.

Tuesday.

This morning the weather looked doubtful, but it cleared up, and by 11.30 you could see us trotting up the hills on mules, such fun. We shrieked, laughing, although each step the mule takes shakes one horribly, and at each step the man calls "Hop-la." When we reached the summit we sat down to a sumptuous luncheon, and after that climbed up to a chapel restored by Donna Louisa in memory of her brother recovering from a severe illness. We descended slowly, then rode along the seacoast. Arrived at Hotel Cappucini on Marine, took a good café, then mounted up to our monastery, had dinner at eight, and then all went out

to witness the most brilliant fireworks in the Colonnades and some rockets sent up from the boats. While all this time a brass band played dance music, and everyone danced round Mr. Gladstone, who was seated in a chair. Alas, it began to rain, so I went to bed, but I was soon fetched out again to listen to some more singing and music, all very perfect.

CANNES. *February 15.*

Our last day was very quiet at Amalfi. I took a stroll, and on Thursday we left our darling nook by 9.30 a.m. We arrived in Rome by 8.30, took a sort of meal there, and tried to get corners for the night, and arrived here to-day. This hotel is quite full.

February 17 (Sunday).

I have been to see the lovely cemetery; we drove there in carriages; it was lovely. This hotel is called Madeleine, and is frequented by many people. We are starting on the 20th for London.

HAWARDEN. *February 29.*

We reached London on the 21st, and came on here on the 26th. Everyday life has begun again, and our lovely journey seems like a dream. Mrs. Jolly has left, and I am trying to start with three new servants.

March 1.

Such a sad thing has happened, our dear Mr. W. H. Gladstone is ill at the Red House. This brought Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. Herbert at once from London. May God help him to get well again. Alas, I have sprained my foot

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

and am not able to walk, and such sad news from America. Sister Mary's only living boy is very ill. My cook is doing well, the housemaid has lost her sulky temper, and the pageboy is trying to shape into one.

April 23.

Easter once again. I went to the seven o'clock service. It was beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are at the Rectory, so nice to have them near us. Mr. W. H. G. is doing fairly well.

April 30 (Tuesday night).

What sadness again! I am off for Brooklyn to-morrow. Alas, the sad news arrived last Saturday that my sister's third and only treasure was leaving her. In the space of nine months' a boy, her husband, and now her second boy. Nothing could persuade me not to go; even Sir Andrew Clark pleaded in favour of my going—may I be of some use yet.

BROOKLYN. May 9.

Our ship arrived in New York yesterday, and to my dismay no one to meet me—but some kind man put me into a tram, and after an endless drive I landed at sister's door. All was shut up, and a little girl out in the street took me next door to sit with her mother. Here I was told that the child was dead and buried, and that kind friends had taken sister home, since she thought I could not get there before Friday. However, they soon fetched her, and when I clasped the poor childless widow to my heart all self-reproaches vanished in one great prayer of thankfulness. But never can I forget my journey under such sad circumstances, and no sleep all the time—it was one big tear the whole voyage.

May 24.

The heat is intense here and turns me quite ill. I feel a good-for-nothing, and am a great burden to my sister; she drags me to the islands whenever I am able, and they are very refreshing

July 4.

I have been a burden, on the whole, to my sister, ailing all the time, poor dear; yet it was no doubt good for her, it diverted her thoughts, and she even enjoyed to deck a birthday table for me, and gave me all she could. Letters from home and my beloved Lady brightened the day. The heat is too much for me. I am nearly prostrate on the floor all day, and only survive [*sic*] in the evening. I cannot bear to leave my darling sister. Friends of sister have given us several charming drives.

August 6.

My luggage has gone, and I must go to-morrow. My heart is nearly breaking, but even the doctor here says I must leave on account of heat.

August 9.

I have my sea legs on. Our big ship left on the 7th, some kind friends saw me off. We have some nice people on board, a Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. Evans (Calcutta), and Mrs. Poole (England), all most kind, and all have children; all these mothers turn bad, and so I have to be the mammie of two dear little babies. It is a great break that I am able to help, for the mothers are so grateful, and they all hope I will visit them on my next stay. However, my thoughts wandered back to that lonely heart in Brooklyn, and I

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

felt I must remain on the ship in order to sail back to America.

August 20.

We landed safe at Queenstown and watched the Irish go off the ship, then came Liverpool, Chester, Hawarden—where Mrs. Gladstone gave me a sweet welcome, divulging Mrs. Drew's joyful secret at once to me; then my beloved Lady greeted me, all radiant with happiness.

August 31.

We have had a flower show, also letters from home telling me of sister Ida's sailing for America to-day. What an event, and how sad to leave our dear mother. Well, I expect they will not require me much longer here, so then I can take care of you, mother dear, after twenty-two years' absence.

September 10.

Mrs. Bolton has a holiday; I am so glad for her. All goes on as usual. We had Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Turner here; we had all our mothers (meeting) to tea, and all seemed glad to see me back. But I found poor Mrs. Godfrey away at Parkgate very ill, so sad.

October 20.

