

# ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE

By THE AUTHOR OF  
"COKE OF NORFOLK"



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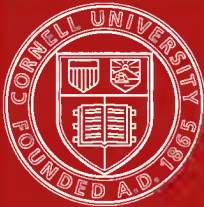
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:: ANNALS OF A ::  
YORKSHIRE HOUSE

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*  
COKE OF NORFOLK AND  
HIS FRIENDS

The Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester of the Second Creation, containing an account of his Ancestry, Surroundings, Public Services, and Private Friendships, and including many Unpublished Letters from Noted Men of His Day, English and American. With 20 Photogravure and upwards of 40 other Illustrations reproduced from Contemporary Portraits, Prints, etc. Demy 8vo. Two volumes.





MARY WINIFRED SPENCER-STANHOPE  
*In one of her trousseau dresses, 1783*  
(Vol. II, page 173)







:: ANNALS OF A ::  
YORKSHIRE HOUSE

FROM THE PAPERS OF A  
MACARONI & HIS KINDRED  
BY A. M. W. STIRLING ❧ ❧ ❧  
WITH 3 PORTRAITS IN COLOUR  
3 IN PHOTOGRAVURE AND  
33 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ❧  
TWO VOLUMES : VOLUME TWO

"I LOOKED AT THE COFFINS IN THE VAULT  
TILL THEY SEEMED TO ME TO BECOME TRANS-  
PARENT AND TO SHOW THE DEAD LYING WITHIN  
THEM IN VICTORIOUS QUIETNESS OVER THIS  
TREMULOUS AND SPASMODIC LIFE, AND GENTLY  
SUBSIDING INTO THE LARGE LAP OF CATHOLIC  
NATURE."

*M. MILNES*

LONDON JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD  
NEW YORK JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMXI

*Turnbull & Spears, Printers, Edinburgh*

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with the terms of William Spencer's will, was not in accordance with the terms of his marriage settlement with Miss Ashton, which had specified that the estate of Cannon Hall, failing direct male issue, should descend to the sons of William Spencer's eldest daughter. When, therefore, William, actuated it is said by the extravagant character of Christiana's husband, and when John, actuated by affection for

## ERRATA.

*Page 108., Footnote, first line.* For "1735-1757" read "1735-1811."

*Page 163. Footnote.* For "Sir Isaac Head" read "Sir Isaac Heard."

*Page 251. Footnote.* For "was born at Pudsey Sep. 3rd" read "was born at Pudsey Sep. 3rd, 1736."

*Page 257, lines 8 & 12.* For "Regent" read "Prince of Wales."

# :: ANNALS OF A :: YORKSHIRE HOUSE

## CHAPTER XI

### THE FIRST SPENCER-STANHOPE

**O**N November 9th, an express reached young Stanhope in London to relate that all was over. Stricken with grief, he posted down to Yorkshire, and there in the hushed house learnt that his uncle had made him heir to all his property. There was, none the less, it is related, an impediment in the way of his succession. This story states that such a disposition of the property, though in accordance with the terms of William Spencer's will, was not in accordance with the terms of his marriage settlement with Miss Ashton, which had specified that the estate of Cannon Hall, failing direct male issue, should descend to the sons of William Spencer's eldest daughter. When, therefore, William, actuated it is said by the extravagant character of Christiana's husband, and when John, actuated by affection for

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his favourite nephew, both in turn decided that the Cannon Hall estate should descend to the son of Ann rather than to the son of Christiana, they raised a point which might have led to much controversy and litigation. The two cousins, however, Ashton Shuttleworth and Walter Stanhope, readily agreed that the wishes of their grandfather and their uncle should remain sacred to them, and an Act of Parliament was accordingly obtained to enable them to carry out the terms of the will.<sup>1</sup>

Thereupon Walter Stanhope, who thus, at the age of twenty-six, found himself the possessor of two estates and of a considerable income, felt that he owed a duty to the memory of the uncle who had dealt so well with him. He immediately announced his intention of assuming the name of Spencer in prefix to his previous name of Stanhope, and so became the representative of the two York-

<sup>1</sup> John Spencer-Stanhope in his MS. notes says—"In relating this story, I am speaking rather from conjecture, as I never heard the subject mentioned by my father, and have only formed my opinion on seeing the Act of Parliament. If the story be true, the nobility of character exhibited by young Shuttleworth requires no comment.—In a letter written from America to Walter Stanhope by Ashton Shuttleworth in 1777, he says :—"As to the request contained in your letter, I have not the smallest doubt of its propriety, yet I would much rather be excused from complying with it, as I am an Entire Stranger to the Will left by my Uncle, and moreover would not wish to interfere with anything relative to the estate of Cannon Hall during my residence in this country." It seems, from this, that his consent to the proposition referred to was more in the nature of a mere legal formality than the renunciation of a fine property, of which, also, his cousin was evidently already in possession.





CANNON HALL





AND PARK



shire houses which had so long been united by the bonds of affection and friendship.

Meanwhile the dispositions of the Squire's will occasioned some heart-burnings among his survivors, and Sister Greame was much piqued at its tenour. "The neighbours," she wrote with considerable acidity to Sister Stanhope, "think it indeed strange that my dear Bro' has not left me better provided for; for if he had left me £10,000 or even £20,000 they say it wou'd be no more than my deserts!"

But Walter Spencer-Stanhope, whom, for the sake of brevity, we may continue to call by his former surname, could not long remain in Yorkshire to listen to the complaints of the malcontents. His Parliamentary duties required his attendance, though on the 17th of January, 1776, there was one of the heaviest falls of snow ever remembered in Yorkshire, and he was unable to set off for London before the 27th. He arrived safely after a journey of three days, having found more snow between Barnet and London than on any other part of the road. Some idea of the severity of the frost may be gathered from his statement that at a dinner at the Star and Garter, which he soon afterwards attended, the water in the glasses upon the table froze in the room where the company was assembled.

Awaiting him on his arrival he must have found the following letter from another victim of the inclement weather.

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*Lord Rosebery to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

BIXLEY HALL, *Jan. 29th 1776.*

MY DEAR STANHOPE,

I rec<sup>d</sup> your letter, while here, without date or Direction, so that it suted my lazyness Mighty well ; for, said I to myself, 'tis quite the same thing ; I shall give him an answer at No 17 HayMarket, when the parliament meets & we must both be in town.—But, behold, how short-sighted is man, yea & woman, too, for here I am held for weeks to come, & while you are scampering about London Street, as light as a feather, I am laying frozen like a Turnip.

Well, seeing that your arrival has come to one of my ears that is yet unfrozen, I fly to my Pen to tell you that one of my Tickets for the trial<sup>1</sup> shall be at your Service. I have promised to all my friends that have asked me, at least that had that title ; but you was the second that appealed, & therefore you may be assured that I have but one promised before yours ; neither have I ask'd or heard but from you, the Number that we are to get. However it cannot be so few, but that I must have the pleasure of supplying you.

Pray let me know about that Matter, & write me every Tittle of News & Scandal on your Side Temple bar.

I must not omit telling you, (tho' I would be highly piqued if I thought you did not already

---

<sup>1</sup> The trial before the House of Lords, in April 1776, of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, who was accused and convicted of bigamy.

know it) that none more sincerely partakes with you in your new acquired fortune ; because none more sincerely wishes you happy than

Your Real Friend

ROSEBERY.<sup>1</sup>

Whether Stanhope complied with the request in this letter may be doubted, for his time was now so fully occupied that he had little leisure for correspondence. The day after his arrival in town his Journal mentions that he was "presented to the King, attending on the presentation of Sir James's Petition." This appears to have had reference to the granting of an income to the King's two royal brothers ; and Stanhope records that "the King could scarce help laughing when it was presented." He next proceeds to give a more concise account of the first few months of his Parliamentary career, than he does of any subsequent period.

Stanhope had, as has been mentioned, made his maiden speech in the House on November 3rd previously. The occasion had been one on which he had been called upon to support a Motion of Sir James Lowther. Numerically weak as the Whig party was at this date, it held its own with spirit, and Motions aimed more or less directly at the war policy of the Government were made in the Commons by Fox, Burke, Lowther and others.

<sup>1</sup> Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery, K.T. ; b. in 1728 ; m. first, in 1764, Susan only sister and heir of Sir Randal Ward, Bt., of Bixley, co. Norfolk, who died in 1771, s.p., and secondly, in 1775, Mary only dau. of Sir Francis Vincent, Bt. He died in 1814.

## 8 ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE

The account given in the MS. notes of John Spencer-Stanhope relating to the proceedings on November 3rd, 1775, in which his father took part is as follows :—

The question in Debate was a Motion of Sir James Lowther that the introducing of Hanoverian troops into any part of Great Britain without the consent of Parliament first obtained was contrary to law.

As an abstract proposition, it is one which can scarcely admit of a doubt ; whether the nature of the duty upon which the troops were employed could make the objection appear captious might be another question, as in this case they had been sent to garrison Gibraltar and Minorca.

At all events, it was a good subject for an Opposition. Sir James maintained that it was against the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement and the established Law of the Land. He ended by asking why we were not at peace with the people who wished to be at peace with us and to submit to the legislative authority of the country.

He was followed by one of his Ninepins, Governor Johnstone, who made a long and violent speech. Then Stanhope rose in further support of the Motion, and carefully recapitulated what he called the blunders and errors of administration, prophesying the worst consequences if the affairs of this country were permitted to remain much longer in the hands of the present Ministers. Little of his speech has been reported, but it at once earned for

him the reputation of a thoughtful and an able speaker.

It may be added that it was on this same occasion that Mr Sergeant Adair,<sup>1</sup> another of Sir James's Ninepins, made a speech which roused considerable ferment. In the course of it he remarked :—

Should any future Prince of the Illustrious House that now sits upon the Throne, *perfectly unlike his present Majesty, assisted by Ministers not very unlike the present advisers of this Measure*;—should, I say, such a Prince, deluded by such advisers, entertain the mean and rapacious design of overturning the institutions of this Country, of destroying that liberty which was the glory and strength of his Government, and reducing his Kingdom to the same abject state as that of most of his neighbours, what means could be so perfect to effectuate so wicked a purpose as fulfilling all parts of our dominions beyond the sea with foreign mercenaries, and putting our strongest garrisons and half our Empire into the hands of officers and soldiers, the devoted subjects of the King, but totally independent of the Crown or the Parliament of the Kingdom?

“This,” remarks Stanhope, “was strong language, and was generally recognised to contain a violent, though veiled, insinuation against the King; but it was nevertheless good Constitutional

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Adair, son of the staff-surgeon to George III., m. Lady Caroline Keppel. Celebrated diplomatist, employed both by Grey and Canning on missions of importance, and ambassador to Belgium on the accession of King Leopold of Saxe Coburg.

doctrine; and should ever again a Sovereign of England be placed in a situation which might enable him to threaten the liberties of this country, the remarks of Mr Adair cannot be borne too much in mind.”<sup>1</sup>

After a few words from Mr Hans Stanley and Mr Gordon, the Solicitor General (Wedderburn) spoke, but little of his speech was recorded. He was answered by Burke, who concluded thus:—

Let us strip all this learned foliage from his argument, let us unswathe the Egyptian corpse and strip it of its salt, gum, and mummy, and see what sort of a dry skeleton is underneath—*nothing but a single point of law!* That Gentleman asserts that nothing but a Bill can declare the assent of Parliament; and not an Address—not a Resolution of the House. . . . So that we find a Bill is nothing, an Address is nothing, a Resolution is nothing, and that ere long our rights, our freedom and spirit, nay, the House itself will vanish in a previous question!

Lord North, with some humour, immediately pointed out that—

He admired the Honble. Gentleman's method of proving a Resolution to be nothing, an Address nothing, a Bill nothing—and by the same mode of reasoning he was inclined to conclude that a long and witty speech was—*nothing!*

---

<sup>1</sup> From the MSS. Notes of Walter and John Spencer-Stanhope. See also *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xviii. pp. 818-837.



The Motion was lost by 81 to 203; and the next occasion on which Stanhope spoke was during the discussion of a similar question raised by Lord North, on February 29th, 1776, respecting the treaties entered into for the hire of German troops to act against the Americans.<sup>1</sup> During this latter debate, Burke, perhaps mindful of his rebuff received on the previous occasion, accused Lord North of turning everything into a jest. "Promises, reasons and arguments," he asserted, "were made to yield to ministerial pleasantry and good-humour; the House was made merry, a laugh was created, and everything turned into ridicule and contempt." Stanhope rose immediately after, and gave point to his remonstrances by dwelling on the gravity of the situation which the Ministers treated so lightly. His observations were listened to with attention, and made a general impression on those who heard them. The third occasion on which his name appears during that session was again on a point of national defence, the Scottish Militia Bill, brought forward on March 20th, which he condemned throughout in a long and carefully-

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 28th Stanhope's Journal relates—"Went to the House on Sykes, and Rembold's affairs, carried against Ministers; the petition admitted. Lost the sending it to Committee by gross mismanagement; a majority of 7 only. Lord North in the Minority. Feb. 29th—At the House till two in the morning on the German subsidy. Got up to ask a question. Divided 88 against 200, and 44 against 95." Hansard makes no mention of Feb. 28th, and states the numbers on Feb. 29th to have been 242 yeas against 88 noes. *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xviii. page 1183.

reasoned speech, thus further establishing his reputation in the House.<sup>1</sup>

“Stanhope, Sergeant Adair and Fletcher Norton were all effective in debate,”<sup>2</sup> was the verdict; and to add to the fact that the youthful Member, though modest in his pretensions, exhibited none of the *mauvaise honte* natural to the novelty of his position, he had proved himself capable of a peculiar dry wit, well calculated to render his remarks acceptable and himself popular. It may be added that this reputation, early gained, he preserved to the last. “He spoke frequently in the House and with much humour,” we are told; indeed, one speech of his occasioned such merriment, that it was long quoted by those who heard it. It was upon the Volunteer Consolidation Bill,<sup>3</sup> when, referring to the erection of beacons along the coast, Stanhope pointed out with commendable gravity that he knew of a beacon at that moment guarded by five men—one of these had only one leg, another had only one arm, the third had lost the roof of his mouth, the fourth had lost an eye, and the fifth was a notorious drunkard—yet each of these bold defenders of their country received half a guinea a day!

Stanhope, perforce, sided with Sir James Lowther in his steady opposition to the American War, and allied himself with the then unpopular

<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xviii. page 1236.

<sup>2</sup> *M.P.'s of Cumberland and Westmorland*, page 437.

<sup>3</sup> Volunteer Consolidation Bill, March 9th, 1804.

majority who opposed it. In this attitude he was no doubt confirmed by the letters from America which continued to come addressed to his uncle, describing the deplorable state of affairs there. One of these from Major Till, announcing his arrival at Boston, reached England shortly after the Squire's death.

*Major Till to John Spencer.*

BOSTON CAMP, 6th July 1775.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just time to acquaint you of my safe arrival to this most unhappy shore, as such I shall not hesitate to call it, where nothing but a total Rebellion and the horrid scenes of a Bloody War is spread through the whole province; and how these disputes will end, the great God only knows. Boston hath now the appearance of a place wrecked by the enemy or lost its inhabitants by the rage of a plague.

Immediately after the 19th of April, an account of which you must have had, most of the people, excepting a few who pretend to be friends of Government, have embraced General Gage's Indulgence and retired to the country. Those very people with many thousands are now intrenched up to the very Eyes in every Hill and advantageous pass, so that we are as totally blockaded as ever town was. Their advanced guards and sentrys are so close to ours as to admit of conversation. That brave and gallant soldier, General Howe, on the 17th of last Month, took possession of a Redoute the

Rebels had erected on the heights of Charlestown, which hath the command of Boston. This attack cost us the prime of our army, the shocking carnage that day will never be erased out of my mind till the day of my death. As our Brigade march'd up I mett your nephew Ashton and Frank Marsden retiring, both pounded, they have both behaved like soldiers; a few days will, I hope, enable them to return to their duty again.

Our losses that day, kill'd and wounded, including officers, are one thousand and fifty-four. I don't see how it could be otherwise when both partys behav'd like veterans. Every soul throughout these four provinces are a sett of poor deluded people most strangely infatuated with an enthusiasm that must end in such bloodshed as is not to be told.

As this letter is very liable to be opened, I beg you will excuse my being particular on our situation. All I can say is I rub tolerable well through a very severe duty and monstrous distress for want of fresh provisions.

I hope you will favour me with a happy account of your health. Adieu, my dear Spencer.

Yours most affectionately

I. R. T.

*The Same to the Same.*

BOSTON CAMP, 5th Dec. '75.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure to assure you that I am in as perfect health and spirits as ever I was

in my life which is saying a good deal considering our melancholy and distressed situation,—the want of almost every necessary article towards existence. . . .

The unhappy affairs in this country have the same gloomy appearance as when our last accounts went home, if possible worse, for their army and navy, if I may be allow'd to give that appellation, are becoming more powerful and various than ever was expected, the support<sup>g</sup> and keeping together so large a body of people as they have against us, is as astonishing as their military notions. The enthusiasm which prevails thro'out the continent, added to their hostile Ideas, will give us a cruel and arduous task to bring them to a sense of their duty to the mother country, even to attempt that, we must have a larger reinforcement from Europe, or the cause must drop; for no terms, tho' ever so mild, will operate with them so as to cement that friendship which ought to subsist between Great Britain and her Colonies. . . . The losses already sustained by a foolish obstinacy of a set of deluded people, is gone so far as to make it a most miserable and melancholy circumstance to every individual; and without some sudden change in affairs, must inevitably end in a completion of their ruin. If we are obliged to act, this country will be left in a poor state to reimburse any part of it. If I may be allow'd to give my opinion from the present appearances, our people have hard cards to play to settle matters on such a footing as to be of real advantage, and a lasting security to trade and property.

This very moment I have received intelligence

from one of our armed vessels that the Rebels have got full possession of Canada . . . this fine country is fairly lost and our army in a most melancholy situation. The greatest part of us are encamp'd, and the rest in cold, bad churches without bedding food or any fresh provisions—such are our distresses. The Rebels have an idea of attacking us, and have prepared both boats and floating batteries, from which they have fired shot into the centre of our camp and town. It's thought they have taken a store ship with mortars and shells on board, if so, we shall have a pretty winter of it.

Your nephew is well and a clever young fellow.

*P.S.*—We have lost Canada and six store ships, one with mortars, etc., on board.

Letters from the Shuttleworths likewise continued to arrive addressed to their uncle, the news of whose death for long did not reach them.

*John Shuttleworth to John Spencer.*

FRENTON, *Nov. 23rd, 1775.*

DEAR UNCLE,

I hope since I last heard from you that you have enjoy'd good health. I have been tolerable well this summer but sorry to inform you of my still being a prisoner.

Fort Chamblée surrender'd themselves prisoners of war the 18th Oct., after a cannonade from a twelve and nine pounder 48 hours; which, considering the bad condition that the walls were in, and we nothing but small arms to

defend it with, was much longer than our enemies expected. The Garrison march'd out the morning following, which consisted of Major Stopford, Captain Brice, Godwin of Artillery, Lieu<sup>ts</sup> Harrison, Shuttleworth, Hamer, Barrington, Doc. Huddleston and 70 men—to Gen<sup>l</sup> Montgomery's encampment, which was before St John's. From thence we proceeded to Ticonderoga, where we were very politely treated by Gen<sup>l</sup> Schuyler, who was so genteel as to give us the choice of three provinces to go to—as we could not go to Connecticut with our men and being strangers to the country, desir'd he would mention a Town that he thought would be most agreeable, which he did, Frenton, in the Jerseys.

We are arriv'd here about a week ago, and for the short time I have been here, like it much; it is a small but pretty village, situated on the river Delawar, it is about 50 miles from York and 30 from Philadelphia; an exceeding fine climate, as I am now writing with my window open; excellent neighbourhood, as there are several very genteel families within three miles [of] us, they have all of them visited us, and seem very desirous of being sociable, and I must own in general that we have been treated more like friends than prisoners.

We are on our own paroles of honour, but may have leave to go to any part of this province by applying to the Congress, but for all this, the thought of being a prisoner does not make time pass away as agreeably as I cou'd wish.

Yesterday we receiv'd an account of the surrender of St John's. Poor Freeman was kill'd there, what other losses they have sustain'd, I

can't yet say. They were beseig'd the 16th Sen. and surrender'd the 3d inst, after suffering amazing hardships, as they were several days without any bread, and not even a blanket to cover themselves with. There were in the Garrison above twenty of the *Noblesse* of Canada, in short, his Majesty's Fusiliers and 23 Reg<sup>ts</sup> are both prisoners; when we left Canada Gen<sup>l</sup> Carlton & Prescott were at Montreal, few except the people of the town to defend it, and much in the same situation at Quebec, as we were the only Reg<sup>ts</sup> in that Province, so that by this time Canada is entirely in possession of the Continental army.

Gen<sup>l</sup> Carlton has been much deceiv'd by the Canadians, as his sole dependence was in them, should an invasion take place, but they in general took up arms against us, (except the *Noblesse* and *Signiors*)—the reason for it I do not know, except that they were too well treated. 500 men were entrenched before Chamblée when it surrender'd besides a number of the continental troops. I have not heard till just now that poor Ashton was wound'd.

You'll excuse me mentioning anything more about the above Forts or country, as I expect my letter will be opened, therefore pray don't enter into politicks in your's. I am, dear Uncle, wishing you a succession of happy years,

Your dutiful nephew

J. SHUTTLEWORTH.

I hope my Aunt Stanhope is in good health and spirits. I beg my duty to her. Will write to my Aunt Greame and Cousin Stanhope the first opportunity that offers.



But these comparatively pleasant conditions of imprisonment and the polite attention of the "genteel" families in the neighbourhood apparently did not long continue. In the spring of 1777, Lieut. (John) Shuttleworth at length wrote to his Cousin Stanhope:—

We were exchanged on Xmas Day, & happy am I to inform you that I am now set at liberty, as the repeated insults and illiberal behaviour we daily met with from the inhabitants made it quite burdensome to us. During the end of July and beginning of August, we were confined in a dungeon on account of our not signing a written obligation which they presented to us; and which we looked upon as not only detrimental to others who might be so unlucky as to fall into their hands, but which might put (when exchanged) an entire stop to our promotion.

We remained in this dungeon so long that we found our health so much impaired that we were under the necessity of signing it. Since that time we have been treated pretty well.

I think my brothers have been left pretty trifling by my uncle; but happy am I to find it is in my power to assist my dear Mother and them.

In April of that same year he wrote, "We are stationed in Staten Island, and I am sorry to say very useless towards defending the power of Great Britain against her perfidious Enemies"; yet the tone of his letters is optimistic. He relates how a grand magazine of the enemy has been

destroyed without any loss on the British side, and a fort taken with only one British soldier wounded, while "the Rebels lost three brass field pieces, 12 killed and 73 men made prisoners. Their General escaped in the flight without his breeches, but he lost his Aide de Camp and Baggage." "I think," he adds, "this Rebellion will shortly come to an end, as since the late proclamation of General Howe's, they have flocked in by 30 & 40 of a day, and have now upwards of 8,000 in our service. Major Till is still at Rhode Island." A month later he gives an account of the destruction of the Grand Magazine of the Rebels, "50 miles up the country."

"There were Military Stores, salt, provisions, money etc, burnt to the amount of £30,000. Sir William Erskine has distinguished himself much on this occasion. Our loss is said to be 110 men killed, wounded and missing. The Rebels lost two Generals, Arnold<sup>1</sup> is said to be killed, as he fell when our men made the charge, but we were so prodigious fatigued that we were not able to pursue them, otherwise every one of them must either have been killed or taken."

But the fighting waxed ever more and more fierce, and he relates on 29th June how—

<sup>1</sup> General Benedict Arnold, who was first on the American side during the war, and then joined the British forces after having betrayed to them the secrets of his former party. He died in London in 1801.

We are cantoned along the coast. The Rebels have taken possession of Elizabeth Town, which is opposite, and so near, that our Sentinels frequently are within call of them, so you may imagine our situation.

I have not had my clothes [off] since the 6th. Lord Howe's proclamation ends to-morrow, and has, I believe, had no good effect, as the late success the Rebels have met with against the Hessians, and the irregularities the Hessians are guilty of in plundering both friends and foes, have made people in general desperate, and great numbers have flocked to the Rebel Army.

The Rebels latterly, between Perth and Brunswick, attacked our foraging party and took twenty waggons by surprise, as they were dressed in the uniform of the Hessians they had taken.

Since then we have been mostly successful, as our scouting parties have, within this fortnight past, taken between 300 & 400 of them prisoners.

It is reported that General Howe intends beating up the Rebel quarters next week. Lieutenant André<sup>1</sup> has got a Company in the 26th Regiment.

Then came the sad account of the death of Major Till, who was killed during the storming of a fort by General Clinton. "He died like a brave soldier," recounts Ashton Shuttleworth; "for after having first his arm broke by grape shot, he took

<sup>1</sup> Major André hanged as a spy by the Americans, Oct. 2nd, 1780.

his handkerchief and carelessly bound it round the arm. He was begged by several Gentlemen to go and have it dressed. 'No,' he replied, 'it is not the time to dress a wound at a Storm.' And shortly after, he received two more wounds, which proved his death."

Thus perished many a brave man in the direful struggle between kindred races; but as hostilities progressed, the letters from the Shuttleworths waxed less frequent, and were probably stopped by the enemy, so that Stanhope had to depend for his information on the public intelligence. About this date France espoused the cause of the Rebels, and on February 6th, 1778, signed a treaty of alliance and commerce with them. Thenceforward the Anglomania of the fickle Parisians was replaced by a mania as acute for everything American; and in connection with this tendency, Stanhope relates an anecdote of his former friend, the Duc de Lauzun, whom he had encountered several times since his residence in London.

The Duc, whose favour at the French Court had been waning through the influence of the Polignacs, was in England in 1777, when he became aware of many of the plans of the English Government with regard to the campaign against the revolted colonies. This information he communicated to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Comte de Vergennes. "These reports at last made their impression on the Council of State; Lauzun was ordered to Versailles, he was listened to, and he

even had interviews with the King on this subject."<sup>1</sup> But his reception, none the less, Stanhope relates, was not cordial. For long Louis XVI. had disliked the Duc. He had striven to discountenance the horse-racing which the Duc had promoted, but in vain, for Marie Antoinette and her gay Court had refused to renounce so fascinating an amusement. Louis therefore, in his honest, stolid brain, considered that the Duc had been productive of harm in the Court and kingdom, and although motives of policy demanded that the Sovereign should receive the man who had supplied his ministers with valuable political information, it was against his inclination that he consented to do so. Thus it was that when Lauzun was ushered into the royal presence he was met with a somewhat curt greeting.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur le Duc,*" said Louis briefly, "*Qu'avez vous appris en Angleterre ?*"

"*Sire,*" replied the Duc, pompously, "*J'ai appris à penser.*"

"*Des chevaux ?*" questioned the King, deliberately misunderstanding the word *penser*<sup>2</sup> for *panser*,<sup>3</sup> in view of the jockey-like propensities of the illustrious Duc. "This," relates Stanhope, "perhaps the only *bon mot* of which that unfortunate monarch was ever guilty, was received with

<sup>1</sup> *The Duc de Lauzun*, trans. from the French of Gaston Maugras, 1896, p. 147.

<sup>2</sup> To think.

<sup>3</sup> To groom or fodder a horse.

much delight by the Court, where the Duc was no longer in favour."

Meanwhile, whatever influence the letters from his cousins may have had in determining the trend of young Stanhope's outlook in England, this was regarded by his uncle, William Stanhope, with the most profound misgiving. "It discomposes me," he wrote from the Brownberries to his nephew on discovering that the latter was in opposition to the Tory Government, "to see by the public papers that you are on the reverse side of politics to that of your forefathers." But when his nephew first proceeded to express himself with considerable vehemence against Lord North, William Stanhope was filled with considerable personal alarm. On February 3rd, 1776, he wrote pleadingly to the incautious politician :—

I beg it as a great favour you will not be so bitter against Lord N(orth). I am told in your speech before Xmas that you was for impeaching him. Now you know it is in his power to turn me out, and it is in several people's opinion that I shall lose my place,<sup>1</sup> and it is so much believed, that I am very credibly informed there is interest making to succeed me; and ye loss of £500 ye next year would be a very great loss.

If, as would appear from the above, Stanhope, as a novice in the Parliamentary world, had been betrayed into a desire to impeach the Prime Minister

<sup>1</sup> The post of Receiver-General of the Land Tax for the West Riding of Yorkshire, which he had held since 1765.

of England, his subsequent utterances show that he paid little heed to the remonstrance of his uncle. In the year 1778 he made a speech in the House which was recorded at some length in the Debates for March 2nd,<sup>1</sup> and which, while it startled those who heard it, finally established his reputation as a speaker. It was upon the third reading of the Conciliatory Bills introduced by Lord North, which were viewed with equal disfavour by both parties in the House. For during the discussion upon them, Lord North declared that he had always desired conciliation with the revolted colonies of America, and that he had never been responsible for the taxation which had occasioned such dire results. He thereupon proposed a repeal of the tea duty, the surrender of all taxation except for the regulation of trade, and the appointment of commissioners to be sent to America with full powers to put a stop to hostilities and to treat with Congress on any terms save those of independence.

The Tories, therefore, with some justice, considered that their leader was lamely turning his back on his former policy, while the Opposition held that he was meanly stealing their own weapons with which to fight them. With the first part of his statements, so in harmony with their own policy, they, however, were bound to agree; the latter, it was but too obvious, was impracticable. "It was evident from the first," points out young

<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xix., pages 794 to 802.

Stanhope, "that Lord North's proposals could only share the fate of all half-measures. The victorious Americans were not likely to concede thus tamely the fruits of victory; and though it might be but a shadow of power for which Lord North contended, it was a shadow which would have darkened for ever the brightness of the American constellation."

Recognising this, Stanhope felt that he could no longer hold silence, although, as he states, "too conscious that when the great leaders in this House take an early part in any debate, they illuminate it with such brilliant eloquence, that it is impossible for any young and inexperienced Member to get up after them." But, despite the diffidence of his attitude, his listeners were soon undeceived, for he proceeded to analyse the situation in a manner which one of those who heard him describes with double meaning as "a blast more cutting than if it came from ye *North*." Having quoted and applauded the sentiments with which the Prime Minister had introduced his measure, Stanhope contrasted Lord North's profession with his practice, and, condemning him out of his own mouth, pointed out the absurdity of the Bill in its present form. This attack from a novice who had originally drifted into Parliament under the Tory colours, and had at first supported the Bill which he now condemned, made considerable sensation; and Mr Moreton, who rose next, ironically congratulated



Lord North upon the assistance he had received from his "new allies."<sup>1</sup>

The fate of the Bill was as Stanhope had predicted. It was carried, and the King appointed the Commissioners, one of them being Lord Carlisle, Stanhope's rival Macaroni. They arrived in America, and were treated with derision. Congress refused to listen to any offers short of independence, and the people vehemently supported their decision.

Throughout this enthralling period of history, it is obvious from Stanhope's Journal how closely he followed the course of political events, and also how great was his intimacy with the leaders of the Opposition. "*Called on Lord Rockingham,*" relates a typical entry soon after his arrival in town. "*We walked in the park, and went on to the House. Heard Lord Chatham speak in the Lords. Lord Hyde moved and Sir G. Elliott seconded very ably with us; Chs. Fox astonishing.*" Two days later comes the entry: "*Din'd at Johnstone's with Burke and Fox. Agreeable. Staid till one o'clock.*" Unfortunately no record is given of the utterances of that remarkable quartette. Governor Johnstone, the host on this occasion, who, like Burke, was several years senior to Fox and Stanhope,<sup>2</sup> was well known to the latter as another of Sir James's

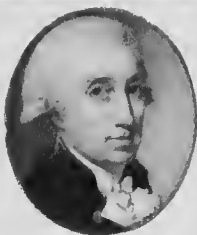
<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xix., pages 794 to 802.

<sup>2</sup> Burke was born in 1719, Johnstone in 1730, while Fox and Stanhope were both born in 1749.

Ninepins—one, indeed, whom the tyrant of the North so far befriended as to stand for his second in a duel. By temperament self-assertive, rash and scurrilous, Johnstone was yet gifted with considerable natural ability, and his fluency in conversation was not far inferior to that of his guests.

Yet although young, observant, and endowed with a quick perception, Stanhope was ready to note and absorb everything relating to the remarkable men with whom he was now daily thrown in contact, the somewhat flowery eloquence which had distinguished his pen during the days of his boyhood had already given place to a terse and prosaic manner of writing, which is to be regretted, since in consequence both his journals and his letters from this period onwards are barren of all elaboration of detail. Thus, while he furnishes an accurate catalogue of events, he fails to supply much which would have constituted the value of such a record; and only on rare occasions, when incidents have made an unusual impression upon him, does he dwell on them at greater length. Moreover, such desultory jottings stretch over a period of many years, and it is necessary to mass them together in order to convey any adequate picture of his surroundings.

Perhaps the most interesting of his memoranda are those which record the impression made upon him by the great orators of his day. The name of Burke, who was his intimate friend, figures



WALTER SPENCER-STANHOPE, M.P.

*From a miniature in the possession of Spencer Pickering, Esq., F.R.S.*



frequently in his journal, and he mentions certain incidents illustrative of the emotional character of that great minister. The first is in connection with those early days of his own Parliamentary career when the American war was at its height. The fortunes of Generals Howe and Burgoyne are entered by him with precision in his Journal whenever news of these arrived, yet only in one instance is fuller information respecting them inserted. "*News came,*" he mentions in December 1777, "*that the remains of General Burgoyne's army had capitulated*"; and in connection with the above he introduces a passage from one of Burke's speeches, "which," he remarks, "I cannot forbear inserting here, because it was, I believe, never recorded, though it was undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary climaxes I ever heard."

Burgoyne, as will be remembered, after his first success at Ticonderoga had found the enemy increasing in force, and his own army much diminished. He had thereupon published a foolish proclamation reminding those who persisted in rebellion that he had it in his power to let the Indians loose upon them. This was but an idle threat on his part, but one the tactlessness of which was inexcusable, since it served to enrage alike Americans and Indians, the former lest it should be perpetrated, the latter on finding that the restraint on their violence was not relaxed. The Indians, indeed, abandoned Burgoyne in conse-

quence and committed many excesses. "I saw a paper yesterday from Philadelphia," writes Ashton Shuttleworth at this date, "which mentioned the Savages having committed several outrages about Fort Pitt, and that they had demanded their land on the Susquehanna, that they say they have been deceived for this twelve months past, but are now determined to put everyone to death who shall oppose them." These horrors culminated in the brutal murder of a Miss M'Rea, on the morning of her intended marriage with one of the English officers, who had unfortunately entrusted her to an apparently friendly Indian, to escort her in safety to the British lines.<sup>1</sup>

Burgoyne's conduct naturally formed the subject of an inquiry in the House, and Burke introduced a Motion deprecating the Military Employment of Indians in the Civil War with America.<sup>2</sup> Strangers were excluded during this debate, and thus Burke's speech upon the occasion, which was held by many to be far the finest he ever made, was never correctly reported. Again and again, Stanhope states, during its progress the applause was carried to such a pitch that for a time he was unable to proceed; and when at length, having vividly depicted the horrors resultant from Burgoyne's action, he dealt with the excuse put forward by the General's apologists *that Burgoyne had endeavoured to appeal to the Indians to prevent their violence*, his pent-up excitement swept into a new channel—

<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xix., page 697.      <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, page 694.

“Appeal to the Indians?” he thundered with bitter sarcasm. “He might as well have gone to the Tower and thus addressed the assembled beasts—*‘Ye mild wolves, ye gentle bears, ye tender-hearted tigers, ye sentimental lions, and ye nicely-discriminating hyenas—’*”

But the reaction was too great for the strained attention of his hearers, strung to a pitch of indescribable tension by his prolonged eloquence. His remarks, which had acquired point principally from the marvellous inflection of his voice, were drowned in a storm of laughter and applause, amid which Burke sat down, thus abruptly closing a speech of three and a half hours’ duration with a climax as unexpected as it was unique.

Another anecdote of Burke which Stanhope relates is of an entirely different character. The Session of 1778 was one of the most remarkable in Parliamentary history, marked as it was by that struggle for American independence and by the dramatic death of one of England’s prominent statesmen. Lord North’s new policy had been combated powerfully by one of the giants of the Upper House. Chatham, jealous for England’s imperial position declared that never would he consent to the recognition of independence. He desired peace with the people of our own blood, and to concede all that the Americans, as subjects, could demand; then, if submission were not ensured, to enforce it. On April 7th he struggled to the Lords after a severe illness, and in a voice

faint from weakness, but still full of his former fire, he made his last splendid protest against the "dismemberment of this ancient and most glorious monarchy," and urged that "*if we fall, let us fall like men.*" His words seemed prophetic. In a final brave attempt to reply to the Duke of Richmond, he fell back in a fit, the prelude to his death on May 11th.

The scene of his seizure was a singularly dramatic one; the sudden cessation of his speech, the chill of horror which passed through all present, the prompt expulsion of all strangers from the House, then the hurried adjournment of the debate for which the dying man had practically laid down his life. But more impressive still, Stanhope states, was the moment when the death of Chatham was announced to the assembled House. The depth of feeling which it evoked is impossible to describe and the news was at first received with a silence more eloquent than speech. At last it was proposed that the dead statesman should be buried in Westminster Abbey, and some one inquired what site was suggested for the purpose. Burke, whose emotional nature was excited to the utmost, threw up his arms wildly crying out—"Let us go!" Stanhope with several other Members accompanied him, and as they entered the mellow gloom of the Abbey, Burke stopped, and in a voice broken with feeling, burst forth into the following quotation—

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone  
—Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown,



Along the aisles where speaking marbles show  
 What Worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;  
 Proud names, who once the reins of Empire held ;  
 In arms who triumph'd or in arts excell'd ;  
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood ;  
 Stern Patriots who for sacred Freedom stood ;  
 Just men by whom impartial laws were given ;  
 And Saints who taught and led the way to Heaven ;  
 Ne'er to these Chambers where the Mighty rest  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,  
 Nor e'er was to the Bowers of Bliss convey'd  
 A fairer Spirit, or more welcome Shade.<sup>1</sup>

"The effect was instantaneous," relates Stanhope, "there was not a dry eye among us, and never shall I forget the scene—Edmund Burke in the 'awful cells' of Westminster Abbey, amidst the monuments of the greatest and noblest of England, looking for a site for the grave of Chatham! 'Twas one which a painter would have longed to immortalise"; and so profound was the impression made by this incident upon Stanhope, that never to the end of his life could he refer to it without the tears coming into his eyes.

Only once did Stanhope witness Burke robbed of eloquence and struck dumb in a manner of which he says it is as difficult to convey an adequate description as it was astonishing to witness. In 1781, Sir James Lowther secured the entrance into Parliament under the Whig colours of a new Nine-pin, William Pitt, the son of Chatham, but twenty-two years of age and possessed of a patrimony of

<sup>1</sup> Elegy on the Death of Addison, by Thomas Tickell.

less than £300 a year. But this youth unknown to fame soon rose to the foremost position in the political world and became the great rival to the genius of Fox. In 1788, during the serious illness of George III. and the consequent struggle for and against the supremacy of the Regent, Pitt fought for the privilege of Parliament and the liberty of the Nation, while Fox upheld the prerogative of the Prince, supported by Burke, who became one of the fiercest advocates of the Regency in the House. The opposing forces at length decided that the King's physicians should be examined by the Privy Council. Accordingly, on December 3rd, 1788, the doctors produced their Report asserting that the King was mentally incapable but that they believed his illness to be curable. This did not please the Opposition who were anxious to make the worst of his condition, since, if the illness were likely to be a long one, it would be difficult to refuse the Regent full power. On the 4th, therefore, Fox urged that the physicians should be examined by a Committee of the House, to which suggestion Pitt readily assented, for a new Physician had been called in who took a favourable view of the case. This was Willis, a Lincolnshire clergyman, who had become a doctor and was a specialist on insanity, and who in 1773 attended Mrs Ann Stanhope for nervous disorder. He had undertaken chief charge of the King, who under his care had greatly improved.

When the physicians were introduced to the

House, however, Burke, perhaps realising that the issue was likely to militate against his policy, gave vent to his feelings in a manner both violent and in bad taste. Dr Willis, about to commence his report, suddenly turned round, and addressing the excited statesman personally, precluded his remarks with the sentence—" *I will tell that Honourable Gentleman*"—at the same time fixing upon the offender one of those glances with which he was accustomed to control the deranged faculties of his fellow-men. To the astonishment of those who witnessed it, Burke sank back under that glance, strangely cowed, and the eloquence which was wont to sway senates was hushed to silence beneath the all-compelling glance of a doctor of lunacy.

Burke's emotional oratory, however, was rivalled in Stanhope's estimation by that of his fellow Ninepin, William Pitt. "One of the most brilliant outbursts of oratory which I ever in the whole course of my life listened to," relates Stanhope, "was one, undoubtedly extemporaneous, as it arose from an unforeseen attack upon Mr Pitt personally. I cannot, alas, from memory, speak with precision as to the opening words, but they were to the following effect—" *That General, Admiral or Statesman, who, if the interests of his Country demanded it, should hesitate one instant to sacrifice his situation, his fortune, his life, nay, even his personal honour, does not understand the obligations of public duty.*" The words transcribed thus seem

cold and commonplace; but uttered with the mighty eloquence of Pitt, hurled at his detractors with the force of his young enthusiasm, the effect was indescribable. The House was thrilled to its core and both parties applauded vociferously.”<sup>1</sup>

Yet it would appear that before William Pitt's entry into Parliamentary life Stanhope must have heard and been struck with a fluency of speech which made him predict for the young orator a remarkable future. Under the date “March, 1780” there occurs in Stanhope's Journal the following curious memorandum of a wager:—

Gave Mrs Andrew St John five Guineas; to receive 15 Guineas when Mr William Pitt is Prime Minister.

And this wager, made with regard to the future of an untried politician, must, if Mrs Andrew St. John was a woman of honour, have been paid in less than four years from the date of its entry.

But the eloquence of Fox, which to Stanhope was “astonishing,” of Burke, the mere recollection of which could bring tears to his eyes long years after the fire which had animated it had been

<sup>1</sup> The comment written by the son of Walter Spencer-Stanhope on the above at a different period of history, circa 1833, is perhaps likewise interesting. “What a glorious sentiment and how little understood by the statesmen of modern days, who seem to make a God of their consistency, as if their private reputation was for one instant, to be brought into competition with the interest of their country!—But, thank God, we have still a statesman who can echo Pitt's sentiment, and who would not hesitate one instant to sacrifice to his own public duty a reputation as great as any which the page of History has recorded!” (The Duke of Wellington.)

quenched in the grave, and of Pitt, which, while the orator was still unknown to fame, could impress him with its assurance of future attainment—appears to have been surpassed by the achievement of another of the giants of rhetoric.

Sheridan, witty, vivacious, and aglow with genius, could command a flow of eloquence which swayed and confounded the judgment of his hearers. When, during the trial of Warren Hastings, he introduced his Motion respecting the Begums of Oude, Stanhope records it in his Journal unhesitatingly as "*The finest speech I ever heard; five hours and a half. Adjourned the Debate.*"<sup>1</sup> Stanhope's son elaborates this curt description by mentioning that his father used often in conversation to refer to the remarkable nature of this speech; and that to the end of his life he never altered his opinion respecting it, but always maintained it to have been undoubtedly the finest it had ever been his lot to hear. So completely absorbed was he during its delivery, that he could not even change his position. When at last it ended, and the spell was broken, he recognised himself to be completely exhausted, mentally and physically, and totally incapable of forming a clear judgment upon the question at issue. For this reason he seconded a Motion for adjournment, stating frankly that—

When he entered the House, he was not ashamed to acknowledge that his opinion had

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<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xxv., February 7th, 1787.

inclined rather to the side of Mr Hastings; but such had been the wonderful effect of the Honourable Gentleman's convincing statement of facts and irresistible eloquence, that he now with as much freedom acknowledged that he could not say but that his sentiments were materially changed.<sup>1</sup>

For this cause he wished for a delay "to collect his reason and calmly consider the truth and justice of what had been stated"; Wilberforce supported the adjournment, Fox opposed it; but at length it was agreed to, with the result that, when, four days later, on February 8th, the Motion was put to division, many votes were the reverse of what they would have been had they been recorded while Sheridan's audience was under the first spell of his oratory.

It was during the same memorable trial, Stanhope relates, that on February 16th he "*listened to a sublime and beautiful oration by Burke, but not much to the purpose,*" and how two days later Burke, anxious to continue his argument, spoke until his strength gave way and he was forced abruptly to desist. Some days afterwards, on the 25th, "Grey spoke inconceivably well," and Stan-

<sup>1</sup> Hansard misquotes Stanhope's speech, stating that on entering the House he said, "Nothing, indeed, but information almost equal to a miracle, could, he thought, determine him not to vote *against* the accused"—an obvious error, as this was the course which Sheridan's speech had been advocating, and previous to which Stanhope had been on the side of Hastings. *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xxvi. page 302.

hope, leaving the House with Burke, remarked that they had been listening to a very excellent speech; "But," he added, "it was in some degree borrowed from Cicero's oration against Verres."—"Yes," agreed Burke grudgingly, "*panni* indeed there are—but *not purpurei!*"<sup>1</sup>

Burke appears to have remained friends with Stanhope during the flight of years and the varying course of political events, although the same cause nearly ended that intercourse between them which terminated all intimacy between Stanhope and Fox, his rival Macaroni. The latter friendship came to an abrupt conclusion in the year when Fox formed the famous, or, as Stanhope terms it, infamous Coalition with Lord North. Though in the game of politics Stanhope had enlisted under the leadership of Sir James when the latter had chosen to designate himself a Tory, there had never been any doubt that the opposite policy was adhered to by both. When the Coalition was formed, however, Stanhope openly deserted the Whig party and allied himself with the Tories both in name and fact. "How could I," he observed to his son many years afterwards, "feel any confidence in that man, whom I had myself heard make this declaration in the House of Commons: '*I call this House and the Country to witness—if ever I join in any public measure with that Noble Lord, may contempt be my portion!*' and in a fortnight from the time when he spoke

<sup>1</sup> "Patches, indeed, there are, but not purple patches."

thus, Fox entered into a Coalition with Lord North!"

For the same reason, Wraxall relates, "Mr Walter Stanhope, then Member for Hull, retorted on Burke for his versatility, 'I own it astonishes me,' said he, 'to find that the noble Lord's Defender, is the very Person who has more than once declared him a fit Object of Impeachment; nay, who went so far as to assert in this House, that he had an Impeachment ready drawn in his Pocket.' Such were the humiliating Reflections or Animadversions, to which the Coalition gave Rise, among Men most attached to Fox and to the Rockingham Party."<sup>1</sup>

A strange contrast to these pillars of the political world was another man mentioned in Stanhope's Journal, whose politics, first Tory and then Whig, underwent a change in exactly the inverse ratio to Stanhope's own. This was little Michael Angelo Taylor, whose name, in its grotesque suggestion of the mighty and the commonplace seems symbolical of its owner's pretentious personality.

The grandson of a London stonemason, and son and heir of Sir R. Taylor, architect, Michael Angelo Taylor owes his chief claim to the recognition of posterity from two facts, first, that it was his father's fortune which endowed the Taylorian buildings at Oxford, and, secondly, that he himself was immortalised by Gillray's caricatures. Small, but

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Memoirs of His Own Time*, by Sir N. W. Wraxall (1836), Vol. iii. page 329.





*J. Lonsdale, Pinxt.*

MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR

*S. W. Reynolds, Sculpt.*



immensely pompous, and with an unassailable belief in his own importance, Michael Angelo was a never-failing source of amusement to his fellow-Parliamentarians. Well-grounded in the law and not devoid of ability, he took himself with a seriousness which, combined with his diminutive size and his contrasting estimate of his own value, rendered him an inexhaustible subject of jest to the humorists of his day. When, in 1785, he first voted against Pitt, he did so with the portentous announcement that he might perhaps never vote against the Minister again, and with the apology that he personally was "young—a chicken in the profession of the Law." This was, of course, not likely to escape notice. The speech was satirised by Sheridan, and its perpetrator caricatured by Gillray under the name of the "Law-Chick," which stuck to him throughout life. In 1788, when it was recognised that he might become Speaker of the House of Commons, he was the subject of a caricature, "*The new Speaker (the Law-Chick) between the Hawks and Buzzards,*" which was never forgotten, though he was represented in other telling characters—such as a monkey, a tiny porker, and "*The Giant Factotum amusing himself.*"

Yet the career of Michael Angelo was not otherwise than successful. Recorder of Poole in 1784, he became Member for that borough the same year; and although he did not sit in Parliament

without a break, he lived to be called the Father of the House. As mentioned, had the Whigs come into power in 1788 he would have become Speaker, and in 1831 they made him Privy Councillor in recognition of his services to their party. Meanwhile, his social achievements were a never-failing source of self-congratulation to him. Inheriting a large fortune from his father, he kept an excellent cook and got on by giving first-rate dinner-parties, until, to his profound satisfaction, he became friends with the Regent, and was even talked of for a peerage.

Stanhope records certain anecdotes respecting him which give an excellent picture of the man. One Sunday in church when the clergyman who was reading the prayers came to the words, "George, Prince of Wales," Michael added in an aside designed to be audible to those about him, "*By the way, he dines with me next Thursday.*" On another occasion when he was going to receive the Prince at the country house he then occupied, one of his friends mischievously observed to him with an air of commiseration, "Michael, it must be a great bore and expense to you to have to receive the Prince." But Michael was equal to the occasion; "Sir," he replied casually, "my establishment is such *that one or two odd comers popping in make no difference!*"

Michael Angelo was one of the committee of managers for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, when he assisted Sheridan to hold the bag and

read the minutes. During the progress of the trial Stanhope spoke against the Grenville Act,<sup>1</sup> stating that it had already put a hundred thousand pounds into the lawyers' pockets, yet that he was still at a loss to learn "what the general interest of Election was better for taking so much money from the Members of Parliament and giving it to the Gentlemen of the long robe."

Michael, in reply, made a speech in which, most unconsciously, he argued against his own cause, finally, much to the amusement of his fellow-politicians, as he resumed his seat uttering the satisfied comment to his next-door neighbour, "I flatter myself there is nothing more to be said upon *that* subject!"

As may be imagined, Michael was an irresistible butt for a practical joke, all the more so that, besides being an artless victim, he invariably failed to recognise that he had been victimised, and remained genuinely mystified at an issue which his colleagues had planned with care. "One of the most unkind of the many tricks played upon him," relates Stanhope, "was when some friend of his, who had been summoned to attend the Privy Council, erased his own name and substituted that of Michael Angelo Taylor. The pomposity of Michael on receiving the summons increased seven-fold. He announced to every one he met, in a tone of elaborately assumed indifference, that he 'had been summoned to attend the Privy Council—

<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary History*, Vol. xxv. page 402. April 7th, 1785.

what they required of him he could not understand, but he could not well refuse his aid.' He punctually attended at the proper time, and after some hours of patient waiting and expectation, he sent to know what they wanted with him. He received for answer that they did not want him at all.

"Another trick was played upon him by Sheridan, which I will mention as illustrative of the character of both men.

"The Opposition had determined to move that witnesses should be examined on some question in the trial which I have forgotten, but on which they hoped to produce a great sensation in the country.

"Mr Sheridan had undertaken the task, but the Motion, instead of producing the effect anticipated, proved a complete failure and served as a dinner-bell to the House.

"Just before the question was coming on, Mr Sheridan went to Mr Hatsell's office. 'You are likely to have a thin House,' said Mr Hatsell. 'Well, you don't suppose *I* am going to stay here,' said Mr Sheridan. '*Not stay here*—how can you help it?' 'Oh, I'll shew you a trick worth two of that. Give me a sheet of paper.'

"Sheridan sat down and wrote to this effect:—  
'My dear Michael, you know the gravity of the question before the House. You know that our object in moving for the examination of witnesses was to create a great sensation throughout the country;—now it is of the utmost importance that

the question should be worded in the most pointed manner, and I, not being a professional man, am unable to give it such point as to produce the intended effect. Let nothing stop you, but come off instantly to the House, etc. etc.'

"That Sheridan could require anybody's assistance in pointing a sentence was what few men would have believed; but he knew his man.

"Michael, when he received the note, was seated at the bottom of his table, just preparing to carve a haunch of venison for a large party of the Members who ought to have been supporting the question. 'A letter from Mr Sheridan!' exclaimed Michael, very important, 'he can't get on without me—he insists on my going.' The guests, slightly surprised, agreed to make themselves at home during his absence, and away went Michael. Mr Sheridan put into his hands a paper on which he had hastily written some trivial questions. 'You see, they won't do.' 'No,' admitted Michael, patronisingly, 'they certainly might be more pointed.' 'Very well, *you* undertake it, put them into proper form, and begin examining the witnesses.' As soon as the perfidious Sheridan saw his victim deep in examination of the witnesses, he slipped out, went off to Michael's house, took possession of his chair, and fully enjoyed his dinner!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the *Life of William Wilberforce* by his son Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Oxford (1868), pp. 422-3, a rather different version of this story is told. But as Wilberforce related it in advanced life, and Stanhope at the date it happened, probably the version given by the latter is more correct.

Another story of Michael was related to Stanhope by William Wilberforce. Michael was walking with a friend up St James's Street when they saw Pitt approaching them with rapid strides. Michael drew himself up. "I regret," he announced solemnly, "that Pitt's conduct has been such that I feel forced to cut him."—Pitt, all unconscious of the crushing blow which awaited him, came, passed, and giving an absent nod to Michael's companion, never observed little Michael Angelo at all. Michael turned triumphantly to his companion—"You saw," he said impressively, "how I cut him?" "Well," was the rejoinder, "I am glad to know you did, for otherwise I should have thought he cut you!"

Stanhope, in company with his fellow-Parliamentarians, occasionally attended the sumptuous dinner-parties prepared by Michael, ostensibly for "odd comers popping in"; and to the entry in his Journal which records these entertainments he invariably adds the amused comment—"A splendid dinner," or "Everything superb." Yet there is little doubt that Michael's self-satisfaction was a source of irritation as well as of amusement to his colleagues, for Wilberforce tells a story of Burke rushing up to Michael in the House when the little man was puffing and swelling with pride at some flattering allusion to himself which had been pronounced by Ned Law, and deliberately shaking him, with the rude exclamation, "You little rogue! What do you mean by assenting to this!"



The man who relates this story was almost as diminutive in person as was Michael, but of very opposite characteristics. The frail body of William Wilberforce ill-matched his mighty mind. Gentle, humble and fervently religious, his name is immortal in the annals of humanity, and his friendship with Stanhope was one of the brightest incidents in the life of the latter, to whose exertions, in part, he owed his election for York in 1784, as we shall see later.

There is an entry in Stanhope's journal of a dinner-party composed of Wilberforce, Wedderburn and Sir James Lowther. How three such incongruous characters ever gravitated peaceably together appears strange, till one reflects that to Wilberforce mankind was not defined by the demarcation of Whigs and Tories, while to Sir James party politics were, after all, but a means to personal power. As to Wedderburn, no political considerations ever interfered with the link which bound him to the nephew of John of Horsforth, and when in 1780 Stanhope enters in his journal, "Wedderburn made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Lord Loughborough," it is with the after-addition of an anecdote which he perhaps recognised to be illustrative of his own attitude towards the bearer of these honours.<sup>1</sup>

It appears that, as a small child, Alexander Wedderburn had been nearly killed by a turkey,

<sup>1</sup> For this reason, I have related the story as told by Stanhope, though it is not here published for the first time.

and the scene was witnessed by a young lad then acting as assistant to his father's gardener. Many years afterwards this former gardener-lad was taken to the Court of Chancery to see Lord Loughborough in all his glory. Those who accompanied him anticipated that he would be overwhelmed with admiration and awe at such a sight, but to their surprise they found that his outlook was prejudiced by a recollection of the past. "Weel, weel!" was the sole comment of this unimpressionable Scot, as he eyed the Lord Chancellor, "he may be a great man the noo, but I mind fine he was aince sair hadden doon by his mither's bubbley jock!"

One peculiarity of Stanhope's own political career, however, cannot fail to be remarked. At a time when party feeling ran high, and it was rare for members of opposing factions to be found in each other's society, whatever the trend of Stanhope's politics, he numbered among his friends representatives of both sides of the House. Despite his severance from Fox and his subsequent staunch allegiance to Pitt, he remained in spirit an independent politician, supporting tactics he approved, whether these were advanced by his own or the opposite party. He forms in this a remarkable contrast to most of his fellow-politicians, a divergence which is further accentuated by comparison with the attitude of another young recruit to the political world who entered Parliament a few months later than himself, in May 1775. This

was his former acquaintance of Almack's, young Mr Coke, who, although his friendship proved stronger than his convictions during the coalition between Fox and North, yet is said, throughout the course of a Parliamentary career extending over fifty-seven years, never to have associated with a Tory save under protest. One of the few exceptions to this rule, however, is to be found in his acquaintance with Stanhope, which continued after the politics of the latter had undergone a transformation, and which, half a century later, was extended yet more warmly to Stanhope's Tory son.

It was in 1783 that Stanhope openly renounced his former adherence to Fox, yet six years subsequently we find Coke still meeting Stanhope at convivial gatherings and accepting his hospitality.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, although at the commencement of their political career Coke and Stanhope shared similar views, although they were then both supporters of an opposition to the hostilities with America, and though at that date they must have been constantly thrown into the society of each other, the acquaintance between them never drifted into that closer friendship which circumstances then seemed to dictate. That

<sup>1</sup> January 31st, 1789, Stanhope's journal relates—"Walked in the park with Granville. Dined at Palmer's with Neave [Sir Mathew White] Ridley, Mr Coke, Mr Foote." On March 1st of that same year Stanhope gave the return dinner—"Palmer, Banks, Parker, Coke, and Sir William Young dined with me." This closes with the pathetic memorandum—"Took *physic* and *James's Powder* afterwards."

this was due to an inherent difference of temperament seems fairly obvious, indeed even at this lapse of time the variance afforded by their respective characters remains sharply defined, and throws that of Stanhope into clearer relief.

Coke, five years Stanhope's junior, but already the owner of a yet more considerable property, was of the stuff of which reformers are made. Possessed of a fine stalwart figure, typical of his personality, he was a despiser of conventions, a hater of society—save that of his immediate friends and those who shared his convictions—and a man who preferred the honest speech of his Norfolk farmers to the artificiality even of the homely Court of George III. With a heart-whole enthusiasm for liberty, he was too earnest to be a cynic and too true to be a diplomatist. In opposing the American War he was actuated by a burning hatred of injustice, and his enthusiasm found vent in an intemperance of speech which convinced even while it offended.

Stanhope, on the contrary, slight in build, exquisite in dress and polished in manner, found in the social life surrounding him a constant satisfaction. Full of natural ability, his interests were too varied to admit of concentration; he was essentially an onlooker at existence, and cynical, witty, lazy, his judgment usually remained clear, because his heart was cool. His opposition to the American War, as already stated, arose first from his enforced adherence to the policy of Sir James—

next from a steady, reasoned conviction. His speeches thus exhibit a finish of language, a nice logic in which those of Coke are lacking. In short, Coke spoke from his heart, Stanhope from his head; and while the former hotly swayed the feelings of his listeners, the latter appealed coolly to their common sense, save on certain rare occasions, when his love of sarcasm betrayed him into an imprudence of speech which was otherwise foreign to his temperament.

## CHAPTER XII

### ANECDOTES OF SOCIAL LIFE

**D**URING the first years of his public career, the part played by Stanhope in the social life of his date appears to have remained as full of incident as was his connection with the political world. In town every moment which could be spared from his duties at Westminster was devoted to a constant round of gaiety. In Yorkshire he kept up both his houses of Horsforth and Cannon Hall, dividing his time pretty equally between the two, and exchanging social amenities with his principal neighbours, who near the latter house, among others, consisted of the notorious Baronet of Bretton, Sir Thomas Blackett; his uncle's old friend, Mr Bosville at Gunthwaite; Lord Rockingham of Wentworth House, and Lord Strafford of Wentworth Castle; while one of Stanhope's most intimate companions near Horsforth was Mr Hawkesworth of Hawkesworth House.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Walter Ramsden Beaumont Hawkesworth (or Hawksworth), High Sheriff of Yorkshire, whose father, Walter Ramsden, had assumed the surname and arms of Hawkesworth, pursuant to the will of his grandfather, Sir Walter Hawkesworth, and who himself

At the close of his first session, in 1776, Stanhope prepared to discharge a duty which he felt to be incumbent upon him. He had already designed a tablet to the memory of John Spencer, the cost of which was eventually discharged in the curious manner in which payments appear to have been made at that date. Upon giving the order, a sum was paid on account; upon the order being executed, a larger sum was defrayed, and a year after its execution the payment was completed.

But he owed a duty to that other uncle who had been to him in the place of a father; and it was probably in recognition of this fact that he went direct from London to Horsforth, and there designed a large tablet for the chapel at Horsforth, where he had so often worshipped as a boy. This purports to be *In memory of that part of the Family of Stanhope who have dwelt at Horsforth or Eccleshill since the Reign of Queen Mary*; but although at the time of its erection some years later<sup>1</sup> so many as eleven names were already inscribed upon it, the one to which most attention was devoted and most space was allotted was that of "t'owld Lawyer," whose epitaph, as approved by his nephew, ran thus:—

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in 1786 assumed the surname and arms of Fawkes, pursuant to the will of his relation, Francis Fawkes, Esq. of Farnley, who left him his estate.

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear to have been actually put up in the church till many years afterwards, if it is referred to by the entry in Stanhope's journal, "January 10th, 1785.—The monument came."

## 54 ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE

DEEPLY REGRETTED & LONG TO BE REMEMBERED  
JOHN STANHOPE, ESQUIRE, THE ELDEST SON,  
AGED 68;

BARRISTER AT LAW

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER :

LEARNED, ELOQUENT, POWERFUL AS AN ADVOCATE ;

UPRIGHT, FRIENDLY, BENEFICENT AS A MAN ;

THE BOAST OF HIS FAMILY,

THE BLESSING OF HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THIS CHAPEL ITSELF MAY BE RECKONED A MONUMENT OF HIM

MUCH AT WHOSE EXPENSE & MORE BY WHOSE EXERTIONS

IN THE YEARS 1757 & 1758

IT WAS REBUILT AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

But Time, envious Time, has played a sorry trick on this once pious tribute to the memory of a good man. A portion of the letter O having become defaced, it is now transformed into an E, thus perpetrating a jest which one feels that no one would have appreciated more keenly than its unconscious victim. For the inscription to-day, after enumerating the virtues of the deceased as a man, announces of the good old Lawyer, in one bold, decisive line, and with a directness from which there seems no appeal, that—

HE WAS THE *BEAST* OF HIS FAMILY.

Stanhope, however, little deeming the fashion in which the years would reverse his sentiments, left Horsforth well pleased with the design he had evolved, and proceeded to Cannon Hall. In July he was at York on the Jury of the Grand Assizes, in August he went to Lowther, whence he attended



the Assizes at Carlisle. He returned home by Rokeby, and went to York Races—a gay sight in those days, when, as he relates, it was no uncommon event for him to count as many as twenty private coaches-and-six present there. Arrived once more at Cannon Hall, he entertained company, and on this occasion experienced considerable surprise at the appearance of one of his guests.

He had invited his old acquaintance from Paris, the Comte de Lauraguais, to pay him a visit—probably the Frenchman, with his usual craze for horses, had been present at York Races and came thence to Cannon Hall. It was the date when Lauzun and this friend, having adopted many English opinions and fashions, were imbued with an admiration for English liberty, and were already glorifying principles which, later, induced the former to embrace the tenets of the French Revolution, and led to his death upon the scaffold. With the conception of English liberty, the two Frenchmen had likewise imbibed a somewhat distorted notion of English simplicity in living<sup>2</sup>; and it may have been that the ideal of Lauraguais at that time consisted in imitating the equipment of a jockey, for Stanhope records with astonishment in his Diary, “*The Comte de Lauraguais arrived here this evening without servants or clothes but those on his back—for so he came from France.*” In short, the amazed host explains, the Comte’s appearance was more in the character of a horse-dealer than that of a Grand Seigneur of the Court

of Louis XVI. But if Lauraguais' aim had been to copy English fashions, he must have been slightly disconcerted, for his absence of retinue was rendered the more striking by the contrast it afforded to that which attended an Englishman whom Stanhope had invited to meet him. This other guest, Lord Ranelagh, brought with him a suite of twenty servants and as many horses, a number which in those days was less unusual than was the humble state in which the Comte de Lauraguais elected to travel.

The lavish nature of Yorkshire hospitality, however, was proverbial, and Stanhope, despite the large retinues which accompanied his guests, kept open house as John Spencer had done before him. He likewise journeyed from one end of England to another, visiting his various friends, and this despite the fact that travelling in those days was no slight undertaking. It is remarkable in his Diary how frequent, both in town and country, are the entries, "*My coach was overturned,*" or "*My chaise upset—escaped without much damage.*" Once an entry while he was in London relates that "the axletree of my new coach broke in Parliament St.;" and it appears that on this occasion, having been to a dinner at the Dilettanti and a ball at Gloucester House, he was deposited in his finery in the mud amid a gaping crowd. About the same date he narrowly escaped a worse adventure, for a letter mentions that two of his friends, to whom he had lent his coach, "were, in going from the St.

Alban's on Thursday evening, robbed by a highwayman in St James's Square."

But perhaps, fortunately for his feelings, it was in the country that most of his mishaps took place. Although much improved since the days of Rebecca Wattson, the roughness of the Yorkshire roads still rendered it a common event there for a vehicle to be overturned, and its occupants to consider themselves lucky to escape without loss of life or limb. Towards the close of the 18th century, even during the summer months, we find Mrs Greame excusing herself from visiting Cannon Hall on account of the "extreme badness of the roads over the wolds." Upon the other hand, perhaps the most trying adventure which befell Stanhope was at a time of year when it was more to be expected—when he was returning home in a snowstorm, and his coach became wedged in a snowdrift, whence it was impossible to extricate it for some days, on the very top of Pule Hill, one of the bleakest summits in the neighbourhood. The exposed site of this occurrence may be best illustrated by a legend which is attached to it. Upon it stands a solitary tree, a landmark for all the surrounding country, known as Pule's tree. To this place, it is said, that a man named Pule took the lady of his choice; when standing beneath the tree in question, he closed his eyes and informed her, "All which I see is mine." The lady gazed on the boundless expanse of hill and dale which lay outspread before her, extending in one uninterrupted

panorama to the far horizon, and, greatly impressed with the vast possessions of the wily swain, at once agreed to marry him. Too late she learnt that when speaking to her his eyes had been closed, and that he owned not a single acre.

But occasionally disasters overtook Stanhope which were due neither to the condition nor to the precipitous nature of the roads he was forced to traverse. The Macaroni, Lord Carlisle, writing in 1777, complains strongly of "that pernicious custom of antient hospitality of making the servants dead drunk" when he went out to dinner; and Stanhope mentions with a casualness which denotes the frequency of the occurrence, that, when returning from some festivity at a friend's house, "My coachman was so drunk he fell off the box; I drove home myself." It is obvious, however, that this was an event which, in those days, excited little comment; indeed, no man would have dreamed of dismissing a servant for a fault of which his superiors were so constantly guilty. It may be added that a similar mishap chanced to Lord Fitzwilliam some years later, when he drove over to Cannon Hall with a party of friends. On desiring to take his leave, he discovered, so the Diary records, that "*all* his servants were so drunk, he had to drive his friends home himself," a circumstance which at least serves to emphasise the fact that the good cheer at Cannon Hall had not been diminished by the tragic death of Mr Crooks in a previous generation, but that the beer, which was brewed upon the

premises, was still dispensed without stint to all who desired it.<sup>1</sup>

Undeterred, however, by the dangers of transit, Stanhope seldom remained long in one place. He mentions in one letter that it took him four hours to drive from Rotherham to Cannon Hall, while in another he remarks that, when journeying with Lord Grenville, they started at ten in the morning and arrived at their destination at three o'clock the next—a drive of twenty-nine hours at a stretch, with only an occasional brief pause for refreshment and the exchange of horses. Perhaps, fortunately for himself in case of emergency, Stanhope was a first-rate and a fearless whip. The old entrance to Cannon Hall park down Cliffe Hill,<sup>2</sup> where John Spencer and his merry guests had likewise driven apace, was, as its name implies, a way as rough as any in the neighbourhood, and a decline both abrupt and winding. But local

<sup>1</sup> This custom continued till a later generation, when another fatality having occurred in consequence of it, the practice of brewing beer upon the premises was finally abandoned. It is curious to contrast the conditions which then prevailed in a gentleman's household and the rigid sobriety exacted in modern times. Unlimited refreshment was then allowed at Cannon Hall. The men-servants had ale for their breakfast, and had water-jugs in their bedrooms full of it. In the servants' hall a copper full of beer used to be placed on a truncheon and wheeled down the table at meals for all to help themselves. Better ale, however, was reserved for the housekeeper's room; and as the upper servants passed from the Hall thither, the custom was for them to "sink their beer," viz., throw the inferior beverage out of the glasses which they carried with them into the sink, in order to claim the better drink which awaited them.

<sup>2</sup> The present approach from Tivydale was not made till 1802.

tradition still relates how Mr Stanhope from youth till late in life, used to drive his coach-and-four at full speed down it without hesitation or disaster; and no doubt it was in this fashion that, even when his attendants were sober, he often journeyed when visiting his innumerable friends.

At the approach of autumn, Stanhope amused himself and his guests by hunting both at Cannon Hall and Horsforth. But although he kept a pack of beagles, he soon decided to part with the hounds reserved from Squire Spencer's kennels; and Lord Darlington, who had bought the rest of the pack, made him an offer of £200 for the remainder. With this Stanhope closed, as, at the value of money in those days, it was considered a high price; but he mentions that it was more satisfactory in theory than in practice, for he never received a farthing of payment. The descendants of these hounds again hunted in Yorkshire with Lord Darlington's successor, and were as famous as their ancestors; but Stanhope's beagles do not seem to have been successful, and seem, moreover, to have given cause for complaint. "I am told," writes his uncle, William Stanhope, to him in 1776 from Horsforth, "your hounds do well, but they are a very unsightly pack. John Hillhouse has taken due pains with them. He has hunted at least four days in the week, and always in this town, and the number of people with him, I think, has occasioned £5 a week lost to the town in

wages. Your uncle would very seldom hunt in this town for that reason."

No doubt this induced Stanhope to abandon hunting in Horsforth, for he was invariably thoughtful for his tenants, as evinced by his early desire to befriend them through a laboriously-acquired knowledge of the law. Another proof of his assiduity for their welfare may be mentioned. When in 1774 Louis XV. of France died of smallpox, the bolder spirits among the wealthy sought to introduce the new-fangled preventative of inoculation by undergoing the treatment themselves and paying for such of their dependents as were willing to follow their example. A friend at that date wrote to John Spencer as follows—

I read yesterday in ye Papers that Walter Stanhope Esquire of Horsforth had ordered his Apothecary to inoculate all ye Poor in his country. I thought it not a bad Paragraph Article.

And the care which Stanhope had evinced for the poor at Horsforth he also exhibited for the poor at Cawthorne on coming into possession of Cannon Hall, while he held that the tie of ancestry entailed a friendly recognition on his part of the inhabitants of Hathersage, the birthplace of his grandmother.

With this object in view, he proceeded to invite some of the Derbyshire farmers to come over to Cawthorne to be present at the dinners which he

gave his tenants; but this privilege, it appears from an old letter, did not always meet with the appreciation it deserved. On one occasion, an old farmer from Hathersage, after being bidden to a particularly sumptuous repast at Cannon Hall, made his way to the village inn, and there, to the astonishment of the landlord, ordered a large beef-steak, on which he fell-to with all the ravenous eagerness of a starving man. Mine host, after watching the hurry and greed of his customer with unbounded astonishment, ventured to remark tentatively that he had fancied the latter had been up to the big dinner at Squire Stanhope's.

“So I have,” was the disgusted reply; “an’ at one end o’ the table was a huge leg of one o’ them spotted beasts in the park, and at the other was a large sucking pig, which looked for all the world like a baby, and then there were some birds with long beaks [woodcock], and the cook had forgot to take the g—ts out of ’em. *I* couldn’t eat such outlandish trash. *I’m* used to a Christian dinner cooked in a Christian manner!”

Stanhope's further connection with Hathersage was scarcely more satisfactory, since it led to the following occurrence.

It must first be explained that although he never, either in Yorkshire or London, omitted his daily ride, he seems, besides being a daring whip, to have been an all-too rash and luckless equestrian. At one time, in fact, a series of accidents which befell him in this capacity occasioned considerable



alarm to his relations. So much was this the case, that his kinswoman, gentle Miss Bidy Downes—whose quaint, ill-spelt epistles from Manchester marked each disaster of which he was the victim—was at last constrained to apologise for the frequency of her condolences, appending advice which, if slightly involved, indicates the promptings of a kind heart:—

Sir, I am a fred, you will think me troublesome with my por scrales [scrawls] but as you mentioned you ad agan got a fall, had I ben near when the Accident happen'd, I shou'd of recommended bleeding, as that often takes of Little Brewziz, which perhaps at the time they (*sic*) are not sensible of & Proves of Bad Consequence.

Shortly afterwards, the cause of these misadventures was at last traced.

In 1776 Stanhope visited Hathersage during the prolonged absence in America of his cousin, Ashton Shuttleworth, and whilst there, he made inquiries respecting the tale of Little John. This famous companion of Robin Hood, who had been a native of Hathersage, was brought up to the local industry of nail-making, till his wonderful strength and prowess made him try his fortune elsewhere. Little is known of his career, however, till the battle of Evesham in 1265, when he fought with the rebels under Simon de Montfort, who was defeated, and Little John with Robin Hood and many of the Earl's followers were outlawed. They

forthwith retired to the woods, and, escaping the arm of justice, lived a jolly, free life, till old age overtook them. Robin Hood died at the age of fourscore, and was buried by Little John in Kirklees Park, after which Little John sought out his native village, where he wished to lay his own bones. As he approached the Vale of Hathersage, it is said he remarked that his career would soon be ended, and on arriving at a cottage near the church, he entered it, and shortly after breathed his last. From that time his great bow with some arrows and a lot of chain armour were hanging in Hathersage church, together, it is said, with a green cap suspended by a chain; but when William Spencer became possessed of Hathersage, he caused the bow and armour to be removed to Cannon Hall for safer keeping.<sup>1</sup>

Stanhope, as the owner of the famous bow, therefore viewed with interest the site in the churchyard which tradition pointed out as the grave of Little John. The distance between the stones, which were said to be placed the one at the head and the other at the feet of the famous outlaw, was about four yards and a quarter, and from the great length of the grave it was obvious that some very tall man had been interred in it. No satisfactory informa-

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Naylor, a relation of the Spencers, is supposed to have been the last man who ever strung the bow. It bears his name with the date 1715, when he is said to have shot a deer with it, the horn at both points being then perfect. It required a power of 160 lb. to draw it to its full. It is of spliced yew, and above six feet long, although the ends where the horns were attached are now broken off.

tion, however, could be obtained on the subject, for although the ground had been dug up at several different times, no human remains had been discovered there. Owing to the interest which Stanhope evinced in the matter, his cousin James Shuttleworth, some time after his return to England, caused the ground to be dug to a greater depth than had previously been the case, with the result that, at a distance of two yards below the surface, a human thigh-bone was discovered of abnormal proportions. Hard by, was the actual cottage where Little John was said to have breathed his last,<sup>1</sup> and which was at this date inhabited by a woman named Jenny Sherd who long used to relate how the great bone was laid on her father's tailoring board and measured. Two shovels had been broken in digging the grave, while the third had slightly damaged the bone, but the split parts corresponded exactly, and when measured it proved to be, according to her account, thirty-two inches in length, also, although decayed a little at the ends, it was thick throughout in proportion to that size.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr Spencer Hall relates that when he visited Hathersage, the cottage was occupied by Jenny Sherd, then seventy years of age, her father had died at the age of ninety-two, twenty years previously, and he had received assurance of Little John having died in that cottage when he entered his tenancy. His predecessors had also received a similar assurance sixty years previously, and thus from mouth to mouth had the tradition descended.

<sup>2</sup> There is a slight discrepancy in the different accounts of its size, as the sexton's son stated it to have been from  $28\frac{1}{2}$  to 29 inches ; but all accounts tally that its proportions were undoubtedly abnormal.

Although his brother was angry at his having disturbed the grave, Captain Shuttleworth took the bone in triumph with him to Cannon Hall to show Stanhope, and the two young men afterwards exhibited it to the old huntsman there, who had often been at Hathersage. But the latter shook his head. "No good will come to either of ye," he affirmed solemnly, "so long as ye keep dead men's bones above ground." The cousins laughed at his verdict, but the following day James Shuttleworth had a bad spill out hunting, and so had Stanhope. None the less James Shuttleworth, despised the warning, and taking the bone back again to Hathersage, hung it up over his bed there.

Bad luck, however, pursued Stanhope even after his departure. One accident after another befell him, till at last he was the victim of one from which he narrowly escaped with his life. He records it briefly thus: "*Sept. 20th, Shooting. Killed two brace; hung up by my buckle in the stirrup, and was dragged for twenty yards till my buckle broke.*"

This, though mentioned thus casually, was in fact a wonderful escape. He had sent for a pair of buckles with which to attach some straps that he was in the habit of wearing, and which fastened his boots securely, passing over his knees. As they did not arrive in time, he put on his old ones. He was thrown and hung in the stirrup. The horse ran away, striking him on the head at every step; no one among the horrified spectators dared move, lest by increasing the horse's speed they

should accelerate the fate which seemed inevitable. Suddenly the buckle snapped, the boot was drawn off, and his life was saved. But had he been wearing the new buckles which he had wished to put on, and which would have fastened his straps more securely, he must inevitably have been killed.

In those days, however, men were hardy. Instead of suffering from concussion of the brain, as might have been anticipated, he confined himself to the house for one day only, and on the next the entry is as follows: "Not well. Went with the hounds into Deffer Wood and Cawthorne Park. Dined out."

None the less, he sent an account of his misadventure to his cousin Shuttleworth, and received in reply the news that the latter had had but little better luck. He, too, had had a series of accidents, two of which occurred in the churchyard itself, so that he had begun to feel there must be something in the words of the old huntsman. At last to him likewise there happened a worse accident than any he had previously experienced, and while he lay ill in bed after it, the nurse who was attending him, looking at the trophy over his bed, happened to echo the old huntsman's words: "You will never have luck, you know," she said, "so long as you keep dead men's bones out of their graves." Struck by the reiteration of the same statement and its obvious fulfilment, James Shuttleworth could withstand it no longer. He hurriedly sent the bone back to the sexton with orders to put

it without an hour's delay safely back into the grave whence it had been taken, it is said, only a fortnight previously. From that time forward neither he nor Stanhope had any more accidents.

Despite this fact, Captain Shuttleworth appears afterwards to have repented of his timidity, and some years later when he was with his regiment in Montrose, he wrote to Jenny Sherd's father promising him a guinea if he would take the bone up again privately and send it to him in a box, but Jenny's father refused to comply with the request, for the excellent reason, which he did not venture to state, that the bone was no longer in Hathersage.

More than a year after its supposed re-interment, Stanhope was passing through Hathersage in company with Mr, afterwards Sir William Strickland,<sup>1</sup> when they decided to spend the night at the inn. Over the fire, after dinner, Stanhope related the strange story of the discovery of the thighbone, of the subsequent series of accidents which had befallen both him and his cousin, and the remarkable cessation of these disasters after the bone had been restored to the grave. Mr Strickland was deeply interested in the account, but ridiculed there being any connection between these strange happenings. Finally, to prove his disbelief, he sent for the sexton and boldly offered the man half-a-crown if he would disinter the ill-omened bone and bring it

<sup>1</sup> William, eldest son of Sir George Strickland, Bt., by Elizabeth, 3rd dau. of Sir Rowland Winn, Bt. ; born 1753, succeeded his father, 1808.

to the inn. The bone was produced, but in a suspiciously short time ; and Mr Strickland examining it, triumphantly pointed out to Stanhope that inside it was a particularly fine cobweb—convincing proof that it had never been replaced in the grave ! Further inquiries elicited the fact that the sexton had for some time past been exhibiting it secretly to curious strangers at the charge of 6d. per head. Mr Strickland, convinced that the relic was not so dangerous as had been reported, refused to part with his trophy, which he carried off in delight, no doubt to the dismay of the sexton, who had not only made a profit by its exhibition, but had charged fees upon each occasion of the real or fictitious burials and disinterments of it at which he had officiated.<sup>1</sup>

It is said to have been on this same occasion that the green cap was also removed from the church at Hathersage, for Jenny Sherd used to relate how, when she was but twenty years old, “a party of great folk from Yorkshire” took away

<sup>1</sup> This account was written down by Miss Frances Stanhope in 1820, she having received it from an old woodman aged seventy, son of the clerk and sexton at Hathersage, who affirmed that his father used to say the bone had been buried and unburied several times, and that he always insisted upon fees for the work. Mr Charles Stanhope, her brother, writing later, says, “I remember, in the year 1820, when Sir Francis, father of Sir Charles Wood, Bt., of Hickleton (now Lord Halifax) was at Cannon Hall, on my recounting this anecdote, sending for the old woodman, Hinchcliffe, who told it to me ; the latter took a foot-rule out of his pocket and extending the little slide showed the exact length [of the thigh-bone found]. He mentioned besides that he was the grave-digger’s son and was present at the disinterring of the said bone.”

with them these last two relics of Little John. Of the fate of the cap no trace remains, but it would seem that the bone sustained its reputation of bringing ill-luck to the person of its possessor, for Sir William Strickland finally caused it to be buried under a tree at his own home.

Nevertheless, Stanhope had to endure many a laugh at his own credulity with regard to it; but his misadventures during the time when he shared the responsibility of its being above ground do not seem to have diminished his love of "the chace." His descriptions of a day when he had had "excellent good diversion" with his hounds are as enthusiastic as were those of his predecessors; yet, although a keen sportsman, there is no evidence that he ever indulged in the then fashionable sport of cock-fighting.

The little faded memoranda which bear record to the famous cockings of John of Horsforth and John of Cannon Hall find no sequel in the writing of their descendant. There is, moreover, evidence that he disapproved of the equally popular pastime of bull-baiting, and the story in connection with this, although it belongs to a later date, may be told here, since it is one peculiarly illustrative both of Stanhope's own character and that of the rough but honest Yorkshiremen with whom he had to deal.

Under the date July 23rd, 1794, is the entry in his Journal—

Took up a man as a Rogue & Vagabond for travelling with a bull to bait in Cawthorne.



Before 11 o'clock the man consented to shoot him, and I bid the Constable to release him.

The facts were as follows: Stanhope was riding through the village of Cawthorne when he came upon a great crowd surrounding a man who had a bull, which, at a glance, he gathered the people had assembled to see baited. He at once dealt with the situation in a manner worthy the nephew of "t' owld Lawyer." He rode into the midst of the mob, scattering them to right and left, and formally arrested the chief culprit. This he had no authority to do, for he was not a magistrate, and still more, bull-baiting was not then illegal<sup>1</sup>—in short, the owner of the bull was acting within his rights and his captor was not.

Such trifling considerations, however, did not trouble Stanhope. He peremptorily ordered his captive to drive the bull along the road in front of him, while he himself rode quietly after, with a keen gaze fixed upon man and beast. Behind him the crowd followed threateningly. It was composed principally of burly colliers and rough loafers, who, indignant at being baulked of their amusement, were in a considerable state of excitement and uttered angry murmurs. Those were days when it was not wise to risk offending an excitable mob. Stanhope was a slightly-built man, he was

<sup>1</sup> Between the years 1792-6 bull-baiting was exceedingly prevalent in Yorkshire, though greatly deprecated by Leeds journalists. At Rochdale 5000 people witnessed a bull baited the whole day in the middle of the river. It was not made illegal till 1835.

single-handed amongst them, and it would have been a simple matter for the exasperated men to have felled him and rescued his captive. It therefore says much, not only for the awe inspired by his coolness, but for the respect in which he was held by the roughest of the Cawthorne people, that this did not take place.

As it was, without even quickening his pace, he headed that strange procession till he reached the bottom of Cliffe-hill lane, when he ordered the man with the bull to enter the park, and having done so himself, turned round calmly and closed the gates sharply upon the mob. "Now then, my friends," he said drily, "right about face! for not one of you shall come in here." He looked at them squarely, then rode leisurely on, and not one of his pursuers attempted to pass the park gates.

Stanhope then drove his captives before him to Cannon Hall, where, with the rough-and-ready justice of his predecessors, he ordered the man to shoot the animal. This the delinquent, not unnaturally, refused to do. He was therefore placed in custody in the saddle-room and a constable sent for. At eleven that night the man gave in and announced his willingness to do as he was bid. He was taken at once to the place where the bull had been confined and killed it. "Stanhope," the memorandum relates, "then gave him a guinea, and with that, and a good allowance of old ale, he went away fully satisfied."<sup>1</sup> While this last state-

<sup>1</sup> From the MSS. notes of John Spencer-Stanhope.

ment may rouse scepticism, one thing is certain—from that day forward there never was a bull baited at Cawthorne.

Stanhope, however, though a bold rider and a fine whip, seems throughout his life to have been an indifferent shot. To this the entries in his diary testify convincingly. During a visit to Alnwick, for instance, there are memoranda which do not denote remarkable prowess; one day "*a hare*" sums up the result of his exertions, the next day "*a brace of partridges*," the next "*one partridge*," and there are two entries of "*missed every shot*"; while during a visit to Norfolk he mentions one day "*I shot very ill*," and another, "*killed nothing, but missed several pheasants*."

Yet the name of his gamekeeper is celebrated in the world of sport as the inventor of grouse-driving in England. An interesting old picture at Cannon Hall, by de Wint, represents Stanhope at the age of about sixty-nine, a quaint figure in a green coat, gaiters, and a big white hat, in company with this same gamekeeper and his dogs, walking over the hills, with a view of Cannon Hall in the distance. Under it is written—

Walter Spencer-Stanhope and his gamekeeper,  
George Fisher, who was the inventor of grouse-  
driving about the year 1805.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The present Sir Walter Spencer-Stanhope, in a letter quoted in the *Badminton Library* (Shooting), on November 28th, 1885, says: "As to grouse-driving, it was first commenced here by my Grandfather's keeper, George Fisher, who told me he used to drive the

Stanhope, moreover, added to his estate the acquisition of a fine tract of moorland. A story in connection with this purchase is that when he was hesitating with regard to it, he discussed the matter with his two gamekeepers. "Oh, sir," said one to him, "you buy the land near Dunford Bridge, it is such excellent grouse land." "No, sir," urged the other, naming a different tract of country, "you get hold of *that*, it is first-rate partridge land!" "Sir," said the first adviser, playing his trump-card, "On the grouse land *there's iron-ore to be got!*" "And," chimed in the other, nothing daunted, "*on the partridge land there's coal!*" Stanhope, perhaps unfortunately for himself, followed the advice of the grouse advocate and bought the land near Dunford, which, although a splendid tract of moorland, yielded no increase to his wealth. The partridge advocate, on the contrary, succeeded in purchasing personally the land he had coveted for his master, and the coal found there brought riches to him and his descendants, who became large land-owners in Yorkshire.

It is strange that this was not the only occasion when one of Stanhope's employees acquired a large fortune through a successful investment in which Stanhope himself had refused to embark. The valuable mineral land of the West Riding was

Low Moor at Raynor Stones for my uncles, when they were boys, whenever they shot at Boadhill; they used to lie behind the rocks there. That is all cultivated now, part of Lord Houghton's farm at Bullhouse and of the Sheffield Hospital farm at Flouch. This would be about the year 1805."





*De West Pinxt, 1813*

WALTER SPENCER-STANHOPE AND HIS  
THE LATTER WAS THE INVENTOR OF



GAMEKEEPER GEORGE FISHER.  
GROUSE-DRIVING ABOUT 1805.

OPEN IN  
ENTRE





responsible for the rapid rise to wealth of various families; and another anecdote curiously illustrative of this owes its origin to this period, and may be related here, though its conclusion belongs to a later date.

As has been mentioned, when Stanhope succeeded to the Horsforth estates, he had retained as the agent and steward there his uncle's clerk, John Hardy. On his succeeding to the Cannon Hall property, Benjamin Dutton, who had been steward to his grandfather, William Spencer, was still managing that estate; but he was getting past work, and in the year 1778 Stanhope therefore took it out of the old man's hands, and placed it likewise under the superintendence of John Hardy.

There is a note from Hardy, dated November 21st, 1778, relating to his removal to Barnby Hall, Cawthorne, as a result of this arrangement:—

SIR,

It would be a want of gratitude not to regard myself as almost entirely at your disposal. . . . Respecting the house, I know very little of it, having never seen more than one room; but am informed it is worse on the inside than the out. You need not be told how necessary a convenient and tenable house is for domestic happiness. It is with regret I mention this, as such alterations as must there be wanting must be attended with expense. If my information is true, the expectation of myself and her whose happiness I have

every reason to consult,<sup>1</sup> I trust, will not be thought unreasonable, in desiring two good decent low rooms and two upper. Perhaps these may be obtained?

On Hardy's removal to Cawthorne, a Mr Howson was appointed to take over some of his work at Horsforth, but Hardy wrote triumphantly to Stanhope—"He told me that you said that I should continue in the receipt of the Horsforth Rents, for which I thank you, not so much from any emolument I expect (for that I leave entirely to yourself) as on account of the concern a separation to that extent would give me." Mr Howson also tried to obtain a far higher salary than the £50 per annum with which Hardy had been contented. In short, not only was Hardy unmercenary, but Stanhope's confidence in him was never misplaced. He continued conscientious, hard-working and unassuming, while the unalterable simplicity of his character remained evident in every action of his life. On one occasion Stanhope, who had a high opinion of his ability, sent him to London on a mission of importance to Mr Pitt. Hardy rode there and back with such expedition that his fatigue induced him to represent to Mr Stanhope the desirability of his being provided with a carriage in order to further the dispatch of any business in the future. The carriage was at once procured for

<sup>1</sup> John Hardy's first wife died December 10th, 1774, and he married again, his second wife being Mary, third daughter of Thomas Cockshott of Bingley.

him ; but Hardy, on the rare occasions when he could make up his mind to use it, invariably dismissed it at the Lodge at Cannon Hall and walked up to the house, from a feeling that it was presumptuous to be seen driving through Mr Stanhope's park ; nor could he, without pressure, ever make up his mind to be seated in the presence of any of the family.

His sons, during their boyhood, were also brought up in the same spirit, and with a complete absence of any needless luxury. An amusing story is still remembered in Horsforth in this connection. John Hardy had a housekeeper who acted in the capacity of nurse to his boys when small, and who reared them in the Spartan fashion approved by their father. Every day for supper they were given dry bread and milk, and only on rare occasions were they allowed to have butter as a treat. One day when John Hardy was away, his second son Charles<sup>1</sup> informed the housekeeper that his father, before departing, had given permission for the coveted indulgence of butter with the bread. The housekeeper privately doubted the truth of this statement, though having no plausible grounds on which to combat it, she gave the boy the unwonted luxury, but took the precaution on Mr Hardy's return to acquaint him with the fact. John Hardy, who had never given the order imputed, at once

<sup>1</sup> John Hardy's eldest son, John, by his first wife, as previously stated, was born at Horsforth on October 11th, 1773 ; Charles, the son of his second wife, was born in 1780, and died in 1831.

prepared the birch, and sending for Charles, demanded to know if he had been guilty of procuring the indulgence in the manner stated. The unhappy culprit admitted this was the case.

“So you told a lie and said I had given an order I had never given?” cross-questioned John Hardy.

“Oh, no, father!” exclaimed the miscreant indignantly; “*I never told a lie!*”

“What do you mean, sir?” thundered his father. “You said I had given an order which I never gave, and dare to tell me that was not a lie?”

“Oh no, father, for I said *perhaps* under my breath!”

The subsequent history of John Hardy was remarkable. It is given here in the words of Stanhope’s son, who wrote it down in the year 1836.

“My father must have taken the management of his estate out of the hands of Mr Dutton in the year 1778, and placed it under the charge of Mr Hardy the steward at Horsforth. This Mr Hardy, the Father of the present Member for Bradford, had been clerk to Lawyer Stanhope, and also managed the affairs of his estate. His family had originally come over from Ireland with an Ancestor of mine, who had accompanied his brother-in-law Sir George Rawdon to that country, and they continued from that time attached to my family. They had risen to wealth in the following manner: Mr Hardy, who continued to act as my father’s steward till old

age unfitted him for the task, came one morning to my father (who then had several children) and thus addressed him—‘Sir, you are likely to have a large family; I come to point out to you a way of providing for your young children. The Low Moor estate is on sale; it is a most valuable mineral property and there is now a colliery upon it. I can find you the money to-morrow.’ ‘What, borrow money to buy more land?’ said my father, ‘pooh, pooh, nonsense!’ A short time afterwards, Hardy came again and said—‘Sir, since you will not buy the Low Moor estate yourself, I conceive you will have no objection to my being the purchaser?’ ‘Certainly not; you may do as you like Hardy,’ said my father. Mr Hardy accordingly entered into partnership with Messrs Dawson, and Jarret, the Lessee of the colliery, and bought the estate. They found in it a valuable field of ironstone, and a bed of coal peculiarly adapted to smelt that metal. Thus originated the Low Moor Iron Company, who gave in their income on Pitt’s income tax at £60,000 per annum.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the MSS. of John Spencer-Stanhope at Cannon Hall. As of late years the above story has been contradicted (see *Gathorne Hardy, First Earl of Cranbrook*, ed. by the Hon. Alfred Gathorne Hardy (Longmans, Green & Co., 1910, Vol. i. p. 12), and the identity denied of John Hardy, the steward of Canon Hall, with John Hardy, solicitor, of Bradford, partner in the Low Moor Iron Co., and father of John Hardy, Member for Bradford from 1833 to 1847, I prefer to give the above account *verbatim* from my grandfather’s memorandum of the fact. It need not be pointed out that John Spencer-Stanhope was *personally acquainted* with John Hardy, his father’s steward, and *wrote the above during the life of the steward’s son, John Hardy,*

It may be added that the landed property at Low Moor when offered to Stanhope was worth between £800 and £900 a year, and the colliery was valued at £950. It was put up for sale in one lot at the Sun Inn, Bradford, in December 1786. It was not sold, and was again offered at the Sun Inn in October of the following year; but it remained unsold till 1788, when it was bought by private treaty for the Low Moor Iron Company. The original pioneers of the concern were Preston, Hird and Jarrett. Preston, whose ancestors lived at Yeadon, was a prosperous wool merchant, who had Hird, a Rawdon youth, as his apprentice, and afterwards took him into partnership. They became interested in collieries and took a third partner, John Jarrett, who became connected with iron-smelting. It was when a new partnership was formed that John Hardy came into the business, already floated by a hard-headed trio of business men from his native Yorkshire hills; and with him joined Joseph Dawson, then a Minister at Idle, and John Lofthouse of Liverpool. The latter did not long remain a partner, and the shares of Preston and Jarrett were afterwards purchased by the other partners. Preston died in 1789, and one of the

*M.P. for Bradford*, who married, August 16th, 1804, Isabel, dau. of Richard Gathorne, of Kirkby Lonsdale, and whose son became first Earl of Cranbrook. I may add that if any doubt can remain respecting the accuracy of this account it is completely dispelled by an inspection of the registers at Horsforth Church, together with the irrefutable evidence of the voluminous correspondence left by John Hardy at Cannon Hall.

witnesses to his will was John Hardy, who affixed to the document the seal of the Stanhope family, an implement which, being in his possession for use in transactions connected with his stewardship, he often appended to papers that were in no way concerned with the family of his employers.

The Hardys were very religious ; indeed Wesley, who used often to preach in the Bell Chapel at Horsforth, is said to have delivered his first sermon in that town in a barn belonging to John Hardy's brother. A story runs that after the purchase of his share in the Low Moor Iron Company, Hardy was anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of the men in his business, and soon induced a well-known preacher to come to Low Moor to give a discourse. But the divine, who chose as his subject the Nature of Evil, proved somewhat of a latitudinarian in dogma, and represented the Devil as more of an abstract conception, than a concrete, terrorising personality. Hardy, who understood the character of the men with whom he had to deal, lost no time in putting a stop to this pernicious doctrine. "That won't do!" he contrived to inform the astonished preacher *sotto voce*: "Whatever you have *elsewhere*, we *must* have a Devil at Low Moor!"

Hardy subsequently lived at a house in Bradford, where the semi-subterranean basement had for long been employed by him as an office, and where much of the solicitor's business was carried on by his partner Samuel Hailstone. Many are the

letters from Mr Hardy and Mr Hailstone still in existence at Cannon Hall, respecting the management of that estate. One of them is of considerable interest in the history of Yorkshire industry.

*John Hardy to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

BRADFORD *June 21st 1800*

SIR,

I have the satisfaction to inform you that on Thursday last the coal at Silkestone (a name which I think we ought to preserve as it is in some reputation already) was taken up from the engine pit Eye. . . . There is no doubt that the whole will make a most excellent fire. A cart-load came Yesterday to my house too late to try the quantity; but the fire was raked with them and this morning they have caked themselves with a cinder which was difficult to break. I have now the kitchen fire and a sitting-room fire burning with the coals of the first stratum and making one of the best and clearest fires I ever saw in my life. The Cinders are strong and bright, the ashes are few and a very light brown, and not dusty so as to fly about the room;—no Newcastle can be more pure in this respect. The fires were lighted at seven this morning and it is now one, and they are both very good without having had any supply, the heat is strong. . . . I must sincerely congratulate you.