Miss Maud and Miss Daphne Rendel stayed here—such fun to see them. Mr. and Mrs. Drew have gone to Penmaenmawr, but we have Mrs. Wickham's children and nurse. I had lots of letters from all my dear ones, all pretty comfy.

November 12.

All our dear family have returned, also Miss Helen, and I feel stronger. Dr. Dobie says it was well I returned when I did.

November 20.

Oh dear, Mrs. B. (at our Home of Rest) was found the worse for drink again. I fear there are some more about; it makes me too sad to think of it, but I must keep still.

December 15.

We are contemplating a dance on Mr. Gladstone's eightieth birthday. Several of the old people died, and also young Williams at Buckley. I was asked to his funeral by his father, poor young man—only twenty-six years old. Our house is full of company—Miss Janotha, the famous Polish pianist and patriot, Sir Robert Meade, the Master of Selwyn, Mrs. Lyttelton, and Mr. Parnell—which keeps me busy.

January 1, 1890.

We have had four weeks' peace, and our dance was very jolly and grand on the 29th, in honour of Mr. Gladstone's birthday and Mr. H. N. Gladstone's engagement to Miss Maud Rendel, such a delightful match. We had some nice people over from Chester, and we all enjoyed it very much. (Mr. Jack Talbot here, and others of the family.)

January 15.

Lots of events are going to take place, and I seem to be walking on an earthquake ground. However, Mr. Henry wishes me to see him married, and he will treat me to

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

London, and part of us will leave on Saturday. Our dance was followed by others—all very nice.

LONDON. *February 4.*

I arrived here very poorly on Monday, January 27th. I had a horrid attack of indigestion, and could not even enjoy the pretty wedding—Mr. Henry and Miss Maud Rendel at St. Margaret's Church. I called on Mr. and Mrs. Foote (my old friends in Downing Street) on Saturday, and managed Wimbledon yesterday. It was nice to find them all well and happy; they keep a governess for the children now.

HAWARDEN. *February 9.*

Arrived here on Friday. I did feel loath to leave Mrs. Drew, for I may never see her again. The Castle is in an awful state—workmen in our side; we have to use the big kitchen. I have found some nice letters from home waiting here for me.

March 1.

Mrs. Drew sends me bits of news nearly every day. We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the stork. I had a peaceful letter from America, but with all these workmen about I get hardly time for writing.

March 12.

Thank God, the long-looked-for news came yesterday. Mrs. Drew has a daughter, both are well. Mr. Drew left at once for London, he is very happy. But news from home damped my joy very much. . . . Mother is in need. I sent her some money at once, and said that I would not much longer be wanted here.



DOROTHY DREW AND HER MOTHER.

1891.

To face page 174.

March 20.

Mother wrote ; most grateful. Our good matron at the Orphanage (Mrs. Godfrey) cannot live much longer, and alas, Mr. R. has drunk himself to death. Mr. Drew has returned, and I feel thankful to have him here.

Easter Sunday, April 6.

We are yet alone, and what will the change bring. Mr. Drew left for London on the 31st, after being very poorly here ; he went to settle the christening. The baby has ten godparents. She ought to be very good. Christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her names are, "Dorothy Mary Catherine."

I have spent a very happy day ; attended Early Service, had a stroll through the woods, and then to service again. I also heard Mr. and Mrs. Drew had to put off their return as Mr. Drew's cold got worse.

April 15.

All came home, also Miss Helen and Mr. Herbert. Ten people to cook for, and no kitchenmaid. I cook, sew, and clean, keep house. Well, all will end soon.

May 16.

Mrs. Drew has got her new nurse, she is young and pretty. Baby grows splendid, and Mrs. Drew is quite her old self again. I am very thankful all goes on well. By what I hear, Mrs. Gladstone has discharged Mrs. Jolly and butler. Dear, oh dear, and I feel I must go and look to mother. How dark all seems, and no one to ask advice

July 25.

I was obliged to let Mrs. Drew know my plans. All was different to what I had expected. Mrs. Gladstone asked

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

me to take over the housekeeping until I leave on November the 15th, which I did very reluctantly. Mrs. Hampton has promised to come, so she can take the lead on the 30th, our new cook on the first of August.

August 15.