But even the discovery upon his estate of the famous Silkstone coal did not bring to Stan-



hope the wealth which came to the man who had recognised the advantage of speculating in the Low Moor Iron Company. Yet Hardy never presumed upon his increase of fortune. When he finally became a rich man and had a house in town, he used to send round to Mr Stanhope's house in Grosvenor Square with the homely message—"Mr Hardy's *duty* to Mr Stanhope, and he would be much obliged if he would give him a frank." Neither did he disassociate himself wholly from the management of Stanhope's estate till within three years of his death, when he wrote the following letter:—

*John Hardy to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

BRADFORD, *January 10th 1803*

SIR,

It is not an easy matter for me to separate myself from the management of your concerns, but as you on Friday evening last expressed a Wish for my Continuance in some Shape, and at the same time that you should have a representative resident at Horsforth, I am desirous to propose to you the following arrangement. That my brother James<sup>1</sup> should be nominally your steward, and that I should give him all the requisite assistance in my power. He is sober, honest, and industrious; and has a Capacity which will enable him soon to be acquainted with what will be sufficient for the management

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<sup>1</sup> James Hardy, son of William Hardy, born at Horsforth, February 18th, 1753. See Vol. i. page 166.

of your affairs at Horsforth. It will give me much pleasure if this proposal meets with an approbation which I hope you will inform me of as soon as convenient.

Your very much obliged and very obedient  
Servant

JOHN HARDY.

Apparently Stanhope demurred as to this appointment, for later that same month Hardy wrote again:—

*John Hardy to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

BRADFORD, *January 29th 1803.*

SIR,

Notwithstanding I have considered the Recommendation of my Brother as impartially as I possibly could, I perhaps may be wrong in my Conclusion, which is that you will get no person to reside at Horsforth equally capable with himself to do your Business as Steward at the same Salary, which I should propose should be £50 p. ann. besides Expences. His former Failures arose I believe from extending himself too far in Business<sup>1</sup>: however, be that as it might, for 20 Years past he has been under the necessity of managing a trifling capital so as to enable him to bring up a Family consisting of several children in a decent and reputable Manner. It will give me much Pleasure if my Recommendation of him, with the assurance of all the assistance I can give him, shall so far

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<sup>1</sup> As skinner and fellmonger.

meet your Approbation as to induce you to give him the appointment. Your early determination will relieve me from the anxiety I feel for his Success. I mentioned in my former letter my willingness to become responsible for his Integrity; I now repeat it.

I am sorry to tell you that my Wife is ordered to Bristol, for which place we shall set off next Week. Your answering this letter about my Brother before I leave Bradford will add to the many Obligations conferred upon me.

With much respect,

I am,

Sir, your most obg<sup>d</sup> & very obdt Servant

JN HARDY.

*James Hardy to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

HORSFORTH, *Febry* 11, 1803.

HOND SIR,

As my brother is not at Home I take the Liberty to acquaint you that he and my sister set off for Bath the day before I received your Favour. I am informed they propose staying a few weeks. Suffer me in gratitude to acknowledge the Favour conferred upon me. Happy should I have been was I capable of serving you as my predecessor. Nothing shall be wanting that is in my power for my service to meet your approbation. The workmen are going on with the orders you gave at Christmas; should I be favoured with any further Commands they will readily be complied with by, Sir

Your most obt. Humble Servant

JAM<sup>s</sup> HARDY.

Thus James Hardy succeeded to the management of Horsforth, and became yet another of the Hardy family who served the Stanhopes faithfully. Meanwhile the change to Bath did little to restore the health of Mrs Hardy, and on January 12th, 1804, she died. A letter from John Hardy, dated the 30th of the same month, begs Mr Stanhope's "acceptance of a Ring on the late mournful event which has happened to me," to which he adds feelingly—"I thank you for the consoling advice contained in your Favour of the 23d inst., which it shall be my endeavour to adopt to the utmost of my Power." In this same letter he announces sadly—"Conceiving myself in a declining state, & that my Time in this World will not be long, I have had the Accounts . . . adjusted and balanced up to the first inst." Two years later, on June 6th, 1806, John Hardy ended his long stewardship, and breathed his last in the sixty-second year of his age.

In contrast to the superintendence of his estates, and the various interests which occupied Stanhope in the country during the early years of his career, mention must be made of a circumstance which then greatly influenced his existence in town, both in his tastes and friendships. In 1776 Stanhope had become a member of the Society of the Dilettanti. Like the *Sçavoir Vivre*, which he had long frequented, this Society had two objects in view—"Good taste and good cheer." Established in 1734

by some young men who had been in Italy, and "were desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their entertainment abroad," there then attached to the name under which they enrolled themselves nothing of that suggested disparagement which has since come to be connected with it. It is true that the club was at first a gathering of young men of rank and fashion, and that of it Horace Walpole wrote sneeringly to Sir Horace Mann: "The nominal qualification is having been in Italy—the real one being drunk." But it must be borne in mind that a club was ostensibly a convivial society, while drunkenness was in those days so indispensable a part of good fellowship and good breeding<sup>1</sup> that its absence would have roused contempt, not commendation. The Dilettanti, however, soon convinced the world that they had other aims in view besides that of mere amusement. The love of Art, which was their *raison d'être*, was not merely a pose. A gathering of men, whose object was to promote its furtherance, became an influence in society; and the fact that men of learning there mingled with men of fashion was not one of the least of the advantageous results upon the spirit of the times.

About the date when Stanhope joined the Society there must have been many names among the members which had a special interest for him. Charles

<sup>1</sup> This arose from the custom of proposing innumerable toasts to which it was considered ill-mannered not to respond in a bumper.

Stanhope, Lord Petersham, had been a member since 1753, while Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, joined in 1777. Sir William Hamilton was a contemporary with Stanhope, being elected in the year 1776; Garrick had joined in 1773, and Sir Joseph Banks in 1774; while the name must not be omitted of one of Stanhope's greatest friends, to whom we shall have occasion to refer later, and who joined the year previous to himself. This was Mr Smyth of Heath Hall, Yorkshire, afterwards Lord of the Admiralty and Master of the Mint; whose membership, together with Stanhope's, was to be immortalised by the brush of another of the Dilettanti, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

One of the rules of the Society was that every Member should present it with his portrait in oil, or, in default of payment, be subject to a fine of one guinea a year, called face-money. In Stanhope's Journal, November 26th, 1777, is entered, "*Sat for my picture for the Dilettanti by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*" This refers to one of the masterpieces of Sir Joshua, who painted respectively two groups of his fellow-members which are considered to be among the finest portraits he ever produced. In the one in which Stanhope is represented, besides himself are painted Sir John Taylor, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Sir William Hamilton, Mr Thompson, Mr Payne Gallwey, and Mr Smyth. The figures are very full half-lengths; the grouping is admirable. Sir William Hamilton is seated at a table discussing an Etruscan vase; a magnum of port is



*Sir Joshua Reynolds, Paint.*

*Say, Sculp.*

SIR I. TAYLOR  
SIR W. W. WYNN MR. PAYNE GALWEY

MR. RICHARD THOMSON MR. STANHOPE  
SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON MR. SMYTH OF HEATH





being solemnly judged by Stanhope, Smyth, and Gallwey, who are gathered about him in attitudes remarkable for their grace and ease. The glow of good-fellowship and good cheer is reflected from the handsome faces of the eight young men, and the two objects of the club, connoisseurship and conviviality, are thus cleverly indicated, so that the picture is equally typical of the subject and of the age it represents—an age when *vertu* and vintages divided the attention of polite society.

Unfortunately Stanhope's portrait, alone perhaps of all those upon the canvas in which he figures, is a far from satisfactory or a flattering likeness. His attitude is natural, his position in the grouping peculiarly happy, but the face lacks the shrewdness, the cynicism, the humour and animation which other portraits of him present. Sir Joshua, indeed, appears to have bestowed upon him less pains than that which he has devoted to his other sitters, and the result is a somewhat characterless production which has little in it to arrest the fancy of the onlooker. For this portrait, however, three years later, Stanhope paid the painter the sum of £36. 15s.; but before that date another portrait of him had been painted by another great artist, which owed its origin to a cause apart from sport or connoisseurship.

In 1778, when the conclusion was announced of the treaty of commerce between France and the States of America, a war with France appeared imminent, and excitement was universal at the

prospect. Partly on that account, partly owing to the alarm occasioned by the depredations of Paul Jones,<sup>1</sup> the celebrated privateer, who greatly hampered British commerce, the militia was called out and the country began arming itself. Stanhope, who had ardently wished for a regiment, was delighted on April 17th of that year to receive a cordial letter from Lord Rockingham announcing that "I have been able to give you what you so desire—a Captain's commission in and command of the Company in the Regiment of Militia in the West Riding of Yorkshire, whereof Sir George Savile is Colonel."<sup>2</sup>

Sir George Savile also wrote warmly welcoming his new captain, who, being then in town, he hoped would return to his native county in time to meet his colonel at Leeds. "I make no doubt of your being in time," he concluded, "if it was to meet a Brigade or two of French!" That this opinion was not misplaced we shall see later.

If anything had been required to whet Stanhope's military ardour, the events of that April must have done so. On the 23rd of that month, Jones, after a bold attack upon the *Drake* sloop-of-war, entered Whitehaven harbour, and made an attempt to set

<sup>1</sup> John Paul (1747-1792). Assumed the name of Jones and became a privateer. During the war with America, he held commission from Congress, and infested the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, hampering British commerce and molesting British ships.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Savile, Bt. of Rufford, Co. Nottingham; born 1727, died at his house in Brompton Row, near London, in 1785.

on fire the three hundred ships which lay there. Forced to make his escape without having achieved his object, he landed on St Mary's Isle, intending to kidnap Lord Selkirk and hold him hostage. The Earl was absent from home, but Jones's followers insisted on plundering his silver plate, and crowned their success the next day by a second attack upon the *Drake*, which they captured after an hour's contest. The alarm was universal, and the importance of the episode was magnified both by the friends and foes of Great Britain.

England was soon studded with militia camps, and Stanhope threw himself with avidity into his new occupation. When Parliament rose early in June that year, members, instead of retiring to their country seats, went with their regiments to join in mimic warfare. There were camps at Salisbury, at Bury St. Edmunds, at Coxheath, in Kent, at Warley Common, in Essex, and at Winchester. "Camps everywhere," writes Walpole, "and the ladies in the uniform of their husbands!" London was also the scene of manœuvring operations. "All the world," wrote Walpole again from there, "are politicians or soldiers, or rather both. Even this great little village is grown a camp. Servants are learning to fire all day long."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sheridan's farce of *The Camp* is a dramatic memorandum of this military fever; and *Warley, a Satire*, on the military mania of the day, by Mr Huddisford (son of the President of Trinity College, Oxford) dedicated to Reynolds.

Yet these gatherings were scenes of festivity and fun, as well as of hard soldiering; places not only for military manœuvres and manual exercise, but for fashionable picnics and flirtations. The most noted men of the day made a point of visiting them and becoming spectators of the new amusement, which had for its basis a commendable object. Lord Palmerston, Garrick, Dr Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds were among those who witnessed the operations at Warley Common, and the Doctor, as he watched the regiment at manœuvres or went visiting rounds amongst the men in command, made it his business to learn all he could about military duty and drill. "The Coxheath men," he wrote facetiously to the commander of the Lincolnshire regiment, "I think have reason to complain, for Reynolds says your Camp is better than theirs!" Finally a royal progress round the camps took place, which began in Winchester, where the King visited the troops on September 29th.

Stanhope's memoranda respecting his initiation into military life are brief:—

June 9th.—Lord Chatham's funeral. Rode to Lord Rockingham at Wimbledon to dinner; supped at the Duke of Bolton's.<sup>1</sup> Heard this

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<sup>1</sup> Henry Paulet, 6th Duke of Bolton, died December 24th, 1794, when the dukedom became extinct. His duchess was Katherine, daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., and sister of Sir James Lowther. She died in 1809.

day we were to be encamped near Bury in Suffolk.

June 20th.—Left London. Slept at Stevenage, and joined the First Division at Huntingdon next day.

July 4th.—Joined by Lord Rockingham.

6th.—Reviewed by Lord Rockingham; and gave him a Ball.

9th.—Marched to Cambridge.

10th.—Went with Lord Lumley to dine at Lord Granby's at Cheveley. Made a match with Lord Lumley—his four-year-old against my four-year-old, 7 St 9 lb to a feather, to run four miles over Doncaster the second day for £100, half forfeit.

11th.—Marched to Bury.

12th.—Marched to Camp, arrived in the night, pitched the tent of the men and my own; slept very well in the field.

Then follows a record of hard work beginning at five in the morning, and a succession of gaieties scarcely less than he attended in London, extending far into the night. Besides constant regimental dinners, there are entries of breakfasts, dinners and suppers respectively with Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr Ord, Lady Harland, Lords Beauchamp, Gage, Rockingham, Adam Gordon, Bristol and Scarborough, also with "the Generals" and the Duke of Gloucester. Bury gave two balls and a concert,—Norwich balls at the Assembly Rooms and plays at the Town Hall. On the 9th of August Stanhope set out with Lord Lumley for Lord Nugent's

and the next day dined with the Buffs at Warley Common ; thence he went to Coxheath for another review and a big dinner, and then to Yarmouth to attend two courts martial. Later, he returned to Bury for more festivities ; and, with the beginning of September, some partridge shooting in the neighbourhood. On September 17th, his regiment being encamped on Mousehold, he "lay at Norwich," and the following day he "called on Sir E. Astley, dined at Mr Coke's, and slept at Swaffham."

His visit to Holkham, though brief, must have been full of interest to him. Mr Coke, his early acquaintance in town and now his fellow-politician, had succeeded to the property of his great-uncle, Lord Leicester, and had already, for nearly three years, been married to the object of his former romance, the pretty Miss Dutton, whom Stanhope well remembered as one of the beauties of Almack's. Possibly more dazzling still than in the days of her girlhood, Mrs Coke, now the mother of a baby daughter<sup>1</sup> who bid fair to be as lovely as herself, was a charming, gracious hostess. Indeed, the young couple, possessed of a beautiful home and intent on promoting the welfare of all around them, may well have presented to Stanhope a picture of domestic happiness which roused in him some feelings of envy when compared with his own lonely bachelor estate. Yet again, greatly would this interest

<sup>1</sup> Jane Elizabeth, born December 22nd, 1779. Married, first, Viscount Andover ; secondly, Admiral Sir Henry Digby.

have been intensified could he have looked forward through the years and foreseen how the romance which he noted would be repeated in the person of his own son. But little dreaming what the future held, he did not trouble to record his impression of Holkham at this date, an omission which his son marked with regret many years afterwards when reading this portion of his Diary.

Nor does he express an opinion on any of the other places he visited ; indeed, in the midst of his various duties and pleasures—to which latter, with the advance of autumn, were added hunting-parties and pheasant shooting—Stanhope can have had little time for transcribing a more elaborate Journal. Yet the terse outline of his doings is of interest, illustrating, as it does, a curious phase of the social life of his day. Finally, after visits, balls, reviews, courts martial, dinners, visits and festivities innumerable, his campaign ends with the significant entry : “ Several of the Corps supped with me and got pretty merry ” ; and the next day Stanhope set off home, where he arrived on October 14th, after nearly four months’ volunteering, only to leave again shortly for the autumn season in London.

It was probably about this date that Sir James Lowther expressed a wish to possess a portrait of his young relation, and accordingly commissioned Mr Romney to paint this for him. The great painter thereupon depicted the young captain in uniform, while in the strong young face, dominated

by a pair of bright eyes, reproduced upon his canvas, one still can trace the military enthusiasm which then fired its subject. But the result of this commission to the unfortunate artist was what might have been anticipated. Sir James became the owner of a fine picture, but Mr Romney did not become the recipient of any payment for it. Some years afterwards there occurs in Stanhope's Journal the pathetic entry: "*Paid Mr Romney for my portrait which Lord Lonsdale had of him.*" The second Lord Lonsdale, however, who righted many wrongs of his predecessor, eventually gave back the portrait to the family of its true purchaser,<sup>1</sup> and thus to-day it hangs upon the walls of Cannon Hall, an interesting memento, not only of the young life which it represented, but of a remarkable phase of national history.

For the military fervour of that age was not merely a pose, born without cause and fated to die without fruit. Its effect in the betterment of a permanent volunteer force has extended to our own times, while its necessity at the date which witnessed its rise may be inferred from the course of events. In 1779, on September 10th, Stanhope entered in his Journal: "Sir C. Hardy ran into Spithead. News of Paul Jones being in these seas with one ship of 40 guns, one of 36, one of

<sup>1</sup> The picture was given to the widow of Walter Spencer-Stanhope, and left by her to her son Charles Spencer-Stanhope, being in turn by him bequeathed back to the owner of Cannon Hall. The uniform depicted is still in existence.









*Remmy, 1812*

*Walter Spencer Stanhope, M.P.  
(Painted for Lord Lonsdale)*



32, and three or four of lesser force, with 2,000 men on board." On September 27th he states: "Paul Jones off Bridlington; took the *Serapis* of 44 Guns & the Countess of Scarborough, of 18." The privateer had received a ship from the French Government which he called the *Bonhomme Richard*. With her and four smaller vessels he fell in with the homeward bound Baltic Fleet, convoyed by the *Serapis* and a sloop of war. After a desperate fight the two English vessels were forced to strike, while the *Bonhomme Richard* was so severely mauled that she sank the next day. Meanwhile the constant fear of invasion continued to keep England in a state of ferment, and riotous mobs on land emulated the disturbers of peace on the high seas. On October 3rd Stanhope records: "News of a riotous mob at Wigan; the drums beat to arms at 8 o'clock and a detachment of 300 marched off at 10."

In her peaceful home at Fall Head,<sup>1</sup> whither she had removed on her son's accession to Cannon Hall, Ann Stanhope appears to have escaped the terrors which were racking her contemporaries, but from Sewerby Mrs Greame wrote in great alarm to her nephew:—

I fully intended the pleasure of acknowledging your obliging letter this day week; but instead of putting my intentions in execution, Paul Jones being full in view, I got into my Carriage,

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<sup>1</sup> A house about 2½ miles from Cannon Hall.

took my Valuables, and flew to York for a few days. Was happy to find myself more frightened than hurt.

Yet there were compensations; for in July she wrote, half in anxiety lest her nephew should suffer from the exertions he was undergoing, half in suppressed delight at the excitement of the times:—

*Mrs Greame to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

SUNDAY *July 16th*, 1779.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was exceedingly happy in the receipt of your favour, as I was impatient of being informed of your health, and how the hot weather joined to the great fatigues of Duty you undergo agrees with your slender, delicate make. Pray take care of yourself, as your life is of the utmost consequence to the happiness of your friends. I am glad to hear you like your quarters. I met with a great disappointment that you were not fixed at Hull. . . .

We are now in the height of our hay harvest, a good crop and glorious weather. We have a full neighbourhood at present, what with the company at Hey and the Northumberland Militia, which are come to guard our coast, we are all in tolerable spirits, hoping the insignificance of this place will be its protection from invasion. Pray God send we may judge right.

We dined at Thorpe, where we met the officers and most of the neighbours in a magnificent Root

House, walked in a Grove which was illuminated in the manner of Vauxhall. We are engaged to dine at Thorpe on Wednesday, being Mr W. Bosville's birthday, when we are to have illuminations. The Times are very alarming, but also full of unwonted Festivity.

And there were funny episodes, too, in the exploiting of that mimic warfare. Stanhope records one :—

“A series of Reviews had been taking place at Fornham, Warley Common and Coxheath, concluding with a Review of the 3rd Brigade, consisting of the Yorkshire, East Essex and the Derbyshire Regiments. I was present with Lord Nugent and George Grenville when the following incident took place. A very handsome girl, to whom the General had been making the amiable, went on horseback to see this Review. She passed at no great distance from the General at a footpace. He no sooner perceived her than he moved forward with the intention of joining her. She let him advance near enough to be fairly committed in front of the whole regiment, then put her horse to the trot. The General did the same. As he gained ground, she turned her trot into a canter. So did he. The trot soon became a gallop—away went Miss, away went the General after her, to the huge delight of the men, who, forgetting their good behaviour in the excitement, could not help bursting out with “*Now Miss!*”—“*Now General!*” as one or other of the flying steeds seemed likely to

be victorious. But Miss had not ventured upon her frolic without being pretty sure of her game. She galloped away, leaving the discomfited General to return to his troops and bear, as well as he could, the delighted grin which he could not avoid detecting upon their countenances."

This is perhaps the only instance when Stanhope did not enter in his Diary with immense satisfaction after a review—" *The Regiment behaved extremely well*"; and it must be admitted that his sympathies seem to have been with the misconduct of his men. Whether he was equally lenient with regard to another episode which he mentions, is not stated.

In January of the next year he spent Christmas at Harewood for a Masquerade, where there seems to have been a lively party, for on his return to Horsforth on January 5th he remarks—" *All the younger part of the party from Harewood here; made a great riot*"; while on the 14th he records further—

Dined at Mr Blaydes<sup>1</sup> with the Corps. The Harewood ladies broke into the Mess Room at Leeds & burnt eight Holes with the Poker in the King's Colours.

Whether the owner of the war-like name of *Blaydes* succeeded in meting out due punishment to the lively ladies of Harewood, Stanhope does not relate; but it is obvious that such frivolous

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Blaydes, Esq. of Melton and High-Park, Co. York. His son, Hugh Blaydes, b. 1777, was for some years Major of the 3rd Batt. West Riding Militia.



episodes, for which he was not responsible, did not affect the seriousness with which he regarded his new profession. How hard he worked for and with his men during a period of many years is evident from the brief record which he kept of his duties and their fulfilment; while in Parliament he devoted his energies to the advantage of the volunteer force, of which he was looked upon as one of the chief promoters and supporters. It may be well to conclude here the subsequent story of his connection with the movement.

In 1805, when England was living in terror of an invasion from Napoleon, Stanhope was commanding a company of 600 Yorkshiremen known as the Staincross Volunteers. On the occasion of some fresh colours being presented to the regiment, he made a soul-stirring speech to his men, which not only thrilled his hearers, but evoked an almost unparalleled outburst of applause throughout England. One sentence in it was long quoted—“*The Chief Consul of France tells us we are a nation of shop-keepers. Let us, shop-keepers, then melt our weights and scales, and return him the compliment in bullets.*” It is said that the tone in which Stanhope uttered the word *bullets* moved those who heard him in a manner of which it is impossible to convey any impression. So great a sensation did his oratory cause, that an extract from it as follows was printed on posters or broadsides, and distributed or posted up in the streets of London and throughout the length and breadth of England.

# English Mastiffs,

**W**E, by this Address, publicly and solemnly, before God and our Country, pledge our Fortunes, Persons, and Lives, in the Defence of our Sovereign and all the Blessings of our glorious Constitution.

There is not a Man that hears me, I am persuaded, who is not prompt and eager to redeem that pledge. There is not, there cannot be a Man here, who would leave undefended our good, tried, and brave *OLD KING* in the Hour of Danger.

No, Sir! we need now no Warning voice; no string of Eloquence; no Thoughts that heat, and Words that burn, are necessary to raise a Host of hardy Men, when the King, the Parliament, and the Country are in Distress. *CALL OUT TO YORKSHIREMEN, "COME FORTH TO BATTLE!"*—our Answer will be, One and All—*"WE ARE READY!—Where is the Enemy!—Lead on!"*—Sir; that Enemy is not far off; a very numerous, well-appointed, ably-commanded Army, to whom is promised the Plunder of England, are now hovering round, and Part of them in daily Sight of the promised Land. They view it, like as many famished Wolves, Cruel as Death, and Hungry as the Grave, panting for an Opportunity, at any Risk, to come into our Sheep-Fold;—*but*, and if they should, is it not our Business, our first Duty, to have such a Guard of old faithful *ENGLISH MASTIFFS*, of the old Breed, as shall make them quickly repent their temerity.

The *CHIEF CONSUL* of France tells us, that we are but a Nation of Shopkeepers: let us, Shopkeepers, then melt our Weights and our Scales, and return him the Compliment in Bullets. *SIR*; we may have a firm Reliance on the Exertions of as gallant a Fleet as ever sailed; but the Fleet cannot perform Impossibilities; it cannot be in two Places at once; it cannot conquer the Winds and subdue the Storms. Though our old *TARS* can do much, they cannot do every Thing; and it would be unsafe and dastardly to lie skulking behind them. With the Blessing of *GOD*, and a good Cause, we can do Wonders; but, if we depend upon our Naval Prowess only we have much to fear. *NO, SIR*: England will never be perfectly safe, until she can defend herself as well by *Land* as by *Sea*; until she can defy the haughty Foe: if there was *even a Bridge* between *CALAIS* and *DOVER*, and that Bridge in Possession of the Enemy, still she can say, in the Language of a good *English Boxing Match*, "*A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR!*"

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“My father’s speech,” relates John Stanhope, “was in everybody’s mouth and was the general subject of conversation in London. He became the lion of the day, the extract was printed on a placard and met our eyes everywhere upon the walls in London.” On the next occasion when Mrs Stanhope went to Court, the Princess Elizabeth stepped out of the royal circle on purpose to tell her how delighted the King and the Royal Family had been at such a fine burst of oratory from “a true English Gentleman.”

The effect on the volunteers themselves was soon apparent. At that date beacons were in readiness, inland as well as along the coast, to give the alarm in case of news arriving that the French were attempting to land. Late in the evening of August 14th, Stanhope received a letter from Mr Dixon, the clergyman at Woolley and one of the magistrates of the Division, informing him that the beacon at Pontefract was lighted, and that he was giving orders for lighting the one standing upon Woolley Edge, a wild, bleak height which dominates the surrounding country for many miles. Instructions had previously been given by the General of the district that upon the lighting of this beacon the regiment was to march to Pontefract immediately, and Stanhope realised that not a moment was to be lost. With methodical dispatch he sent off his servants to muster the regiment from every locality where the beacon could not cast its warning light. The members of his corps were scattered far and

wide through the outlying hamlets to which his messengers galloped. They were, for the most part, poor colliers or farmers, previously little used to discipline, while between them and their destination lay, in most instances, rough country to traverse through the darkness and wildness of a stormy night. Yet in an incredibly short space of time, from far and near, they had assembled; till out of six hundred only nine were absent, one being Stanhope's own son, John, who was away in Wales, two being ill, and the others from home when the summons came. Before daylight dawned—although many of them were already footsore and weary with having tramped a long distance on the preceding night—they commenced their march to Pontefract, in orderly fashion, with their Captain at their head, and they had already got to Hemsworth, a distance of about twelve miles, when they were overtaken by a messenger bearing the following note:—

*To Colonel Stanhope.*

DEAR SIR,

I have sent a Servant to the Beacon at Pomfret this Morning as I could learn nothing here, and find that the Pomfret Beacon was *not* lighted & that the Woolly People were deceived by the burning of a Brick Kiln placed near the Beacon.

You are sure I am truly sorry to have occasioned you all the Trouble you have had.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours

JER. DIXON.

*Thursday Mornng, August 15th 1805.*

The gallant troops, however, although summoned on a false alarm, received an ovation at Hemsworth, the populace collected to cheer them, the taverns offered them hospitality, the farmers fêted them and proffered the loan of their waggons for the return journey, while all the way home from their bloodless campaign the countryside turned out to present them with refreshment, till, as Stanhope's son relates, "It was an exceedingly hot day, and the farmers and others regaled the returning troops so hospitably, that, in the evening as waggon after waggon poured into the stable-yard at Cannon Hall, its freight of men were seen to be not *quite* in marching order!"

But the readiness of these sturdy Yorkshiremen to devote themselves to the defence of their country, together with the excellent leadership which could produce such a prompt muster and perfect organisation, roused popular enthusiasm, while the news sped through the country and the March of the Staincross Volunteers became famous.

"A most gallant muster," Stanhope records briefly in his journal; "the whole Regiment turned out; ate at Hemsworth, got home to tea."

Thus characteristically does he dismiss an event which became a matter of history in the Wapentake of Staincross, and was long remembered in the annals of volunteering as a remarkable achievement. A handsome urn was afterwards presented to Stanhope in commemoration of this feat, upon which was an inscription recording it, and inside a list

of the names of the gallant volunteers who formed his company. Further, the event was celebrated locally in a rousing song, which ran thus :—

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,  
 Fill the mighty joram ;  
 The Staincross Volunteers are come  
 To drive the French before 'em !

But, in contrast with this triumph, the termination of Stanhope's military career forms a curious anti-climax. John Stanhope relates it thus in a footnote to the Diary :—

“ Though I have but a faint recollection of what I have heard my father say respecting the resignation of his commission in the First West York, I believe that the state of the case was as follows :—

“ The Major of the Regiment having died, my father was entitled as Senior Captain to succeed to the Majority ; but the Duke of Norfolk gave it to his old friend and boon companion, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, a convert as well as himself to the Roman Catholic Religion. To such an injustice my father felt that he could not submit. The natural course would have been for him to have appealed to the Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding, but from this line of action he was precluded by the fact that the Duke himself was Lord Lieutenant.

“ Under the circumstances he felt that there was nothing left for him but to appeal to the King himself. He therefore requested a private audience of

his Majesty, a favour to which peers were alone entitled. The King complied with his request. My father inquired whether his Majesty had confirmed Sir Thomas Gascoigne's appointment. The King replied that he had. My father then said that he conceived there was no course open to him but to resign his commission. The King, who found himself in an awkward predicament, replied with visible embarrassment that he was of the same opinion. My father accordingly sent in his resignation, and retired from a service to which he was much attached, and in which he had acquitted himself with distinction."

## CHAPTER XIII

### AN OLD-TIME ROMANCE

**M**ENTION was made in the last chapter of Mr Smyth of Heath. In the year 1778 Stanhope assisted at the elopement of this friend, which he records thus:—

June 4th. Went to St George's Church at 8 ; saw Smyth and Lady Georgiana married ; breakfasted with him ; went to Court ; dined at Sir James Lowther's and returned to the ball.

Stanhope's son adds the following account of what occurred:—

“ Mr Smyth of Heath, who was my father's greatest friend, ran away with one of the daughters of the Duke of Grafton, the *ci-devant* Prime Minister,<sup>1</sup> whom I can recollect riding in Rotten Row in his cocked hat and sword—a complete specimen of the old nobleman of George the Second's time.

“ His daughter, Lady Georgiana, was one of the

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, 1735-1757 ; Secretary of State 1765-66 ; First Lord of the Treasury 1766 ; Prime Minister 1767-1770.



beauties of the day; and Mr Smyth himself was a very handsome man and remarkable for possessing *par excellence* the manners of the *vieille cour*. He was Member for Pontefract during the greater part of his life, having secured a permanent seat there by fighting the battle of the town and establishing their rights as a pot-wolloping Borough;—an experiment which my father once thought of making himself, but from which his attention had been diverted by circumstances.

“By his success Mr Smyth secured a paramount interest in Pontefract, but at length he experienced the fate which falls to the lot of most men, and met with ingratitude from those he had benefited, so that in his old age he was turned out of his seat by Mr Milnes. He was long in office, first under Pitt, whom he left to follow Addington, who made him Master of the Mint—of which place, however, he was deprived by Pitt upon the return of the latter to office, although that Minister at the same time most handsomely appointed Smyth’s son Under-Secretary of State.

“George Selwyn made a joke upon Smyth at which, I believe, the latter was seriously annoyed. On Smyth being put up for one of the clubs, his name was announced as ‘Mr Smyth of Heath.’ ‘What Heath?’ said George Selwyn, ‘Bagshot or Hounslow?’

“I remember my father mentioning to me a duel in which Mr Smyth had been engaged in his younger days, and which affords so good a specimen

of the etiquette of those days that I cannot help relating it here. Mr Smyth had, I believe, somewhat incautiously (to use the mildest expression) boasted of the favour of some French Marquise. Monsieur le Marquis thought it incumbent upon his honour to call the Englishman to account for what he had said. The main difficulty was to settle the preliminaries with ample respect to each party. With this object in view it was arranged that Monsieur should proceed from Paris to Calais, and Mr Smyth should go from Heath to Calais to meet him, so that the distance each had to travel should be fairly divided. They met; drank coffee together with the utmost politeness, and then adjourned to the field; a little blood was drawn—unfortunately I forget from which of the combatants; they returned to the hotel, drank coffee again with renewed cordiality, and after mutual salutations set off for their respective homes.”

The following letter from Mr Smyth to Stanhope was written within a fortnight after his marriage:—

*John Smyth of Heath to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

I return you ten thousand thanks, my dear Stanhope, for your friendly letter; I began to be impatient to see you, and though we have now no hopes of that pleasure soon, and are in consequence much disappointed, I thank you for endeavouring to supply your place, however imperfectly, by giving me an account of what is said about us. I cannot proceed without telling

you how much I have thought myself obliged to you for the friendly part you have taken in the happiest event of my life. It is one of those things which attend a man to his last hour in remembrance, and confirm a friendship and esteem which can only cease then.

I can easily conceive the effect which the event you was a witness to had upon you. I foresaw it before you so feelingly described it. I feel for your pain in the midst of my own felicity; but the hopes that you will not be long before you are in the full enjoyment of the same with a lady so deserving your regard and who possesses it so entire, made me less anxious about your present unpleasant situation.

From my very soul, dear Stanhope, I wish you success. May we soon meet a *partie carrée*; if it is, by Heavens, I am convinced it will be the happiest in the Universe.

I will not tell you anything of my present happiness; and as I am sure nothing was ever like it, I cannot submit to make use of those terms which others in my place may have used. I must tell you this, that my Georgiana likes this place very much, and for my own part, I never saw its beauties before. Oh, my dear Friend, in my situation one sees through a magic glass which embellishes the face of Nature.

You have said upon our subject exactly what I could wish; and rejoice to hear that the scurrilous world hath not dared to censure my wife. I own I did not expect we should have been so much its favourites. I doubt the Duke of Grafton could have made the declaration you have heard, though he may possibly may have

said something which, in the circulation, has swelled to that. We have both wrote to him, but have received no answer whatever.

Lady Ravensworth<sup>1</sup> is the only one of those that has wrote, and her letter, though in a much displeased tone, says as much as I think we could expect. Whether reconciliation will soon take place, I know not, but I hope it will, some time or the other. If you see Lady Harrington again, I beg you will tell her how very much obliged to her Lady G. and I shall think ourselves for her endeavour to serve us. In short, say some very handsome things for us in return for the trouble she was so good as to take in regard to Lady Ravensworth.

Adieu, my dear Stanhope. May you soon be as happy a man as I am. Believe me, you have no friend that will rejoice more sincerely in your obtaining the object of your wishes. Adieu.

Believe me

Entirely yours

J. S.

Write to me when you can. In my situation it is no small compliment, let me tell you! Let me know how your Camp prospers and any good piece of news. Lady Georgiana presents her best compliments and will be happy to see

---

<sup>1</sup> The grandmother of Lady Georgiana Smyth. Anne, only dau. of Sir Peter Delme, Knt., Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, married in 1735 Sir Henry Liddell, Bt., of Ravensworth Castle, Co. Durham, M.P. for Morpeth, who in 1747 was created Baron Ravensworth of Ravensworth Castle. His only daughter Anne married Lord Euston, afterwards 3rd Duke of Grafton, from whom she was divorced in 1769.

you here, when you come into Yorkshire, but is not sorry she will not be this summer at Euston to receive you there. I must insist upon seeing you when you come into this county.

HEATH, *June 16th, 1778.*

The hint of an incipient romance on Stanhope's part, which is contained in the above letter, found confirmation in various of his actions at this date. He suddenly began buying *objets d'art*, no doubt with a view to beautifying the old houses in Yorkshire. Various memoranda read as follows:—  
 “*Mr Hickey here, agreed with him for a Chimney-piece for £45. Advanced him £30. . . . At the picture Auction, bought the St. Sebastian by Vandyck. . . . Bought a pedestal at Christie's. . . . Bought a marble bust of Domitian for £3 & two small marble columns for £1 : 10 & two urns for £1 : 14;*”  
 —purchases which, if not practical, all show the same aim, a desire to make a home more worthy of the bride whom he hoped to bring there.

Moreover he lost no time in consulting Mr Carr, the architect, about the best means of effecting certain improvements in the construction of Cannon Hall.

John Carr had now attained to an even more assured position than that which he had achieved at the date when John Spencer had employed him to build the wings to Cannon Hall. Ere this, his handiwork could be traced in a large number of the principal buildings of Yorkshire, which he had renovated, and, it must be admitted, often unfor-

tunately modernised. Wealth had come to many of the residents in the county, as we have already noted, in part owing to the rich mineral soil of which they were owners, more often, perhaps, to the hard-headed shrewdness for which the men of their locality are proverbial. And these prosperous landowners desired better accommodation, the homes of their ancestors seemed to them to lack in importance. The spirit which, in 1699, had encouraged John Stanhope of Horsforth to remove to the New Hall was now rife among the country squires. The picturesque, low-roofed rooms of a previous century, with the dark oak panels which had been a necessity before the introduction of wall-paper, and the deep-set windows, more beautiful than convenient, were now, more than ever, voted old-fashioned and grievously out of date. And while those men who had travelled abroad had imbibed a taste for a lighter and more decorative style both of architecture and furnishing, those whose aim was less pretentious sought only brighter and more spacious rooms, combined with a greater measure of comfort.

It was with this latter spirit that John Carr was pre-eminently in harmony. He merely claimed, as he wrote to the Board of the Leeds Infirmary, to be able to "arrange the necessary conveniences with some degree of art," and the art remained considerably less conspicuous than the convenience. The precept of Inigo Jones that architecture should be "solid, massive and unaffected" was the goal of

his endeavour. Essentially unimaginative and prosaic by temperament, Carr's work was, possibly on this account, the more thorough; but it was devoid of genius. The strong, kindly face of which his portrait reveals him to have been possessed, with its obstinate mouth, keen eyes and mingled air of stolidity and shrewdness, was typical alike of the man and his handicraft. Despite the veneer of a class above his own, in the acquisition of which, it is said, that he took a harmless vanity, John Carr, in his output, remained a workman, conscientious in his methods, practical in his designs, admirable in his technical knowledge and in its painstaking execution; but he was obviously self-taught, and his natural want of imagination and of delicacy of conception had never been counteracted by travel, or by a study of the works of men gifted with the knowledge and perceptions in which, personally, he was lacking.

A story illustrative of this is told with regard to Burton Constable, in the North Riding. The young owner of that house, when about to make the grand tour, called in Carr to do some alterations to the kitchen range. When he returned from his tour, he found the beautiful Elizabethan house, in which Queen Elizabeth herself had slept, had been literally cleared away, and John Carr, to his own complete satisfaction, had built an entirely new mansion in its place. Whether the startled possessor of this modern dwelling was equally enraptured, history does not relate; but, whatever the truth of this story, it

is certain that the influence of Carr on the architecture of Yorkshire was far-reaching, and, in some respects, disastrous. With regard to Cannon Hall, it is impossible now to compute how far he transformed the ancient building, but it is obvious that to-day, in certain respects, and notably in its exterior, the house presents an appearance of modernity strikingly inconsistent with its known antiquity.

Doubtless Stanhope placed himself more or less in the hands of the man he employed ; and that the alterations he countenanced were extensive, is evident from the following letter :—

*John Carr to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

CANNON HALL, *June 19th, 1778.*

DEAR SIR,

I have just now finished my directions to the workmen, who I have with me here, the better to explain to them the manner of making the proposed alterations, and I think Tweedale and the Mason Hinchcliffe so well understand the alterations that they will be able to execute the work without any difficulty, but lest they forget what I have said to them, I intend before I leave here, to put down all in writing, a copy of which shall be given to the workmen.

I have agreed with the Mason for 2/2 per day, and Tweedale has promised to send some diligent workmen, as it is impossible to do the work in any other manner than by day's work, but at a much greater expense, I am certain, for I do assure you they have not the least idea of judg-



ing of the value of doing of the work by the yard.

As I find there will not be the least difficulty in taking down the end wall of the dining-room, without disturbing the wainscot or finishing of the room over it, I have directed the wall to be removed whilst they are at work; therefore if you disapprove of my directions respecting that wall, you must be pleased to give me or Mr Dutton a line.

I have directed the hall to be finished with plain stucco, with a neat small cornice, and the columns in the housekeeper's room to be placed in the centre of that side of the room leading to the dining-room and stair-case.<sup>1</sup> I have also directed the front of the back-stair-case to be altered as you proposed, and in my opinion the old wainscoting should be taken out of the dining-room and the room finished with stucco, which should be painted green or some other pretty colour.

Think of this, if you please, and let me know your Sentiments, and you will very much oblige,  
Worthy Sir,

Your most obedt humble Servant

J. M. CARR.

This letter is of interest when compared with modern ideas, both respecting wages and house

<sup>1</sup> Formerly the front door at Cannon Hall was on the south side of the house and the present drawing-room was probably an old entrance hall and living room. This was, presumably, altered by Carr, and the "room leading to your dining-room and staircase" to which he refers, and in which he placed the pillars, is apparently the present entrance hall.

decoration; and it emphasises the date at which the oak-lined rooms at Cannon Hall, in common with many other old houses, were "finished with stucco," and—save when the old wainscoting was removed bodily—were "painted green or some other pretty colour," which was considered a more cheerful and fashionable decoration, and which, for a long time, was not suspected by a later generation to conceal the beautiful oak that has again become appreciated.

On June 17th Stanhope records: "This day the foundations of my new kitchen were laid—ordered a drink to the workmen"; while another entry relates pathetically: "The house so full of dust and workmen, most intolerable. Retired to the Root House and wrote some verses"; no doubt in honour of the lady for whom all this discomfort was being endured. Meanwhile, one disastrous result of the general confusion was that Little John's armour was stolen. It had previously been much damaged by Stanhope's visitors removing links from it as relics, but now the cuirass disappeared bodily and was never afterwards traced.

Stanhope, who makes no mention of this loss, returned to town as soon as his presence could be dispensed with; and after his departure Capability Brown was taken over to Cannon Hall by Mr Beaumont of Whitley<sup>1</sup> to inspect the improve-

<sup>1</sup> John Beaumont, Esq. of Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire, born 1752, died 1831; married Sarah, daughter of Humphrey Butler, Esq. of Hereford.

ments. "Mr Brown," wrote Mr Beaumont to Stanhope, "in consequence of the night air was much incommoded with the asthma. I attended him on Wednesday to Cannon Hall where he paid you some compliments, but objected a little to your new planted avenue. . . . He has not given me his opinion on the 'capabilities' of *this* place!" It is, however, small wonder that Capability Brown objected to an avenue in close proximity to the house, for his great aim was always to clear away everything which could impede a view, and to cut down all trees from the neighbourhood of a building.

Yet after the joint advice of Mr Carr and Mr Brown had been enlisted to further his project, after money had been expended and the alternations of hope and despair had, in turn, possessed him, Stanhope's romance was doomed to an untimely ending. Its object, the Diary at last reveals, was Miss Danby of Swinton,<sup>1</sup> a handsome and charming girl. She, perceiving that he was becoming attached to her, did not wait for his affection to declare itself, but at once told him there was a taint of insanity in her family and that, therefore, she never intended to marry, believing it wrong to do so,—a decision all the more remarkable in that her elder sister married twice.<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, born 1754, died 1786, second daughter of William Danby, Esq., of Swinton, near Masham, where his family had resided for many generations.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, the eldest daughter of William Danby, Esq., married, first, Thomas Lockart, Esq., who died in 1775; secondly, in 1780

romance was nipped in the bud; and, possibly affected by this deliberate renunciation of her happiness, the beautiful Miss Danby died a few years later. Stanhope, despite the fact that he married during her lifetime, always cherished the remembrance of his attachment for her, and ever after spoke of her with reverence as one of the most noble-minded women he had met.

Nevertheless the lavish outlay of which he had been guilty, and its meaning, did not escape the intelligent interest of Mrs Greame.

*Mrs Greame to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

SEWERBY, *November 13th.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have for some time past proposed the pleasure of writing to you, but as I did not know where to find you, was in hopes of receiving a letter from Sister Stanhope to have informed me, as to that particular. Not having had that satisfaction, I address myself to you at Horsforth, as Miss Bosvile tells me that is your place of residence at present. I shall very sincerely rejoice to hear you are returned in perfect health, as the weather we have had for some time past has been very unpleasant for a Camp. . . .

You are very obliging in your invitation to us. It will always be an unspeakable pleasure to me

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the William Harcourt who succeeded to the title of Earl Harcourt on the death of his brother in 1809. The descendants of Mary succeeded to the property of Swinton.

to pay you a visit at either of your country houses; but I fear the prospect of that happiness is very distant if you continue in the Militia. I think it would be far more eligible for you to get a good Wife & fix in the country. Alas! Miss E. is gone. I hear you pay your attentions to Miss D. She is very handsome, but there is a disorder in the family. I dare say your Alteration at Cannon Hall will be a great improvement to the House.

My friend Miss Bidy Downes always inquires much after you and desires her best respects. I hope my dear Sister Stanhope continues well. Mr Greame desires his most respectful compliments to yourself and my Sister, and I hope you will accept and distribute those of, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

A. M. GREAME.

The formal respect of the tone in which an aunt then addressed a nephew, apparently, did not preclude her from interfering in his private concerns, or keeping an eagle eye upon his movements; and Mrs Greame evidently decided that Stanhope did not long suffer from the blighting of his hopes. On December 5th she wrote:—

It gave me great pleasure to hear by Mr Cockshutt the other day, who was on a visit to Thorpe, that you enjoyed perfect health, which I sincerely trust may continue.

I was lately informed that you paid your addresses to a daughter of Lord Scarborough, and

that Sir George Savile wished for the alliance. I am much pleased at this intelligence, as I hope it will be productive of your happiness, and whatever adds to that will always give me singular satisfaction.

But the romance which was to form a permanent part of Stanhope's life was yet to come. And in the interval he seems to have thrown himself into the varied interests of his busy existence. Although able to be but little in Yorkshire, his friendships there did not wane; indeed, a letter from Mr Hawkesworth, written earlier that same year, testifies to the fact that the companions of his boyhood remained the companions of his prime.

*Walter Hawkesworth to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

HAWKESWORTH, *March 22d 1778.*

You are much missed in Yorkshire & it is to be regretted that we meet so seldom in our old haunts. . . . Our Yorkshire neighbours are for the most part in a fair way of prosperity. . . .

Poor Mrs Farrar<sup>1</sup> has borne with heroical constancy one of the severest cancers that, perhaps, was ever experienced. For six weeks she lay expecting her *final* dissolution every hour, & still kept up her spirits surprisingly. She at length heard of a Surgeon in Craven, Mr Bullock, who had returned from London

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<sup>1</sup> Rachael, eldest daughter of Sir S. Armytage, Bt. of Kirklees, married James Farrar, Esq., of Barnburgh Grange, whose eldest daughter, Amelia, had married Walter Hawkesworth, Esq.

with a reputation chiefly procured by practice in cancerous cases, for which he and his family have long had a most remarkable and seldom failing *Wash*.

He came and *eradicated* the Cancer from the throat of the poor sufferer, and then applied the Prescription above alluded to, and I am happy to add there is now every flattering prospect to auger a perfect cure.

What a blessing it is to *know* that there is an almost certain remedy for the most acute and dreadful complaint mankind is liable to; and it is a circumstance little credited and very partially known.

I was at York Assizes on the Grand Jury, which is composed of a medley of men, in every sense of the word; no politics consequently talked of, and scarce any Business. You have lost little this winter in the diversion of the Chace. Mr Osbaldiston's Hounds are admitted to excel any in this County, and they never go out (they say at York) without killing or earthing.

When a Night's raking, or fatigue in Parliament, brings you to Bran Tea & a quiet Morning, we shall hope you will give up twenty minutes to us.

Another Yorkshire correspondent at this date was Mr Beaumont of Whitley, already mentioned as the host of Capability Brown. In 1788 he went abroad for his health, and wrote from Naples to Stanhope a letter which throws a side-light on the disadvantages of travelling in those days:—

*John Beaumont of Whitley to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

NAPLES 5th of June 1788.

DEAR STANHOPE,

Without making you any useless apology for being a very indolent fellow, I shall commence my scribbling by a free observation, but if I could have wrote you a letter worth reading, my friend at Cannon Hall would not have so long been neglected. Being arrived at the extremity of my proposed rambles and also in that city where stones are reported to produce mushrooms, it is time I should give you some account of my proceedings, which might be done in few words, but as all trade must be encouraged, though pens are dear & ink bad, to wear out the one and consume the other & also to ornament with scrawling a proper quantity of paper, I shall use as many letters, syllables & words as may occur to a weak memory.

Dreading the voyage you recommended, I preferred crossing the channel at Dover, and was safely delivered to the Custom House Officers at Calais in about six hours after I had embarked—six hours which did not pass in the most agreeable manner. I found my way to Spa, as most people do, who travel in English chaises, on the 8th day after quitting London, with a pair of temporary wheels to the carriage, in a situation rather ridiculous, for within three miles of Spa, the axletree of the front broke, and gave me an opportunity of meditating upon the inconveniences of travelling.



After washing the debilitated fibres of a weak stomach eight weeks with the waters, and repairing my chaise, I once more started in pursuit of health in a warmer climate, and I arrived at Paris on the 2d of October, where it was my intention to have staid so many days as were necessary to repair the chaise, viz. four ; but the Seine water or some other cause detained me a fortnight . . . when I did not hesitate about quitting the Capital of France.

I stopped next at Fontainebleau, saw the French King, the drowsy-looking, plain-dressed Monarch ; he was going to hunt, but more properly dressed for partridge shooting.<sup>1</sup> Satisfied with seeing the French King, the outside of his Palace & a little of the garden, I quitted the grand town of Fontainebleau . . . & arrived in six days at Lyons, a town that I could have passed a week in with pleasure had health allowed, but was here doomed to four days' penance.

At Vienna where I stopped, a few Roman antiquities amused me, but the Amphitheatre I expected to find, they said was long since destroyed. Having drunk Côte Roti wine, which you may perhaps know, I proceeded by water to Tain, where I had the pleasure of being washed in the Rhone by a little failure of my eye-sight. I comforted myself with new wine, and proceeded the next day by land.

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<sup>1</sup> It is a coincidence perhaps worth remarking, that shortly before this date, Lauzun was equally struck with the homely dress and simplicity of living of the English monarch, George III.

I was this day unfortunate enough to have one of the shafts broke and both the irons by which they are fastened to the crossbars were broken also. With the assistance of ropes, the chaise arrived safe, after eight miles travelling, where a good blacksmith fortunately resided who thoroughly repaired the damage, so my greatest inconvenience was spending a few hours extraordinary and staying all night at a moderate Inn kept by an old servant. At Grange, where I stopped next day, is a tolerable triumphal arch, the remains of a circus, and some fragments of mosaic pavements, and perhaps other remnants of antiquity.

He then describes his journey to Avignon, Nismes, Aix and Marseilles, at which latter place he met a Mr Wilson, from Leeds, whom he had not seen for many years. He also conversed with a stranger, a merchant, who told him there were then five hundred ships in the harbour. Notwithstanding this luxury of choice, he explains that he waited eight weeks, vainly hoping for an opportunity to cross to Civita Vecchia, when, having at last got himself on board a French vessel of 100 tons, "for eight days [I] suffered a degree of purgatory, and on my arrival here was compelled to remain from half-past six at night till eleven next morning on ship-board on account of quarantine which is a cursed impediment to my schemes. . . ." He, however, at length found some moderate satisfaction in his pursuit of health and pleasure.

Naples is to me a very agreeable station, though I live in solitude, being satisfied that I can amuse myself when it suits my convenience. I read a little Italian, walk out, eat a hearty dinner and drink freely of new wine when I can get it. I walk in the evening and sometimes go to the Opera. I hope my health improves & that the air and wine of Naples will send me in good spirits to Rome.

I have seen Pompei, Herculaneum, or part of the Theatre of that place, a collection of pictures at Cavoli Monte, *the Catacombs*—very curious, but disagreeable to my lungs, a few Churches & every night the fiery summit of Vesuvius, all of which are monstrous fine in their way; but my taste at present inclines towards Maccaroni and the new wine of Portici. Should your taste resemble mine, I fear it is not in my power to send you a receipt for dressing Maccaroni better than what your cook is in possession of—if you do not dislike oil, you may add a quantity of that, as I do. . . .

The Neopolitan stones which bear mushrooms, I cannot find; perhaps my ignorance of the language may be the reason that my inquiries are unsuccessful. If amongst the fructiferous stones of the Kingdom of Sicily the mushroom stone can be found, I will if possible, send you one to England. . . .

See the effect of a short memory. Many days have been consumed in scratching with a bad pen, this, a bad sheet of paper, and it is now time to send this nonsensical epistle, but I shall first add the names of a few people you know who are at Naples. The Duke of Gloucester,

the Duke of Buccleugh, etc, Lord Gower, Lord Hervey, Thomas Farrar Esqre M.P., Captain Verner, who was private Secretary to the D. of Manchester & has a place at Court, Mr La Touche of Dublin and family, Mr Newport & Lady, Colonel Campbell of Stackpool and many others whose names & dignities I know not.

Letters are, understand, 19 days on the road from England to Naples. At Rome I may remain perhaps a Month or six Weeks.

Another Yorkshire acquaintance, occasionally referred to in Stanhope's Diary, is George Wood, formerly the small child who, on the approach of the young Pretender, had been hidden for safety by his parents in the tower of Royston Church. Subsequently articled to Mr West, a well-known lawyer of Cawthorne, Wood was frequently seen by Stanhope when in the country; and later, when he had chambers in town, the latter often heard of him as a man of recognised ability, and a noted instructor of pupils who were afterwards to rival or surpass him in celebrity. Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, mentions Wood as "the great master of special pleading, who had initiated into his art the most eminent lawyers of that generation"; and amongst these pupils may be cited Mr Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, who by great interest obtained a desk with Wood; Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine; John Williams, afterwards the distinguished Serjeant at Law; Charles Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden;

and Mr Scarlett, afterwards the famous Lord Abinger, who all imbibed their early knowledge of their profession under the auspices of the famous North-countryman.

It was not till a later date, in 1810, that Wood was made Baron of the Exchequer, and shortly afterwards knighted; but many are the anecdotes, both of his early and his mature years, which were at one time related with zest by his colleagues.

Wood, it may be mentioned, from youth to age, was a man of curious appearance. Short in stature, dark in complexion and with peculiarly flat features, his countenance, like his manner, exhibited much of the eccentricity of genius. One of the best likenesses of him is said to be a caricature now in the possession of his collateral descendants, and which, sketched by John Hardy, junior, was picked up in Court, and etched by an artist at York. Full of individuality, it conveys a striking impression of the old Yorkshireman, whose dialect, in common with so many of his contemporaries, remained strongly provincial; and who, throughout his career, is said to have retained the bluntness as well as the sincerity characteristic of men from his native county. With much of the penetration and a few of the peculiarities which had stamped his predecessor and fellow countryman, John Stanhope, Wood was never—like “t’ owd lawyer”—remarkable for wit or eloquence; yet, slow in his methods, and grave of speech and demeanour, he was correspondingly sound in his judgment.

“Baron Wood,” emphasises Henry Clarkson, Esq., of Alverthorpe Hall, who married Sir George’s great-niece, “was less famous for beauty than learning,” and he tells a story in illustration of this fact. During a trial before the Baron, a female witness, from whom the counsel wished to gain some special admission, more than once made the answer—“I am not going to be *humbugged*. You are not going to humbug *me*!”—a phrase often used in Yorkshire, but possibly unfamiliar to the Baron, who at last addressing the witness, inquired blandly,—“Pray, my good woman, what do you mean by that term ‘humbug’?” The witness looked at him thoughtfully, and then, in strident tones which could be heard throughout the Court, replied drily—“Why, my lord, if I were to call you a handsome man, I should be humbugging *you*.”

At one time, all Yorkshire was terrorised by the attacks of the Luddites, a lawless body of men, who went about the country breaking and destroying machinery wherever they heard it was erected. They are said to have been so called after a half-witted man, Ned Ludd, who had broken some stocking frames at Nottingham, and whose name was afterwards applied indiscriminately to all breakers of machinery. The first warning of their approach was usually a threatening letter, occasionally written in blood and signed “General Ludd.” At length they carried their outrages to a very serious pitch and two murders were committed. Fourteen men were, in consequence,



*Sir George Wood Knight, one of the Barons of  
His Majesty's Court of Exchequer - May 20<sup>th</sup> 1818 etc*

CARICATURE BY JOHN HARDY, AFTERWARDS M.P. FOR BRADFORD;  
SKETCH PICKED UP IN COURT  
*In the possession of the Misses Clarkson of Aloverthorpe Hall, whose mother was a  
great-niece of Baron Wood*





apprehended and taken before Mr Ratcliffe, a Magistrate, who was afterwards knighted for his courageous committal of them. They were subsequently sent to York Castle to be tried by Baron Wood, and having been pronounced guilty, were sentenced by him to be hanged. After the Baron had passed the sentence of death, the counsel for the prosecution asked his Lordship if he thought the fourteen men should all be hanged on one beam. Baron Wood revolved the question, and then in his grave, conscientious way, replied quaintly "Well, no, sir, I consider they would hang *more comfortably* on *two*."

Stanhope, as a magistrate, was occasionally brought into contact with Sir George Wood, in a professional capacity, when disturbances arose in their native county. Meanwhile in town, although he did not lose sight of his Yorkshire friends, the area of his acquaintance was ever widening, and so, too, was the perpetual round of his engagements. The amount which he contrived to accomplish in one day, during these bachelor years of his existence, appears almost incredible, especially when one reflects that he was not robust and that his Parliamentary duties occupied a large proportion of his time. Invitations out to breakfast as well as dinner appear to have been an almost daily occurrence, while balls, masquerades, or the opera, filled up the interval before he partook of supper, usually at Chesterfield or Bolton House, where he found time for the game of chance, of which

he still punctiliously recorded the daily gain or loss.

Here is a typical week, as entered in his Journal at the beginning of February, 1779 :—

Feb. 5th.—Breakfasted at Bolton House. Went to the Levée, dined with Sir J. Lowther, went to Le Tellier's, Lady Harrington's and Lady Craven's, won £35. Made a match against Sir J. Lowther's dark grey filly for £150, over York. I to give him £30, weight 9st 5.

6th.—Breakfasted with the D. of Portland. Walked out with him. Dined with Ld Chesterfield at the Catch Club, went to the Speaker's, Mrs Lyall's and Lady Plymouth's. Had a squabble with Burke. Spur very drunk.

7th.—Called on Gov. Johnstone, dined at the D. of Bolton's, went to the Speaker's, Chancellor's, Gloucester House and Lady Harrington's. Lost £50.

8th.—Rode with Sir M. Fleming and Sir George Savile; went to the Dilettanti; Ball at Cumberland House, stayed till 3.

9th.—Rode in the park; dined at Chesterfield House, went to the Opera and a Masquerade, returned to supper at Chesterfield House. Lost £1.

10th.—Breakfasted at Blackheath, went to Lady C. Stanhope's, the Duke of Chandos and Cumberland House. Dined at Bolton House, went to Mrs Bosville's and Almack's, thence to view the illuminations on Keppel's acquittal. A great Riot. Mr Lowther's servant here to take the brown colt. Sold him for 100 guineas to be

paid on any increase of fortune or when he sells him for as much, etc., etc.

It may be remarked that the small amount expended on play at Chesterfield House always appears in marked contrast to the larger sums recorded when Stanhope went elsewhere. The spirit of the dead cynic still ruled over his old domain, and the manner in which he had striven to ensure that the treasures he had accumulated there should not be lightly staked on a game of hazard, was a check upon the extravagance of the age. His decree was public knowledge, that if Philip Stanhope lost in one day, at any game or bet whatsoever, the sum of £500 "then it is my express wish that he, my godson, should pay out of my estates the sum of £5,000 to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster." And the restraining influence thus exercised upon gambling at Chesterfield House doubtless also encouraged the moderation of Walter Stanhope, for he seems to have passed a great deal of his time at this period in the company of Lord Chesterfield, with whom he stayed for many months, both in town and in the country. Indeed, despite the increasing extent of his acquaintance, he remained loyal to a limited circle of friends; and besides Lord Chesterfield, Sir George Savile, Lord Rockingham, Sir Michael Le Fleming, Mr Smyth and Mr Bosville are the names which recur most frequently in his Diary at this date, although that

of the Duke of Portland begins to figure amongst those who were the companions of his daily walks. Apparently Lord Rosebery was not so often in town as formerly; but he seems to have been an assiduous correspondent, and to have referred constantly for Stanhope's decision or advice matters connected with his private affairs or the education of his family.

In his military capacity, too, during the year 1780, Stanhope found himself provided with unwonted occupation.

The summer of that year was long celebrated for the terrible riots fostered by the fanatic Lord George Gordon. In view of the ever-present scare of Popery, Protestant Associations with Lord George for their chief had been formed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and during the year 1770, these had multiplied exceedingly. Towards the close of May, 1780, Lord George convened a meeting of the Protestant Association in Coachmakers' Hall to promote a monster anti-Popery petition to Parliament, when it was decided that, on June 2nd, the whole body of the Association and their sympathisers should assemble in St. George's Fields wearing blue cockades in their hats. Lord George added that if the assembly did not amount to 20,000 in number, he would not present the Petition.

Accordingly, at 10 o'clock in the morning of the 2nd, a vast crowd collected at the appointed place, variously computed by different authorities at

50,000 to 100,000 persons. These afterwards paraded London in procession, carrying their monster petition with them in a van, their excitement ever growing in consequence of the inflammatory exhortations of their leaders.

No precautions had been taken against possible riot; the Government, indeed, with a lamentable lack of foresight, does not appear to have anticipated any evil results from a gathering of such vast proportions and militant propensities. The crowd were not long in learning the dangerous secret of their unopposed strength. They marched to Palace Yard, and taking possession of the open space before the two Houses met, they proceeded, on the arrival of the Lords, to attack all those who were suspected of leniency towards Popish principles. The Archbishop of York's lawn sleeves were torn off and flung in his face; Lord Mansfield, Lord Boston and the Bishop of Lincoln narrowly escaped with their lives; many others were roughly handled, and all suffered considerable alarm. Yet despite this, and the fact that the crowd closed the evening by various acts of an incendiary nature, it was believed that the riot would quickly subside; and a temporary lull on the following day confirmed this false security.

Stanhope's Diary affords a consecutive record of events during this period.

June 1st.—Rode out. Dined at Lord Rockingham's at Wimbledon.

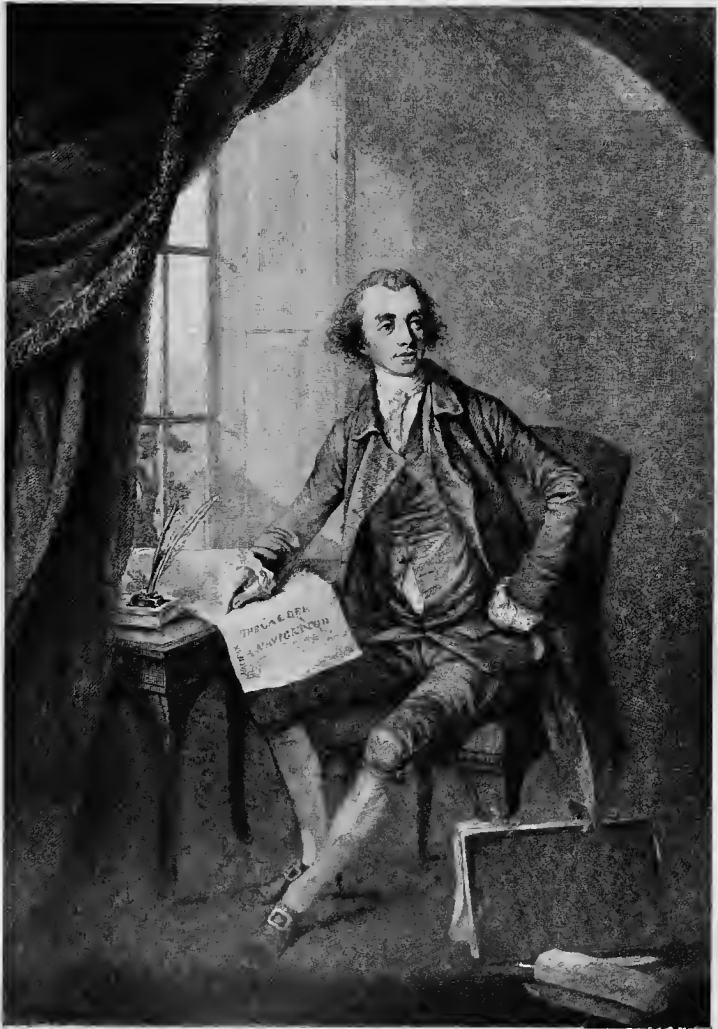
June 2d.—At the House; dined there. Lord G. Gordon riot. Shameful behaviour. Went to Ranelagh. The mob pulled down several Romish Chapels and insulted the Ambassadors' houses.

3d. Saturday.—Rode out. Dinner with Harvey at the Cocoa-tree. Went to Cotman's and to Vauxhall.

4th Sunday.—Walked with Lord Rockingham. Called on Sir George Armytage. Dined with Sir Michael Fleming; called on Lord Dartmouth; went with Sir George Savile to Gloucester House; supped at Lady Harrington's. Riots continued; hats filled with blue cockades.

That evening, again assembling in large bodies, the mob attacked the chapels and private houses of all Roman Catholics dwelling in and about Moorfields. The houses they stripped of the furniture, and the Chapels of the altars, pulpits, pews and benches, with all of which they made bonfires in the streets.

Still, people cherished the idea that the tumult was subsiding. On Monday, June 5th, a Drawing-room had been appointed at St James's in celebration of the King's Birthday. Previously to this a Privy Council was held, in which the situation was discussed and treated lightly. Later that same day fresh cause for alarm arose. "The principal object of attack," relates Lord Mahon, "was the house of Sir George Savile, obnoxious as the author of the first relaxation of the Penal Code. Savile House, which stood in Leicester Fields,



*Benjamin Wilson, Pinxt.*

SIR GEORGE SAVILE, BART.

*J. Basire, Sculpt.*





was accordingly carried, as it were, by storm, and given up to pillage." That this, however, was not actually the case, seems to be proved by Stanhope's account, which runs briefly thus:—

5th, Birthday.—Went to Court, dined at Le Telliers, played Piquet, lost £6. Heard Sir G. Savile's house was attacked by the mob, passed the night there guarding it. Some houses in Moorfields pulled down and burnt.

6th at the House.—A most awkward Riot; passed this night also at Sir George Savile's, whose house was threatened.

At last people had become alive to their danger, and the disturbance which they had treated too lightly was recognised to be "a most awkward riot." Burke, Stanhope, Sir Michael Le Fleming and many friends banded together to protect the houses of those who were in greater danger than themselves. "For four nights," relates Burke, "I kept watch at Lord Rockingham's or Sir George Savile's, whose houses were garrisoned by a strong body of soldiers together with numbers of true friends of the first rank, who were willing to share their danger. Savile House, Rockingham House, to be turned into garrisons! Oh what times! We have all served the country for several years—some of us for nearly thirty years—with fidelity, labour, and affection, and we are obliged to put ourselves under military protection for our houses and our persons."

On Wednesday, the 7th, the riot reached its

climax. For two days, indeed, the rabble practically held possession of the town. Stanhope relates—

Universal alarm. Troops coming in from all parts. Dined at Sir Michael Le Fleming's. Sir G. Savile gave up his house to the troops. Supped at Lord Rockingham's. Called on Sir James Lowther. Newgate, Lord Mansfield's house and various others set on fire. The Light Horse fired at Lord Mansfield's after the mischief was done. King's Bench, Fleet & other Prisons pulled down & burnt. Langdale's great Distillery near Fleet Market, the Toll House on Blackfriars Bridge, many Magistrates' and private houses burnt or pulled down, and above 200 killed by the Military. The Bank of England attacked and the Mob repulsed. Proclamation of High Treason and Rebellion issued. Troops authorized to act without the Civil Power, the Magistrates having been very backward in all these tumults. Mr Justice Gould stood firm to prevent Martial Law from being established.

8th.—General Panic. Town filled with troops, Camps to be formed in Hyde Park and St. James' Park. Dined at the Cocoa Tree, supped with Lord Rockingham. His house guarded these last three nights.

9th.—Riots suppressed. Soldiers quartered in almost all the public buildings. In the evening Lord George Gordon was taken up and examined before the Privy Council and sent very strongly guarded to the Tower. Dined at the Dilettanti, went to Lady Fleming's.

10th.—More people taken up. Rode to view the Camps and Hervey's Regiment in the Museum.

Then follows an entry which seems to indicate that Sir James Lowther had not abandoned his habits of former days. Possibly on this occasion his behaviour was dictated by necessity, but more probably it was an intentional pleasantry of the type in which he delighted to indulge. He had apparently bidden Stanhope and some of his friends to dine with him, presumably at the then popular hour of three o'clock. "*Waited dinner,*" relates Stanhope, with commendable patience, "*at Sir James Lowther's till seven. Then dined with Sir Michael Fleming and Colonel Lowther at a chop house. Went to Le Telliers, won £27.*"

Meanwhile the panic which prevailed throughout London was indescribable. The whole place was in possession of a lawless mob. The troops held that they had no legal right to fire upon the miscreants, unless a magistrate were present to give countenance to this proceeding by first reading forth, at full length, the provisions of the Riot Act. But the Justices of the Peace appear to have been too paralysed to take any active steps in suppressing the tumult. When the mob attacked Lord Mansfield's house, at midnight on the 6th, the Chief Justice and his wife had barely time to escape by a back door before the crowd poured in with torches and combustibles, and set fire to everything of value in the house, reducing all, in-

cluding a priceless library, to a heap of smouldering ashes before the morning. The houses of three other magistrates were attacked and gutted, while on the 7th Dr Johnson relates that "the sight was dreadful," the number of fires all blazing at the same time was computed at thirty-six, and had the night been windy, all London would probably have been reduced to a heap of ruins. The climax of horror was reached in Holborn where the warehouses of Mr Langdale, a Roman Catholic distiller, were set on fire, and men, women and children, saturated with gin, perished in the flames which had been kindled by themselves. No wonder that a letter written by Mr Richard Burke to Mr Champion on that day bore the heading "*In what was London.*" So universal, indeed, was the terror, that the Duke of Grafton relates in his memoirs how even the servants of the Secretary of State wore in their hats as a passport the cockades of the rioters.

By then, expresses had been sent in every direction, and large bodies of Militia were marched up from the country. These, with detachments of regular troops, were at last given permission to fire upon the rioters "without waiting for directions from the Civil Magistrates." Had this order been issued sooner, much disaster would have been averted and many lives saved; as it was, according to the returns mentioned by Stanhope and others, over 200 were shot dead in the streets, while over 250, many fatally wounded, were conveyed to the

hospitals, and numbers whom it is impossible to trace perished among the flames and falling buildings, or were trampled underfoot in the general confusion. London presented the appearance of a city after a blockade, and one of the most curious sights was to behold the troops camped in all convenient parts of the town, the parks, the Museum Gardens, Lincoln's Inn Fields, etc. ; ready to quell any fresh disturbance. On Friday, the 9th, Lord George Gordon was formally arrested, and Stanhope's Journal, abandoning a consecutive account of public affairs, relates tersely the personal events of the days which followed.

12th.—Dined at the Speaker's. Walked with him and Sir James Lowther through the Camp. Went to Colman's and Le Telliers. Lost £8.

13th.—Heard that Sir Michael Fleming got a very bad fall in the night. Called at St George's Hospital to see him. Dined at the Cocoa Tree.

14th.—Went to the Levée. Saw the *Feu de joie* in the park. Lost £22 at Le Telliers. The Duke of Cumberland went to Court. News has arrived that Charlestown is taken by capitulation, 7,000 made prisoners with very little loss.

19th.—Rode out. The House very full. Fox spoke wonderfully well. Went to Ranelagh.

On June 20th, in the House there was a "Debate for securing the Protestant Religion." Lord North spoke in favour of the measure, as did Sir George Savile, who said he "was against proceeding while

there was a mob at the door." Stanhope on this occasion seems to have adhered to his opposition to Lord North, though his remarks were temperate and carefully considered:—

He supported the right to general toleration and thought the Act did not go far enough in favour of the Roman Catholics. . . . The Petitioners were mostly Methodists, and the Methodists in general were composed of the lowest of the people. He was afraid the Resolutions offered would lead to a persecution of Papists on the present subsisting Laws and would do mischief; but thought nevertheless it might be proper to restrain them from educating Protestant children.<sup>1</sup>

His guarded speech, in its moderation, was peculiarly characteristic, as was also the contrast afforded by the impassioned utterances of Fox, who followed with what Stanhope mentions as a splendid oration, and Sir Joseph Mawby declared to be the most eloquent harangue he had ever heard. Burke spoke afterwards, and the Resolutions were then read and agreed to.

Thus ended this extraordinary catastrophe. With the close of the Session, Stanhope went first to Lowther, to aid Sir James in his canvassing for Sir John Lowther, and rode in the *cortège* at the Nomination. He then returned to his strenuous military duties near Durham, till, on September 1st, these were interrupted by a message to him from

<sup>1</sup> MS. of John Spencer-Stanhope.

Lord Adam Gordon announcing a dissolution of Parliament. A hurried journey back to York in a chaise with Sir George Savile followed; and, arrived there, Stanhope relates "in the evening took much pains to put matters in readiness, which was absolutely necessary from the remissness of others." He then canvassed Horsforth and five other towns, subscribed £200 towards election expenses, and proposed a junction between Sir George Savile and Mr Duncombe<sup>1</sup> after they had each announced themselves as candidates. But at the end of the month he returned to his regiment at Durham, when there followed a course of gaiety unparalleled even in his previous experience, concluding, in November, with Sir George Savile giving "a great dinner and a very good ball, in the evening 280 people present."

On November 5th, his military duties ended, Stanhope went to stay at Blagdon with Sir Matthew White Ridley, whose brothers Nicholas and Henry had been at college the same time as himself. They also became closely connected with his friend William Scott—Nicholas professionally, since he became a Master in Chancery, and Henry by the tie of blood, for he married Lady Eldon's sister; the link between the two families being later further cemented by the marriage of Sir Matthew's daughter with the Chancellor's eldest son.

It was therefore in company with several of his intimate friends that Stanhope passed some pleasant

<sup>1</sup> Henry Duncombe, Esq., of Copgrove, died 1818.

days at Blagdon; and on November 6th an apparently insignificant entry in his diary records "Mrs and Miss Pulleine dined here."

There is nothing to suggest that the meeting had for him any unusual importance. Yet the girl whom he now met for the first time could scarcely fail to attract his attention. Mary Winifred Pulleine, at this time sixteen years of age,<sup>1</sup> was the daughter of Thomas Babbington Pulleine of Carlton Hall, near Richmond, Yorkshire,<sup>2</sup> and came of a family which traced its ancestry back to Saxon times. Her father had died when she was but seven years of age, and her only brother, whom the local press states to have been "a lively, promising young gentleman, lamented by all who knew him," died three years later at the age of four. Miss Pulleine was thus left heiress to her father's personal property, to which she succeeded under the care of trustees, although his landed estates and a fortune of £2000 per annum being entailed on his heirs male, were inherited by her uncle, Henry Pulleine. She was, however, the prospective heiress and future representative of two of the oldest families in Northumberland; it was expected she would inherit Dissington and Shipley, then owned by her uncle Edward Collingwood, and also Roddam in

<sup>1</sup> Born November 10th, 1763, she was seventeen on the 10th of November following her meeting with Walter Spencer-Stanhope.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Babbington Pulleine, son of Wingate Pulleine of Carlton, died in 1765 at the age of 33.



the same county owned by her relation Mr Roddam.<sup>1</sup> Considered thus to be, practically, the greatest heiress of her day, well-born, pretty and highly-educated, Miss Pulleine was certainly calculated to appeal to the fancy of a youth impressionable and enthusiastic as Stanhope then was. Yet it would seem that they met and parted without any progress being made in a romance which thus remained in abeyance for some time ; and Stanhope returned to his duties in town possibly pursued by the image of the dainty little heiress, or haunted by the knowledge that her cousin Mr Askew was said to be already an aspirant for her hand.<sup>2</sup>

Within a year and a half from that date, in March 1782, Miss Pulleine was left an orphan, her mother dying, at the early age of forty-four, at her town house in Hertford Street, Mayfair ; and thencefor-

<sup>1</sup> John Roddam of Roddam married, in 1783, Winifred, heiress of Ralf Milburn of Chirton.

She had three daughters (first cousins to Admiral Roddam, see Vol. ii. page 229), the eldest of whom died as an infant. The second daughter, Mary, married Edward Collingwood of Byker, the third daughter, Winifred, married Hilton Lawson, Esq.

These two sisters, Mrs Collingwood and Mrs Lawson, owned Chirton as co-heiresses, and after the death of both it descended to Edward, the son of the elder, Mary Collingwood, *née* Roddam. He dying (*d.s.p.*) in 1806, left Dissington and Shipley to Mary Winifred Pulleine, the daughter of his sister, Mary Collingwood, who had married Thomas Babbington Pulleine ; while Chirton passed to his relation, Edward Roddam, and thence to the latter's brother Admiral Roddam, who in turn bequeathed it to Admiral, Lord Collingwood.

<sup>2</sup> It may be mentioned that the descendant of this Mr Askew married the descendant of Mary Winifred Pulleine in the person of the present writer.

ward the young heiress seems to have divided her time between long visits to her uncle and guardian, Edward Collingwood at Chirton, or a residence in town passed under the firm supervision of a duenna, Mrs Prades, who, it seems probable, had previously acted in the capacity of her governess, and to whose chaperonage she was now entrusted.

Possibly owing to her mother's illness and her own subsequent deep mourning, which precluded her going into society, Stanhope does not mention any meeting with her during this period; but of two family events which took place at this date he gives a brief account. In 1780, William Shuttleworth ended his unsatisfactory career; and the year following, his wife at length closed her troubled existence.

The spring-time had broken into blossom and song when, on May 30th, Christiana wearily bade farewell to a life which for her had proved but a sorry struggle, and the next day her grave was prepared in the little church upon the hill at Hathersage, near to the husband who had cost her so many tears. Yet even to the brink of the tomb some sinister fate seemed to pursue the luckless Christiana, and the preparations for that quiet interment which she had requested were marked by a grim episode.

As the sexton was digging her grave, his shovel struck against a corpse already buried in the earth which he was disturbing, and being thus involuntarily forced to disinter this, it proved to be the

body of old Benjamin Ashton, the grandfather of Christiana, which had lain in the grave for over fifty-six years. There was, however, something in the soil of Hathersage which not only preserved the bodies of those buried in it, but rendered them as hard as a fossil; and the sexton propped the rigid form of the old Squire up against the wall of the church till he could make space to re-bury it. Restored thus abruptly to a world which he had so long quitted, the dead man presented a strange and sinister object. Difficult, indeed, would it have been to picture him the young wooer of that comely Christiana of two generations earlier, or the successful lover who had gained the "ffair access" to her lips in some forgotten summer of that bygone date. Stiff and forbidding, the corpse stood upright, as though watching the preparations being made for his granddaughter, the fresh tenant of the grave he had so long occupied; but suddenly he fell forward, and the sharp impact with the stone floor of the church broke off his head, which, with a ghastly liveliness, rolled merrily away down the aisle.

Meanwhile Jenny Sherd and her father, who lived hard by in the cottage where Little John had breathed his last, had come to the church to view the digging of the new grave. In no wise affected by the grim spectacle which he witnessed, Jenny Sherd's father bethought himself that he would like a piece of the old Squire to preserve as a trophy. He, therefore, with a saw, strove to hack

a chunk out of the back of the corpse ; but the stiff figure was petrified as hard as flint, and the saw could make no impression on it. Thus was Benjamin Ashton spared the indignity intended by sacrilegious hands, and eventually restored in peace to the grave whence a careless interloper had wrested him.

In the following year the mention of an event of a different nature briefly interrupts the ceaseless round of duty and of pleasure recorded by Stanhope's Journal. This was the curious appearance of a meteor which passed over Horsforth on April 10th, 1781, and which he relates "emitted a heat hotter than the sun upon a midsummer's day, nor was this quickly dispelled." The inhabitants of the little town seem to have been considerably startled by this phenomenon, and its possibly evil portent was no doubt held to be confirmed by the protracted ill-success of the British arms in America. On the following November 25th news reached England of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. . . . "Oh God," cried North when he heard it, "It is all over!" Still George III. insisted on the Minister remaining in office and prolonging a useless struggle ; but his previous supporters now gradually deserted him. At length Stanhope records the memorable incident in the spring of 1782 when Lord North finally ended his Administration with a *coup d'état* as dramatic as it was unexpected. "*March 20th. At the House. Lord*

*North said the Ministry was at an end and moved to adjourn till Monday. Supped at Mrs Bosville's*"; states the Journal; but Stanhope's son appends the following account:—

“My father said that Lord Surrey had given notice for a Motion to address the King, praying him to dismiss the Administration. Lord Surrey rose to propose his Motion, and at the same time Lord North rose to announce that the Administration had ceased to exist. He had intended to close his career with an eloquent and probably pathetic speech, but was prevented by the rising of Lord Surrey. The Speaker was utterly at a loss to decide which of the two had risen first. A scene of the greatest confusion and uproar took place; indeed, a Polish nobleman whom my father had that day taken into the House, told him afterwards he could almost have fancied that he had been in a Polish diet, not in an English House of Commons.

“Mr Fox rose amidst the confusion, and moved that, as the Speaker could not decide which of the two noble Lords had first risen, Surrey who had given notice of his Motion should be first heard. Lord North immediately jumped up and said—‘Mr Speaker, I speak to the Honourable Gentleman's Motion.’ He then stated that he considered the noble Lord's measure unnecessary, for as he understood that its object was to turn out the Ministers, now, as his Majesty's Ministers were already turned out, there could be no occasion

for the Motion. The Administration was no more.

“At this declaration a shout was raised, such as was never before heard in the House of Commons. The House immediately adjourned. The only carriage in attendance was Lord North’s, as the other Ministers had expected a long Debate. Lord North upon descending the stairs turned round to the crowd of members who were waiting in vain for their carriages and said with a smile— ‘Gentlemen, you see what it is to be in the secret!’ thus ending his Ministerial career with a *bon mot*, and with that perfect good-nature which was the most pleasing feature of his character.”

The King, to his great annoyance, was now forced to place Rockingham in power, and to allow negotiations to be opened for the recognition of American independence. During the weeks which followed, Stanhope appears to have called incessantly at the office of the Secretary of State or on Charles James Fox to discuss the trend of political events. Within four months, however, Lord Rockingham’s administration was ended by his death, which deprived Stanhope of a fellow-politician whose friendship he had valued. From this loss his attention must have been partially diverted by his return to his military duties. This year his regiment was quartered first at Hull, then a centre of gaiety scarcely second to London, next at Durham, whence he paid many visits in the North, amongst others to Alnwick Castle, Seaton

Delaval and Lumley Castle, of which latter he says—"A noble *chateau*. Lumley gave a capital ball—nine sons and daughters there." Finally, he went to Lowther where Sir James also "gave a very great ball"; and where, two days later, Stanhope adds gloomily—"Forced to stay for another ball."

Once in the month of September he mentions how he "rode with Sir George Savile to Murflete. Captain Fortescue made me a present of a young Eagle & a Boar & Sow from the Orkneys"; an offering of which the first item was destined to play a prominent part in his subsequent romance; while during his residence at Hull there occurs an entry of interest relating to a now almost forgotten celebrity.

"We all," relates Stanhope, "went to a concert for little Crotch." This infant prodigy, born in 1775, had already caused considerable sensation. The youngest son of a Norwich carpenter, he was scarcely a year old when he began to show signs of intelligent interest upon hearing his father play on a small organ, which the carpenter, who was both musical and ingenious, had constructed for his own use. A few months later it was found that the child was able to pick out the keynote of any of his favourite tunes, and when only two years and three weeks old, he had taught himself "God save the King," first the air and then the bass. By 1779, he was performing in London. An advertisement dated October 18th, 1779, announces

that "Mrs Crotch has arrived in town with her son, the Musical Child, who will perform of the organ every day as usual, from one to three, at Mrs Hart's, Piccadilly." By 1782 he was apparently making a tour of the provinces, and had created a sensation at Leicester before Stanhope heard him at Hull. A frail, delicate child, seated upon his mother's knee, he performed upon the piano with marvellous accuracy and execution. He could play the violin and organ as well; and further showed an extraordinary aptitude for drawing. Indeed, there is little doubt that, had he been less devoted to music, he would have attained distinction as an artist. By 1787 a juvenile oratorio of his was being performed at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Dr Burney, who took a keen interest in his abnormal talent, communicated a paper on him to the Royal Society.

Little, however, did Stanhope think as he viewed the infant prodigy to whom all were listening in surprise, that some years later that small, frail child would be the learned Dr Crotch, Professor of music to his daughters. Unfortunately, it was due to the fact that, in later life, Dr Crotch was entirely dependent for his livelihood upon thus teaching to others the art which came to him untaught, that he was unable to produce much original work, which, had he been a man of leisure, he would doubtless have done. None the less, he was always looked upon as a person of mark in the musical world, and at his death he left a



fortune of £18,000, accumulated entirely from his earnings.

Not long after Stanhope's return to town, there occur entries in his Journal of visits to Hertford Street, the town house of the young heiress, Miss Pulleine. It is impossible to say at what date he first became aware that Mrs Prades, the duenna of Miss Pulleine, was none other than the former Mdle. Dumaine, of Lausanne, who had presumably been resident there at the date of his travels. Also whether Mrs Prades found in Stanhope an old acquaintance, and whether she looked more kindly upon his suit in view of that fact, must remain mere conjecture. During the summer of 1783 his visits to Hertford Street became suspiciously frequent, but are always recorded in his Diary with extreme reticence. Save on certain occasions, they appear to have been combined with an excursion to Ranelagh or Vauxhall; and once comes the satisfactory entry—"*Dined in Hertford St.; went to Kew Gardens; supp'd in Hertford St.*,"—surely a red-letter day in his existence.

At that date young girls were rigidly guarded, and allowed little private conversation with the men whom they met in society. At Almack's and other balls it was customary when a gallant had handed his partner through a stately dance-measure to return the lady at once to the charge of her chaperon. At routs and assemblies it was equally difficult to obtain a few moments with her

apart from the presence of a watchful elder. Only at Ranelagh or Vauxhall was a brief space of privacy possible. There, pacing the lighted groves to the mellow strains of an inspiring band, it was sometimes practicable to snatch a few precious moments in the solitude afforded by the pre-occupation of a gay, chattering crowd. This, as his romance took definite shape, was evidently the opportunity which Stanhope sought. It is true that in those days a man of honourable intentions was expected to proffer his suit to the parents of the lady of his choice before addressing the lady herself, but Miss Pulleine, though only nineteen, was in a peculiar position, in that she was independent, she was under the charge of a paid chaperon, and her legal guardian was far away in Northumberland.

Stanhope therefore determined to put his fate to the test. He awaited his opportunity with fear and impatience, but Mrs Prades, however complaisant, was strict in her supervision of the young girl who had been placed under her care. Still, since she could not pretend to look with displeasure on such an eligible suitor for her charge, it is probable that she continued to throw no hindrance in his way other than the propriety of those days demanded; and at length the occasion for which Stanhope sought came to pass. He recognised it, availed himself eagerly of it, and was, alas! frustrated ere he could achieve his object. Before he could plead his cause effectually, some

interruption occurred, and he was left facing the unwelcome dilemma of a half-spoken declaration and a complete uncertainty of the answer which it would have received.

For a fortnight of intense anxiety he hesitated what course to pursue. Miss Pulleine was in distress about the illness of her uncle, Mr Collingwood, and the moment was not propitious to press his suit. Then an unexpected event brought matters to a crisis. News came to him that William Stanhope, the old bachelor of the Brownberries, the last of the Stanhopes of Horsforth, lay a-dying. Remembrance must have recalled vividly to the mind of the young lover how he had unwittingly been absent from the deathbed of each of those other uncles to whom he had been deeply attached. Yet the long journey to Yorkshire at such a juncture in his fate must have filled him with apprehension. Love and duty fought for mastery, and although duty triumphed, love would not be denied, and mastered his timidity. He would go to Yorkshire, he would attend, if so decreed, the deathbed of the old man to whom he was bound by every tie of affection and kinship; but before he went he would learn his fate from the woman he loved.

## CHAPTER XIV

A PACKET OF LOVE-LETTERS—1783

**A**S a first step he determined, therefore, boldly to dispatch to her a couple of the pine-apples for which John Spencer had originally made the pineries at Cannon Hall famous. Something of this intention he appears previously to have whispered at a chance interview with the lady, before he came home and penned to her the following proposal:—

*Walter Spencer-Stanhope to Miss Mary Winifred Pulleine.*

(1783—*undated.*)

Mr Spencer Stanhope presents his compliments to Miss Pulleyne (*sic*) and begs the Honour of her Acceptance of a Brace of Yorkshire Pines.

Will she have the goodness at the same Time to permitt him just to mention one word on another Subject. A whole Fortnight has passed since he was so cruelly interrupted in attempting to speak upon it at Ranelagh. He feels how unfit, how disadvantageous it is to write, when the Heart would speak; but his Situation is so embarassing that he has no Alternative. When



*B. Stead, Pinxt., 1787*

MARY WINIFRED PULLEINE, AFTERWARDS MRS. SPENCER-STANHOPE  
*From a pastel in the possession of Mrs. De Morgan*



to write may seem presumptuous, and not to write—insensible and uneasy under Suspense; when it might appear gross and indelicate to attempt to speak before a third Person, & careless & remiss to let slip an Opportunity, what could he do but what he has done—several Times write a Letter one Minute and burn it the next?

But now Silence is no longer permitted him; he is under the same Alarm & Apprehension that Miss Pulleyne felt last Week. He has an Uncle, a very old Man, who is extremely ill in Yorkshire;—the next Accounts, which the next Hour may bring, may possibly summon him thither at a Moment's Warning.

In such a Crisis Miss Pulleyne can not, surely she can not be hard-hearted enough to blame him for wishing to solicit & beseech her for an Audience; to supplicate her to listen favourably to a Man who truly loves her, who woos her for herself, & not for her Fortune; who aspires to call her his because he is convinced that to pass his Life with her and to study her Happiness could make him most happy, and not because she would add to a Fortune which is already sufficient for his Wants, and which may be but too soon increased—

Thus far had the composition proceeded, when a communication was brought from Mrs Prades. Miss Pulleyne had confided to her that Mr Stanhope was intending to send some pine-apples, and she wrote at once to explain that it would be an act of impropriety on Miss Pulleyne's part which

could not even be contemplated, were she to accept such an offering from Mr Stanhope. Yet Mrs Prades wrote kindly, and the young lover, after a night of indecision and suspense, apparently plucked up heart and concluded his missive.

So far had I written when Mrs Prades' Card was brought me Yesterday. But though it may be improper to send the Fruit, I hope it may not be thought improper to send this Note or the Request it contains. I love you, wish to trust you with the Peace and Honour of my Life, may possibly be called far hence this very Night—there are abundant Reasons why I should write, why you should receive my Letter, I cannot so properly say; but if there is nothing in my Character or Situation that calls for instant Rejection without a hearing, and nothing clandestine in the Manner of soliciting to be heard, then surely it may be received and an answer returned without Impropriety.

One Comfort I hope I may derive from Mrs Prades' Note, that it shows she enjoys your Confidence, I may venture in her presence to avow an Affection which I can no longer conceal, but have been afraid to utter.

Oh! Miss Pulleyne! What a Moment of Suspense and Fearfulness is this! Might I venture to presume to call in Hertford Street this Morning—if it were only to make or bring you some Franks—it would be less in the Publick Eye. Or may I flatter myself with the Hopes of seeing you in the Park or Gardens this Morning, or at the Exhibition, or at Sir



Ashton Lever's, or at the Opera this Evening, or in St James's Park? Do not be surprised or offended at my urgency. The idea of being hurried out of Town without an opportunity of explaining myself haunts my imagination most gloomily, and impells me to a Boldness which I tremble while I commit.

I shall send this by a Chairman who will ask as from himself if he is to wait for an answer. Oh! let not the Pleasure I felt in seeing you again Yesterday, let not all the lovely scenes of future Happiness which my Mind, inspired by the Idea of you, has formed, be all marred & blighted & destroyed by a cruel frosty Answer. I will add nothing else but once more declare that I love you in Spirit, in Truth, & that I am

Your very devoted and faithful

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

And so the letter, big with Fate, went on its way, and the young lover waited in dire suspense for its answer. But it would not have been considered correct that Miss Pulleine should herself open a communication from a young man; therefore Mrs Prades, with kind complaisance, read the letter aloud to her charge, and, on the young lady's behalf, returned a reply which, though cautious and strictly subject to the approval and consent of Miss Pulleine's uncle and guardian, Mr Collingwood, was yet encouraging. The account of that memorable day and those which followed it Stanhope entered in his Journal with his usual brevity:—

*June 14th*

Attended a Court Martial. Rode out. Sold the black Mare to Lord Euston for 25 Guineas. Dined with part of our Corps at the Crown & Anchor. Hertford St. *An Answer.* Supp'd at the Cocoa Tree.

15th. Rode out. Dined at Lord Ravensworth's. Went to Hert. St. and Burke's.

23d. Rode out. Dined at the House & went to Ranelagh. A letter that my Uncle was in a dangerous way.

24th. Paid Bills. Prepared for my journey. Hert. St. Dined with Sir George Savile. Sett out about seven. Travelled all Night.

25th. Breakfasted with Lord Chesterfield. Got to Brownberries. Found my Uncle much better.

Even as a young and enthusiastic lover, Stanhope does not yield to the temptation to describe the thoughts which must have alternately enchanted and tormented him through the long hours of that wearisome journey, each instant of which bore him further from the object of his newly-begotten dream of happiness. His letter written upon his arrival in Yorkshire, however, is more explicit.

*Walter Spencer-Stanhope to Miss Pulleine.*

*(Undated.)*

How shall I address you? By what Name shall I salute you, my beloved?—shall I say my dearest Miss Pulleine? Most truly and in its

full extent can I say so. There is no one Bounty that Providence in its Mercy has ever bestowed upon me, for which I return such fervent Thanks, as for that something unpossessed, the blissful Hope of one day possessing you for my Wife.

Should that Day ever come, and I enjoy only a common Happiness, I should be disappointed. No, there is that Mildness of Temper, there is that good Breeding of the Heart, there are all those various accomplishments, and above all, the Art of making yourself beloved—there are all these on your side, and on mine the most absolute Conviction that you possess them beyond any woman I ever knew—what then must be my Gratitude, my Attentions, my constant Love? Am I not right in expecting something more than a mere vulgar happiness? Excuse me if I do not write in the quiet Strain of regular Correspondence. My Imagination is wound up too high, I am too much in earnest, I am too much in love, I am too far distant from her I love, to write in the ordinary Style that Men write in about ordinary Things. Are you not the Object of my Tenderest Affections? Have you not permitted me to apply to your Guardian? Are you not in London, and I two hundred Miles distant from you? Never was such a mixed variety of Sensations as I now feel. Believe me—you Londoners know nothing of love—you are too dissipated—*par exemple*—you are going to the Fête at Ranelagh this Evening, while mine will be spent, as the Morning was, in a solitary Ramble round my Plantations, musing on you! And the Morning and the Evening

made the first Day! But with your Permission I shall do all I can to prevent many other Days from being like the first.

No news of your Uncle at Leeds. Mine, with pleasure I inform you is much better now, nor was he ever so extremely ill as they had persuaded themselves. My mother, too, is very well. I sent over to Harrogate the Moment that I arrived here yesterday; Mr Collingwood was not there, but some Gentleman said he expected him in a few Days. The Roddams were not yet arrived. I shall write to him to-morrow at Chirton, but send my letter to be put into the post at Harrogate, for the Chance of its finding him there. If that fails, I have no Hope of seeing him till Sunday Se'nnight; and it is not impossible that his Answer to my Letter may retard it even beyond that time. God forbid it should! The very Idea makes me wretched.

But should it do so, should Suspense still watch over my Pillow, my Hope and my Reliance is on you. I am not to expect the comfort of a Billet from your own Hand, so you told me, but sometimes it is noble to do more than one promises, *and, upon my Honour, I see no Impropriety in it.* Yet Mrs Prades has acted throughout with the greatest Kindness, and the most perfect Propriety, and she, I am sure, will have the Goodness to inform me at this Place, if it be but in three Words, when you leave London, and where and how soon you intend to be in the North. The first Moment after I see or hear from your Uncle shall be employed in making you acquainted with it.

If nothing more interesting prevents me, I

shall attend my Rent Day at Cannon Hall on Thursday and return hither on Friday, and, I hope, set out for the North on Saturday. I wish you well amused at Ranelagh—Oh! that I were there! Please give my Compts to Mrs Prades & believe me ever,

My dearest Miss Pulleine,

Yours most devoted & affectionate,

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

The young lover was not kept long in suspense. The answer returned from Edward Collingwood was favourable. No objection could be raised to the marriage even of Miss Pulleine with so eligible a *parti* as young Stanhope. On July 5th the happy lover journeyed to Chirton to interview her guardian, and was delighted with the visit.