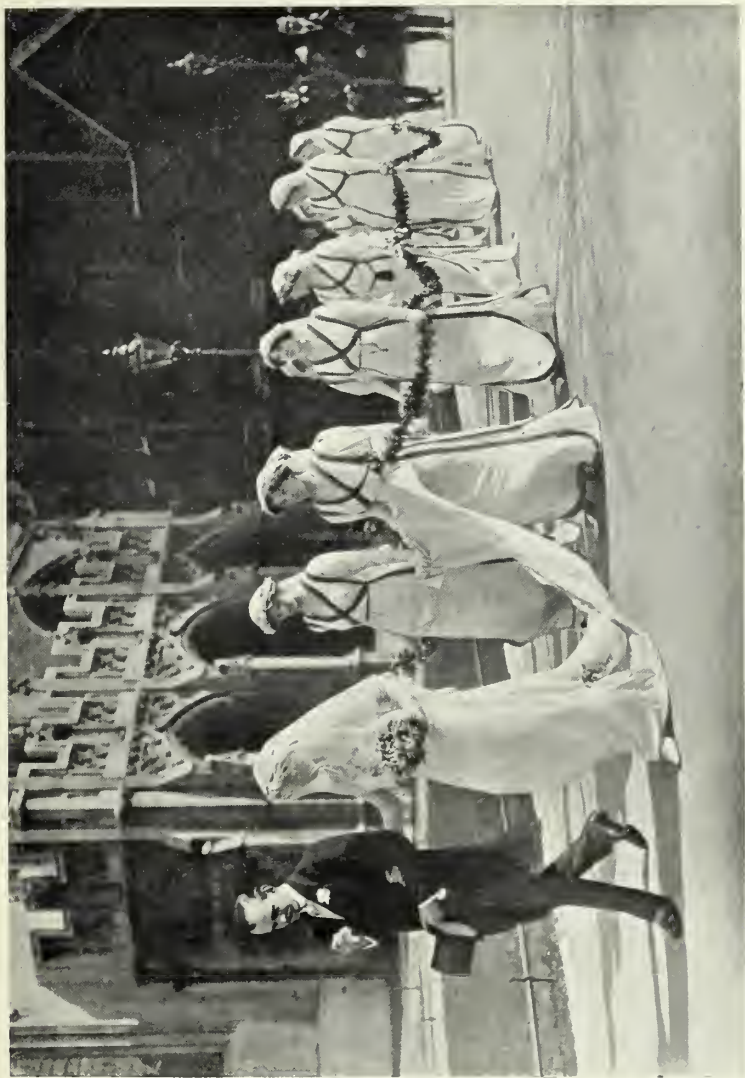
All have arrived. Cook seems nice, but the butler I do not approve of. Our Castle is full of company, mostly family—Lytteltons, Talbots, and Wickhams—and I feel like a fish out of water, though all are very nice, and all wish I would remain, but I do no longer feel I could, so must now look forward and ask God to guide me. There is really no room for me any longer here after twenty-two years, a long time, yet passed like a dream. I am very busy. I love to nurse the wee baby (little Dorothy); she is very good.

October 10.

Time has flown, and all the people have left. Mr. Charles Furse is here painting Mr. Drew. Our family is going to Scotland for another Midlothian campaign, clouded by Lady Rosebery's fatal illness, before I leave. Such a blessing, for it will be hard to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone; but Mrs. Drew says I am to return in the summer "to mend her up." Mrs. Hampton will return on the first of November.

HAMBURG. November 20.

I arrived here on Sunday. Ah, it is well all is over. It was a wrench. Oh, and no one was kinder than Mr. Gladstone himself. I had asked him for a letter of recommendation, and he did write me a most precious letter, and when I went to say good-bye he and Mrs. Gladstone were love itself. Miss Helen and all others had left, and my darling



MARRIAGE OF FRANCIS W. PARISH WITH DOROTHY DREW, ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

April 22, 1912.

1888—1890

Lady, Mrs. Drew, tried her best to make me feel brave, and promised me I should never want; she had also collected a little money for me to start with—such a blessing. Oh, but I did feel leaving very much. I left on November 3rd, and after staying in Liverpool, Harlesden, Wimbledon, and London, I came on here for a time, and now will end my journal, but add a copy of dear Mr. Gladstone's letter to it, for perhaps I might sell it some day when I am in need, for I feel sure he would rather I did than be in need.

“ HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

“ *October 17, 1890.*

“ DEAR MISS SCHLÜTER,

“ The fact of your departure causes me very sincere concern, but the cause is in every way honourable to your feeling as a daughter, and I trust that God will bless your efforts. I regret the more to part, because at my age I can hardly hope for our remeeting again in life.

“ As respects your desire for some attestation from me, it can only be required for those who have not been known to you.

“ I cordially concur in all Mrs. Drew thinks and says of you, and alike in capacity and in every point of character I believe that the more you are known the more you will be valued.

“ I remain always,

“ Your sincere friend and wellwisher,

“ W. E. GLADSTONE.”

Throughout the remainder of her life she kept in close touch with the family she loved and served so well, and occasionally she spent her holidays at Hawarden. Letters, books, and photographs reached her. She was kept well up

*A LADY'S MAID IN
DOWNING STREET*

in the family events—births, deaths, and marriages. It was not till the third year of the Great War that Auguste Schlüter passed away. Even through those tragic days she contrived to send her birthday greetings through the post. But it was not till after the Armistice that the last letter written to her “beloved Lady” reached England.

Her dying words will fitly close her journal :—

“ I trust this letter will find you when I am gone. I want you to know once more how you have cheered and brightened my life, and once more I want to thank you. There is nothing I can leave you, but if any one has loved you, it was

“ Your humble

“ SCHLÜT.

“ HANOVER, *March 20, 1917.*”

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HAWARDEN CHURCH.

Mrs. Gladstone, her daughters and grandchildren.

Sunday after Ascension Day, 1898.

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