Edward Collingwood, who at this date was forty-nine years of age, was a dark handsome man, with fine intellectual features, a courtly manner and scholarly tastes; indeed, he and his father had jointly amassed a most valuable library. He had but just entered upon the possession of his four estates, Byker, Chirton, Dissington and Shipley,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Collingwood of East Ditchburn, *tempo* Charles I., had two sons; first, Cuthbert Collingwood, from whom the family of Lord Collingwood is said to be descended; secondly, Edward Collingwood, from whom the Collingwoods of Byker are said to be descended. This Edward Collingwood mentions in his will, 1701, that he bought Shipley from George Collingwood of Eslington, and Dissington from the family of the Delavals.

Mrs Stanhope, however, writing to her second son, states:—"A letter from Sir Isaac Head says Lord Collingwood's grandfather was Collingwood of Dissington, and died in 1752, which would explain

for his father, usually known in the North as "Edward Collingwood, the elder," had died in the previous May, aged 81. Both father and son had been universally respected, and Edward, the younger, who was Sheriff of Northumberland in 1787, was, we are told, "prudent in the transaction of public business," and further, "fortunate in adorning and enlarging his patrimony." At the date of Stanhope's visit he was himself in the throes of a romance, the issue of which was as yet uncertain, and he was therefore all the more sympathetic with regard to the affairs of the young lover who appealed to him.

From Durham Stanhope wrote to Miss Pulleine to report the result of his visit; and the knowledge that the lady herself was shortly to travel by the same route to the North filled him with the expectation of seeing her.

*Walter Spencer-Stanhope to Miss Pulleine.*

DURHAM, *July 7th*, 1783.

No, my dearest Miss Pulleine, never can I requite one half of your goodness to me. All the Return I can ever make is far too inadequate; but indeed I will study your Happiness—the Business of my Life shall be to seek it,—to find

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what I have always understood, that the younger brother purchased the property of the elder, tho' I did not know it was Dissington, which I always thought had been bought of the Delavals."

The descendants of these two brothers, both continuing to reside in Northumberland, intermarried, and thus cemented the original relationship between the families.



EDWARD COLLINGWOOD, THE YOUNGER,  
OF CHIRTON, BYKER AND DISSINGTON, CO. NORTHUMBERLAND  
*From a miniature in the possession of Mrs. Stirling*





it—how delightful! I feel so happy with my Reception at Chirton, and so well know it must be ascribed to you. What can I do to deserve it? I gave you my Love before, freely gave it; but now 'tis yours by every Claim—only Gratitude came to look for it, Affection had given it before. Good God! May I then one Day call you my own, my Wife, the Friend of my Bosom! Is it possible! If there were not something to allay the Transport of my Heart, I should be incapable of writing intelligibly, it would be all rapturous Gratitude and Exclamation.

I left your Uncle this Morning: last Night we both talked of you till the Tears ran down our Cheeks. There could not be a more noble or friendly Manner than he received me in, only he is too slow in his Motions. He talked of a Possibility of it's being found necessary to wait till you came of Age—that he hoped it would not, but the Lawyers must decide it—but several Months the preparatory steps would necessarily take up. All which I hope will be found unnecessary. . . . Another unpleasant Circumstance, exceedingly unpleasant, is that I shall not have the Pleasure of seeing you so soon by several Days as I had expected. I have got leave to visit you at Chirton, and soothe my Mind with the Idea of availing myself pretty largely of that leave; but first I have some Hopes of seeing your Uncle at Horsforth. . . . He talks of going into Lincolnshire as soon as he has got his hay in (how I pray for fine Weather!) and taking Horsforth on his Way, either going or coming. . . .

So there I must remain till I hear from him;—

unless, indeed, I could steal a Glimpse of you upon the Road. Pray when do you mean to set out, and where do you mean to stop upon the Road to Yorkshire? *Ecrivez-moi, je vous en prie.* I shall venture to Frank this to Mrs Prades, as your Uncle made me Frank one to you this morning. Wherefore, all things being considered, for you to hesitate now about giving me a line under your own fair Hand, would be a downright Piece of Prudery, a false Delicacy, a needless Affectation of Good-Wardishness. Pray, M'am, do you understand that word?—Pray Heaven, I may soon have an Opportunity of explaining it to you. So God bless you, Amen! And now for Hartlepool and to seek Mr Hartley.<sup>1</sup> You are too rich by half, which occasions all this Delay. London must be excessively hot, you will be in a Fever, I fear, if you stay much longer—*m'entendez vous?*

Your aunt is a fine old Lady, and, I repeat it again, your Uncle behaved nobly to me. Let me trouble you with my Compliments to Mrs Prades and believe me

My Dearest Miss Pulleine

Ever, ever Yours

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

It was not, however, deemed correct that the lady should write even to her accepted *fiancé* “with her own fair hand,” and while he inundated her with passionate love-letters, the young lover had to possess his soul with what patience he could summon to his aid on finding that his protestations

<sup>1</sup> The solicitor.

were treated with demure silence. He contrived, nevertheless, to intercept Miss Pulleine's journey to the North, when, to his distress, he learnt that she was much troubled with the pain of cutting a wisdom tooth. The subject inspired his Muse, and he presented her with some verses of his own composition "*Upon a young Lady's cutting a Tooth at Nineteen;*" — stanzas respecting which, under the fiction of their "having been picked up on the Road betwixt Durham and Darlington," he urges cautiously—"if they are somewhat unguarded, may plead in excuse the too-visible Haste in which they are written & the want of Time to prepare them for the piercing EYE of HER to whom they are sent."

While Miss Pulleine went on to stay at Alnwick Castle and Roddam, and Mrs Prades was finally dispatched to town to purchase the trousseau, Stanhope journeyed back to expedite the preliminaries for the wedding, when again the spirit of romance dictated alterations in the old house.

*Walter Spencer-Stanhope to Miss Pulleine.*

CANNON HALL, *September 5th*, 1783.

MY DEAREST MISS PULLEINE,

How have you been since I left you? How were you entertained at Alnwick? was it more cheerful, less Royal than you expected? At Roddam did you stay long? Did you play upon your Organ? The story of the lady who married before she came of Age, did you hear it again?—Many a story have I heard, and various

Feelings have they excited, but never in my life did I hear one that made me so thoroughly uneasy as that I allude to.<sup>1</sup> Thank God, the evil Omen of that Story is past, and I hope I shall live to bless, to love, and cherish you as my Wife in a very few weeks. I am not gay, tho' I am writing to you—you have such a Fund of charming Vivacity, that no Man who is near you can be otherwise than gay, but alas! I am not near you, and therefore not gay. But do not imagine I am unhappy, tho' my Spirits are not high; I am where I ought to be, employed as I ought to be, preparing, exerting, expediting.

Oh when shall I see you again! Is Mrs Prades sett out? Pleasant & prosperous be her Journey, and speedy her Return!

I got to Horsforth on Sunday, and found my Uncle but poorly—indeed I greatly fear he will never recover the Fall he had in the Spring. Poor old Gentleman! and he is so cheerful, and so anxious to see his new Niece. Pray God he may live to embrace you as such; and were it possible that any additional motive could encrease the Earnestness of my Desire for a speedy Day, that would really be a very strong one.

I am in Hopes from what Mr Hartley and Mr George told me, that their Business will be completed in the course of this Month, or at the very utmost by the first week in the next. Every other Preparation I am assured will coincide with that Time. If the Workmen will

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<sup>1</sup> This probably refers to the marriage of Miss Clinton with Admiral Roddam and her untimely death, see chapter XVI., page 234.

go on at the Rate they have begun, great indeed will be their Dispatch.

I got hither only the Night before last, and since then have had with me the Upholsterer, the Brick-layer, the Plaisterer (for white-washing only), the Painter, the White Smith, the Bell-Hanger, the House-Carpenter; and we have already taken down two Beds & two Doors, removed all the Furniture out of two Rooms, taken down two Chimney Pieces, and broke thro' the Pannel of Wainscot. Your Bedchamber will begin to be painted on Monday, white, with an Ebussean (*sic*) Border; and what will contribute greatly to the Work's being finished, is that the figured Ebusson Border may be painted on writing Paper, and afterwards pasted on the Wainscot.

I have been very happy in contriving you a better dressing room, which will be finished in the same Manner as your Bed-Chamber, and is about the same Size, with two light Closets in each, and a dressing-Room for me close to them, with a separate Door on to the Stairs. The Workmen have solemnly engaged that I shall have small marble Chimney Pieces ready within the Time; so we have taken down the old ones which were of stone, and the House is all over dust which four-&-twenty Hours ago was quite clean.

The Hangings of your Apartment will be white Dimity with an Ebussean Border. Is it right so far, or has my Memory deceived me? I have had quite a dispute with Mrs Saunders and if you please, you must decide it. I thought of leaving the furnishing of your Dressing-Room

entirely to yourself, and letting it remain till the dear Lady herself arrived to give orders about it, but Mrs Saunders says that the Painting & Hangings of the Room being already fixed, the Carpet & Chairs must be correspondent to them; and that to order them is also more civil than to put a Lady into an unfurnished Room.—My sweet Miss Pulleine will then have the Goodness to decide, &, if she pleases, by Return of the Post, because of the Carpet, which they must send to London for.—Of a Carpet for that Room I have as yet seen no Designs, but have been shown one for the Drawing-Room that in Point of Colour seems to suit the Pea-green Furniture very well. The Design of it will come in a Post or two to Chirton under cover to Mr Collingwood. It is of a large pattern and not unlike the Ceiling, but I would not order it until it had your Approbation. I have neither Taste nor Choice in these Matters, but beg my dear Miss Pulleine's Directions about it; it is necessary at the same Time to inform her that if she does not order one immediately, she will find a Want of it, for they cannot have one ready in less than a Month, or perhaps six Weeks, from the time it is ordered.

My Groom is gone to the Neighbourhood of Middleton Tyas to buy Coach-horses, and from a Letter I have just received from your old Coachman, Wollitt, I have reason to think I shall hire him. . . .

This last half-sheet is written on Friday Morning. I rode over yesterday to dine at Lord Strafford's, who was curious to know how soon Lady Strafford & himself might have the

Honour of waiting upon you here, if the Roads were passable. *Depêchez vous donc, Mademoiselle encore*:—not that your name is “*encore*” or that I can ever wish you to be Mademoiselle *encore apres avoir cessé de l’être, mais seulement que vous l’êtes encore*. “For alas! she is a Maid yet,” as I once read in an old Song.

What a charming Employment it is to write to you—it needs no Contrast to make it sweet, else I find it so dull to be absent; the only thing that has beguiled the tedious time has been over-looking the Workmen, and thinking that so I was employed in your Service. *Pray* enliven my solitude with a letter, not simply with the business of this, but with an Account of where you have been & what you are doing. . . . I have not used any very Earnest Expression of Entreaty in the last Paragraph, because it might look as if I could suspect it possible you might be guilty of the miserable Prudery of affecting to write to me upon Business, which (eternal be my gratitude to you for it) is unlikely, and at such a Time, too.—What am I here for? What is Mrs Prades gone to London for? Have I not the Measure of your Slender Finger? I was really too submissive when I got it. Mrs Prades put out her Lip & thought so, and I am sure I have thought so fifty Times since.

I must conclude tho’, *however* I might wish to write on, for Want of Paper.

Shake your Uncle John cordially by the Hand for me & believe me ever

Beloved of my Heart

Your own affectionate & loyal

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

In spite of the wily arguments employed by Stanhope to induce the lady to write to him, there is no indication that she was ever guilty of so great an indiscretion. On September 18th Stanhope's steward arrived with the rough draft of the settlements, and upon that day Stanhope wrote exultingly—

I have been looking into the law-books upon the Subject, & find that all that is necessary is to have the Banns published for three Sundays at the Place of Residence of each of the Parties. This, therefore, is to supplicate my dear Maid what I cannot doubt she will grant, namely that she will have no Scruples that are not reasonable, and make no Delays that are not necessary, but consent that the Banns should begin to be published next Sunday. It will abridge my Stay here a Week; I may be at Chirton a Week sooner; a Week sooner I may be Yours!

And to emphasise his impatience he employed a pen fashioned from a quill of the eagle given to him by Captain Fortescue:—

This is wrote with a Pen from an Eagle's Wing—does it not excite one to dispatch? It makes me long to wing the Air like him. He came from the Orkneys—my Flight, too, would be to the North. But now he is chained by the Foot, and alas, I cannot fly—at least, not till you bid me!

But it was necessary that the lady's trousseau should first be in readiness, and the eagle's quill



was no doubt employed with fervid eloquence in urging Mrs Prades to hasten this desirable issue. Some of the items chosen by that estimable lady are still in existence—dresses selected with a conscientious endeavour to enhance the beauty of that little bride of over a century ago. The wedding-train of rich cloth of silver, now tarnished and dim, has only the stiff richness of its texture to proclaim the beauty which once graced its shining folds. A sky-blue velvet riding dress, with a Louis Seize coat and long lace ruffles, remains, in the limp softness of its faded velvet, eloquent of a bygone world. Delicate flowered morning gowns and rich brocade visiting or evening gowns—all, like the wedding-dress, made with a train or panniers to be worn over an under-petticoat and a large hoop—still, in their faded prettiness hint the dainty charm which must have been theirs when they adorned the trim figure of the little bride. From the old letters, it would appear that each dress—save the wedding-gown—had its hat to match, large and extravagantly trimmed like those then in vogue, over the high coiffures popular in Paris. Further, a little paper *mannequin*, still in existence, was manufactured by some clever modiste. Fashioned to resemble the young bride with her pink cheeks, powdered hair and exaggerated hoop, over this could be placed a painted paper representation of the various costumes suggested for the trousseau, so that each dress, with the hat appropriate to it, could, in turn, be fitted on the little figure, and convey to Miss

Pulleine an exact impression of the effect proposed.

At length, however, all the preparations were complete; and the grateful lover thereupon settled an annuity of £100 per annum on Mrs Prades in recognition of her services, together with a donation of £500 to be paid three months after his marriage had taken place.<sup>1</sup> The banns were published by Mr Phipps on September 21st, and all was in train for the rapidly-approaching wedding, when Edward Collingwood came to visit the future home of his niece. He did so under somewhat unhappy circumstances, as his letter testifies, for a romance of his own had just met with an untimely ending.

*Edward Collingwood to Miss Pulleine*

CANNON HALL *Friday 3d October 1783.*

MY DEAREST NIECE,

I got to this charming Place last Night & found its worthy Owner all alone & very happy to receive me; we have rode this morning to Sir Thomas Blackett's, who will probably dine here to-morrow, & on Monday we propose going to Horsforth, where we shall stay two days & call on Hartley on our way home to Chirton, so that you need not expect us till next Friday at Dinner, which you'll please to make known to my Aunt and Punchon, & desire every thing to be ready for us.

I wrote to you from Lincoln on our way from

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs Prades was still alive at Lausanne in 1813, so the annuity was not of brief duration.

Mr Short's. With grief I tell you that every-thing is entirely off & at an end between Miss T. and me; I have been most ungenerously & barbarously treated, as you'll allow after you hear my story, which I must reserve till we meet, in the meantime, pray don't say a word to anybody. Mr Short & Mr Stanhope are outrageous on my Acct & execrate the very name of T——r. It reflects comfort in my Distress that I have not behaved ungenerously when I was entrusted with Power, I mean in the case of my beloved Niece.

The Weather is charming & the beauties of this Place exceed all Description. May God grant you many happy years to enjoy it.

Please to remember me in the kindest Terms to my Aunt & all around you, and believe me, my dearest Niece

Yours truly and faithfully affectionate  
E. COLLINGWOOD.

I have entreated Mr Collingwood to let me add a Postscript, tho' it is merely to say Amen to his Prayer, to tell you how impatient I am for this Day Se'nnight; and then I know my Impatience will be still greater for yet another Day. This blessed Month, how smilingly it comes in! The Workmen will be all out of this to-morrow Fortnight, and I hope you will approve what they have done, if not, *do you see*, we can alter it.

I greet all the Family at Chirton. Soon, soon may I call them Uncle & Aunt, and you, the dear Object of all my Wishes, my own,—the Wife of my Bosom. Adieu.

Yours now, and for ever

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

But alas, a cloud was destined to shadow the horizon of the young couple, and the next letter is couched in a different strain :—

*Walter Spencer-Stanhope to Miss Pulleine.*

HORSFORTH, *Wednesday Eve.*

O! my dearest Miss Pulleine! What I apprehended about my Uncle is but too true; in all Probability he will never live to see his dear Niece. Mr Collingwood & I came hither on Monday Evening—yesterday Morning I was sent for to him & found him dreadfully ill; medical assistance was immediately summoned—he is easy & cheerful, surprizingly so—and so affectionate to me that it makes my Heart sick; he signed your Marriage Settlements this Morning, kind & lively in his Manner—yet his Disorder is in the highest Degree alarming; our only Hope is in the Strength of his Constitution, a slender Hope at seventy-three, and worse than none, if it is merely to prolong his sufferings.

Now, indeed, & more than ever, do I feel the want of you, of a kind Consoler, to soothe and sympathize. But here shall I be to perform the last Offices to a most paternal Uncle, to offer Consolation, when I have it not, to my Mother & my Aunt, aged and forlorn. God comfort us, and be merciful to our Prayers! Pray be so kind as to write to me immediately. I make no Apology for not coming with Mr Collingwood, for I know you would despise me if I could neglect a Duty so sacred, & so painful! Every Circumstance heightens the Pain of it to

me. The Time, my Absence from you, the Affection, the Patience, the cruel Tenderness of my Uncle, the Distress of all around me, and then it never before happened to me to tend upon a dying Person—O shocking!

I will write to you very often, & come as soon as possible—pray let me hear from you; I want it much, & shall so more when your Uncle leaves me. He has been very kind to me and forced himself to be cheerful to keep my Spirits up. Pray thank him a thousand times; the Effort I made not to appear dejected before him was of Service to me. But now when alone I sink. O how I wish for you! The Excellence of the Married State is more proved in the Sinking of Sorrows than in the Riot of Joy.

I have yet some faint Hopes, but they will die to-morrow if he has no Relief. You may readily believe I shall not enjoy a Moment's Ease till I am with you. I will cease my dismal Strain, by sending my kindest Respects to your Aunt & Uncle John, and Mrs Prades. God bless you!

In Sickness & in Health, ever your own

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

*The same to the same.*

HORSFORTH, *October 10th*, 1783.

MY DEAREST MISS PULLEINE,

A dreadful & sleepless Night have I passed. How was it possible for me to Hope for Sleep just after the poor old Man in his last Moments, as I then thought, entreated me to sett out immediately for Chirton

& leave him to the Mercy of Providence, and this with a voice interrupted by Groaning & Hiccups. This Morning has produced a more favourable Appearance; after a shivering Fitt & strong Fever in the Night, he had a very sound Sleep, is easy & cheerful at present, and his other Complaints are less virulent. Some, but very faint Hopes I have of his Recovery, yet if he continues as he now is for two days, perhaps there may be no immediate Danger, and he may have the Chance of Time for a Cure; if not, he has yet Strength to suffer much.

In this Situation it is impossible to say how soon I can enjoy the Pleasure of paying my Respects to my sweet Mary; for I would not bring her an absent Man who could not rest from a Desire of Intelligence of the Health of this worthy old Gentleman. I was prepared for the Death of a Man of 73, after so long an Illness, and if I had not been present, might have borne it without very great Affliction; but really to see so much suffering, with such Patience & Fortitude, and that mingled with such Tenderness to me that not a Servant about the House can behold it with dry Eyes—and all this increasing as my Spirits are sinking, unused to such a Scene—indeed it is not a common one—it is almost too much for me.

I am now writing by his Side, and, thank God, he appears this Moment better; his Spirits are good, and he is endeavouring to tell one of his pleasant stories. I told you in my last that I should write to you almost every Day; but I will not be so selfish; it can answer no Purpose

to lower your Spirits with melancholy Details like the Present, and therefore I will wait the Issue of two or three Days to be able to write somewhat more decisively.

Make me very kind to your Uncle & all at Chirton and believe me, my lovely One,  
Thine own true love

W. SPENCER-STANHOPE.

P.S. I have opened my letter with infinite satisfaction to tell you that the Doctors are here, and think very favourably of him. Two days more may permit my departure.

Thus closes the last of that packet of love-letters of a century-and-a-quarter ago. Long years afterwards, as a lonely widow, Mary Winifred tied them tenderly together and docketed them, "Letters from my ever-dear husband, written to me before my marriage." "They are the one consolation I possess," she wrote to her children, "and the only happiness in life now lies to me in reading them." And as she read, her thoughts must have revived once more the sequel of that old-time Courtship. For the hope expressed at the close of the last letter was doomed to disappointment. A few hours later, Stanhope wrote in his Diary "The poor old man more reduced but still cheerful & sensible. . . . Low fever came on about one, & raged till eleven, and about half-past eleven he died without a struggle. The last of my father's brothers & to me like a father, & now I only am left."

On the 15th of October the funeral took place of the last male representative of the Stanhopes of Horsforth, and the Bachelor of the Brownberries was laid to rest, as the line upon the tablet which records his memory quaintly states—"A Pleasing Proof that Cheerfulness of Temper and an un-reproaching Heart bring true Respect to comfort and sweeten the Infirmities of old Age."

Two days later, young Stanhope journeyed away from that spot associated with death and sadness back to Chirton, where a far different scene awaited him. On October 20th following his Diary records :—

Signed the Settlements, my dear Miss Puleine, Mr Collingwood & myself. *A great day.*

October 21st. Mr Potter, the Vicar came to breakfast. Was married about ten. God make me worthy of the sweetest of women!





WILLIAM STANHOPE OF THE BROWNBERRIES



## CHAPTER XV

### WILBERFORCE FOR YORK

**T**HE first visitor received by the young couple at Cannon Hall was Lord Chesterfield, who gave Stanhope a phaeton and handsome pair of ponies, and, later, presented him afresh at Court. The January following found Stanhope settled with his bride in London, where that same summer he purchased No. 8 Grosvenor Square as his future residence.

With the Coalition between Fox and North of the previous year, he had taken his stand as a Tory, and finally ranged himself under the leadership of Pitt, a fact which must have been known to and gladdened the last hours of the lonely bachelor of the Brownberries. The struggle between Pitt and his opponents now raged fiercely, but the Coalition had damaged the cause of Fox; the feeling outside the House was against him, and urgent addresses praying the King to dismiss his Ministers were being presented from the various counties. Yorkshire had not, so far, declared itself, and there were many who considered that the fate of the Coalition actually hung on the verdict of

that large and influential county. Its great Whig Lords, however, who supported the Coalition, were men of weight and position, the owners of vast estates, whose influence, consequently, was far-reaching, and whose rule had hitherto been undisputed. But they had to reckon with a force for whose advent they had been unprepared.

The sturdy Yorkshire yeomen, when smarting under the effects of the American War, banded themselves together into an association whose object was to promote economic and Parliamentary Reform. The Clothiers of the West Riding were for the greater part Tories, and haters of the Coalition. These men needed but a leading power, a decided impetus, to urge them to the self-assertion to which for generations they had been unaccustomed. When, therefore, the Yorkshire Association declared its antagonism to the Coalition, the event marked an era in the county history, for the men who were supporting it were contending not merely for a political principle but for their individual right to independence.

Such a course, however, was contrary to all precedent; and when it became known that the opponents of the Coalition were about to propose a Yorkshire address on March 25th, and that a great meeting with that object in view was to be held in the castle-yard at York, intense excitement prevailed. It was universally recognised that all the energies of the opposing forces were to be concentrated on the coming struggle.

“Great head,” says the *Public Advertiser* of March 18th, “is making in Yorkshire against the Address to be proposed there on the 25th; the Fitzwilliams and Cavendishes are all gone down, and are busy in their canvass. Their success in Yorkshire is now the sheet-anchor of the Coalition. An Address from that populous and extensive county would prove a death-blow to their future hopes. Their agents and emissaries, therefore, are driving about from place to place, day and night. Some of their ablest hands are employed in this important service. As some of the principals of their party have so much interest in the county, a failure there would entirely blow up their cause: and, besides, the example of Yorkshire could not fail to determine other counties which have not yet addressed.”

Thus it was that Stanhope's defection from the ranks of the Whigs at such a juncture was a matter of far greater political importance than at first sight appears. His influence in the county was widespread, his family was old and respected, his estate was extensive, and his wealth—previously substantial and increased since his marriage—was a fresh force to be reckoned with. As it was believed that the fate of the Coalition depended upon the pronouncement of Yorkshire, so it was believed that the pronouncement of Yorkshire might be ruled by the decision of Stanhope. At such a crisis an event of less local importance could suffice to turn the scales, and, so doing—

it is curious to reflect—dictate the policy of a great empire.

Stanhope's attitude with regard to this question, however, meant more to one man than it did to all the rest. William Wilberforce,<sup>1</sup> then Member for Hull, the devoted friend and adherent of Pitt, had bravely determined to fight the cause of the Opposition in Yorkshire, and hastened to York to head the party. But, to every dispassionate onlooker, his action appeared like that of a pigmy pitting his feeble strength against a band of giants. He was of a different social status to the great Whig houses allied against him, and he had scarcely one acquaintance in the neighbourhood of York. So meagre was his chance of success that he himself disbelieved in its practicability. "We may get up an Opposition in Yorkshire," he said, three days before the meeting, "but I doubt if it will be possible." When, therefore, Stanhope, deserting those with whom his lot, both socially and politically, had previously been cast, ranged himself on the side of their apparently insignificant antagonist, great was the astonishment of the county, and the knowledge of such support meant much to Wilberforce—the one hope in an otherwise hopeless campaign.

The great day arrived and proved bitterly cold, with terrible showers of hail and storms of wind.

<sup>1</sup> A native of Hull, 1759-1833. An eminent philanthropist and statesman, he is best remembered as the untiring advocate of the abolition of slavery. He became Member for Hull in 1780.

Yet early in the morning crowds began assembling in York from all parts of the county. "In those days," writes Wilberforce, "they kept up a vast deal of state, and the great men all drove up in their coaches-and-six. An immense body of freeholders was present. It was a wonderful meeting for order and fair-hearing."

The chief leaders in favour of the address were Mr Buck, Recorder of Leeds, Mr H. Duncombe, Mr Baynes, Mr Milnes, Stanhope, and Lord Fauconberg. On the other side were Lord Surrey, Lord John Cavendish, Lord Fitzwilliam, and many names of influence, including that of Lord Carlisle, Stanhope's old friend of the Cumberland election, in 1774, and of the Macaroni days in London.

It was a memorable day in Stanhope's life, and one to which he always referred with the profoundest interest. "It was," he related, "one of the most striking scenes I ever witnessed. By ten o'clock there were 7,000 people assembled in the Courtyard, yet as regular and orderly a debate took place as could have occurred in the House of Commons. A dead silence reigned throughout that vast assemblage which a few noisy individuals might at any moment have disturbed; but both parties were anxious to be heard—the one in order to arraign their opponents, the other to defend their conduct. The immediate object of the meeting was overlooked in the interest excited by the position of the contending parties. The Op-

position attacked the conduct of the Ministerial party in general, who found themselves called upon to defend the measures of the Coalition before the assembled county of York."

The proceedings began by Mr Buck proposing the address. Stanhope seconded it. He spoke long and ably; in short, his speech was a remarkable one. Coupled with his recent defection from the party on whose side he had fought throughout his parliamentary career it created a profound impression and swayed the audience in the manner which the Whig Lords had foreseen and feared. More supporters of the Address spoke after him; then the Whigs answered. One after another the speakers urged, argued, or defended their policy, while that great concourse of people in silence weighed and sifted the different points of view presented for their consideration. Hour after hour passed, and at last the day was far advanced; four o'clock arrived, and the listeners showed signs of weariness, even the eloquence of the speakers flagged, and many were preparing to take their departure, when, suddenly, an event riveted their wandering interest.

On the table from which, under a great wooden canopy before the High Sheriff's chair, the speakers had addressed the meeting, there now mounted a slim, frail youth, whom few of those present knew by sight. So weak and insignificant did he look, that it seemed impossible he could even make himself heard through that vast crowd



where men of far other physique had failed to be audible. At that moment, too, the weather was so boisterous "that it seemed," says an eyewitness, "as if his slight frame would be unable to make headway against its violence." But Wilberforce spoke, and the great crowd forgot its weariness. "I saw," says Boswell, "what seemed to be a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." Seldom, perhaps, was a more remarkable instance of the power of personality against weighty odds. The magic of his voice, the rare charm of his expression, the complete earnestness and self-oblivion of that youth of twenty-five, held the multitude before him spellbound, and revealed to them the mighty soul in that insignificant frame. His voice could be heard to the utmost limits of the crowd; from the first sentence which he uttered, for an hour he continued to rivet the attention of that previously weary audience. Then—a dramatic incident occurred. Into the courtyard there galloped a messenger with an express from Pitt. Wilberforce read it, and looked at the county assembled before him.

"I have to announce to you," he said quietly, "that the King by dissolving Parliament has at this very moment appealed to the decision of the people."

The effect of such a communication at such a moment is impossible to describe. "The honest, independent freeholders of this great county," says

the *Public Advertiser*, "looked the Duke of Devonshire, Lord John Cavendish, the Earls of Carlisle and Fitzwilliam in the face; and against that mighty aristocracy voted a loyal address to their Sovereign."

The object of the meeting was achieved, and the Whig Lords accepted their defeat in no very amiable frame of mind. As the crowd began to disperse, Prince William of Gloucester,<sup>1</sup> then a youth of eighteen, came up to Stanhope and publicly congratulated him on the speech with which he had opened the proceedings, declaring it enthusiastically to have been the finest he had ever heard. Stanhope thanked the Prince in a few commonplace phrases such as the occasion demanded; but Lord Carlisle, who was standing by, turned to Stanhope when the Prince was out of earshot and with a sneer observed—"And I must add my congratulations on your success *as a Courtier!*"

Such a gibe came ill from a man like Lord Carlisle who was pre-eminently the spoilt darling both of Court and Society, who had been the bearer of the hated Conciliatory Propositions to the revolted colonies of America, and who was the holder of remunerative posts in the gift of the Crown. There was, therefore, point in Stanhope's prompt rejoinder: "I," he replied haughtily, "should never have suspected that any man could

<sup>1</sup> William Frederick (1776-1834), son of the Duke of Gloucester, brother to George III.

accuse me of being a *courtier*, but from the lips of my Lord Carlisle it becomes indeed a jest!"

Meanwhile, although the great crowd dispersed rapidly, the events of that exciting day were not yet ended. Stanhope summarises the whole thus in his Diary:—

25th.—The County Meeting. Not less than 7,000 persons present. Spoke for a considerable time. Carried the Address. Dined at the York Tavern afterwards. Much squabbling later. Some people drunk. Wilberforce mentioned.

After the meeting, each party returned to their respective Inns, the Whigs to Bluett's, the hotel which they had constituted their head-quarters, and the Tories with their confederates, to the York Hotel, to take part in a great public dinner. Stanhope's account is that there was a violent altercation between Buck, the Recorder of Leeds, and another man present; that it was not without considerable difficulty that peace was restored, and that upon this being accomplished, Wilberforce got up and observed that he should lay his head upon his pillow with satisfaction now that the glorious triumph, which they had that day achieved, was not tarnished by a quarrel amongst themselves. Mr Harry Pierse of Bedale had his hand upon the lock of the door at that instant. He turned round and on the impulse of the moment cried out—"Bravo, little Wilberforce! And I tell you what, I will

give £500 towards bringing you in for the county!"<sup>1</sup>

This spark struck by chance caught at once. The remarkable ability of Wilberforce had been brought home that day to all present. "Wilberforce for ever! Wilberforce and Liberty!" echoed through the room. It was Wilberforce's first nomination for the county. Instead of dispersing finally, as had previously been intended, the company unanimously resolved that they would meet again at breakfast the next morning.

Accordingly, at the time appointed, they assembled, when Stanhope addressing them with his usual caution pointed out that he was as anxious as any man for the election of Wilberforce, but that they must remember that a contested election for the county of York was no trifling undertaking. "You may stop your simples, Stanhope!" shouted, Dick Milnes, interrupting him. "We have got £10,000 in this room!" This was received with a loud cheer, and it was instantly decided that Duncombe and Wilberforce should be the Tory candidates.

As soon as this became noised abroad, great was

<sup>1</sup> Wilberforce's own account is as follows: "The meeting in the Castle-yard was followed by a great public dinner of our side, at the York Tavern. In the evening I made up a quarrel which had broken out between Associators and Non-Associators, Whigs and Tories. Whigs, Lord Effingham, etc., Tories, West Riding Clothiers. This confirmed the disposition to propose me for the county, an idea which had begun to be buzzed about at dinner, amongst all ranks."—*Life of William Wilberforce*, by his son Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Oxford (1868), page, 39.

the consternation of the Whigs. The prospect of a contest to follow on the defiant verdict of the county, meant a revolution in the annals of its elections. Previously the immense expense of contesting the representation of Yorkshire had reduced it to the condition of a nomination borough in the hands of the Whig nobility. When in 1780, Sir George Savile had been supported by the Yorkshire Association, he had remarked with genuine amusement—"hitherto I have been elected in Lord Rockingham's dining-room;—now I am returned by my constituents!" To get up an opposition at the next election had been one of the aims of Wilberforce, and the Whigs recognising all that was involved in the present attitude of the freeholders, sent off a hasty message proposing a compromise—that each party should return one. To this the supporters of Wilberforce replied that *they did not presume to dictate to the county of York*, an answer which contained a subtle sting. Nor was a moment lost by them in beginning the canvass. That night Stanhope recorded in his Diary—

26th—Talk of a subscription to support Wilberforce. Applied to the Sheriff for a nomination meeting. Dispersed to canvass. Got to Horsforth. Hardy there. Set to work.

How energetic was his own share in the canvass may be noted from his entry for the next Sunday, the 28th: "Went to Chapel. Spoke to the free-

holders in the chapel-yard after service. Ditto at Rawdon in the afternoon. All promised." Stanhope held that religion and politics, service to God and man, need not be disassociated. Hence arose that memorable scene when amongst the graves surrounding the little church built by John of Horsforth, and near to the last resting-place of the bachelor of the Brownberries who had so mourned his defection from the politics of his forefathers, Stanhope pleaded the cause of Wilberforce and urged the value of that brilliant youth who had held Yorkshire spellbound by his charm and his worth.

The entries which follow mark the progress of events :—

29th—Went to Bradford to canvass; dined there; saw Mr Butler. Sent to Pudsey, Eccleshill, Guiseley, Bramthorpe and Cannon Hall.

30th—Sent to Leeds to canvass the Cloth Halls; dined there; set my name at the head of the Leeds subscription, £500. The whole exceeded £1900.

31st—Canvassing at Rawdon, Yeadon and Guiseley.

April 1st—Got to York to dinner; talked over the subscription and put it about. The whole will probably exceed £25,000.

2d—The Nomination. After Duncombe, I put Wilberforce in Nomination. Gascoigne & Duncombe named Foljambe & Weddell. The shew of hands ten to one in our favour.

3d—Canvassed in York, being Market-day with good success. Captain Dawson collected

£500 in a butcher's shop. Dined with Hawkesworth. Set out in the afternoon with Lord Effingham, staid at Tadcaster. Wrote Song. Dined at home in the evening.

The song mentioned, written by Stanhope and Lord Effingham in their post-chaise as they hurried to Tadcaster<sup>1</sup> is still celebrated in the records of electioneering literature. Its merit consists in its successful knack of vituperation and the nicety with which it hits off the foibles of each of the Whig supporters. It is said to have been a potent factor in influencing the tide of the election; and since many of the men whom it satirises were, and remained, intimate friends of the men who wrote it, it affords an interesting instance of the methods approved by our ancestors, which in modern times might mar the cause these then served to make.<sup>2</sup>

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM  
AND MR SPENCER-STANHOPE

ON THE ELECTION OF WILBERFORCE AND DUNCOMBE, 1784

Fitzwilliam! Fitzwilliam!  
Your nearest friend still I am  
In wishing you'd quit this dispute;

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<sup>1</sup> The authorship of this song has been ascribed to Lord Effingham; but the original copy which I possess is in the writing of Stanhope, and his Diary ascribes to it a joint authorship. The versions of it vary slightly, but the above is as it was first written.

<sup>2</sup> Stanhope's son remarks with reference to this song: "I have heard that it produced an incalculable effect at the time. It shows that in those days a freedom of language was allowed at an election and that in such times all was fair play."

What Yorkshireman true  
 Can bear to see you  
 Leagu'd with Fox, Burke, North & Lord Bute?  
 Lord Fitzwilliam !

Quiet Devonshire's Duke !  
 'T would make a man puke  
 To hear your Whig principles talk'd on.  
 Go home to your Duchess,  
 Get from Charles Fox's clutches—  
 The worst ground that ever you walk'd on !  
 Good Duke

John Ca'ndish ! John Ca'ndish !  
 My pen from its stand-dish  
 Starts unbid, you to make its attack on.  
 You may strut and look big,  
 And call yourself Whig,  
 But by Jove you're at best but a *κακον*  
 John Ca'endish !

Frank Foljambe ! Frank Foljambe !  
 One might in a small hole jam  
 Your consistency, wisdom and wit,  
 Oh ! thou head of the Wrongheads,  
 Not all Bluett's strong heads  
 Can make thee for Member thought fit,  
 Frank Foljambe.

Willy Weddell, Willy Weddell,  
 I fear you have sped ill  
 In this comical journey to York.  
 Shortest follies are best,  
 Let my friendly request  
 Send you home to much pleasanter work,  
 Willy Weddell !

Aristocracy Fountain,  
 Suits thou who lov'st mounting  
 And would gobble each loaf and each fish up ;



And too often 'tis seen  
That a renegade Dean,  
Like bad port, makes a passable Bishop!<sup>1</sup>  
Dean Fountain.

Parson Zouch, Parson Zouch,  
You long, lean black slouch,  
First to North you look'd up as Protector,  
Then were Rockingham's creature,  
Then an Associator.  
By my Lord's grace you're now a fit Recto  
Lean Zouch.<sup>2</sup>

Not the fire, O! Pem Milnes!  
Of your hundred Brick kilnes  
Can consistency give to thy clay,  
First to sign requisition,  
Then let curs'd Coalition  
Make a Milnes his engagement betray  
O! Pem Milnes!<sup>3</sup>

Tom Gascoigne, Tom Gascoigne,  
Much wit in an Ass-skin,  
A Protestant Faith would wear out,  
But your late recantation  
Of Transubstantiation  
With your speech clears up every doubt,  
Thomas Gascoigne.

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<sup>1</sup> Bishop was a popular drink composed of intoxicating ingredients.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Zouch, divine and antiquary, younger son of Charles Zouch, vicar of Sandal Magna, 1737-1815. His sister Anne married Sir W. Lowther, Rector of Swillington.

<sup>3</sup> Pemberton Milnes, great-uncle of Richard Monckton Milnes; head of the dissenting interest in Yorkshire and formerly a stout partisan of Lord Rockingham. He had a great passion for building and making his own bricks, hence the above verse. He was also believed to have drunk more port-wine than any man in Yorkshire.

Jerry Dring, Jerry Dring,  
 Thou short merry round thing,  
 This confusion you'll gain your chief end on :  
 To the Lords pay your Court,  
 Claret's better than Port,  
 And mutton's inferior to venison,  
Jerry Dring.

Bacon Frank, Bacon Frank,  
 T'was a downright bad prank  
 For a Tory to dine with his Grace :  
 To march cunningly down  
 To Knaresboro' town,  
 Pick his pocket & smile in his face,  
Bacon Frank.

Lord Surrey, Lord Surrey,  
 I'd lost you in the hurry  
 As from borough to borough you're whirling :  
 Till I fear that your sense,  
 Pounds, shillings & pence  
 May prove Sheffield plate is not sterling,  
Lord Surrey.

O! Register Perry,  
 You'll cringe to be merry,  
 For to meet Lords of this vile connexion  
 You've tried Duncombe to harm  
 Who's not for the trip warm,  
 But stands up for his country's protection,  
Perry Wentworth.

King and People united,  
 Pitt trusted, Pride slighted,  
 With her Drummonds, Cootes, Farrars & Hewitts :  
 Our Duncombe & Wilberforce  
 That Monster shall kill by force,  
 Aristocracy kennell'd at Bluett's  
Fitzwilliam,

The last few days of the Election were spent in an energetic canvass, and on the 6th when Stanhope met the Candidates at Leeds and went on with them to dinner at the York Tavern, it was to be greeted with the welcome tidings that their opponents Foljambe and Weddell had withdrawn.

The Election next day was a foregone conclusion. "I seconded Mr Buck," writes Stanhope, "Dined with the Members, set off for Hull, lay at Market Weighton"; and Wilberforce, who states with equal brevity the events of his triumphant election, closes the chronicle of one of the most remarkable days of his life with the sentence—" *Spencer Stanhope spoke to me,*"<sup>1</sup> doubtless thus recording some memorable words of partisanship which then cemented the bond of union between the two men who were thenceforward to be friends for all time.

So incredible had it been thought that a young man wholly unconnected with the leading county families would ever be able to displace their nominee, that it had not been deemed safe for Wilberforce previously to resign his seat for Hull. His election for the county having left this vacant, Stanhope now determined to stand for it. Pitt had had another man in view, but on hearing Stanhope's determination, he at once transferred to him his cordial support.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of William Wilberforce* (1838), Vol. i., page 63.

*William Pitt to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

DOWNING ST *April* 1784

DEAR SIR,

I was yesterday favoured with your obliging letter. The events in Yorkshire are indeed most honourable and satisfactory.

I shall be happy to hear that you have a similar success at Hull. I lost no time in applying to Mr Manners who has no thought of standing himself, and will, I find, be very favourably disposed to your interest.

I am with great truth, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant

WILLIAM PITT.

To Wilberforce Pitt wrote, "I hope you will have a worthy successor in the person of Spencer Stanhope. I hope his accomplishments cannot fail to conciliate the previous confidence necessary for your sanction."

Stanhope's first step towards his election was a practical one. "Opened an account with Messrs Pease and Harrisons, Hull. Drew on them for £300 at sight & £700 in a month." The Trinity House declared for him in a body, and his record of the day of Election, May 14th, was a singularly happy one, "Fine weather, no opposition, cheerfulness and goodwill."

But among the influences which contributed to his success was one to which there was so strange a sequel that the story of it may be completed here.

In a fine old mansion of brick and stone in Hull there lived a worthy and remarkable man of wealth and local importance, Sir Henry Etherington.<sup>1</sup> Twice Mayor of Hull, and chairman of the bench of Magistrates, he was familiarly known as the "Father of Hull"; and eccentric, kindly, and benevolent, he was the patron of every charitable and religious institution in the town. Indeed, he was furious if his name did not head every subscription list, followed impressively by the suffix *Bart.*, which he never failed to write with a clearness and emphasis that denoted the prominence it occupied in his own mind. Unfortunately, short, stout and insignificant in person, Sir Henry's appearance belied his estimate of his own importance; but what he lacked by nature, he supplied in dignity of deportment. He seldom permitted himself to be seen in the public streets on foot, deeming this to be inconsistent with the exclusiveness due to his rank; while—although he lived till 1819—to the last day of his life, and long after the fashion had passed out of favour, he continued to wear the big wig and ruffles which had formed the equipment of a man of fashion in the days of his youth.

Besides his house in Hull, Sir Henry had a country house at Ferriby, but he seldom visited this, for although personally unconnected with trade, it is said he preferred to reside in Hull, from

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Etherington, created a Baronet in 1773, died without issue 1819, aged 88. Married Maria Constantia, daughter of Sir Thomas Cave, Bt., of Stamford Hall, Leicestershire.

a superstitious belief that the place was fortunate to him, owing to the fact that his ancestors had there accumulated their great wealth in successful mercantile operations.

He had, moreover, another reason for avoiding Ferriby. It was greatly exposed to the east wind, and of an east wind Sir Henry had an unutterable horror. When his weathercock indicated that the faintest breeze blew from this unpropitious quarter of the heavens, the Father of Hull remained safely ensconced indoors, watching for the first indication of a change in the atmosphere. He had, however, a craze for exercise, which, in conjunction with his desire for exclusiveness and his fastidiousness with regard to climatic conditions, led to many complications in his daily life.

In order to avoid making the common folk of Hull too familiar with the sight of a person of his importance, he used to take a walk daily on the private quay at the back of the house then occupied by his tenants Jno. Todd and Co. Mr Todd, who was almost as eccentric as Sir Henry, found his landlord at times exceedingly troublesome, especially when large cargoes of fruit arrived. For no sooner did Sir Henry make his appearance on the quay, than he peremptorily ordered the removal of all merchandise which might be lying about and which interfered with his progress. Incessantly calling the labourers from their work, he would point with his stick at the obstacles in his way, and pronounce the curt mandate—"Take that away."



SIR HENRY ETHERINGTON, BT., ON HORSEBACK



LADY ETHERINGTON  
*Née Constantia Maria Caze*





No matter what number of bales might be accumulated there, no matter how inconvenient their removal, or how busily engaged the workmen, Sir Henry repeated his terse and autocratic "Take that away! Take that away!" till each separate article had been removed from his path.

At last, so intolerable to the firm and to the labourers did this condition of affairs become, that Mr Todd was at his wit's end how to devise some means of stopping the annoyance without offending his kind landlord. Eventually he bethought himself of a harmless ruse which proved eminently successful. Immediately in front of Sir Henry's windows was a tower surmounted by a vane; and Mr Todd, well aware of the aversion of his landlord to venturing out when the wind was in the east, gave his labourers a sly hint that this vane was an object of great interest to the Baronet. The men were not slow to seize the suggestion. Thenceforward, whenever they were likely to be particularly busy, one of their number would creep up the tower and fasten the weathercock due east. In consequence, the Father of Hull might be seen at the window of his sitting-room, watching pathetically for the vane to veer ever so little from the obnoxious quarter, while the labourers plied their task unimpeded, nor did they permit their victim again to issue forth till such time as was convenient to themselves.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *High Street, Hull, Some Years Since, and Biographical Sketches*, by John Symond, Hull, 1862.

But Sir Henry, if deprived of his wonted exercise outside the house, was determined not to neglect the rules of health. With this object in view, he might constantly be seen before breakfast, on a fine morning, clad in a blue dressing-jacket, pumping water into a large cistern that stood in his sheltered yard. If, on the contrary, it were wet or stormy, he would set to work indoors, and help the servants to polish the furniture. A man named Stones, a sail-maker, who lived in the same street, and who for some time acted as postmaster, used to relate that when he took letters to Sir Henry, he often found the latter rubbing vigorously at one end of a mahogany table while a servant was polishing the other. On spying what he considered a reliable umpire, Sir Henry would stop work, and appeal to the new-comer to decide which end of the table was the brighter. Needless to say, whether truthfully or the reverse, the answer given was invariably one which caused satisfaction to the amateur polisher.

None the less, Sir Henry's daily habits were neither simple nor inexpensive; he lived in the most luxurious manner; but whatever his own comfort, he provided still more amply for that of his servants. A story runs that on one occasion a tenant from the country called to pay his rent. Sir Henry promptly invited the man to stay to dinner, adding, as an afterthought, the inquiry whether the guest would rather dine with the family upstairs or with the servants downstairs.

“Oh, sir,” was the reply, “of course I should be only too proud to dine with *you*.” “Oh you fool!” responded the Baronet heartily, “for my servants live far better than I do!”

Endless, indeed, were the stories once told of this warm-hearted, eccentric man, who was long affectionately remembered in the town where he once formed such a conspicuous figure. Stanhope's acquaintance with him was at first in a public capacity. When more dock accommodation was wanted at Hull, on account of the increase of shipping, the merchants, with a blindness to their own interests and a pertinacity which was astonishing, opposed the scheme. So strong was the local prejudice against it, that even Sir Henry for long could not be prevailed upon to purchase more than one share in the undertaking; and it was to investigate the proposition and to combat the absurd prejudice against it that Stanhope was brought into closer contact with the principal residents of the town. True, the struggle did not reach its climax till 1785-6, when there was commenced an open campaign against the Dock Company by a memorial from the merchants, and when the bitterness between the rival factions waxed incredible; but ere this date the scheme had been mooted, and Stanhope's support had been enlisted in its furtherance; till, possibly owing to this influence, Sir Henry himself became a warm convert to the idea.

Thus it was that, on learning that Stanhope was proposing to represent Hull, Sir Henry at once

devoted his attention to promoting that object. Moreover, Lady Etherington had a niece, by name Miss Moses,<sup>1</sup> who was looked upon as Sir Henry's heiress, and, as such, was of considerable local importance; so energetically did she work on Stanhope's behalf, that young Mrs Stanhope subsequently sought to repay her by many acts of kindness, and developed for her a very sincere friendship. This, indeed, showed itself in a manner out of all proportion to the cause which had given rise to it; for Miss Moses having little chance of an introduction into London society, Mrs Stanhope invited her to town and presented her to her friends, when, on account of her reputed wealth, she attracted considerable attention.

For six months subsequently, her name is frequently mentioned as a guest both at Cannon Hall and in Grosvenor Square, accompanying Mrs Stanhope to Court, to balls, to debates in the House, to the trial of Warren Hastings, and to many other events of interest or of pleasure. Meanwhile, Stanhope was called upon to offer his advice with regard to her future settlement in life.

*Sir Henry Etherington to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

HULL 18th Nov. 1787

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to trouble you so soon again. An adventure has just happened which

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<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter of John Moses, of Hull, by Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Cave, Bt.



MARY WINIFRED SPENCER-STANHOPE, IN A BLUE  
VELVET RIDING-DRESS AND HOOP.  
*From a picture in the possession of Mrs. De Morgan.*



compells me to ask your advice and assistance, which I depend you will give me in the same open and frank manner you did before.

Yesterday was very much surprised with Col. Thornton who lives near York and came to pay his respects to Miss Moses. He talked much and fast of his honour and family, and he would settle £2,000 a year. I told him Miss was going to pass the winter in town, that I was quite a stranger to him & his affairs. He said he would send me a true state (*sic*) of them; hoped he might be attended as a Gentleman & also as to his fortune and family (*sic*) and if you think he would be an *eligible match* for Miss Moses. He also added if Miss chose a title he would get one, as he had a claim upon Government for something his father had done. As from your being so much at York, [I] imagine you must know everything I want to be informed of; and you may depend what you chuse to write to me shall be kept a profound secret if you desire it.

Lady E. joins me in wishing you and Mrs Stanhope the compliments of the season.

I am dear Sir etc etc

HENRY ETHERINGTON.

P.S. Pray did you ever hear that C. T. paid his addresses to any other Lady? and if so, he said, from his family and his fortune he had a right to offer to any Lady?

For reasons which have not survived, this romance died an early death; but it was not long before the advice of Stanhope was again sought

on behalf of Miss Moses' fate. Lord Burford,<sup>1</sup> apparently when visiting Stanhope, met and fell in love with the reputed heiress, and by the spring of 1788 negotiations had been opened with regard to her settlements.

*Sir Henry Etherington to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

HULL *April 23d 88*

DEAR SIR,

It is long since I had the pleasure to hear from you. You will again give me leave to repeat my thanks to you and Mrs Stanhope for the continued instances of politeness and kindness you were both pleased to shew Miss Moses.

You will no doubt have heard about Lord Burford.

I had a letter from the D. . . . in which he says he must have an addition of £50,000 at present to the Lady's fortune, which would make it £50,000 down, *though they have nothing or don't chuse to offer anything on their part*, and his son is only a boy of twenty-three & a Subaltern in the army, and the D. is *only* fifty. I will make no comment on this but leave it to your better judgment.

As I see by the papers you intend to bring in a Bill to regulate the expenditure & importation

---

<sup>1</sup> Aubrey, afterwards 6th Duke of St Albans, 1785-1815, son of the 5th Duke of St Albans and Lady Catherine Ponsonby, daughter of William, Earl of Bessborough.



of corn, I beg leave to add my opinion, it cannot be better regulated than by the average price of the Corn Market in London, where the least fraud can be practised, for in the [country] much deception is, and ever will be, practised, in spite of all regulations which can be made, and the absolutely fixing it by the London Market can alone prevent collusion from the outports and particularly Liverpool where it is almost always open to fraud and does thereby very great injury to the landed interest of Yorkshire.

*The same to the same.*

HULL 29th April.

DEAR SIR,

As you have been pleased to favor me with a long letter on the subject, I have taken the liberty to trouble you with what has passed between the Duke and myself on this business.

I believe he can give his son nothing, his finances being in a ruined state that he was obliged to live abroad before he came to the title.—He has been known at Newmarket. The Duke of St Albans is always hereditary Grand Falconer of England with a grant of £25,000 (*sic*) a year with it. This is all, I believe that belongs to the title, and the Duke has nine children to provide for without any money to do it.

It's said the young man has £1,000 a year independent of his father. As to his character, that can be known, as he is only a very unbroken colt.

Miss Moses' present fortune is £19,000	
in money, at $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ is [per annum].	£855
her landed estate for life with annuities	
to her issue . . . . .	950
	<hr/>
	1805
2 Annuities £500 a year . . . . .	500
	<hr/>
making . . . . .	£2305

—her present income, except repairs and taxes, and is my Heir at Law to £4,000 a year in land, unincumbered, except £500 a year, Lady E's jointure.

Lady E. joins me in best compliments to Mrs Stanhope and your good self.

I had £6,000 or £7,000 in money, but I am laying it out in a house at (illegible) that I cannot consent, nor would you wish me *to play the part of King Lear*. The Lady and he are free agents & are also arrived at years of discession.

With this letter, apparently, Sir Henry enclosed a copy of his correspondence with the Duke of St Albans, which ran as follows:—

*Sir Henry Etherington to the Duke of St Albans.*

(copy, undated)

MY LORD DUKE,

Though I have not the honour to be known to your Grace, I take the liberty to address you, to inform your Grace I had a letter yesterday from my Niece, Miss Moses, acquainting me that the Earl of Burford, your eldest Son, had done her the honor to desire her to write

to me that he had some intentions of paying his addresses to her, provided I chose to make some addition to her fortune.

This not being the usual mode of introducing such a thing makes me apprehensive it may be only some hasty thoughts of the young people, without your Grace's knowledge of the matter. As such, I thought it best to give you the most early notice of it, that if it is the least disagreeable to your Grace, it may be immediately prevented; for I can assure you I can take no step whatever, or give the least countenance to it unless I find that it is perfectly agreeable to your Grace and Family.

I have the honor to be, your Grace's most obdt Servt

HENRY ETHERINGTON.

*The Duke of St Albans to Sir Henry Etherington.*

UPPER GROSVENOR ST

*April 18th 1788*

SIR,

It is some time since my son, Lord Burford, consulted me upon his wish to propose to Miss Moses, provided her fortune was such that they could with any degree of prudence live during my life upon a footing suitable to their rank and situation, which they certainly could have done had there been any foundation for the assertions of her family that it was your intentions to add at least £50,000 to her fortune at present, provided she should marry with your approbation. If this is not true I can only lament that such a report should have been

spread, as it certainly must be a great disadvantage to the young Lady & disappointment to all parties, as I have authority from my Son to say that upon no other terms can he think it prudent to form any connection with your Niece.

I am, Sir, your most obedt Servt

ST ALBANS.

*Sir Henry Etherington to the Duke of St Albans.*

MY LORD DUKE,

I have received the honor of your Grace's letter of the 18th. I equally lament with you that any of Miss Moses' family have made the assertion your Grace is pleased to mention. They have no authority from me for so doing; nor did I know that anyone had done so. It certainly is not, nor ever was my intention to give my Niece £50,000 at present, in addition to her own fortune; though after my decease I may have it in my power to give her double that sum.

I have the honor to be

etc. etc.

*Sir Henry Etherington to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

*Sunday Morning.*

DEAR SIR,

I refer you to my last, to which have not been honored with an answer. Notwithstanding this discouragement, I take the liberty to tell you the treaty is yet going on, but must desire to have your opinion of this young man, whether

he is a "*chip of the old block,*" or a more prudent man and not upon *the turf, or games,* or is a *sober man,* or is not *involved in debt?* Those are all necessary things to be known fully & clearly; but the great difficulty is how to come at the *real truth.* You, Sir, that are in the World, may be able to get near the facts; I cannot but hope you will be so kind [as] to make all inquiries & let me know your sentiments upon the matter. All depends upon how the young man may turn out and that can only be known by the present life he leads.

I am, in haste, dear Sir  
H. ETHERINGTON.

I can see nothing good in this match but *rank* & we may hope a prudent young man.

No doubt Stanhope was awkwardly placed with regard to this matter. Lord Burford was his personal friend, whose wishes he was naturally anxious to further, as Mrs Stanhope was anxious to promote the happiness of Miss Moses, to whom she was much attached. On the other hand, it was imperative to behave with perfect sincerity towards Sir Henry Etherington, who was undoubtedly justified in the line he was pursuing, and therefore that Stanhope did not hesitate to applaud Sir Henry's action in the affair is evident from a letter written by the latter to him: "I am happy to find you approve my letters to the Duke," wrote the "Father of Hull." "I find the young man *has* nothing but his stipend of £1,000 a year during his father's lifetime, by way of rendering him inde-

pendent, and that the Duke cannot settle anything even after his death, so they could only have the lady's fortune and what was annexed to the Grand Falconer of England—may be £2,000 or £3,000 a year; so in point of real property they have nothing, but of rank too much without a proper fortune to support it. But ladies like high rank, though it's a shadow without a substance!" He, however, added that Lady Robert Manners had pointed out to him that he ought not to let the matter rest on what had passed between the Duke and himself, as she did not believe that the young man's views with regard to the settlements demanded were at all what his father had represented them to be. She therefore suggested that if Sir Henry was willing to meet the young couple in the matter, it would be well to make some statement of his intentions indirectly, which could be shown to Lord Burford by a third person. This Sir Henry accordingly agreed to do, and penned the following diplomatic letter, addressed to Lady Robert Manners, with private instructions to let it be seen by Lord Burford, first, however, dispatching it under cover to Stanhope, to ascertain if it met with the approbation of the latter.

*Sir Henry Etherington to Lady Robert Manners.*

HULL Saturday 3 of May 1788

MY LADY,

I have the honor as well as the pleasure of your Ladyship's kind and sensible

letter and I entirely accord with you in sentiments. It's very kind in your ladyship so early correcting the mistake I had fallen into from your last letter. I really thought your Ladyship said money was the only object, as it is to several other young men who have rank without fortune—but I am happy to find you think this is not the real fact with respect to Lord Burford. Therefore viewing him in this light, and as a sensible, prudent young man in endeavouring to get a woman with a fortune to support his rank, or at least to enable him to live suitable to it during his Father's life, as your Ladyship is also pleased to say his Lordship's views are not so extravagant as the noble Duke his Father's proposition was to me, as his Grace concluded his letter in so peremptory and decisive a manner by saying he had it on authority from his son to say that upon no other terms than the proposition the Duke had made could his Lordship think it prudent to form any connection with my Niece, entirely shut the door unless I had been inclined to comply with his Grace's extravagant proposition of giving my Niece £50,000 at present, in addition to her own fortune.

But as your Ladyship is now pleased to open the door again by saying that Lord Burford only wishes to make such an income as will enable him to live suitable to his rank, and that if he had a prospect of this he might make a formal proposal—in this idea I think his Lordship is perfectly right, and I entirely coincide with him in it as an act of the highest prudence and discernment.

Therefore in order that this Affair may not

hang longer in suspense, but be finally finished one way or the other, and to convince your Ladyship that I have Miss Moses's happiness really & sincerely at Heart, I think it incumbent upon me to speak out what I intend to do for her in this instance, both at present and hereafter.

He then proceeded to re-state at length the lady's fortune, announcing that he would add to it £200 a quarter, for her sole and separate use, that he would give £2000 to furnish a house for the young couple, and that "also as I understand his Lordship wants to purchase rank in the army I am willing to advance as far as £5,000 for that purpose"; besides which he would undertake to settle a handsome sum on his niece at his death—all this, however, subject to the condition that meanwhile he should have no children of his own. He concluded—

This is the ultimatum that I either can or will do for the lady, and that in *this* instance only—with this proviso—that I have leave as well as time given me to inquire fully into the young Gentleman's character and circumstances, as well at present as in future, and that they turn out to be what I approve; and also that the Duke and his Lordship make such settlements upon the lady as will enable her to support herself in case of the sudden demise of his Lordship . . . and also that I must know if by the Patent of Creation of the Dukedom the lady's eldest son will be enabled to take the title of Duke, in case he



obtained his age of 21 years, if Lord Burford should die before his father; which if he could not do, would make a vast difference, at least in regard to me.

I have the honor to be  
etc, etc.

The conclusion of this letter makes it appear as though the "Father of Hull" was not, after all, so guiltless of that appreciation for rank which he ascribed solely to the opposite sex. Be this as it may, his wily letter produced the desired effect. Stanhope approved of it and sent it on to Lady Robert Manners, who, in turn, showed it to Lord Burford. The latter promptly consulted Stanhope with regard to it, and the joint conspirators having mutually advised the course which the lover's own heart dictated—acceptance of the terms of capitulation—the matter was shortly arranged to the satisfaction of the young couple. Miss Moses married Lord Burford that same year—whether with or without the consent of the Duke is not mentioned—and thus finally closed the curious correspondence which remained in Stanhope's hands. Since, however, it was his advice which had been principally instrumental in bringing matters to a happy conclusion, and since he had previously been the friend of each of the young couple, both now expressed the liveliest gratitude for his assistance, and a warm friendship continued to subsist between the two families, who passed much of their time in each other's society.

This happy state of affairs was brought to an abrupt conclusion two years later in a wholly unforeseen manner. In 1790, at the approach of an election, Stanhope, who was intending to stand again for his seat of Hull, suddenly, to his astonishment, heard that Lord Burford intended to oppose him. This, under the circumstances, appeared incredible, but Stanhope's supporters determined that if it were true they would combat it in an effectual manner by getting the election over before Lord Burford arrived on the scene. An express was therefore sent to town to secure the Writ. "*Saw Will (Spur) gave him all instructions,*" states Stanhope's Journal, and meanwhile, on the 11th May, Stanhope made his public entry into Hull. He was not long in learning that Lord Burford was expending immense sums to further his opposition, and that the Father of Hull, on finding himself awkwardly situated between two fires, had cravenly fled from the town.

The next day, unfortunately, Stanhope felt ill and unfit for exertion, yet he canvassed from six in the morning till eleven at night, and then, completely worn out and seriously unwell, he received a crushing blow to his prospect of success. "*Our express arrived but no Writ,*" he states, and although he furnishes no further particulars, the consternation which this event occasioned to himself and his adherents may be imagined. To Stanhope, indeed, it meant a complete extinction of his energy. Although he had been willing to

go through with the contest while there was every certainty of his success, ill as he was at this juncture, worn out with the combined strain of overwork, worry, and the unpleasantness of such a canvass, he felt that he could not undertake a contested election. After a sleepless night, to the dismay of his friends, he announced his intention of retiring from a struggle which he felt too ill to undergo, and before five the following morning he had left Hull, having, by a strange coincidence, abandoned his seat on the identical date upon which, six years previously, he had first been elected for it. The same day Lord Burford made his triumphal entry into the town.

Immediately, the incident was satirised in a pamphlet, written in the form of a parody of the Book of Chronicles, and entitled "*A Fragment found in searching the Papers of a Cheese and Butter Carrier betwixt York and London.*" In this the Dock Company figures as the *Duck Company*, and among other characters, Sir Henry Etherington is introduced as *Judas ye Changeable*, Mr Stanhope as *Walter ye Leader*, and Lord Burford as *Ye Golden Calf*. The latter, who does not appear to have been gifted with eloquence, is held up to considerable ridicule, and is depicted as being presented in this wise by one of the Elders to the people "who lived in the City of Hull, which is in the land of Ebor, in the Kingdom of Albion":—

This Lord which I intend to bring to you is well known amongst you, for he did come and

marry one of the richest daughters of your land, and hath allied himself unto some of your great men. . . . This Lord hath already got one good loaf and the sweet taste thereof makes him long with a mighty longing for more. . . .

And he said if you will throw up your caps for this Lord you shall have whatever you desire.

Now this was the manner of Election, that they should throw up their geasiest caps, and shout and make a noise. . . . Every man who gave his voice unto one Representative, alone, had Eighty and four pieces of silver; and when he gave his voice unto two Representatives, he had Forty and two pieces of silver; and likewise silken bandages for his Cap, and Fuel for his Fire, and strong drink for him to drink, so that he might become very drunken.

And it came to pass that the noise which they made was so great, that it frightened the good man<sup>1</sup> who was come to support the Rulers and Elders.

And the good man finding himself deceived by those who were bound to be his dearly-beloved brethren, did leave the city. . . .

Wherefore did ye stand afar off in the day of battle, and desert Walter your Leader? . . . yea, even till the Philipians<sup>2</sup> pressed him exceeding sore, so that he turned away his chariot and fled? . . .

Now who is this Golden Calf, whom the Philipians have set up? Behold the spirit of

<sup>1</sup> Walter Spencer-Stanhope.

<sup>2</sup> The followers of Mr Philip Green, one of Stanhope's opponents.

wisdom hath not visited him, neither are the words of understanding spoken from his mouth.

He is dumb as a sheep amongst the wolves, yea, as a sucking kid in the field, he bleateth not.

The daughters of the Hullonians laugh him to scorn—saying—is this the man whom they have sent to comfort us! Lo! there is neither beauty nor comeliness to be found in him; neither delighteth he our ears with the words of his mouth.

He is not mighty to mingle strong drink, nor excelleth he in the dance.

etc, etc.

And after enumerating the duties required from the Golden Calf as their representative, they conclude by exhorting him “to wait patiently until the great man thy father shall go to sleep with his forefathers, then mayst thou sit in the Sanhedrim, where none of these things will be required of thee!” Finally, a second Fragment, dedicated to “The most Changeable man in the City of our Fathers,” describes how the news of the departure of Walter the Leader and the Election of the Golden Calf did reach “the ancient City of Ebor, and there it did assail the ears of Judas, surnamed the Changeable,” who did look out of the window of his chamber “which faced south-east,” when—(despite the not-altogether auspicious quarter whence came that breeze)—Judas felt that “the wind that did convey the sound, and the sweet scent thereof, was as a sweet smelling savour”—

while he perused the following letter brought by a trusty messenger :—

Most dearly beloved Judas, rejoice with us for we have driven the good man out of the city, and thy kinsman, my Lord, now reigns triumphant, therefore arise, make haste and come among us, and as thou hast always carried the purse, thou shalt now be purse-bearer unto my Lord, and thou shalt supply him with gold, and with silver, and with houses, and with lands, and all that thou hast he will receive from thy hand, therefore tarry not but make haste and come among us.”

Whereupon Judas exclaiming : “How I glory in my ways ! How pleasant a thing it is to change every day !” departed from Ebor, and, returning to Hull, “ran and embraced the knees of my Lord,” promising :

I will now put forth my might to assist thee, and my Taylors, and my Butchers, and my Bakers shall throw up their caps for thee, for although I did set my face against thee at the first, yet I do now repent me, for I always act consistently, for thou knowest my name is Judas, surnamed the Changeable.

Much more followed in the same vein, accentuating with no sparing hand the foibles of Sir Henry or the limitations of Lord Burford. Meanwhile Stanhope, despite the indignant championship of his partisans, felt the situation keenly. “Of Lord Burford’s conduct in op-

posing the friend to whom he was indebted for that very wealth and interest which he was enabled to bring against me, or that of Lady Burford, who herself appeared on the hustings against me, I shall say nothing," he observes, with reticence; but Mrs Stanhope declared that, had the contest been fought out, she would herself have mounted the hustings, and there have publicly faced her ungrateful protégée. Naturally, after this episode all acquaintance between the two families was at an end, and Mrs Stanhope never again spoke to Lady Burford. The latter, it may be added, did not live to bear the dignity for which her uncle had made such careful provision. She died in 1800, and Lord Burford married again twice after her death, having a son only by the third union, who eventually became seventh Duke of St. Albans for a few months before his premature decease. Lady Burford, however, left a daughter, Mary, who, in 1811, married Lord Deerhurst,<sup>1</sup> and after the mother's death, Mrs Stanhope constantly visited this girl at school, and showed her many acts of kindness and affection, in memory of a friendship she had once valued.

The explanation of the missing Writ, however, cannot be passed over in silence, since for long it afforded food for merriment to the friends as well as to the opponents of Stanhope. More than one

<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter of Aubrey, sixth Duke of St Albans, married 15th October 1811, George William, Viscount Deerhurst, afterwards eighth Earl of Coventry.

scout was dispatched in the vain hope of finding the vanished document and Will Spur, who was to have brought it. At last the mystery was unravelled. Judging by various entries in the Journal relating to a failing of this old and valued servant, it may not be maligning him to suppose that electioneering hospitality was responsible for a result which Stanhope records thus :—

15th. My footman, John, arrived in York. He found Will between York and Grantham with the Writ in his pocket, which he had forgot to deliver.

Further information was afforded by Samuel Thornton, Esq., M.P., who wrote to Mrs Stanhope :—

One of my Expresses is at this moment returned & has found your Groom travelling into Yorkshire with the Writ in his great coat pocket, which he thought of no consequence.

I think this accident has deprived Mr Stanhope of his election & put me to a deal of Trouble & Expence.

The opposite Party have prevailed on Sir H. Etherington to come back as Mr Stanhope is gone.

So Judas ye Changeable settled down complacently once more in the city of his forefathers, while, owing partly to the behaviour of Lord Burford and partly to that of William Spur, ended, for a time, Stanhope's connection with Hull.



## CHAPTER XVI

### RODDAM OF RODDAM

**W**HEN released from his parliamentary duties, Stanhope, subsequent to his marriage, was perforce thrown much into the society of his wife's relations.

Of these, the two which have the greatest claim on the attention of posterity are the two Admirals Collingwood and Roddam. The former, when a young captain, first stayed at Cannon Hall in 1789, and ever after professed a warm affection for Stanhope, who was one year his senior, and to whose friendship in after life he was to be indebted for his annuity and for many acts of kindness to his family. But the intercourse between the two young men, which belongs to a later period than that with which we are now dealing,<sup>1</sup> was inevitably much interrupted by the prolonged absence at sea in which the greater part of Collingwood's existence was fated to be passed. Stanhope, on the contrary, during the early years of his married life, was constantly in the society of Admiral Roddam, of whose career he mentions certain anecdotes which are worth preserving, since they

<sup>1</sup> It will be contained in the second series of these Annals.

relate to a man whose record can compare favourably with that of any of England's great naval heroes.

One summer, Stanhope appears to have paid a series of visits to his wife's relations in the North, first to Major Pulleine at Carlton, then to the Collingwoods at Chirton, and finally to Roddam, *en route* for which latter place he went to see his old friends at Alnwick Castle, where an amusing incident occurred.

He arrived on the public day, when, he relates, there were fifty people to dinner and that Lord Stormont<sup>1</sup> was present. "This dinner," he states, "afforded me much amusement. Lord Stormont was on his way to Scotland, and hearing that this was to be the public day at Alnwick he thought that to stop and dine at the Castle would not be a disagreeable incident in his journey. There was, however, one difficulty in his way. He was travelling in a hack chaise, a mode of conveyance not suited to the dignity of an ambassador when visiting the Duke of Northumberland. Still, *n'importe*, such a trifle was not to stand in the way of a good dinner and pleasant visit. The Duke, he decided, would never hear of the modest vehicle in which he arrived. But the Duke *did*. He received the ambassador with the air and courtesy of a Percy, and when after dinner Lord Stormont

<sup>1</sup> David, 7th Viscount Stormont, K.T., 1727-1796. Inherited the Earldom of Mansfield, of Caen Wood, upon the decease of his uncle in 1793.

rose to take his leave, being anxious to proceed on his journey without delay, the Duke at once announced his intention of seeing his guest to his carriage. This was the last thing Lord Stormont wished, and he warmly combated the suggestion. A long scene of courtly civility ensued, to the great entertainment and slight mystification of the company assembled. The host was determined that his guest should not be treated with such scanty ceremony, the guest was equally determined that his host should not suspect the lack of ceremony with which he had arrived. Each was obstinately minded to carry his point; but the odds were not even, Lord Stormont was unable to prevent the Duke acting as he chose in his own house, and the latter finally had the pleasure of escorting his distinguished visitor back to—his hack chaise!”

Stanhope appears to have stayed at Alnwick over the 12th August, the return for which is not very brilliant: “Got up soon after four, stopped by the rain; out all day, got three shots and missed them all.” His subsequent sport at Roddam does not seem to have been more successful: “September 1st. Shooting, bad weather, killed a partridge and a hare. Sept. 3d. Setting; found nothing.”<sup>1</sup> But perhaps owing to this very lack of success and to the badness of the weather he was thrown more into the society of

<sup>1</sup> John Spencer-Stanhope remarks with regard to the above, “I was unaware that Setting had lasted till my father’s time.”

his hosts, and heard many of their interesting reminiscences.

For nine hundred and thirty years, it is said, Roddam had descended in an unbroken line from father to son. The family is asserted to be one of the oldest in England, though their more remote lineage is now almost impossible to trace.<sup>1</sup> Upon an old pedigree still extant is written in Saxon characters the original grant, of which there are various versions :—

I King Athelston gives unto the Pole Roddam,  
From mee and mine, to thee and thine,  
Before my wife Maud, my daughter Maudlin, and my eldest  
son Henry.

And for a *certain truth*

I bite this wax with my gang tooth.

So long as *muir* bears moss & knout bears *hare*

A Roddam of Roddam for ever *mare*.

At one time, Sir Walter Scott, who was exceedingly interested in this curious old charter, wrote to Mrs Stanhope for fuller information respecting it, when she related the following history in connection with it. "In the reign of Richard II., there was an eruption of the English into Scotland. After their departure, Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, second son of the King of Scotland, having with him James, Earl of Douglas, and Archibald, Earl of Galway, entered England by Solway Firth, and

<sup>1</sup> "The family of Roddam is believed to be one of the most primeval in the British dominions ; the *Scottish Heraldry* most likely contains their more remote lineage."—*Public Characters*, 1802-3, printed for Richard Philips, No. 71 St Paul's Churchyard, 1803.

finding the adjacent country rich and abundant, carried off very great spoil. While he was there, a most ancient charter was brought to their Commander Robert, in which was written :—

“ I King Athelston  
Giffs heir to Paulane  
Odam and Roddam  
Als gude and als fair  
Als evir tha myn ware  
And yair to witness Mald my wife.”<sup>1</sup>

It is well known that King Athelstane gained a great victory over the Scots and Danes in the country near Roddam, where he commanded in person, so he probably rewarded on the spot the

<sup>1</sup> In another letter Mrs Stanhope mentions : “ By the bye, Lady Crompton also wrote to Walter Scott, who has not a copy of the Charter, but thus stands the case—‘ Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, was an enemy (says an old historian) to Lawyers and Title Deeds, and used to quote with applause the concise form of a Charter which, amongst other spoils useful to the captors, had been brought off from Northumberland in an inroad by the Scots.’ The historian quotes the words of the Charter, which seems to have emanated from the Bishop of Durham.”

The resemblance of the Roddam Charter to the charter of the Rawdon family has previously been remarked (Vol. i. p. 64). It appears to have been a formula employed in ancient deeds and grants. Cradock relates : “ Camden, in his account of Hampshire, ventures to declare that ‘ the plainness of those times of letting lands is well worth the comparing with the present intricate prolixity. Then,’ says he, ‘ it passed for good,

From me and mine, to thee and thine,  
As good and as fair, as ever they mine were,  
To witness that this is sooth  
I bite this white wax with my tooth.’ ”

(See *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs*, by J. Cradock, Esq., M.A.)

services of Pauline, who had doubtless derived his name and descent from one of the old Northumbrians converted and baptised by Paulinus, the great Apostle of the North.

Whatever the origin of their Charter, it was known that the Roddams had originally possessed a great portion of the north of Northumberland; but their property in the course of generations became so much reduced, that this fact was satirised in the fictitious will of a northern clergyman about 1773, in which he laments that the proud Roddams and Delavals, who merrily dance in *their rags*, cannot sell their lineage.

One of the reasons alleged for their loss of power is quaintly told in Leland's Itinerary, written during the reign of Henry VIII. :—

The Roddams, or Rudhams, were men of fair landes in Northumberlande, about the Tylle river, ontyl one of them having to wife one of the Unflaville [Umfreville] daughters, killed a man of name, and therby lost the principale of eight hundred markes by yere; so that at this time Roddam, or otherwise Rudham, of Northumberlande, is but a man of mene landes.

But even the "mene landes" must have dwindled with the passing of time, till the surviving representatives of the family clung with a pathetic affection to the small remaining portion of their once vast possessions. And, apart from the tie of heredity, the beauty of their estate was calculated to foster this strong affection, for the Dene at

Roddam, afterwards spoilt by the cutting down of many of the trees, was for long one of the loveliest spots of the North. An eye-witness of it in the past describes it thus :—" It is a picturesque glen, about a mile in length, watered by the Roddam burn, which is a wild mountain stream, washing over the rocks, the water, as dark as porter, with an abundance of white foam. The Dene is filled with Ash and Sycamore trees. There are many walks cut through it, and in one part a path shelves down to the burn round the face of an almost perpendicular rock. . . . Behind the Dene rises the moorland, backed by the Cheviots. Grouse, black-cock and other game are in abundance on the moor." <sup>1</sup>

Edward Roddam, the owner of Roddam at the date of Stanhope's visit, had been one of a family of six sons and six daughters. His eldest brother, John Roddam, predeceased him without issue, in 1776, whereupon Edward being likewise unmarried, his next brother, Robert, afterwards Admiral Roddam, became the prospective heir to the property. The latter also occupied the unenviable position of being the last surviving branch of his family, the other three brothers being already dead without issue.

Every moment which could be spared from the duties of his profession, the Admiral had always spent at his beloved home, and upon seeing him there placidly occupied with country pursuits and absorbed

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of A. M. W. Pickering (1903), page 24.

in the gardening which he loved, Stanhope found it difficult to picture the life of adventure and of danger which he had led.

It was in 1719, that Robert Roddam first saw the light. As a cadet, with two elder brothers and apparently small prospect of ever inheriting the family property, he was early sent to sea. It was soon remarked that he was destined to prove fortunate, for during the very first action in which he took part as a lad, although a cannon ball shot off part of his coat, he escaped without the smallest personal injury. This impression of his good luck was soon confirmed by an occurrence which his fellow midshipmen held to be supernatural.

In 1742, young Roddam had been appointed third lieutenant of the *Monmouth*, commanded by Captain Wyndham, an able and punctilious officer. On a cruise off the Island of Teneriffe, this Captain, as was his inevitable practice at night, gave his young lieutenant particular instructions that every incident should be inserted in the log-book; and later, when Roddam went upon his first watch at twelve o'clock, he received the Captain's further orders to "put the ship about."

This latter injunction he at once proceeded to obey, but great was his surprise when he found that he could not accomplish it. Three times did he strive his utmost to carry out his instructions, but though there was no apparent obstacle, he was equally unsuccessful. Each time his ship missed stays, and when Lieutenant Hamilton came to relieve





*L. r. Abbot, Pinxt.*

*H. Hudson, Sculpt.*

ROBERT RODDAM, ADMIRAL OF THE RED, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,  
ETC., OF PORTSMOUTH



the watch, Roddam told him that nothing but witchcraft could be the cause of such an extraordinary state of affairs, whereupon, bidding Hamilton go forward, in his presence Roddam once more attempted to obey instructions, with precisely the same result—the ship missed stays a fourth time.

So long had been lost in these futile attempts, that daylight began to dawn, and soon the attention of the two lieutenants was distracted by the sight of a sail ahead of the *Monmouth*. They promptly gave the alarm, and the stranger ship was chased and captured, when it proved to be a Spanish vessel of about a hundred thousand pounds value. This prize, it is obvious, would never have been seen but for the singular accident of Roddam's failure to alter the course of the ship; and so curious was the occurrence, that he could not refrain from relating his strange experience to Captain Wyndham. "And, sir," he concluded, "you cannot have studied the log-book, or you would have seen that your orders had not been obeyed." Captain Wyndham, whose good fortune had for once made him omit his practice of carefully inspecting the daily entries, was too delighted with the event thus strangely brought to pass to cavil at the manner of its happening. He congratulated his young lieutenant on his remarkable luck, and prophesied a great future for him.

Four years later, on July 14th, 1746, when young Roddam was promoted to the command of

the *Viper*, Lord Anson (then Mr Anson) went to Portsmouth to command the Western Squadron. He happened to express a wish to stop a fleet then lying at Plymouth, but was told that this was impossible, for a high south wind was then blowing, and there were many difficulties to contend with—in short, one after another, the captains declined to make such a hazardous attempt. Young Roddam, however, the youngest captain present, immediately volunteered to go, although his sloop being but just off the stocks in Poole harbour was in every way incomplete. On permission being given, he accomplished his task with an alacrity and courage which delighted the commander, who immediately wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty for leave to take the young captain under his care.

Not long afterwards, Admiral Sir Peter Warren, then commanding the Western Squadron, received intelligence from a Bristol privateer that more than thirty vessels were in Sidera Bay, near Cape Ortugal, laden with naval stores. The Admiral tried to enlist the services of the privateer to convoy the ships thither, but the Captain firmly refused, declaring the attempt to be too dangerous. The Admiral then inquired if any battery sheltered the enemy, and being answered that there were *two*, and that the entrance was very narrow, he made up his mind to relinquish the attack as hopeless. Captain Harrison, however, then commander of the *Monmouth*, who was present during the discussion, said,

“ There is only one man who might do it. Send young Roddam, and I guarantee that if human pluck can accomplish it, it will be done.” That evening young Roddam received his orders to sail with his little sloop of 14 guns and 90 men and boys. The next morning he was alongside the first battery ; he carried it, although it was defended by 500 men, destroyed the guns, captured a privateer, and then proceeding into the bay, burnt more than thirty vessels. The town offered to surrender at his own terms, but he told them he did not come to enrich himself at the expense of harmless citizens—his only enemies were “ those who fight against Great Britain ” ; and the third day from his departure, he rejoined his Admiral with five prizes, that being all he was able to man from his little sloop. Sir Peter Warren met him at the entrance to the port, and with tears in his eyes, thanked him for the important services he had rendered to his country.

After having served on board the *Greyhound* frigate in Holland, Captain Roddam was stationed at New York for three years under Admiral Watson, and while there was the hero of a pathetic romance.

He fell in love with Lucy Mary, the eldest daughter of the Governor of New York, Sir Henry Clinton, a pretty girl of eighteen. But although young Roddam had already acquired a name for conspicuous bravery, he was but twenty years of age, and was moreover a younger son with but

little prospect of ever succeeding to the family property. Sir Henry did not consider the marriage with an impecunious young sailor good enough for his daughter, and refused his consent. The young couple accordingly, after a while, determined to elope, and made arrangements to do so from a ball, whether one given by the Governor or not is unrecorded. The eventful evening arrived, and they stole away unperceived; but the lady was magnificently clad, so the Captain threw his boat-cloak over her shoulders to hide her ball-dress. When, however, on the morning of April 24th, 1749, they arrived at the church at Stenwick, where arrangements had been made for the ceremony to take place, the bride incautiously threw off the cloak. The clergyman, astonished at her dress, immediately became suspicious that all was not right, and certain that she must be a person of consequence, he refused to proceed with the ceremony. But Captain Roddam was not to be trifled with. He at once pulled out a pistol, and pointing it at the head of the startled minister, he announced that he would *shoot* if the service were not immediately continued. This was an argument which it was not wise to dispute; the clergyman hurriedly assured the young Captain that all should be as he wished, and rushed through the marriage service in terrified haste.

But the romance achieved thus dramatically was doomed to an early ending. The pretty bride died just a year and eight months after her wedding, and was buried in New York. Soon afterwards her

young lover sailed sadly from the scene of his brief happiness, the recollection of which it is said was always treasured by him, although he subsequently survived two other wives.

Anxious to drown the poignancy of his grief in fresh exploits, young Roddam was, in 1755, appointed to the command of the *Greenwich*, of 50 guns, and soon after, early one morning when his ship was plying off Cape Cabroon, she fell in with five line-of-battleships, two frigates and a store ship. These the officers and crew of the *Greenwich* all complacently decided were merchantmen convoyed by two frigates; but Captain Roddam at once judged them to be a French squadron, and at last, too late, succeeded in convincing his ship's company of their error.

By then it was impossible to beat a retreat, and Roddam could only hope to accomplish by strategy what even bravery could not do against a superior force. The French squadron getting to windward, sent out one of its frigates to reconnoitre, and since Roddam's own ship was painted after the manner of the French frigates, he hoped to decoy the latter by this means. He therefore made all preparations and had his men in readiness to board her, with the intention of sending her immediately to Jamaica to carry intelligence of the position and number of the enemy, if he could effect his purpose. Unfortunately for him, the frigate was not to be beguiled. She observed in time that the *Greenwich* was a two-decked ship,

and taking alarm, hurriedly returned to shelter herself amongst the squadron. Immediately the eight ships commenced the attack upon the unfortunate little English vessel. From nine in the morning till nine at night the *Greenwich* was perpetually under fire from one or another of the fleet. It was a gallant but a hopeless struggle. At last, after having sustained the fight for twelve hours, Roddam made a final desperate attempt to board *L'Eveille*, of 64 guns, which was nearest to him; but the fire from the enemy was renewed more fiercely, and the *Greenwich* was so disabled that she became unmanageable.

Roddam then called his men together and told them that he had done his utmost to preserve his Majesty's ship, but that the game was practically up, yet if any of them could point out to him which was the French Admiral's ship, he was convinced he could still contrive to give her a little diversion for another hour or two.

But the ship's company answered that they had, they believed, borne action longer than any ship had ever supported it before—certainly against such odds,<sup>1</sup> that although they must obey their Captain, in their opinion everything that was possible had been done to save the ship, and that

<sup>1</sup> While the *Greenwich* was only 50 guns, the French squadron consisted of the *Tonnant*, of 84 guns, the *Desauncene*, of 74, the *Diadème* of 74, *L'Eveille* of 64, and the *Inflexible* of 64, besides the two frigates and a twenty-gun store ship. The extraordinary feat of the little English vessel sustaining the fight for so long against such odds requires no emphasis.



to prolong such an unequal struggle was but to sacrifice the men's lives unnecessarily.

Reluctantly, therefore, Roddam ordered the colours to be struck, and the French ship *L'Eveille* presently signalled that he was to hoist out a boat and go aboard her. "*Give for an answer that I will not go!*" thundered Captain Roddam. The command was repeated from the French ship several times, and each time Roddam ordered the same answer to be returned. At last he discovered that his man, afraid of signalling so bold a message, had been saying that "everything being cut away, the *Greenwich* could not get a boat out." Furi-ously Roddam dismissed the man, and himself signalled that he refused to go on board the French man-of-war in his *own* boat; that if the enemy wanted him she must send for him, but if this were not complied with, he would again immediately hoist the British colours and defend his ship as long as she could float.

Such bold defiance from a defeated foe astonished the French; they, however, sent off an officer, who, on boarding the *Greenwich*, found a state of affairs which seemed to him, under the circumstances, unprecedented, and filled him with considerable alarm. For the most perfect order prevailed on the battered vessel; each man was at his post, and before each gun stood a seaman with a lighted match in his hand ready to fire it. "You see here," said Captain Roddam coolly, "a garrison which has capitulated to a very superior force, but

which, if you had not obeyed my injunctions, was ready to renew the fight." He then endeavoured to secure good treatment for his men, and having received every assurance to that effect, he accompanied the French officer on board *L'Eveille*.

Now it was an invariable custom with the French officers when they struck colours to dress themselves afresh in order to cut a dignified figure. But all Roddam's anxiety had been for the welfare of his crew, and he left his ship exactly as he came off a twelve hours' engagement, covered with blood and dirt, his shoes torn to pieces and his clothes tattered with the splinters that had hit him during the long day's action. Arrived on board, Captain Melville, commander of *L'Eveille*, instead of supplying him with the food and clothes he so urgently needed and with decent bedding for the night, sent him in his miserable condition to sleep in one of the ship's caudles, with no covering but a dirty rag, "which seemed to have been employed in the last office for many a poor mariner." And despite the assurance given to the contrary, his crew fared no better; no refreshment was provided for them, some of them were despoiled of their clothes and others kept waiting on the poop for ten hours, exhausted for want of nourishment, while the French, contrary to their solemn promise, ransacked and pillaged the entire contents of the *Greenwich*.

As soon as morning dawned, Roddam demanded to be taken to the French captain to complain of

this breach of faith, and of the ill-treatment he and his men had experienced. After a long delay, his request was granted, and ragged, dirty and dishevelled as he was, he was brought before his captors, to whom he represented in forcible language the cruel and improper way in which they had behaved to their prisoners, adding that Captain Melville for such conduct "deserved to be broken on the wheel."

The French commander listened with considerable astonishment to the address of his ragged prisoner, whose bearing was much more that of conqueror than conquered. "What," he demanded at last, having considered the complaint of the young Englishman, "could induce you to engage in such an unequal contest? And, above all, to refuse to hoist out your boat when told to do so?"

"I," replied Roddam drily, "heard not long ago that when an English man-of-war was taken by a French line-of-battleships, the English captain was compelled to carry his sword in his own boat to the French ship. I was resolved that such a disgrace should not happen to me, for if my sword had been so required, I should have delivered it only through the body of the person who dared offer me such an insult."

If Roddam's appearance under such conditions was not calculated to inspire respect, his words could not fail to do so, and he secured better treatment for himself and his men, until their arrival at Hispaniola. There he had leave to see his com-

pany every day, but after a time this was refused by the sentinels on duty, and the unfortunate prisoners suffered many privations. The men, who adored their captain, convinced that he would not desert them so long as he was alive, implored repeatedly to be given news of him, but receiving no satisfactory answer, they feared he had been murdered. They thereupon armed themselves, seized their guard, and sallied forth, furiously demanding their captain.

The Governor, in alarm, sent hurriedly for Roddam, and begged him to appease his men, but Roddam firmly refused. "I am a prisoner on parole, and have no right to command," was his reply; "and if I were not a prisoner on parole, I should immediately put myself at their head and revenge the treatment they have received." The Governor again and again begged him to interfere. At last Roddam answered: "If you ensure better conditions for my men, and for myself permission to visit them each day and see that these orders are carried out, I will do as you ask, but upon no other terms." This was willingly agreed to, and the Captain hastened to his men, who greeted him with ringing cheers and every sign of extravagant delight. "Now that you are come," they declared, "put yourself at our head, *and we know what we can do.*" But to Roddam honour was the highest form of bravery. "I have given my parole—my word of honour—to the Governor," he replied; "return to your prison, or I have nothing further

to do with you." The men obeyed without a murmur, and during the rest of their stay they were much better treated, while the experiment was never again tried of separating them from their captain.

When finally released, still on parole, Roddam had to undergo a court-martial in Port Royal Harbour for having lost his ship; but the news of his gallant fight and his high courage had been so noised abroad, that the proceedings were a mere matter of form, and it did not require the united evidence of his men that "Captain Roddam is a gentleman that *will* fight!" to convince his judges that he had done all that was possible to save his ship. The whole crew, called at his own request, gave this opinion upon oath; and the Commander-in-Chief, before all the assembled officers, complimented Roddam on his exceptional bravery, then, presenting him with the minutes of his trial, bade him print them, as they reflected great credit on himself and the British flag. They were accordingly printed at Kingston, in Jamaica.

His adventures, however, were not at an end. Still on parole, he returned to England on board a packet, the master of which was an obstinate and somewhat ignorant man. Halfway through the passage the vessel met with foul weather, which partially disabled her, and on its subsidence, Captain Roddam observed that she was being manœuvred in a manner which was almost certain to sink her. He pointed this out to the master,

but the latter replied, "My orders are not to lose a moment—I cannot delay." "You will lose plenty of time if the vessel goes to the bottom," retorted Captain Roddam, "and that it certainly will before long." The event proved as he had predicted, and the vessel began to sink. The master, terribly afraid, began lamenting that he had not followed the Captain's advice. "Then follow it *now*," replied Roddam, and under his directions the packet was righted in half an hour, though so strained with the weight of water that her seams were fully opened.

Not long afterwards a sail was seen to be bearing down upon the packet, and Captain Roddam, discovering no preparations made for defence, inquired what was going to be done. "My orders are *not* to fight," replied the master, "but to get on my way as quickly as possible." "How are you going to get on your way quickly if the enemy captures you?" demanded Captain Roddam, highly exasperated; and seizing a lighted match, he turned a gun, and before he had considered what he was doing, had fired at the enemy, who promptly checked her advance. "By G—d!" Roddam exclaimed the next moment, "I forgot I am in honour bound not to fight; but I can at least tell *you* how to do so. Follow my advice and the vessel shall be yours." The crew obeyed him, and by this means the packet came off victorious, being thus twice saved by him on that homeward voyage.

Roddam's subsequent career was not less adventurous or remarkable. On one occasion he carried his ship, the *Colchester*, through the narrow, rocky passage Le Ras into Audierne Bay, the first English vessel said to have made the attempt. Being instructed while in command of a very inferior force to watch a convoy of sixteen frigates who were supposed to be taking troops to Ireland, he gave his men orders to dash amongst the convoy and cut away the masts of the transports. This he knew would destroy the expedition. Again, when an attempt of exceptional danger had been voted impracticable by all his fellow-officers, Captain Roddam announced that though he agreed with them that it could *not* be done, still the *Colchester*, being an old man-of-war and not worth much, the loss of her would be little felt in the service, and he was willing to make the attempt. In reply he was told that though the loss of the *Colchester* might not be felt in the service, the loss of Captain Roddam could not be replaced, and he was not allowed to run the risk.

Later in life, when he was in command at Portsmouth, so exceptional was the dispatch and the exactitude with which he carried out all orders submitted to him, that on two occasions, when he had instructions to get five guardships ready for sea, this was accomplished with an amazing rapidity, which caused the French newspapers to remark that British warships sprang up complete like mushrooms. Indeed, such was his ever-growing reputa-

tion, not only for bravery but for efficiency in his profession, that older officers constantly deferred to his advice, and on more than one occasion are said to have thanked him when he had acted in opposition to their opinion.

It was in 1778 that Captain Roddam was made Rear-Admiral of the White, and shortly afterwards Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. In 1779 he was advanced to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue, of which he was made Admiral in 1793, and before his death he became Senior Admiral of the Red.

Only when he had grown grey-headed in honour and in the service of his country did he finally turn his sword into a ploughshare ; and still hale, upright and vigorous alike in mind and body, settle down to spend his last years at the home of his forefathers. To the end of his life, devoted to gardening and farming, he refused, save in connection with his profession, ever to meddle with the affairs of the great world. When Stanhope visited him, he found that in politics the Admiral had but one rule, he adhered to whichever party was in power, believing this to be the only correct attitude of a servant of the Government. It was unjust, he maintained, to the propellers of the great constitutional machine, if those for whose welfare they were working should put "stops in the wheel" to handicap them ; and nothing would induce him to swerve from this his established conviction. When Stanhope endeavoured to combat it, the old man replied with



dignity, "No ship's company can prosper who criticise the doings of their superior officers."

He never failed to follow with a profound interest the career of his brave young kinsman, Cuthbert Collingwood, who had been for a time at sea under his command ; and some years later, after the gallant fight of Trafalgar, Collingwood's first letter to his wife contains the eager inquiry, "What does Admiral Roddam say of our fight? It would have done his heart good to have seen it!" For generations the Collingwoods and Roddams had been neighbours in Northumberland, and more than once the bond of friendship had been strengthened by the link of marriage. As already pointed out,<sup>1</sup> the Admiral's first cousin, Mary Roddam, had married Mrs Stanhope's great-uncle, Edward Collingwood, the elder, of Chirton and Byker, and when the Admiral eventually inherited the former property, he bequeathed it at his death to Lord Collingwood, who, alas! was fated never to enjoy it.

But the possession of that estate and of Roddam was his only two years before his death, which occurred in 1808, when he was eighty-nine years of age. On his eighty-seventh birthday, Stanhope wrote, "I dined with the dear old Admiral ; as hale as ever and in excellent spirits. Apparently many years of life before him."

With the ownership of his old home, however, one great and abiding sorrow was his. He loved

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, Vol. i., page 145.

with a passionate devotion that haunt of his forefathers ; in his eyes no spot on earth could compete with it in beauty or romance. Throughout his long and brilliant career the tie which bound him to the place of his birth had never slackened. During his brother's lifetime he had rebuilt the old house and made many improvements upon the estate ; while his one consolation when advancing years necessitated the abandonment of his profession was the prospect of dwelling uninterruptedly near Roddam. And now he, the last of his race, knew that no son of his would ever inherit the old property after him.

Through the generations the motto of the Roddam family had been *Nec deficit alter*, its crest the stump of a tree from which a young sprig is sprouting. Generation after generation the Roddams had sustained the truth of that crest and that motto ; and now, after long centuries of unbroken succession, the direct male line was to end. Three times had the Admiral married, but still the longed-for twig was lacking. He who so cherished the pride of his ancient race knew that in his own person it must end. With bitter recognition he saw himself to be the last true Roddam of Roddam.

One curious story respecting his last years has survived in Stanhope's family.

An aunt of the Admiral, also named Mary Roddam, against the wishes of her family had married Bernard Falder, a merchant in Alnwick.

This some of her relations never forgave, and the old Admiral, despite the fact that he had consented to be godfather to her grandson, would never be friendly with her descendants. His brother Edward, who died in 1808, left his money to his cousin, Mr Falder, but the estate of Roddam, on the contrary, the old Admiral bequeathed to Mrs Spencer-Stanhope, niece of Edward Collingwood of Chirton and Byker. This, after the birth of her elder children, it was decided she was to hold in trust for her third son William, on the attainment by the latter of his twenty-fifth birthday, and on condition of his then assuming the surname of Roddam.

During his lifetime the old Admiral made no secret of this future disposition of his property, and on one occasion his intended heir, who was also in the navy, was staying at Roddam. Anxious to impress his successor with the value of his future inheritance, the Admiral was expatiating about the beauties of the place, which he asserted had no parallel in the world, till the lad became rather bored with a reiteration of the same theme. Out of a spirit of mischief, he responded to the old man's remarks with the patronising comment, "Oh, yes, Roddam is well enough—a *nice little shooting box!*" The old Admiral said nothing, but the remark rankled and was never forgotten. In consequence, in his will he inserted a clause to the effect that, failing the heirs-male of William Stanhope, the estate of Roddam was not to continue

in the possession of the Stanhope family, but was to revert to the Falders and their descendants. Nothing, it is said, was further from the Admiral's wish than the fulfilment of this bequest, the sole object of which was to pique the family who had dared to speak disparagingly of the home which he adored. Strange to relate, however, this disposition of his property came to pass. Twice did William marry, but in each instance the twig was again lacking. Each marriage resulted in an only daughter; and Roddam finally passed into the possession of the Falders, who took the name of the estate which they thus inherited through their maternal ancestry.

## CHAPTER XVII

### STANHOPE AND PITT

**W**ITH the attainment of his prime and the more serious claims of advancing years, the record of Stanhope's early life might aptly close; but certain incidents of his later career are so linked with the events of his younger days, that it is well to refer to them in the present volume.

After the election of 1784, Wilberforce was constantly at Cannon Hall, where his sunny temperament and imperturbable good humour made him a universal favourite. There is little doubt that the influence of this friendship served to strengthen the deeper side of Stanhope's nature; and equally evident is it that, although Wilberforce was ten years junior to Stanhope, it was the serious element in the character of each which formed the abiding link between them.

One of the first matters which Stanhope and Wilberforce were jointly asked to promote in the legislation of the land is referred to in the following letter :—

*Mr Hey to Walter Spencer Stanhope.*

LEEDS, *May 21st, 1785*

DEAR SIR,

Will you allow me to intrude upon your few hours leisure by offering to your attention a scheme which appeared to me deserving of the attention of the Legislature, & of sufficient utility to reward the little trouble of putting it into execution. Should you disapprove of my ideas, I trust you will pardon my freedom, as the improvement of my profession & the benefit of mankind is my object.

Though the knowledge of Anatomy is absolutely necessary to the welfare of mankind in their present state yet there is in this kingdom no legal provision for the study of it.

The Teachers of this useful Science are obliged to act in defiance of our Laws, to keep in pay a set of the greatest rascals, whose nightly employ is to commit depredations, sometimes on the living and sometimes on the dead.

Besides the indecency of stealing dead bodies from their graves, there is danger from the introduction into anatomical theatres of such as are tainted with infectious matter; by the dissection of such bodies some valuable lives have been destroyed. These and other considerations induce me to think that it would be a proper plan to deliver up the bodies of all executed criminals to the Teachers of Anatomy. Such bodies are the most fit for anatomical investigation, as the subjects generally die in health, the bodies are sound and the parts distinct. Why should not those be made to serve a valu-

able purpose when dead who were an universal nuisance when living?

I have taken the liberty to put into the hands of one of our Members (Mr Wilberforce) the heads of a Bill for this purpose, and I hope you will assist in carrying it through the House whenever it is presented.

I know the London Teachers will be jealous of such a loss, imagining it may cause a rivalry in the country, so that were we disposed to convince teachers, the Law would not suit our purpose. The weather is too hot from April to August, and all the criminals suffer in this part of the year, except those who are condemned for murder at the Spring Assizes, which usually are held in March.

I beg my compliments to Mrs Stanhope, and am dear Sir,

with great respect

Your Obliged and humble Servt

WM HEY.

Mr Hey was an eminent surgeon of Leeds, who, besides being well known in his profession, was described by Wilberforce as "a most instructive and profitable companion."<sup>1</sup> Well would it have been

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Wilberforce* (1838) Vol. i., pp. 114, 115. William Hey, F.R.S., was born at Pudsey, Sep. 3rd (23rd Aug. old style) and died 1819, after having become very eminent in his profession. He was President of the Leeds Philosophical Society, Alderman and Mayor of Leeds, and for thirty-nine years Senior Surgeon of the Leeds General Infirmary. In 1800 he gave a course of anatomical lectures at the Leeds Infirmary, the first eleven being delivered on the body of a malefactor who had been executed in York, and he afterwards delivered other series of lectures on the bodies of other malefactors, the profits of which he presented to the Institution.

if the joint representations of Stanhope and Wilberforce with regard to his suggestion had been earlier attended to; many atrocious crimes would have been prevented and the horrible trade of the resurrectionists earlier ended. But a Bill introduced into the House by Wilberforce "by which the power the judges already possessed of giving up the bodies of convicted murderers after execution to surgical dissection, was to be extended to the case of other felons," suffered defeat in the Lords, principally through the influence of Lord Loughborough, who defined it as the project of "an inexperienced youth, unacquainted with the law." Thus Stanhope found himself in strong antagonism to his former friend Wedderburn, for the latter being at that time a violent upholder of the Opposition, and aware that Wilberforce had submitted his Bill to the inspection of the Solicitor-General and the Attorney-General, saw in it only an excellent opportunity to discredit all lawyers who adhered to Mr Pitt.

That the political labours of Stanhope and Wilberforce usually tended in a similar direction is apparent; and meanwhile their joint affection and friendship for the young Minister, William Pitt, guided but did not rule their decisions. "Though I had told Pitt," says Wilberforce, "that I could not promise him unqualified support, I was surprised to find how generally we agreed"; and this condition was shared by Stanhope, who, although bearing the name of a Tory, still held



himself to be an independent politician, swayed by principle, not party. Owing to this latter fact, more than once he appeared in opposition to Pitt, notably in one instance which caused considerable stir, but in which Pitt was acting less on his own initiative than as the tool of the State.

On April 5th, 1786, Pitt presented from his Majesty a message stating that the King had not found it possible to confine the necessary expenses of his Civil Government within the annual sum of £850,000, and that it was therefore proposed to make a grant of £280,000 for paying off and discharging the Exchequer Debts, and £30,000 to discharge the arrears and debts upon the Civil List.

Stanhope immediately rose and drily reminded the House that when, in 1782, they had been called upon to vote £300,000 to pay the debts then incurred by the King, Lord John Cavendish had been on the point of pledging his word that no similar application should again be made to Parliament. "But," said Stanhope, "I advised him not to pledge himself in this manner, suggesting to him the probability of occasions ensuing which would make it impossible for him to keep his promise. In consequence, he followed my advice and did not so commit himself!" After which Stanhope pointed out—

The Prince of Wales has £50,000 a year out of the Civil List. As he is unmarried I think that establishment is sufficient, and I hope there

will be no claim for debts on that account, though the Prince is building himself a finer house than he can well afford, I fear, with his present income. However, I should have no objection to hear of his Royal Highness selling some Cornish Manors and building one good house in London with the produce!<sup>1</sup>

This speech gave great offence to the Regent, and when the latter, as Stanhope had anticipated, subsequently applied to Parliament for the payment of his debts, Stanhope again opposed the suggested grant in a forcible speech. The Regent was furious, and swore that in future "nothing of the name of Stanhope" should ever darken his doors. Thus, in later years, when Stanhope and his family went to Brighton, they enjoyed the distinction of being the only family of fashion who never received an invitation to the Pavilion.

Yet in all essentials, Stanhope adhered to the policy of Pitt, that Premier of twenty-five, who was master of England as no Minister had ever been before; while in private life he developed for Pitt a warm personal affection in which the difference of age between the two men was little apparent. Seldom less than twice a week did Pitt and Stanhope dine together; and at these meetings, during which the political situation was usually discussed, Wilberforce, when in town, invariably made a third.

It is to be regretted that no record has preserved

<sup>1</sup> *Parliamentary Debates*, Vol. xxv. p. 1350.

the conversation of that trio of friends, incongruous in much, although in their sense of humour Pitt and Stanhope were allied. "Pitt was the wittiest man I ever knew," relates Wilberforce; "and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images; but every possible combination of idea was present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired."

One utterance of Pitt's to which Stanhope refers is of peculiar interest in view of latter-day politics. Pitt was asked one day by Abbé de Lageard, since all human institutions are perishable, in what part the British Constitution might be expected first to decay. Pitt's reply was unhesitating. "The part of our Constitution which will perish first is the prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Peers."<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, at the period of the French Revolution, Pitt was not alarmed at the possible spread of French doctrines in this country, and in reply to some pessimistic remark of Burke's, he said, "Oh, I am not at all afraid for England; *we* shall stand till the Day of Judgment!" "Ay, sir," retorted Burke, "but it is the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of."

The spiritual influence which Wilberforce strove to exercise over Pitt is less apparent than that which he established over Stanhope. While upon a tour on the Continent with Dean Milner, 1784-5, Wil-

<sup>1</sup> This is also referred to in Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, Vol. i. p. 133.

berforce had become seriously imbued with religious convictions, and seldom subsequently lost an opportunity of impressing these upon his friends in a manner which the rare charm of his personality precluded from being offensive. There is a significant entry in Stanhope's Journal during one of his friend's early visits to Cannon Hall—"Sunday. A violent storm which prevented our going to Church. Much grave discourse for some hours with Wilberforce." Wilberforce himself had been greatly affected by a perusal of the works of the famous Nonconformist minister, Philip Doddridge; and he was not long a friend of Stanhope before he became anxious that the latter should also be brought to appreciate the books to which he felt personally so indebted:

*William Wilberforce to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

*August 3 1790.*

MY DEAR STANHOPE,

The permission you gave me to send you my favourite Doddridge never escaped my memory, though I have been somewhat long in availing myself of it; chiefly owing to the Dilatoriness of my Bookseller, to whom I dispatched an order for the purpose so soon as I arrived in town.—May you receive from him as much Pleasure & I trust as much Benefit as I have; he certainly is an Adviser whose counsels will improve in your estimation in proportion to the attention you pay to them & thus afford the most decisive proof of their Truth—the proof of Experience. Since I saw you I have been highly



WALTER SPENCER-STANHOPE, M.P.  
1790

*Hoppner, Print*



gratified by some testimonies to the merit of this my favourite author by Warburton, Secker, Gilbert West and other names of Eminence, *vide* a volume of letters to and from Dr Doddridge just published.

I have taken the liberty of exceeding my privilege by enclosing in the same package with the *Rise & Progress*, the Vol. of Sermons in which we read together, & one of which I remember Mrs Stanhope approved highly.—My dear Stanhope, the longer you live the more you (and may I be enabled to say the same for myself) will be persuaded that all else is folly & Delusion.

I beg my best respects to Mrs Stanhope, who with her sweet little Troop, I hope is well, & with every Good Wish I remain

my dear Stanhope,

Yours sincerely

W. WILBERFORCE.

#### STRATFORD-ON-AVON

(on a Journey to Buxton)

My sister, who is my fellow-traveller, desires her compliments to yourself and Mrs Stanhope.

Stanhope, himself a man of earnest purpose, was keenly capable of appreciating the abiding sincerity of the younger politician, as later he was an ardent sympathiser with the latter's nineteen years' struggle for the abolition of the slave trade. Yet he was pre-eminently a man of the world, differing in all essentials from the more childlike simplicity of a character such as that of Wilberforce,

while he was by temperament more reticent, and his religion, though equally real, found expression in deeds only, not words. That Wilberforce, who had conquered natural timidity by sheer force of purpose, should thus occasionally find himself out of harmony with his friend's attitude towards mundane questions was inevitable, and this is noticeable in an entry which he wrote some years later, when on a visit to Cannon Hall, September 1st, 1795:—

To Spencer Stanhope's—he told me that B. had declared he would give £1000 to turn me out. Party; and music all the evening. I perhaps too gay, though I thought it useful. Much surprised at my objecting to the child of religious parents marrying an irreligious man 'of no vice' as the world says—conversation rose by the match between Lord D. and Lady C. L. being broken off from family insanity discovered. How sad that this should be thought more of than the madness of irreligion! Stanhope and I called on Edmunds and Lady Stafford, and home to dinner—interesting talk at night about religion.

It is worth remarking that, during the discussion to which Wilberforce refers, Stanhope probably had in his mind his own early romance with Miss Danby and its untimely conclusion. There was, therefore, a stronger reason than Wilberforce could be aware of for his position with regard to one aspect of this question. Nevertheless, that



Wilberforce did not fail to enjoy his visits to Cannon Hall is evident from his correspondence, as is also the fact that throughout his life he never ceased to claim Stanhope's co-operation in his many schemes for the betterment of mankind. In one letter in which he begs Stanhope's assistance in procuring for him certain comprehensive statistics with regard to the "situation of our labouring poor—a matter of the first importance in political economy," he concludes—"I hope ere long we shall see you in the Capital, tho' not to me in the same comfort as at delightful Cannon Hall. 'Tis a line of Cowper's I admire for its solidity and pregnancy 'God made the country & Man made the Town.'—That all good attend you is the sincere wish of him who is ever sincerely yours—W. Wilberforce."

It may have been owing to the influence of this new impulse in his life that Stanhope, in 1787, first instituted the practice of reading a sermon aloud on Sunday evenings to the entire assembled household at Cannon Hall—a custom never since discontinued; while it is evident from his Diary that, save under exceptional circumstances, neither pleasure, business, nor illness itself were subsequently allowed to interfere with his regular attendance at divine service. Indeed, his daughter Frances, in later years, used to tell, as a singular instance of her father's kindness of heart, that, in her recollection, on one occasion did his sense of compassion actually alter this his invariable habit.

The story is too strange an illustration of the times in which he lived to be omitted, though it must lose in the telling, since delicacy forbids that it should be related too explicitly. A lady, who was visiting at Cannon Hall, found herself one Sunday morning unable to turn the key of a compartment wherein she had locked herself. The event was disastrous, for there was no locksmith nearer than the other side of Barnsley, six miles off; and when every effort to release her had been tried and failed, a groom was despatched thither with orders to bring the necessary assistance with as little delay as possible. As may be imagined, a ride of twelve miles there and back, probably combined with a search for a locksmith to prolong it, was likely to occupy some time, and there was no prospect of the unfortunate lady getting to church. "But my father," Frances used to relate gravely, "was a *singularly kind-hearted man*, he did what nothing else would have induced him to do—he *absented himself from church and read her a sermon through the keyhole!*" The story, related in all seriousness, with no sense of its humorous aspect, served to enhance the vision of Stanhope, pompous, devout, bewigged and beruffled for divine service, courteously enunciating a sermon through the keyhole to relieve the tedium of the victim beyond. Yet that the incident should be remembered till old age by one of his children, not because of the concomitant circumstances, but on account of the rarity of her father's absence from

public worship which it involved, requires no comment.

On one other occasion only is it on record that Stanhope allowed mundane affairs to intrude upon his religious observances, and then the exigencies of the case justified his attitude in the eyes of all save Wilberforce. This was in 1796, when he was again induced to stand for Hull, and to risk the ill-luck which seemed to attend him only in connection with this particular borough. But, ere that date, an event occurred which cannot be passed over in silence. The year 1795 closed sadly with the death of Ann Stanhope, whose last hours are thus recorded by her son :—

CANNON HALL, November 14th (1795). Did business with Hardy. Heard my mother was ill. Went & found her very ill in bed and her face & throat much swelled. Called on Phipps.

15th. Heard this morning of my poor mother's death last night before 10 o'clock. Went to Fall Head.—My lamented Mother was taken ill as she was eating her dinner on Friday. Whether the immediate alteration in her voice was occasioned by a bit of pork sticking in her throat, or from some other cause, Pickering<sup>1</sup> seemed to be of opinion that it *was*; her respiration was never free from that moment. She was much swelled about her head & throat & died a very easy death. I left her betwixt four & five, and had a message from Pickering that she was easier not two hours before she died.

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<sup>1</sup> The doctor from Barnsley.

19th. Went with James Shuttleworth in the coach to Leeds. Dined at the Vicarage. Got into the mourning Coach in President Lane; to Horsforth Chapel by four. The Funeral. Returned to Haddons.<sup>1</sup> Cookson<sup>2</sup> supped.

Thus closed the blameless existence of Ann Stanhope by a death as simple and unromantic as had been her life. Four days later her tenth grandchild was christened at Cawthorne by the name of Charles, and on the 30th Stanhope, obedient to the call of duty, set off for York to attend a large meeting of Freeholders.

Shortly before, a daring attack had been made on the life of George III., and a county meeting was convened at York for the purpose of discussing two Bills brought into Parliament "for the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person and government" and "for the suppression of seditious meetings." The meeting held in the Guildhall consisted of two parties, who each elected a chairman: Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Bt., whose party remained in the hall and petitioned against the Bills; and Bacon Frank, Esq., whose party adjourned to the Castle-yard and petitioned for the Bills. Stanhope thus describes the proceedings:—

30th. Set out for York with Cockshutt. Got there soon after four. The previous meeting at the George.

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<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Peter Haddon, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Atkinson, Esq., of Leeds, and Hannah Stanhope.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Cookson of Wakefield.

December 1st. A meeting at the Guildhall, which put Frank in the Chair before Sir T. Gascoigne. Adjourned to the Castle yard. Crayke moved and I seconded the Address. Wilberforce spoke extremely well. We dined together at the York Tavern to the amount of a hundred & upwards. Carried the Address with only four dissentients. Then Colonel Thornton interrupted the meeting with his mad stuff. We then adjourned to the other side of the yard; left him to entertain the York mob, & passed unanimously the Petitions to both Houses of Parliament. The Freeholders who voted were estimated at 4,000 or near it.

Whilst two excited meetings were thus sharing between them the Castle-yard and the politics of England, Stanhope's old admirer, Prince Frederick William of Gloucester, was among the audience. His enthusiasm was again stirred by the excellence of Stanhope's speech; but mindful of the jealousy which had been roused by his congratulations upon a former occasion, he called upon Stanhope privately afterwards to express this appreciation—an attention which Stanhope appears to have acknowledged by returning the visit upon the following day. Prince William remained in York for some time subsequently, and was presented with the Freedom of the City in a gold box.

It was in the following May that Stanhope was constrained again to stand for Hull. There were then two other candidates for election: Mr Samuel Thornton, who was on the same side as Stanhope,

and who had already represented Hull in conjunction with Lord Burford; and Sir Charles Turner, Bt., their opponent, who appears to have been exceedingly popular in the town.

On Sunday, May 22nd, Stanhope joined Wilberforce at Brigg and spent the entire day with his friend, not to the edification of the latter. "There was no service on the Sunday morning," complains Wilberforce regretfully in his diary, "and the people sadly lounging about. Stanhope filling my head with election matters. I was in hopes of a day of religious retirement before my bustle, but God has ordered it otherwise."<sup>1</sup> Nor was Wilberforce early rid of this distressing influence, for it appears that Stanhope, who was absorbed in laying plans for his campaign, stayed at Brigg till so late that he was forced to cross the Humber in an open boat at night, and did not arrive in Hull till past 12 o'clock.

The days following were spent in an active canvass, during which Wilberforce worked hard in Stanhope's interest. "Thornton," he relates about the middle of the week, "has 800 promises, deemed by all perfectly safe. Stanhope also." Yet it seems that great riots were in progress, and there was gathering discontent against Thornton, whose colours were "torn out and not suffered to appear." Finally, on Friday 27th, Stanhope states: "The Poll began about 10 and finished before 7. I left

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Wilberforce*, by his sons, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, M.A., and Samuel Wilberforce, M.A. (1838), Vol. ii., page 148.

off 69 ahead of Thornton and more than 500 below Sir Charles Turner. Sat. 28th; the Poll closed about two, and I was beat by 20."

At this election 1300 Burgesses voted, and Wilberforce states the numbers to have been as follows:—

Sir Charles Turner.	.	884
Mr Samuel Thornton	.	734
W. Spencer Stanhope	.	715 <sup>1</sup>

It was, however, a well-known fact that the few votes by which the friends of Thornton had established his majority over Stanhope were illegal, and that if a scrutiny were demanded Stanhope was secure of the seat for which he had striven.<sup>2</sup> But although strongly urged by his supporters to demand such a scrutiny, the result of which was a foregone conclusion, Stanhope firmly refused, declaring that he "came to stand by Mr Thornton—not to turn him out." Mr Edward Codd, who had managed his electioneering expenses on the

<sup>1</sup> In the *Parliamentary Representation of Yorkshire*, by G. R. Park (1886), the numbers are given as—Turner, 833; Thornton, 171; Stanhope, 174. It will be seen that Stanhope's statement, that he "was beat by about 20," more nearly corresponds with that of Wilberforce.

<sup>2</sup> On June 16th Mr Edward Codd wrote to Stanhope: "The measures pursued by the friends of Mr Thornton to obtain the very few legal votes which gave him the victory—and which I don't believe would exceed five if the Poll were revised & all the illegal votes struck off, were such as he himself would not have suffered had he known it. . . . I have too good an opinion of that gentleman to suppose him guilty either of Bribery, Corruption, or using any undue influence. . . . His friends are in constant dread of a scrutiny before the House of Commons, and will be in hot water till he is secure in his seat."

occasion, wrote to him with regard to this decision :—

'Tis a great mortification to your friends here ; the only consolation we have is in hearing your conduct so much applauded by all parties, and the Mode of procedure adopted by your Committee so universally approved of. Had our opponents acted with equal honour and propriety you must inevitably have been returned—but such conduct will not do for an election at Hull !

And he adds poignancy to the situation by mentioning that the chair prepared for Stanhope's expected triumph—"with its ornamentals, I have given to my worthy friend Mr Ald. Osborne, whose family are much pleased with it & will keep it for long in its present state."

"The Thorntons," adds Stanhope briefly, "always spoke with great gratitude of my action" ; but the pecuniary sacrifice which this actually represented is best explained in Mr Codd's own words :—

Enclosed you have a rough estimate of your expenses, exclusive of the Forty-two pieces of silver which the Worthies have been in the habit of receiving. It is for your consideration whether to pay them or not ; I think there are about 635 of your Voters who will take the money (if offered) and near 20 of your single Bullets for you. The money for these Gentry will amount to about £1,354—10. Some expenses to the Out-voters who were in your interest must be paid,



but in every matter which regards the election I will be as economical as possible and shall not put you to any expense that can properly be avoided.

## LIST OF EXPENSES

Ribbons . . . . .	639	12	1
Runners, about . . . . .	25	0	0
Colours Drums & Fifes about . . . . .	18	18	0
Coach Bill & Chaises etc . . . . .	11	16	0
Lodging & damage done to the House and Furniture . . . . .	37	14	0
Public House Bills . . . . .	883	18	9
Printers, Stationary Ware, etc . . . . .	32	0	2
The Recorders Fee . . . . .	42	0	0
Agents Clerks, etc about . . . . .	200	0	0
Out-Votes, about . . . . .	120	0	0
Sundries, about . . . . .	50	0	0
	<hr/>		
. . . . .	2,060	19	0
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Voters (if paid will be about) . . . . .	3,415	9	0

None the less, Mr Thornton's triumph does not seem to have been without alloy. Some of the people who were under the greatest obligation to him appeared so violently opposed to his election that Mr Codd relates, "after all, they durst not chair him," and explains that, as a result of the excitement and worry of the incident, the successful candidate was taken so seriously ill that it was reported he even imagined himself to be canvassing for his political opponent:—

We have a rumour now that occasions much laughter ; it is said that Mr Thornton was extremely ill at Springhead after the election, he used frequently to awake out of his sleep calling out—" Sir Charles for ever ! No Barley Bread !" and tho' there is something shocking in his being in that situation it excites laughter and gains credit.

But Stanhope had learnt his lesson. The happy auspices which attended his first election for Hull had been irretrievably revoked, and he never again stood for the representation of the ill-omened town.

It was, however, a curious coincidence that some years afterwards he was called to serve upon a Select Committee which had to determine the legality of a case very similar to that of Mr Thornton on this occasion. In 1804 the opponents of Mr Richard Wharton<sup>1</sup> petitioned for a scrutiny into the election of the latter for Durham, the question being whether a dinner-ticket given to a voter was to be considered under the head of treating.<sup>2</sup> The committee decided the point against Mr Wharton by one, the casting vote, and thus he lost his seat. But another committee, on which Stanhope again served, being convened to consider a similar question, this scrutiny resulted in a verdict exactly opposite that given in the case

<sup>1</sup> Richard Wharton, Esq., of Old Park, county Durham, one of the two M.P.s for Durham City, elected July 24th, 1802, unseated February 1804.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix H.

of Mr Wharton, and which was, strange to relate, again decided by a casting vote. Thus, that Mr Wharton was ousted from Parliament turned upon the same question, and was determined by the same slender chance as that through which another man was confirmed in the possession of his seat. The peculiarity of the fact, however, cannot fail to be remarked, that it should be held legal for Stanhope to pay the voters who supported him £1354, and to expend £883 on refreshment for them at the public-houses, yet that a single dinner-ticket could be made the subject on which a scrutiny should hinge. Apparently liquid refreshment in any given quantity was permissible, but a single instance of solid refreshment having been given could at once be designated under the heading of illegal bribery and corruption!

But although Stanhope had been tempted again to risk an election at Hull, after his treatment by Lord Burford there is no instance of his proffering his aid in any subsequent romance amongst his friends. In 1801, it is true, he consented to act as trustee upon the marriage of the youngest daughter of his old friend of Barnbougle Castle;<sup>1</sup> but on this occasion all was harmonious, and neither an elopement nor parental opposition added a zest to the situation, although on September 14th Lord Rosebery wrote from Park Lane—

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<sup>1</sup> Dorothea Arabella, third daughter of Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery, married in 1801 to William Hervey, Esq., and died in 1825.

Never were Settlements more fair or easier settled or with more harmony—in 27 sheets of parchment— (God help us & all that have to do with them [attorneys] & the Law.) Six of them met at our house when the 27 skins were executed—*Six Attorneys!*

The following month he again wrote to Stanhope from Cambridge:

*Lord Rosebery to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

CAMBRIDGE, 14th Nov. 1801

MY DEAR STANHOPE,

I have been here a week & return to Bixley tomorrow, where I left Lady Rosebery & Mary.<sup>1</sup>

I am much pleased with Mr Stockdale and the Boys no less, & S. now a little so with them & with their knowledge of Latin, Greek etc.

If he delivers them back with as good principles, Hearts and Heads as I have left them, I shall be satisfied & rejoice. I am also pleased with all I met here, & our Dean, the Master of Pembroke Hall, where they are students, is kind & friendly beyond description.

I brought with me for them a steady, good servant, which we all, in & out of the College, think a main point, tho I know you laugh at the idea! . . .

Peace & Plenty ought now to be over the

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<sup>1</sup> Mary, second daughter of Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery, married, 1818, to Henry John Sheperd, son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Sheperd, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer on Scotland, and died 7th January 1847.

Land, but in Norfolk (tho' the Grain is fallen & the Tenants say we must *fall* not raise their Rents)—yet Butcher Meat, meal, butter & other things are as before, or within a penny or so of the former high price. Cattle, however, are greatly fallen in Scotland.

I was an enemy to the present peace in my own mind, but am now a convert, without getting a Place or Pension. I think if better terms could not be got, we were right to take these we got, rather than continue the war at vast expence, without allies or power to hurt the French materially.

I beg to offer my best respects to Mrs Stanhope and my love (old as I am) to your eldest Daughter. She is my favourite, and will be an honor to you one day, Mind I say so.

When do you come to town? I mean to be there early now that Charlotte<sup>1</sup> don't regulate us. She too is a favourite. Poor Charlotte! Bella is well & happy,

Yours ever while

ROSEBERY.

Three years later the strange traffic which then existed in the purchase of Parliamentary boroughs is illustrated in a striking manner by a letter which Stanhope received from the son<sup>2</sup> of his old friend—

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<sup>1</sup> His eldest daughter Charlotte, m. in 1800 to Kenneth Alexander 1st Earl of Effingham.

<sup>2</sup> Archibald John Primrose, afterwards 4th Earl of Rosebery, b. 1783, d. 1868, m. first, in 1808, Henrietta, 3rd daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie, which marriage was dissolved in 1815; m. secondly, in 1819, Anne Margaret, eldest dau. of Thomas, Viscount Anson by his wife Anne Margaret 3rd dau. of Thomas William Coke, first Earl of Leicester.

*Lord Primrose to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

BARNBOUGLE CASTLE, *Dec. 22d* 1804

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just heard from a friend in Ireland that it is probable that I may have the offer of a seat during the remainder of this Parliament for two-thousand five-hundred Guineas. That is all which has been communicated to me about it. Before we come to a decision respecting it, I wish to have your advice and opinion upon the following points:— Whether you think the price demanded is reasonable, on the supposition that the present Parliament runs the usual length?

If the seller will agree, is it not better to procure the seat by making an annual payment? If by the King's death, or any other cause, a Dissolution takes place sooner than the customary period, how much of the price should be retained, we paying interest for what we keep back; but giving up, each year while the Parliament lasts, a proper proportion of that retained principal; and what, in your judgment, should that proportion be? Or is it right and usual to make such a stipulation?

As the length of Parliament is properly seven years, though it is generally dissolved on the 6th, have we any claim to retain or demand back for the seventh?

Suppose they refuse to accede to any of these conditions but will have the whole price paid down, would you advise us to close with them, notwithstanding?

If we do accept the offer, and the final arrangement be referred to Agents in London, who would you recommend to manage on our part?

My Father thinks it better to retain a part of the price (as in buying an estate where there may be such a necessity) than to pay the whole and have a right to demand a portion of it again, if any circumstances should cause Parliament to be dissolved, or prevent me sitting during its usual length. In the latter case, I should have liberty to put another in for the remainder of the Parliament (whose politics shall be agreeable) without further payment, if I do not receive a part of the money back.—At the same time we will act according to the general method on these occasions.

May I beg to have your answer as soon as possible? for it will be prudent to form some determination upon this subject without delay. I think the long string of legal questions I have put, requires some apology, but I believe it is the shortest way of stating what we request your sentiments upon.

I desire my best remembrances to Mrs Stanhope and all your family; everyone here unites with me in good wishes to them and yourself.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely

PRIMROSE.

A few weeks later, on March 3rd, 1805, Mrs Stanhope wrote facetiously to her second son—

Not a word of news in town. Much gaiety going forward. This is the very first hot day

we have had. Ld Primrose mounts his carriage to-morrow; he and your father go to Court and to Mr Pitt's together. The whole House of Primrose were as usual here last night.—I hope he will have a primrose Coat!

Stanhope no doubt gave any aid which lay in his power to the youthful aspirant after political life; for such was his own absorption in his public duties, that all personal interests remained subordinate to those afforded by his Parliamentary career. There is little doubt that, had he not maintained his attitude of an independent politician, who, when probity dictated, opposed the measures brought forward by the party with which he was nominally allied, he would have reaped the reward which accrued to many a less able and earnest servant of the State. As it was, although backed by powerful influence among his immediate connections, and although, as stated, an intimate friend of Pitt, a Minister to whom was due the creation of over 140 peers during his term of office, Stanhope received neither the rich sinecure nor the peerage which might have been the result of his more pronounced partizanship of the powers in office. His attitude towards all political questions remained throughout marked by an integrity which was austere and strikingly consistent in its disinterested adherence to principle; while his heart-whole activity with regard to his voluntary labours continued to afford a strong contrast to the reputed indolence of his character. That he



would pursue a canvass till health broke down ; that he, ordinarily cold, self-contained and sensitively averse from a display of feeling, could, when occasion demanded, rise to heights of impassioned oratory which electrified his hearers and thrilled the very heart of England, we have seen. And the interest over, which had spurred him to energy, or the occasion over, which had stirred him to enthusiasm, he would once more sink back into the stately, courteous, somewhat phlegmatic country gentleman, to whom exertion or emotion seemed foreign, and heroics calculated only to inspire cynicism.

His son mentions an anecdote illustrative of this sudden transformation in his father's character. During the discussion on the Additional Force Bill in 1804, a measure in which Stanhope was greatly interested, the Opposition determined to beat the Ministers by a ruse. They brought on their Motion relating to an Amendment on the Bill when, by pre-arrangement, they had their adherents ready and knew that many members of the Ministerial part would be absent. The result was they secured a majority of six votes and a further majority of nine against a second reading. All present saw through the transparent trickery of the manœuvre but none ventured to remark upon it, since the indictment was one impossible of proof and the expression of which would be likely to place the accuser in an unpleasant position. Stanhope, who had listened to the debate with

attention but without betraying any emotion, suddenly rose impetuously and announced, in no measured terms, that "such a proceeding as the present had never before taken place. The House might consider it in order, but the country would recognise it for what it was—a *disgraceful, contemptible party trick!*"<sup>1</sup>

Uproar ensued amid furious cries of indignation from the Opposition. On its subsidence, Stanhope was promptly called to order by the Chair and informed that he had been "highly disorderly." He immediately went through the formality of apologising, and then as quietly and collectedly as though the recent scene had never taken place, he proceeded to analyse the proposition, and, without bias, accorded it a measure of approval. It was not the matter but the manner of introducing the Amendment which had kindled his anger; and outside the House he received warm congratulations on his opportune denunciation which the public generally applauded.

Even when the ardour of youth gave way to the calmer outlook of age, his sincerity with regard to his self-sought duties did not suffer diminution. And in all single-hearted endeavour is a quality which makes for power. While without the House, as we have seen, he continued to spare neither

<sup>1</sup> Hansard, Vol. iii. page 695, Friday June 15th, 1804, gives a portion of Stanhope's remarks on this occasion, but the conclusion thus recorded by his son was probably drowned in the uproar which followed. He likewise gives the numbers for the Amendment as 214 against 185, viz. : a majority of 29.

time, health nor money to further a service which to the last remained free from interested motives, within the House, although he spoke but seldom, it was recognised that his remarks—well-considered, pointed and forceful—never failed to carry weight. Many, indeed, were the useful measures which thus received his able furtherance during his lengthy political career, and numerous the testimonies of his contemporaries to this fact, notably that of Cobbett, who on several occasions appealed with outspoken admiration to Stanhope's eldest daughter to furnish him with a transcript of her father's notes of some important speech, with which Stanhope was too busy or too indifferent to provide him personally.<sup>1</sup> Yet such minor political problems would be of little interest to posterity; and, in fact, Stanhope's energy with regard to all such questions remained subordinate to the main object of his life, the strengthening of the national means of defence, upon which all his solicitude centred.

This was a matter of incalculable importance during the years when England existed in hourly expectation of an invasion by the conqueror of Europe; and the aid which, despite the ill-requital his services had experienced, Stanhope still continued to afford to the volunteer movement must not be under-estimated. With the failure of the Peace of Amiens and the declaration of War in 1803, a fresh impetus was given to the formation of companies of these voluntary troops; in 1803 no

<sup>1</sup> See footnote, page 301.

less than 300,000 were enrolled, and it is said Bonaparte admitted that it was only the knowledge of their existence in such vast numbers which had given pause to his plans and thus saved England.<sup>1</sup> Be that as it may, Stanhope's interest in this question led to a curious side issue which may be related here. The beacons which were kept in readiness to warn England of the approach or arrival of Napoleon, and in which Stanhope had reason to be peculiarly interested, were found to be such a serious source of expenditure, that five were suppressed in the West Riding of Yorkshire alone. Stanhope having discussed this matter amongst his friends in the House, shortly afterwards received a letter which was due to the following circumstances.

Six years previously, in 1792, rumour had reported that Redruth in Cornwall, the house of a Mr Murdoch, had been illuminated by a novel method of procuring light from "coal-air." Many had refused to credit the intelligence, but at length, in 1798, the attention of the public was startled by the news that the new method of lighting had actually been introduced by Mr Murdoch into some workshops in Birmingham and Manchester,—in the first of which two enterprising firms, Mr Watt, afterwards inventor of the steam engine, was a partner. The news of this innovation occasioned no small stir, mingled with strong condemnation of the foolish risk thus incurred. Later this hostility increased, when, in 1801, a rash Frenchman having

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Eldon Twiss* (1844), Vol. i., page 416.

installed the new method of gas-lighting in his house in Paris, a German named Winsor, struck with the success of the experiment, began agitating for its adoption in London, and actually two years subsequently, in 1803, succeeded in getting the Lyceum Theatre thus illuminated.

The majority of sensible people at once set their faces against such a dangerous experiment. It was popularly believed that the flames which produced the light actually ran along the gas pipes, and that apart from the danger of living fire thus flowing like liquid through a tube, there was serious risk of asphyxiation when it finally issued into the open. Moreover, men of science actively condemned it, and Sir Humphry Davy, even many years later, still gave it as his opinion "that it would be as easy to bring down a bit of the moon to light London as to succeed in doing so with gas."

Stanhope appears to have taken little or no interest in the new discovery, and probably shared the general disfavour with which it was viewed, until it was brought more immediately under his notice in an unexpected manner. Three days after his remarks in the House respecting the suppressed beacons, he received a letter from the indefatigable Mr Winsor.

*F. S. Winsor to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

SIR,

By a conversation in the House of Commons on Friday the 9th of March between Messrs

Cook, Addington, Pitt, C. Wynne, Spencer-Stanhope, Lord Temple, etc., it was stated—

That in the West Riding of Yorkshire one of the five beacons after having cost £10,000, had been abandoned on account of the enormous expences. Judging from this that the whole expenditure for the numerous Beacons and Lighthouses all over the Empire must be very considerable, I beg leave to request your acceptance and perusal of the annexed publication respecting a new discovery of making a most powerful, brilliant flame *from common smoke* of all kinds of fuel, by which a very great saving may be obtained. Page 23, I have only touched on the subject of Lighthouses, to which I add that far superior lights might be established all over the Empire at less than a quarter of the present expence.

As soon as my Patent has obtained his Majesty's signature, I shall publish my book, and set up some Publick Place to show all the wonderful effects and great savings to be derived from common smoke, which hitherto evaporates from millions of chimneys of the world. My apparatus is only temporarily fixed up in a private house, and I shall be happy to convince you and your friends of the truth of my assertion any day and hour that you may please to appoint.

I am, very respectfully, Sir

Your most obedient servant

F. WINSOR.

CITY COFFEE HOUSE, *March 12, 1804.*

*P.S.*—Having had the honour of knowing

Arthur Stanhope Esqre,<sup>1</sup> your relation, for some years, he advised me yesterday to forward my publication to you without loss of time, in giving me your address ; perhaps, Sir, you may appoint a time together to come and see a private experiment, as Mr A. Stanhope seemed to be a great amateur of similar trials.

To Walter Spencer-Stanhope M.P. Grosvenor Square.

So the two Stanhopes, actuated by curiosity, went to inspect the new invention, and were struck with the possibilities it presented ; indeed, the cautious temperament of Walter Stanhope was for once overruled by the obvious advantages which a perfecting of the discovery offered to his schemes for the better protection of the country at a reasonable cost. Later, when Windsor applied for a charter from Parliament to further his project of lighting the streets of London by the new means, Stanhope was therefore one of the few men who seriously advocated the measure. But for long Windsor remained the butt alike of scientists and politicians. When at last he opened offices in Pall Mall and set up his first gas lamp there, the terror of the public with regard to probable asphyxiation found expression in mingled sneers and active antagonism, while the first practical supporters of the new enterprise were irrevocably ruined.

Yet Stanhope lived to see the streets of London

<sup>1</sup> Arthur, born 1752, youngest son of the Rev. Michael Stanhope, D.D., Canon of Windsor ; m. 1784, Elizabeth dau. of Rev. — Thistlewaite, D.D.

gradually lighted by the new method, although, strange to relate, Grosvenor Square, where he himself resided was one of the last places to patronise the innovation. But in 1809 a row of lamps in front of the colonnade before Carlton House was erected and illuminated for the King's birthday, while through the ensuing years, one by one, the dark thoroughfares on which the boy Watty had looked out fearfully upon his first visit to town, grew more bright, and correspondingly more safe for belated pedestrians, owing to the energy of those pioneers whose project he had striven to further.<sup>1</sup>

During those years, Stanhope's connection with two political events cannot be passed over in silence; indeed, one of these is of exceptional interest, since it affords a perhaps clearer interpretation of an incident which attracted universal attention.

In 1805 a painful question came before the House. In the previous year Lord Melville, one of Pitt's greatest friends, had entered office as First Lord of the Admiralty, and had introduced many improvements into that department. But he had previously for some time been Treasurer of the Navy, and rumour had become busy with his name. It was hinted that he had misappropriated a balance of the public funds, and a report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry, which had been sitting for three years, finally con-

<sup>1</sup> From 1814 to 1820 the streets of London were gradually thus illumined. Stanhope lived till 1821.



firmed the fact that a large sum of money which had been in his hands remained unaccounted for. Lord Melville himself maintained a strange reticence on the subject, which gave colour to the suggestions of his detractors, and Pitt's enemies promptly saw in the situation an excellent opportunity of bringing about the downfall of the minister himself, who might well be involved in the impeachment of his friend.

Not even to Pitt, it is said, did Lord Melville vouchsafe any explanation of the cause of the fatal deficit.<sup>1</sup> Possibly Pitt knew more of the true facts than the public supposed ; but in any case he maintained the innocence of his friend, and likewise being fearful for the stability of his Government, on hearing that a motion for criminal proceedings was to be brought forward in the House, he sent in great distress for Stanhope and begged the latter to bring forward a motion for civil proceedings. "He thinks gaining time for men's minds to cool may do much," commented Wilberforce, but Pitt also believed that civil proceedings would enable Lord Melville to clear himself satisfactorily from the imputations of his enemies, and effectually prevent the more serious measure of impeachment.

On the 8th of April Whitbread moved the resolution for censuring Lord Melville, and amid a profound and painful silence, Wilberforce rose to

<sup>1</sup> "Melville had not mentioned the matter to Pitt, Huskisson, or any human being till the Report was printed."—*Life of Wilberforce*, by his Sons, Vol. iii., page 217.

pronounce the first comment upon it. The moment was a critical one, since it contained the first indication of the impression produced by the accusation on a listener whose integrity was above suspicion, and upon whose verdict would probably hinge the wavering issue of public opinion. Eagerly Pitt leant forward to watch the face of the speaker, as though he would probe to the very inmost soul of Wilberforce and discover what line the impending argument would take. "It required no little effort to resist the fascination of that penetrating eye," admits Wilberforce; but with him principle overruled friendship, and his relentless cry was for justice. "We it is," he protested solemnly, "who now are truly on our trial before the moral sense of England; and if we shrink from it, deeply shall we hereafter repent our conduct." It was an appeal above party politics, a plea to motives beyond those of vindictiveness or of palliation; but it was the cry of a man who believed in the guilt of the accused, and Pitt's heart failed. That Wilberforce, who was his personal friend, and usually an adherent of his policy, was ranged with his antagonists, meant the deathblow to his cause. "Pitt could not conceal his agitation," records Sir John Legard, "and I believe that the delinquency of Lord Melville, and the desertion of some of his oldest friends, inflicted a wound upon his mind which it never recovered, and contributed to his premature death."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Wilberforce*, by his Sons, Vol. iii., page 223.

In fact, the effect of Wilberforce's speech was incalculable. "He seems to have carried with him the House."<sup>1</sup> Not even the vehement denunciations of Coke of Norfolk and other members of the Opposition who followed, could weigh in the minds of those present like the adverse pronouncement of the man who was Pitt's sworn friend. At last, at five o'clock, the House divided, and there followed the dramatic incident when the Speaker was called upon to give the casting vote. He gave it against Melville, and Pitt was escorted from the House by a party of his followers amid a scene of indecent triumph on the part of his enemies;—"the most atrocious virulence which ever disgraced a party."<sup>2</sup>

On April 29th, therefore, three motions were brought forward in the House; Pitt's for a committee of inquiry, Bankes's for criminal and Stanhope's for civil prosecution. John Stanhope relates :—

On April 29th my father made a Motion for Civil proceedings. This was done at the express desire of Mr Pitt, who was in hopes that the Motion might disarm Lord Melville's enemies and induce them to abandon all thoughts of impeachment. The attack was in reality directed against Pitt himself and they indulged in the hope that he would be proved to have been implicated in the transaction. When they found this was not the case, they would not have been

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, page 222.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Aberdeen to Augustus Foster. *The Two Duchesses*, edited by Vere Foster (1898), page 213.

indisposed to have let Lord Melville off easily, had they not been irritated by the tone he assumed.

One of the principal sources of this irritation was Melville's declaration that he "never had nor ever would tell any man how the £10,000 or £20,000 went,"<sup>1</sup> for which he was called upon to account. "This," explains Wilberforce, "did him great injury." He suggested, indeed, that a minor proportion of the deficit had been money expended on secret service; but his obstinate silence with regard to the bulk of the sum to be accounted for, and the high tone with which he refused all further information respecting it, exasperated his enemies and alienated his friends.<sup>2</sup> The universal topic of discussion was whether he had or had not personally profited by a speculation the existence of which could not be denied, and his inexplicable attitude towards the question went far to confirm the worst impression of his conduct.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Wilberforce*, by his Sons, Vol. iii., page 227.

<sup>2</sup> "Lord Melville spoke for two hours and twenty minutes. In his statement he entered very fully into the charges made against him. He affirmed in the most solemn manner that the sum in question, of £20,000, was neither used nor meant to be used for any purpose of his own emolument. It was expended solely on public objects by himself as a confidential servant of the Crown; but how, he could not disclose 'without a great breach as well of public duty as of private honour.' . . . The reader of that speech at this distance of time may perhaps concur with me in thinking that it is marked by a becoming dignity and consciousness of innocence. But the impression on his hearers was far from favourable. It was thought too haughty and defiant. It was thought to give spirit to his enemies."—*Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt*, by Earl Stanhope, third edition, 1862, Vol. iv., pages 309-310.

Posterity is familiar with the issue. Melville was impeached, and a fortnight's inquiry resulted in his nominal acquittal on the charges affecting his honour, but left him with a stain upon his character from which he never recovered, and which entailed his retirement from public life.

During the course of the preceding debates, however, Whitbread had approached a solution of the mystery when he had accused Pitt of advancing the sum of £40,000, in 1796, to Messrs Boyd and Benfield, Bankers.<sup>1</sup>

The circumstances were as follows. Walter Boyd, born in 1754, was a banker in Paris. On the outbreak of the Revolution he was forced to flee for his life, and his property was confiscated. He, however, succeeded in starting again in London, in 1793, as partner in the firm of Boyd, Benfield & Co., to which out of the wreckage of his fortunes he contributed £60,000. Prosperity followed, and he grew exceedingly wealthy. M.P. for Shaftesbury, which was a pocket borough of his partner Benfield, he became an intimate friend of Pitt and Melville, and was moreover at one time employed in contracting over thirty millions for Government loans. Then came a cruel reverse of fortune. In anticipation of a restoration of his former property in France, he entered into certain arrangements which, on the failure of those expectations, in 1797, resulted in financial ruin. His affairs were desperate, and both public and private

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. iv., page 311.

funds being involved in his insolvency, there were grounds for Pitt and Melville regarding it as a national disaster, in order to avert which it might be justifiable to employ money borrowed as a loan from the public purse. Pitt's action in the matter was openly discussed and condoned, and it appears strange why that of Melville should be regarded in a different light; yet the fact is undoubted that Melville secretly advanced to Boyd a sum out of the funds in his charge, which, had the affairs of the latter righted themselves, would have been treated as a loan to be scrupulously repaid.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately complete ruin overtook Boyd; and having visited France in the brief interval of peace (March 1802—May 1803), in the vain hope of recovering some of his losses, he was detained by Napoleon and was not released until 1814.

Thus was Melville left to bear alone the brunt of his rash action; and however questionable the morality of having on his own initiative tampered with the public money, there was something undeniably noble in the motive which prompted it, and in the contemptuous silence with which he refused to extenuate his conduct by implicating

<sup>1</sup> It is curious that this was not the only occasion on which Lord Melville acted thus. According to a Report of the Commissioners, "the application of the large sum of £10,000, which was withdrawn on 14th April 1783, by a draft in favour of Mr Jellicoe, appears to have been used by Lord Melville as a loan to the house of Muir and Atkinson, with whom he kept an account, and who appear to have been at that time in need of assistance. This advance will be found to have been more than discharged before the end of three months." —*Parliamentary Papers*, Vol. vi., page cxlvii.

the names of any who had been concerned in his action or that of the friend for whose sake he suffered. Possibly, had he not so acted, the result for Pitt and the Government might have been disastrous, and the realisation of this was surely reflected in Pitt's attitude. "His speech," writes Lord Aberdeen, who was present on the occasion, "was a weak one. He was frightened for the first time in his life; dismay and horror were in his looks, he never raised his eyes from the ground, and next day when he called on Lord Melville, he was some time without uttering."<sup>1</sup> Lord Aberdeen's correspondent emphasises the perplexity of Melville's friends regarding the reticence of the accused man. "I cannot, cannot bear that a suspicion should rest on anybody's mind that he could enrich himself. Those who knew him will not believe he did . . ." Lord Melville bore it "well; he reproached them [his friends] for their melancholy countenances, and said it looked as if they thought him guilty. *Indiscreet he had been, but he had not been more. . . He was a man who had a real pleasure in obliging and in doing a kind thing.*"<sup>2</sup>

Long years afterwards, when Mr Boyd had regained his liberty and was once more restored to some measure of his former prosperity, he met Stanhope's eldest daughter, then Mrs Hudson,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Two Duchesses*, Ed. by Vere Foster (1898), page 216.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pages 216-7.

<sup>3</sup> Marianne Spencer-Stanhope married Mr Hudson of Tadworth Court, near Epsom, a cousin of Lord Aveland, to whom the property reverted at his death. It was eventually sold to Lord Russell of Killowen.

and told her the true story of Lord Melville's conduct.

"My sister Hudson," states John Stanhope, "told me that Mr Boyd admitted to her that the money for which Lord Melville refused to account was advanced to save his house from bankruptcy, and so great was the effect produced by this failure upon the loan which they had ventured to take, as it were single-handed, that there might be some excuse for considering it almost a public concern. 'Imagine,' said Mr Boyd, 'what were my feelings when, a prisoner in France, I read the account of the proceedings against Lord Melville!'"<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the friends of Melville bitterly denounced the action of Wilberforce in the matter, and it was not till long afterwards that, in a painful moment, the latter came face to face with the man whose ruin he had regretfully abetted. About a year before Lord Melville died, Wilberforce suddenly encountered him in the stone passage which leads from the Horse Guards to the Treasury. Avoidance was impossible; the two men came suddenly upon each other "just in the open part," states Wilberforce, "where the light struck upon our faces." Each simultaneously recognised the other, and the encounter, an embarrassing one for both, would have resulted in each passing silently on his way, had not Melville,

<sup>1</sup> MS. by John Spencer-Stanhope. The paragraph, as it stands, is slightly involved, but for obvious reasons I have left the original wording intact,



to Wilberforce's surprise, promptly stopped and extended his hand. "Ah, Wilberforce, how do you do?" he said cordially, and gave him a hearty handshake. "I would have given a thousand pounds for that shake," relates Wilberforce with feeling; "I never saw him afterwards."

Truly, whatever the faults of which Melville had been guilty, the aspect of that lonely figure coldly facing the misapprehension alike of friends and foes, or extending that ready forgiveness and understanding to his chief detractor, must weigh in the verdict of posterity,

But the tragedy of that ill-devised drama had done its work with another of the principal actors. Pitt's enemies had sought to bring about his downfall, and success attended their efforts in a manner little anticipated. The wound which they had inflicted had struck home. Coupled with ill-health, it wrought havoc with the sensitive frame of the minister, and the news of the reverses of Ulm and Austerlitz shattered the enfeebled health which had become incapable of further endurance. Immediately on hearing of Pitt's illness, Stanhope hastened back to town from Yorkshire, where he had been spending the New Year, and on January 22nd he had a last interview with his stricken friend. Of that pathetic meeting and parting he has left no record, but it would seem that the dying minister, despite his mortal weakness, which was peculiarly distressing to witness, strove to discuss with him matters both of a personal and a political

nature.<sup>1</sup> It was the last occasion on which the clearness of that remarkable intellect remained unclouded. That night delirium ensued, and early on the following morning, Wednesday, January 23rd, 1806, the anniversary of his entry into Parliament, Pitt breathed his last.

“Deeply rather than pathetically affected by it,” wrote Wilberforce; “Pitt killed by the enemy as much as Nelson.” Whether he realised his own share in the events which had undermined the mental and physical strength of his friend is doubtful; but to Stanhope there was only one aspect of the situation. “The loss the Public has sustained in the death of Mr Pitt can neither be calculated, nor I fear repaired,” he wrote despondently; and on receiving the news, Mrs Stanhope with her family journeyed up to London to join her husband.

*Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *January 27th.*

What a blow is this death of Pitt! I fear the anxiety, fatigue and grief that some of his nearest friends were hostile to him hastened his end; but he can give a good account of his life and his works will follow him. When we came to town, Mr Fitzhugh's carriage was at the door,

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<sup>1</sup> John Stonard wrote to Lord Lowther—“Stanhope informed me that the day before he died Mr Pitt recommended him to return to me if his military duties would permit. What a heart, then, must I have if I were not sensible of such a man's approbation at such an hour!”—Lowther MSS. Hist. MSS. Com.

and your father went with him to the House, where perhaps at this Moment they are voting a public funeral for that great man.<sup>1</sup>

We had a good journey, tho' the road I never knew so heavy, & Marianne & Anne<sup>2</sup> have retired to bed with heavy colds. The first night we only got to [illegible] the coldest house I ever slept in, the second night to Stamford. Your father went to Lord Lowther's and staid there all night. Last night we slept at Biddleswade, and though we never stopped, we did not arrive here till four. William<sup>3</sup> is quite well and made a very pleasant traveller, though poor fellow he cannot eat much upon a journey. He came up upon the barouche seat. . . .

Your father is writing you all the political news. Perhaps he may not mention that Pitt's last words were "Oh, my country!" Had the party which are now come in given him the support he wanted, he might probably have been still alive.

*January 29th.*

Nothing yet arranged in the political world. H.R.H. and Lord Grenville squabbling about places. Fox and his Party (particularly Grey) have shewn a great Spirit of Party & little of conciliation, instead of promoting the great object of a general union. . . . The last worldly affairs Mr Pitt considered was a message to the

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<sup>1</sup> The discussion respecting the funeral honours to be paid to Pitt took place, as she anticipated, that day, January 27th.

<sup>2</sup> Her eldest and second daughters.

<sup>3</sup> Her son William, who afterwards took the name of Roddam, see *ante*, page 247.

King, thro' the Bishop of L. to request he would take care of Lord Stanhope's children, who were no longer under the protection of their father. His request has been granted; Lady Hester £1000 a year, the two married ones the same if they lose their Husbands; the younger sons £500 a year each.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Feb. 9th* 1806.

Yesterday we attended the Drawingroom, but as I expected it would be very full, I determined not to present Anne till the next. So many of the Ministers had not been with the King, only part of them could wait upon the Queen. To judge of the feelings by a Court face is impossible, or I should have said she was in uncommon good spirits. The Outs were all there, amongst them Jack Smyth, who has resigned. They could not get a House yesterday, therefore Lord Grenville's business has not yet passed. Nothing new in the Political world, but great dissatisfaction on all sides. It is well for Lord Hawkesbury<sup>1</sup> and Lord Castlereagh<sup>2</sup> that they are out, they were both so worn with business, it is thought they could neither of them

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Banks Jenkinson (1770-1827), created Lord Hawkesbury in 1803, succeeded his father as Earl of Liverpool in 1807, when he again took the Home Office. In Perceval's Ministry of 1809 he was Secretary for War and the Colonies. In 1813 he formed an administration which lasted for nearly fifteen years.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh (1769-1822). In 1795 created Baron Londonderry, in 1795 Viscount Castlereagh, in 1796 Earl and in 1816 Marquis of Londonderry. President of the Board of Control in 1802, War Minister from 1805 to 1806 and again from 1807 to 1809. In 1812 Foreign Secretary under Lord Liverpool

have stood it much longer. . . . Lord Glenbervie<sup>1</sup> loses his place, probably he will continue to wheel round and get something in time.

Your father does not wish to go directly into Opposition, but from the present state of his mind I expect he will not be four-and-twenty hours in the House without speaking what he thinks. He has already in private conversation told some of them what is his opinion; but it is the fashion to be open, even those coming in talk of the great jobs of their colleagues. Lord Melville is well in health, though truly afflicted for the death of Pitt. The Dean of Westminster has procured me good places for the funeral. What a fine and affecting scene it will be!

*Marianne Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.*

*Feb 14th GROSVENOR SQUARE.*

It was astonishingly reported that Lord Melville had destroyed himself, when he was quite well. . . .

Papa is more and more displeased with the rough manner in which he hears Lord Grey has commenced his Administration. The very first day Mr M [illegible], a most gentlemanlike man, was spoken to in such a style that he was near

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<sup>1</sup> Sylvester Douglas, son of John Douglas of Fechel, born 24th May 1743. He was, after a distinguished political career, created, 29th December 1800, an Irish Peer as Baron Glenbervie of Kincardine. He died in 1823, having married 26th August 1789. Lady Catherine Anne North (died 6th February 1817) eldest daughter of Frederick, Earl of Guildford. Their only son Frederick Sylvester North Douglas, *d.s.p.*, 21st October 1819.

resigning. Admiral Stanhope, Edwin's son<sup>1</sup> went down yesterday to desire that he might retain his command as Flag Admiral at Woolwich. Grey's answer was that he had not yet had time to look about him, but that he did not suppose he should be able to allow him to retain his situation. Now if he *does* mean to turn him out, as an able experienced Commander he ought to have had it announced to him in a different manner ; if he means to retain him, it is still stranger behaviour. They say that the Irish will be greatly offended at Mr Thellusson<sup>2</sup> being the first man selected to be an Irish peer since the Union. For my part I think it will soon be an honour not to be a peer of some sort, it will be much more uncommon not to be one.

Although a public funeral had been voted to Pitt, it was decided that upon the occasion only three hundred spectators were to be admitted within the walls of the Abbey. The Bishop of London was to read the service ; and the procession was to enter at the great west entrance, from the Painted Chamber, where it had previously lain in state. It was to pass between two lines of Foot-Guards, the onlookers occupying a scaffolding covered with black, while muffled drums, with fifes, were to

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Edwyn Stanhope (son of Edwin Francis) Admiral of the Blue ; Second in Command in the expedition to Copenhagen ; created a Baronet 13th November 1807 ; (1754-1814), married 14th August 1803, Peggy, daughter of Francis Malbone of Newport, Rhode Island, (died 8th August 1809).

<sup>2</sup> Peter Isaac Thellusson (1761-1808). Elevated to the peerage of Ireland, February 1806, by the title of Baron Rendlesham.

announce its approach, and in its ranks were to walk Princes of the Blood in their robes, statesmen and fellow ministers of the deceased. Meanwhile it was rumoured that when the vault was opened in preparation for the interment, the coffin of Lord Chatham was found upon its side. This was attributed by some to the influx of the Thames which had covered the vault with slime; but many pointed out that it could not have turned over a coffin of heavy lead.

*Mrs Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.*

*February 24th*

I wish you could have been with us on Saturday last to have attended the last act of respect paid the memory of our great Man [Pitt], whose like we shall never see again. How the awful ceremony was attended the papers will inform you. Mr Phillimore, who clung to Lord Mansfield's monument, will tell you the effect of the procession. That which struck your father and many others was the finger of Pitt's father pointing impressively over the spot where his son was laid.<sup>1</sup> The Coffin was placed upon his father's, I saw them all.

The magnificence of the procession Anne saw better than we did; she and the boys were at Mr Smedley's, and when the procession had

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<sup>1</sup> "The statue of his father," said Wilberforce with fine feeling, "seemed to look with consternation at the vault that was opening to receive his favourite son."—*Life of Pitt*, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery (1891), p. 259.

passed, Mr Smith took her to the organ, where she saw the whole; he afterwards took her to the Deanery. Mrs Vincent was too ill to appear, but the Dean sat with the ladies some time. I was there at eleven and we did not get into the Abbey till twelve. The procession entered exactly at one, and everything was well regulated, not the least noise or confusion. Where we were, it was not so affecting as we expected; we were too much upon a level with the crowd, but your father said many tears were shed. Lord Chatham looked the picture of woe, but not one tear came from him.

Young Becket of Leeds is appointed Under Secretary of State in the place of Mr King, by Lord Spencer, who did not even know him. What a great appointment, and to be so given! This is the moment for young men to look about them.

The Paper has just come, but it does not give the procession exact—the Members of the House of Commons all walked together without regard to rank.

Your father will this day give notice of his Motion respecting Lord Ellenborough for tomorrow, unless he finds the appointment is given up. He has every reason to expect great support. Many people called upon him yesterday upon the subject.

Mr Pitt's friends are gone into mourning for a week.

Thus, beneath a cloud of sorrow, closed the brilliant career of Pitt. So great was his loss, and so urgent the situation of England before the



menace of Napoleon and his legions, that the object which the dead man had vainly striven to achieve in his lifetime, the union of opposing parties, was accomplished by his death. The "Ministry of all the Talents" was formed, in which the popular Whigs with Fox, so soon to follow his great rival to the grave, united with the aristocratic Whigs under Grenville and the Tories under Lord Sidmouth. Short as was that Ministry, destined to die an inglorious death a year later, it presented certain strange incongruities which directly concerned the British Constitution. On February 4th, Stanhope wrote to Lord Lowther as follows :—

*Walter Spencer-Stanhope to Lord Lowther.*

*February 4th, 1806*

You may very possibly know more of the new arrangements than I do, but whatever they are, they are to take place immediately, as the King has, we are told, consented to a Military Council, which I heartily approve. Last night after the payment of Pitt's debts had been carried unanimously, Fox gave notice of a Bill to be passed this day to enable Grenville to hold the office of first Lord of the Treasury with that of Auditor. The last office was given to him by Pitt, who never thought of keeping it himself; and the return he makes to his memory is to turn out every man in Office who supported him; and instead of acting as the leader of Pitt's friends, and who were so long his own, I fear it is true,

though hardly credible, that he spurns them from him.

I met Lord Glastonbury yesterday morning, and *entre nous* he says he cannot conceive what his cousin is driving at, that he does not approve at all of his present arrangements, and that he considers Lord Grenville and Lord Spencer to be the only two in the Cabinet that can strictly be held to belong to them. Think of Lord Ellenborough, the first Criminal Judge, being of the Cabinet . . . an unprecedented breach of the Constitution, and for what is it? That he may have the pleasure of ordering an arraignment for High Treason in Council and giving sentence to it in Court, and so become both Judge and party in causes of life and death. Erskine, too, is to be Chancellor, and what at this moment appears to me to be worst of all, Grey is to go into the Admiralty. Is not all this cast of parts like forcing Mrs Siddons into a comic and Mrs Jordan into a tragic character?

I feel very differently now from what I did at Cottesmere last week; I then hoped that Lord Grenville would have selected the fittest men for the higher departments from all parties; and be forming a strong and popular Administration; and as it cannot be one without being the other, have afforded the best chance to save the State. As it is, God send us a good deliverance. To go into Opposition now would only ensure our destruction; but I see no ground for confidence and much for most gloomy prognostic.

As a result, a general paralysis seemed to affect the new administration which, while it desired to

unite in saving England from a common danger, yet lacked the impetus to which it had long been accustomed of a strong leader and his strong opposer. Under the circumstances, Stanhope was urged to bring forward a Motion involving a great Constitutional issue, the legality of Lord Ellenborough holding the dual office of Cabinet Minister and Lord Chief Justice. At first Stanhope hesitated, but at length he yielded and made on the occasion a speech which exceeded the expectation of his most confident supporters.<sup>1</sup> Although his measure was beaten by a large majority, "it yet," his son points out, "established a great Constitutional privilege, and was also the first summons to the party to rally to their standard. Till then they had been almost annihilated; they professed that they were not an Opposition, that they did not wish to be an Opposition; but the spirit of the forces once raised, they recovered their former energy. Long years afterwards Lord Haddington used to say gratefully—'It was Spencer-Stanhope brought us round.'"—But in connection with this occasion, John Stanhope appends an anecdote.

"During this period of unexampled languor in the political world when it needed thus a strong measure

<sup>1</sup> See *Parliamentary Debates*, 1806, March 3, Vol. vi., pp. 286-291. On the following March 13th, Mrs Stanhope wrote to her son—"You cannot think what compliments your father has received on his speech. Cobbett wrote anxious for a correct copy, which Anne wrote, as your father would only indite, and as it was to be printed, it was advisable to have it correct. Whether it will be in his paper, or *Parliamentary Register*, I do not know.

or a strong man to revivify the situation, daily in Stanhope's rides in the park there accompanied him a certain Mr D.<sup>1</sup> who left him no peace from his importunate representations that it was for Stanhope to take the lead and bring forward a Motion which would rouse the latent energy of his party. 'Mr Stanhope,' he used to say, 'it is for you of all the country gentlemen to come forward and bring us round! Think only of your position, of your power of eloquence, of the manner in which your example would carry weight!' Whether his persistency really influenced Stanhope, it is impossible to say, but whatever the cause, Stanhope was, as we have seen, at last stirred out of his inaction; he brought forward the suggested Motion, advocated it powerfully and thereby was said to have instilled fresh life into both his adherents and his opponents. But what was his unbounded astonishment to discover that, most vehement in the majority against him was his late mentor. The fact was that the ubiquitous Mr D. cared nothing for the Motion he had so earnestly advocated, all that interested him was to promote an Opposition—he liked to feel that his vote was of value!"

<sup>1</sup> John Stanhope does not give the name; but it appears to have been the Rt. Honble William Dundas, Secretary for War, for he refers to him as "one of the minor officials."

## CHAPTER XVIII

### L'ENVOI

**W**ITH the passing of the years, Mary Winifred appears to have shared her husband's outlook upon life, in that she was a woman of serious thought and purpose, though perhaps lacking his lively wit and sense of humour; but for this the great sorrow of her life may have been largely responsible.

In 1784, her first son was born at Horsforth, and in the following September was christened in a snow so deep that his grandmother relates, "None of ye Gossips cou'd attend." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The event is thus quaintly related by Mrs (Ann) Stanhope :—

"*August 26th, 1784.*—Master Walter Spencer Stanhope was born at his father's seat at Horsforth, on a Thursday morning about 8 of ye Clock in Horsforth ffeast week, & on ye Saturday following was privately Babtiz'd in his nursery by Mr Shepley, ye Vicar of Horsforth. His father gave him ye name of Walter Spencer. He was Xtianed at Horsforth Chappel on Saturday ye 26th of September following, being a deep snow none of ye Gossips cou'd attend wch was to have been Mrs Lawson of Chirton Hall, Mrs Spencer-Stanhope's great-aunt, ye Godmother; Mr Collingwood, Mrs Spencer-Stanhope's own uncle; & one Captain Shuttleworth, Godfathers; but was represented by Mr Wade of New Grange, & Dr Hey, a Surgeon from Leeds; Mrs Stanhope of Horsforth, Master Walter Stanhope's grandmother, stood proxeey for Mrs Lawson of Chirton.

"*N.B.*—There had not been a christening from Horsforth Hall of

Another peculiarity of the ceremony was that the clergyman who officiated was extended upon a couch. The Rev. William Shepley had come to Horsforth in 1783, and owing to an accident which occurred shortly afterwards, he was compelled to lie on his back for twenty-five years. He, however, insisted on performing his duty as before, so was conveyed alike to christenings, marriages or funerals in his prison on wheels; and the little chapel, the scene of many remarkable events, had seldom witnessed a sight more pathetic than when, thus stricken down in the strength of his manhood, he preached fervently at divine service in this recumbent position.

Whether any difficulty was experienced in wheeling the helpless invalid over the snow-clad roads is not recorded, but the baptism of Stanhope's son was an event of too great local importance for him to be absent. There had not been a christening of any Stanhope in Horsforth for seventy-four years, and there had never yet been a christening of a Stanhope in the Bell chapel since its erection. As the child received at the font the names of Walter Spencer, its father's thoughts must surely have reverted to that morning, over a quarter of a century ago, when, but a ye Stanhope ffamily since Mr William Stanhope's christening, and Master Walter was ye first that was Xtind at ye New Chappel where his Father, Mr Walter Stanhope laid ye first stone (and he also laid ye first stone of ye New School in Horsforth town).

"*N.B.*—Master Walter Spencer-Stanhope was innoculated in London in ye year 1785 by Baron Dimsdale, had very few of ye erruptions and got well over them."

small lad himself, he had laid the foundation-stone of the little edifice, in the presence of so many of his kindred who now lay sleeping in the vault hard by.

And the little babe received into the Church in the deep snow of that abnormal September was a fine, beautiful child whose healthy appearance was the subject of rejoicing throughout the neighbourhood. But one apparently unimportant circumstance of his birth his grandmother forgot to record. His entry into the world having occurred somewhat unexpectedly, the village blacksmith, a local expert in such cases, had been hastily summoned to officiate ere the superior medical aid of Mr Hey could be obtained from Leeds. In consequence, the child received some injury to the spine, the extent of which was not suspected; but a year later Stanhope's Diary records the fact—"My poor boy had ten convulsion fits in 24 hours." This was the beginning of a series of similar attacks which lasted throughout a life, destined, despite their violence, to extend to middle age, and which robbed the luckless boy of health and intelligence.

Yet, for a time, the parents did not suspect that the child who did not learn to speak was other than backward for his age. In 1787, Mary Winifred sat to Hoppner for a portrait of herself and her first-born.<sup>1</sup> The result was a charming picture.

<sup>1</sup> Stanhope himself sat to Hoppner in 1790. An entry in his Diary relates the following expenditure on one day: "For my portrait £29, 8s. For Baron Dimsdale for inoculation of my child—£15 15s." Hoppner's picture was thus 7 guineas cheaper than was Reynolds's portrait of Stanhope painted for the Dilettanti.

The young mother, her handsome face framed in its powdered hair and shadowed by a dark hat, is bending over the pretty babe with whom she is playing, and who laughs in response to her caress. It is a scene eloquent both of the first joy of motherhood and of the happy innocence of childhood; none the less, if legend is to be relied on, it bespeaks tragedy, for it was during the painting of it that the unhappy mother first realised that the child born to so much was fated to be an idiot.

Even when, as the years went by, other children, sound in brain and limb, came to lighten the burden of her sorrow, the grief of that eternal childhood of her firstborn—guileless, tractable, and handsome as he remained—was never absent from her thoughts. Later, the old house, Cannon Hall, which he seldom quitted, became filled with laughing brothers and sisters who were kind to this strange, silent being of whom they spoke with bated breath. Over the flight of time, eight sons and seven daughters were born to Stanhope and his wife, and a race of fresh young lives thrived and grew where in by-gone days that vanished race of Spencers had likewise looked forward with happy expectancy to the years which were to be. Yet even after he had attained to that semblance of manhood, whenever his mother was forced to leave him, daily letters were sent to acquaint her with his condition—always with that hopeless record, fits, often ten in a night, the duration and frequency of which must have required a marvellous strength of









*Photogr. Jun. 87*

*Mary Winifred Spencer Stanhope  
and her eldest son.*

*1787.*



physique to survive. And thus he was fated to pass from the cradle to the grave, surrounded by all of which he was the heir, of which eventually he became, in name, the owner, while his inheritance was a mockery and his birthright a myth.

The next child born after the luckless Spencer was a girl, named Marianne, who came into the world in the house in Grosvenor Square in 1786, and who inherited her father's dry wit, his cynicism and his gift of shrewd observation. By and by, in fulfilment of Lord Rosebery's early prediction with regard to her future she made a *coup* anonymously in the literary world with her novel *Almack's*, wherein all the characters were taken from life and presented a faithful reflection of the social atmosphere in which she lived.

In 1787, was born Stanhope's second son, John, previously referred to in these pages. At first a weakling, he came into the world at seven months—a musical entry, as he used jestingly to relate, for his premature birth was the result of a lengthy organ recital at Westminster Abbey which his mother had incautiously attended. So frail indeed was the tiny infant, that Stanhope used to declare that if he had left the charge of it to the nurses and had not himself sat up night after night to superintend the care of that flickering spark of humanity, the babe must inevitably have died. As it was, in the midst of his anxiety a laughable incident occurred. A message was brought up to the nursery to request that he would come at once to the library, as Mr

Pitt wished to see him immediately. "What Mr Pitt?" inquired Stanhope. "The minister" was the reply. Stanhope promptly hastened down, filled with visions of some urgent political crisis, and found instead of the Prime Minister, a little Mr Pitt, clergyman of a neighbouring church, who had called to give private baptism to the infant whose life was so uncertain.

That sickly child, however, to the surprise of his relations, survived to have a public christening, at which Lady Glynn, Lord Chesterfield, and Sir Matthew White Ridley were sponsors, and at which were present Captain Collingwood, afterwards the famous Admiral, and both Mr Pitts—the Prime Minister of England as well as the little Minister who officiated. John Stanhope ultimately grew up intellectual, charming, a scholar and the usurper of all of which fate had bereft the first-born.

One anecdote of his boyhood has a special interest. He was at school at Westminster, and, one day in July 1803, he was looking out of the window at the Abbey which had been so largely responsible for his hurried entry into the world, when he saw that a fire had broken out in the edifice. He immediately ran out of the house, although it was closing time, and got into the Abbey. "I saw," he relates, "the ceiling above me all on fire, and great burning beams falling from the top of the lantern. Ward, who was one of the ushers, discovered me and immediately

pushed me away, ordering me to go out of danger. I returned to the Boarding House, and Mrs Clapham wished to persuade me to keep the boys in, as I was head boy of the House ; but I soon found a chance to sally out again, and in a few moments all the boys had joined me and were hard at work, nor did we cease till the fire was got well under."

Watching the exciting event, and no doubt himself lending a helping hand, was a man not unknown to John Stanhope by sight. This was none other than Windham, the statesman, his father's contemporary at Oxford, who was so struck by the courage of the boys—"that," relates John Stanhope, "he could not refrain from bursting out with—'Well done—well done, Westminster!' and that tribute from such a man, one himself so distinguished for so brave a spirit, was felt by us to be indeed an honour."—By a strange coincidence, Windham, as is well known, was himself fated five years later to receive his deathblow in a similar scene to that of which he was now a spectator.

Of Stanhope's next two sons, Edward, born in 1791, was destined to take the name of Collingwood upon inheriting the estates of Dissington and Shipley from his great-uncle Edward Collingwood, who died in 1806 ; and William, who was so pleasant a traveller upon the barouche seat, afterwards, as already mentioned, went into the navy, under Admiral Collingwood, and god-son and heir

310 ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE  
of Admiral Roddam, took the surname of Roddam upon inheriting that estate.

Thus, in one particular, Stanhope's family presented an anomaly, for while his actual heir was so in name only, his three next sons were each in the position of an elder son, since each was prospective owner of a property.

It was even thought probable that another inheritance might descend to Stanhope's children, though their father himself does not seem to have cherished any delusions with regard to the matter. Sir James Lowther, whom Pitt, mindful of past favours on his accession to office, had raised to the peerage in 1784, by the title of Baron Lowther and Earl of Lonsdale, for some years viewed Stanhope's increasing family with considerable interest. Still a constant visitor at Cannon Hall and unceasingly affectionate in his attitude towards its owner—to whom only a few months before his death he wrote his hope that we "may still see many happy days together"—he yet did not lose his old love of raising expectations in order to disappoint them; and in Stanhope's children he was not slow to recognise a means to this end. John Stanhope relates:—

"To the end of his life Lord Lonsdale seemed to have a peculiar pleasure in tormenting. . . . Until the last he kept up the greatest mystery about the disposition of his property, quarrelling successively with all his relations and giving them all hopes in their turn. My father knew him too



well to indulge in any speculations, but an event occurred which he was convinced was an attempt on Lord Lonsdale's part to make him entertain them.

“Lord Lonsdale had stopped at the Kingston Arms at Newark, an Inn kept by a man named Lawton who had been my father's servant at College and his butler for many years, and who only left Cannon Hall upon his marriage with my mother's maid. Lord Lonsdale sent for Lawton and made many inquiries respecting Mr Stanhope's children, asking particularly what their names were.—‘What!’ cried he, ‘Is there not a James among them? What *can* Mr Stanhope mean by not christening one of his sons James?’

“My father laughed much when Lawton mentioned the circumstances to him and said ‘*That is so like Lord Lonsdale!*’ For the latter knew that Lawton would be sure to repeat his remark to the family at Cannon Hall, and thus he hoped to raise false expectations with regard to the disposal of his estate, my father being as nearly related to him in the female as Sir William Lowther was in the male line.”

As previously mentioned, Sir William Lowther had acted as Lord Lonsdale's second in a duel, and when Lord Lonsdale died in 1802, it was found that he had made a will dated on the day of the duel, leaving his property to this cousin.

By William Wilberforce Stanhope's young family was regarded in a far different light.

*William Wilberforce to Walter Spencer-Stanhope.*

LYME, *October 19th, 1804*

MY DEAR STANHOPE

. . . Your *friendly smiting* for my not making my appearance in Yorkshire is but too well deserved—yet, consider, my dear S. the length of our Sessions of Parl<sup>t</sup> of late years, my mediocrity of health and strength, my constant bustle during the Sittings of Parliament, and the consequent necessity for a little quiet during the recess, with a view no less to my health of mind than of body. Then again—my good woman agreeing with Mrs S. in having many properties of a good wife, has not in the same degree that of a good constitution; she has suffered from bringing into the world 4 children, a mere nothing as they must appear to you. I require a good deal of rest and regularity to recruit, and we don't like to separate from each other and from the children. We have been for some weeks at this place, partly for sea air, partly for seeing Mrs W.'s nearest relations. The Western sea is at this moment roaring in my ears. Our little ones suffered so much from cold the last two winters, that I mean to leave them here till after Xmas.

You really, and Mrs S., ought to have a pension for counteracting so efficiently the waste of war, yellow fever and famine. May your family prove a blessing to you—I never undervalued domestic life, tho' it was long before I engaged in it, but from experience I now say that domestic comforts are the best of this world's things.

As for politics, I have none to send, the newspapers tell you all that is to be told. I understand with concern that the Grenvillites and Windham are to oppose even more strenuously. . . . 'Tis really sad work and will hurt them in the public estimation. I dare say your own experience confirms my persuasion that our great men are too little apprised of the effects which their conduct produces on the mind of the independent middle-class whose judgment is of solid might. . . . Great exertions have been made and are now being made in the Navy, and new expedients are tried for preventing the consumption of timber of which there is a miserable want. A friend of mine told me the other day that, instead of crooked timber, 18 tons of iron has just now been used in the repair of his ship, a 74 Gun ship.

You are not to suppose that I have nothing to do in my retirement but to stroll by the seashore and read Cowper. I seldom have been more closely occupied than for the last month, and have now a *formidable array* of unanswered letters in front of me, but your's claims precedence. Farewell—My Cordial remems. to Mrs S. Every Blessing attend you, my dear S. above all, those blessings which do not terminate within this span of life, but extend throughout Eternity. I am ever, my dear S.

Very sincerely yours

W. WILBERFORCE.

What do you think of Cobbett becoming a warm admirer of Mr F. Burdett and his strenuous advocate?

By another friend of bygone years was Stanhope's family viewed with a peculiar interest. John Carr, the architect whose aid had been requisitioned on two previous occasions to make alterations to Cannon Hall, was now called upon to provide accommodation for the rising generation of young Spencer-Stanhopes. As will be remembered, Carr had formerly decreed that the wings which he built for John Spencer were to be "finished at one storey high,"—a decision which, in view of Stanhope's large family, proved singularly unfortunate; and he was now required to supply the previous omission by adding a storey above his previous building.

With this object, the former stone-mason, now a man of sixty-seven, and of considerable wealth and importance, came again to Cannon Hall. Hale and energetic as of yore, the fact that he was treated as an associate and equal by the country squires who had once patronised him, never failed to cause him an innocent satisfaction. In his profession he had come under the influence of the brothers Adam, and what his work had gained in delicacy it had perhaps lost in execution. None the less, his reputation remained unassailed, and a pleasing feature of his success was that he did not ignore the fact of his early struggles. Thus Stanhope's Diary records:—

"Dec. 2d, Mr Carr came. 4th, Mr Carr went. MEM. Mr Carr staid here two days gave me plan and estimate of raising the wings

and several other things, and refused to take a farthing."

"Mr Carr," adds Stanhope's son, writing in 1836, "had succeeded in establishing a distinguished reputation as an architect. In the days of his early life he made a resolution that if ever he succeeded in raising himself in the world he would build a church in Horbury, and the church now stands there as a specimen of his taste and a proof of his liberality and attachment to his native town. The Memorandum in my father's Journal is a further proof of this high feeling. My father's family had apparently contributed to his success in life, and my father's character commanded his respect. Hence his action. It is pleasing to meet such instances, rare indeed, of high-mindedness."

"He," further relates Mr Kitson,<sup>1</sup> "had been successful in his work, he had amassed a large fortune, and he had been twice Mayor of York. So in his native village with mixed motives of piety and pride he built the church of Horbury. On the pediment was put—

PIETATIS IN DEUM ET AMORIS IN SOLUM NATALE MONUMENTUM

Propriis somptibus Extruxit  
Iohannes Carr Architectos.

It may be added that Carr lived to the age of eighty-four; and, although during the final years of his life he relinquished work and retired to a country life at Askham Hall, he continued full of

<sup>1</sup> *Carr of York*, by Sydney D. Kitson, M.A., Cantab. *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, January 22nd, 1910.

vitality till his death, when it was found that he had left a fortune of £15,000.

Thus the old house of Cannon Hall was extended yet further; and it was over a domain larger than that ruled by her predecessors that Mary Winifred was called upon to exercise her wise supervision. The story of her life there, and the interesting correspondence of her large home circle, must be reserved for a future volume; but it may be here observed that she was in much a remarkable woman, gifted with strength of character and breadth of intellect. The lack of education exhibited in the illiterate compositions of Barbara Stanhope and Biddy Downes in common with many of the correspondents of those days, finds no counterpart in the fluent, well-expressed, somewhat prosaic letters—Johnsonian both in manner and matter—which she indited with regularity to any of her children from whom she was absent. How, after her sons went to school, she found time to write to each of them the lengthy letters which have survived, of admonition, of suggestion with regard to their studies, of a detailed chronicle of the doings of each of the other fourteen children, is astonishing; and still more so, perhaps, is the pamphlet of carefully reasoned advice with regard to both work and conduct which she dispatched to her second son when he finally went up to college. But so it was, and these records of a mother's love were treasured with a tender reverence by the sons who received

them, and who appear never to have destroyed a single letter which their mother ever wrote them.

Nor were the daughters less carefully tended. They were educated with a thoroughness which would have qualified them to adorn the blue-stocking society of their day. Latin, Greek and Spanish, besides French and German are mentioned as their studies. Arithmetic occupied a large proportion of their time, Euclid was a favourite occupation of the eldest daughter, together with readings in astronomy and "philosophy"—the latter then a most fashionable pursuit. There are entries which show how assiduously she and her sisters perused the notes made by their brother John when he frequented the lectures of Dugald Stewart on Moral Philosophy, while mention is made of their own attendance when in town at lectures by Sydney Smith "On the conduct of the Human Understanding," by Dr Crotch "On Musick," and by other expounders of matters grave or polite. Further, their paintings, if unimagina-tive, were far beyond the average in merit; and, above all, each was a proficient performer upon a musical instrument—sons as well as daughters—so that the whole party could play together in a band to enliven their parents during the long winter evenings in the country—a pleasure which, one trusts, afforded some small compensation for the preliminary practising of fifteen youthful amateurs.

Nor were the Classics neglected. One dreary

winter, Mary Winifred writes from Yorkshire to her second son at school:—

At this moment I hear both Harp & Pianoforte, for Musick flourishes this cold weather, as I suppose your Flute does. Were I to mention the studies of this House, you would think we were forming a Blue-Stocking Club, as Homer, Greek Plays, Dante, etc, etc, are all much attended to. I should not dislike to live a little more with the living, but as the dead are now more within my reach, I must be satisfied with the Sages of old. Adieu! All the living of this house desire to hear of you!

Occasionally, it would seem that Mary Winifred herself became confused with the number of her children. In a letter to her son John one New Year's day she observes "Your brothers have been laughing at me, for I gave to Henry a book which last year I gave to Charles, and lo! his name is in it!" Another time, writing to her son William, then at sea, a detailed chronicle of the doings of the family, she recounts his own proceedings, which are afterwards carefully erased with the explanation—"Indeed, I forgot that it is William to whom I am now writing!"

Yet with her all-absorbing domestic ties—the superintendence of three households, and, by and by, the care of so large a family, Mary Winifred did not eschew society nor omit to take a keen interest in the politics of her day; neither was she of opinion that a woman's part in the political





TWO OF THE MISSES SPENCER-STANHOPE ACCOMPANIED ON THE SPINNET BY THEIR MUSIC-MASTER.  
*Sketched by one of their sisters who neurotic was having a drawing-lesson*



drama should be a nominal one. As has been seen, she would readily have combated Lady Burford personally on the hustings; and never did she fail to follow her husband's long Parliamentary career with close and eager interest. Moreover, once during a contest for one of the county boroughs at the general election in 1807, when the candidates felt so confident of success that they announced that their women-folk need not vote, Mary Winifred expressed herself strongly in a letter to her son John upon the slight which this represented to her sex:—

Your father was at Wakefield yesterday canvassing. The contest will be a light one and probably cost more than the place is worth. There will be Peers and Gentlemen without end, but they have determined not to admit the Ladies to vote, which is very extraordinary and very hard considering how few privileges we poor females have. Should it come to a very close struggle, I dare say they will then call for the ladies, and *in that case every self-respecting woman should most certainly refuse her assistance.*<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Before the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 women were entitled to exercise the Parliamentary franchise, and only on the passing of what was somewhat illogically known as the "People's Bill" were they deprived of representation, the word "*Male*" being then, for the first time in any Statute of the Realm, interpolated before the word "*person.*" Why this was done is not known, but there are grounds for believing it was purely accidental. Lord Brougham, in 1850, brought in a Bill for "shortening the language used in Acts of Parliament," which enacted that "*words importing the masculine gender should be taken and deemed to include females*

As to her social labours, they cannot have been the lightest part of her duties. Stanhope after his marriage kept open house, where the guests who came uninvited were as welcome as the invited guest, and it was a recognised fact that despite the ever-widening home-circle which the years brought, his family party never dined without the addition of several friends present. As his sons grew older, they used to be expected to bring men in to dinner, and John used to relate that he often wandered about not liking to go back till he had captured his own contribution to the merry evening party. Once when Mary Winifred complained to her *chef* of the extravagance of the house-books, the man replied—“Do you know Ma’am, although you had no party, how many people dined here last week?—A hundred!”<sup>1</sup> The neighbours in Grosvenor Square,

*except when the contrary as to gender is expressly provided*”; while the Reform Bill of 1867 restored the ancient word “Man” to the charters in lieu of the innovation “male persons.” It was then pointed out in the House that “in the light of Lord Brougham’s Act . . . this conferred the suffrage on female persons as well as on males”; and that as in former times no legal bar existed to the right of women to vote. When however, in 1868, eight thousand women entered their names as voters in order to claim their ancient privilege, the judges gave an adverse decision, one of their reasons for this being that the privilege of voting as formerly possessed by women, was seldom, if ever exercised. Mrs Stanhope’s letter is therefore of peculiar interest, as showing that the women of her day not only exercised their right as citizens, but valued it highly.

<sup>1</sup> In Stanhope’s Diary for June 16th, 1788, for instance, occurs the following entry—“*Not much company this evening.* Three Smyths, two Glynnys, 3 Stanleys, Lord Downe, Miss Moses, one Scott, Mr Hornby, and Lord Chesterfield dined here.”—The italics, needless to state, are not in the original.

however, maintained that Mrs Stanhope must have a rout every night, so continuous was the stream of company which invaded her, while several of the old letters describe her house as "the gayest in town."

At Cannon Hall the hospitality was even more remarkable, for as has already been shown, it had to be extended to the unlimited number of servants which each guest was entitled to bring with him, and yet the house was never without visitors resident there for a long or short period as pleased them best, while nothing gratified Stanhope more than to hear its nick-name of Roast-beef Hall.

Yet, while he still remained wedded to that social existence which had early appealed to him, with the birth of his numerous family and the more serious aims of advancing years, Stanhope's life as a Macaroni came to a close.

Long since, the term had become obsolete. The exquisite of those bygone years with his scented clothes, his long cane, his spy glass, his toupée, had given place to a youth of sterner views and prosaic appearance. Across the Channel, in the once gay Capital of France, the grace and the follies which had been allied to the name had been crushed beneath the iron heel of the Revolution. In London, at the first mutterings of that storm, Fox, erstwhile Stanhope's rival in extravagance of fashion, ostentatiously adopted the slovenly garb which was designed to show his sympathy with the *sans-culottes*. Those of his persuasion quickly

copied him, and with the advent of the "crops" who wore their hair cut *à la Guillotine*, a fresh vogue obtained amongst a limited circle, which at first roused the sneers of the onlookers. Gradually what had been the mere pose of a faction gained favour with the majority, and there dawned a new era in mode and manners wherein the courtly grace of that old world, with its stateliness, its frippery and its charm, languished and died.

Yet it died hard. For long its influence could be seen in the cut of the garments worn by the men, in the autocratic manners of the women who constituted themselves leaders of the *haut ton*, in an affectation of speech which dictated the fantastic pronunciation of certain words as a test of good breeding. To the last day of their lives, Stanhope and each of his sons and daughters would have held it an indisputable sign of inferior status to employ much of the phraseology which is current to-day. Their conversation remained interlarded with sentences in French—reminiscent of the days when Paris was the Queen of the social world—and with catchwords, by the utterance of which the pretensions of the aspirant to good society could be accepted or unmasked.<sup>1</sup> As, in short, the distinctions between class and class became less accentuated by outward trappings, as, with the

<sup>1</sup> Lunnon (London), cowcumber (cucumber), Jarsey (Jersey), 'ouman (woman), charrit (chariot), gould (gold), suvverign (sovereign), balcōny (bāl-cony), represented a few of these "catchwords," of which the modern pronunciation of Berkeley, Derby, etc., and certain surnames, are some survivals.

ostentation of that old world, vanished the fine clothes, the coaches-and-six, the running footmen and the large retinues which had once formed the ordinary appendage of a gentleman of standing, those who held that good breeding was their birth-right clung more punctiliously to the little tokens by which their qualifications could be recognised. Society became restricted to a particular clique, the *entrée* into whose charmed circle was rigidly guarded, and the rightful members of which entrenched themselves cautiously by various of these social tests against the invasion of a democratic element. Trade, which was once the accepted occupation of the younger sons of good family, sank into disrepute, and there ensued a period when, besides politics, there were but four professions possible to a gentleman—the Church, the Army, the Navy, or the Bar. All outside these were beyond the pale.

That these changes were wrought gradually, all but imperceptibly, is obvious. Yet the period of the French Revolution was the era to which they owed birth. Then for the first time politics were made the medium for proclaiming the excellence of a simple life, and the old *régime* received its deathblow.

That Stanhope was infected by a movement with which he had little natural sympathy was inevitable. As when at college he had “assumed a tail in order to avoid singularity;” so for the same reason he continued to drift with the times.

The clothes, gay as a popinjay, which he had once loved, were discarded for the more sober garments which found favour with his fellows; and with these vanished much of that ceremonial of living of which they were the complement.

Likewise in the immediate circle of his kindred and his neighbours, the kaleidoscope of Time had wrought a yet greater transformation. A sharp severance, indeed, lay between the past and the present, between the surroundings of that grave politician and father of a family, and the boy Watty who had so astounded his relations with his amazing precocity, or that gay young Macaroni who had entered so eagerly upon a world which beckoned him with strong allurements.

Of that far-away past were now remaining but few survivors. Save one, all who had borne the name of Spencer of Cannon Hall had long since passed away. In 1781, as we have seen, poor Christiana had attained the rest for which she so ardently craved, where, thirteen years later, her favourite son John was laid by his mother's side. Ann Stanhope, having lived to see the birth of ten grandchildren, in 1795 peacefully rejoined the husband who had predeceased her thirty-seven years previously. Only the placid existence of Sister Greame continued to defy the onslaught of Time. So late as 1807, we learn that she routed death in a surprising manner. "You will hear with concern," wrote Mrs Stanhope to one of her children at that date, "that your Aunt



Greame has been at the point of death ; but as she wrote herself and gave a good account, and said her medical attendant said she was in a fair way of recovery, which Mr Greame in his letter confirms, I trust the danger is over ; but think of a brain fever at eighty-three *and to recover !* Her letter is as clear as if she had been twenty and in perfect health. Such a woman of her age I never even heard of !”

Two years later we read that she was “astonishingly well,” and thus, to the end triumphant against the “mighty storms” of existence, Sister Greame, the last of her generation, disappears from the correspondence of her relations.

And with that vanished race of Spencers had likewise passed away many of those with whom their homely lives had been interwoven. At Banks Hall, Parson Phipps, “as hearty as a Buck,” no longer held his “laughing parties” or rode over to Cannon Hall for a refreshing glass and comfortable chat with Mistress Matty Pickle. After 1783, Sir George Armytage of Kirklees, the cheery, bluff huntsman, no more followed the chase with a boisterous appreciation of Squire Spencer’s hounds. In 1784, Godfrey Bosville had gone to investigate the secrets of that Beyond of which he had written with such cheerful optimism to his old friend. From Manchester, kindly Miss Bidly Downes had ceased to send to her kinsfolk her quaint, ill-spelt epistles. For many years, it may be added, did the gentle, shadowy personality of Miss Bidly continue to haunt the pages of

Stanhope's Journal, or reappear at intervals in the remarks of his correspondents. Once an arch-gossip furnished him with the information—"It has been very strongly reported that Miss Bidley Downes was going to marry an officer, one Cap<sup>t</sup> Goddard quartered in the neighbourhood, who paid her very great attention; but he has since gone to Ireland and has there married a wife, so that is at an end"; later, we learn from another source that "Poor Miss Bridget Downes is much to be compassionated on account of her ill-health." Was there a link between the two statements? Did Miss Bidley find there are some "little Brewzies" for which no friendly advice can suggest a remedy? Who shall say? Her end in its fierce tragedy was out of harmony with her patient, guileless life. On Christmas Eve, 1791, Stanhope wrote in his Journal—

An Express from Manchester, with the sad tidings of the death of Miss B. Downes from her cloak being on fire, which she survived three weeks.

Meanwhile, between the former and the present owners of Cannon Hall, the family of Bosville and the family of Spencer-Stanhope, there existed a friendship which did not cease with the deaths of John Spencer and Godfrey Bosville. One anecdote relating to this continued intercourse between them is of latter-day interest.

Godfrey Bosville, the friend of John Spencer,



MISS BIDDY DOWNES,  
KINSWOMAN TO WALTER SPENCER-STANHOPE, M.P.  
*Burnt to death 1791*



had a daughter who married Alexander Macdonald, first Baron Macdonald of Slate, and had two sons, Alexander and Godfrey. The former succeeded his father as second Baron, but dying unmarried the property and title devolved upon his brother Godfrey, who having inherited the Bosville estates through his maternal ancestry, had till then borne his grandmother's surname of Bosville in addition to his father's name of Macdonald. Now, Godfrey Macdonald Bosville had contracted a romantic union with a lady, Louisa Maria La Coast, whose real parents were the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Almeria Carpenter, daughter of the first Earl of Tyrconnel. This lady and Godfrey went through the Scottish form of marriage by consent; but after a son, named Alexander, and two other children had been born to them, Mrs Macdonald Bosville became afflicted with scruples respecting her run-away match. It had not been sanctified by a religious ceremony, and in 1803, at Norwich, she insisted on being remarried in the Church of England. Unfortunately this second wedding could not render legitimate her children born previous to it if her husband were by domicile an Englishman, and such counsel erroneously informed him he must hold himself to be. Four times was the wedding ceremony vainly repeated; yet while three sons and seven daughters were born subsequent to the first English marriage, the secret affecting the birth of the elder children remained unknown to them.

But to certain people the rumour had become knowledge. At Bretton now lived a potentate who was at once the terror and the amusement of the West Riding. Old Sir Thomas Blackett, formerly the fruitful source of gossip to Parson Phipps, had had an illegitimate child, by the daughter of his gamekeeper. This girl he eventually raised from the kitchen where she ran wild, and made her his heiress. She finally married Colonel Beaumont.<sup>1</sup>

Vulgar and purse-proud, she strove to make Yorkshire bow down to her but failed to discover that she only succeeded in becoming a source of amusement to her neighbours, by whom she was always called the great "Madame Beaumont." Occasionally, however, she could make her power felt.

It appears that Alexander Macdonald, the eldest son of Godfrey now third Baron Macdonald, had been staying at Cannon Hall and drove over with John Stanhope to dine at Bretton. The dinner was long and wearisome. The profusion of courses oppressed the guests. Suddenly an unexpected diversion occurred. A messenger came galloping to the house bearing tidings of the death of Lord Macdonald. On learning the news, Alexander Macdonald rose promptly from the table, intending to hasten to the bed-side of his dead father. But Madame Beaumont saw no reason why her dinner-party should be thus upset.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Richard Beaumont, Esq., of the Oaks, Colonel in the Army and M.P. for Northumberland from 1795 to 1818.

Amid the sympathetic silence which the announcement of the event had occasioned, she put a restraining hand on the arm of her departing guest. "Sit down!" she commanded loudly, "*You are not Lord Macdonald!*" Dumbfounded and white as a sheet, Alexander Macdonald obeyed, no doubt in dread of the disclosures which a persistence in his intention might entail. It was the first hint which had reached him that he was not his father's heir.

Long afterwards, John Stanhope used to revert to the horrible discomfort of that dinner. As soon as escape was possible, he returned to Cannon Hall and there broke to his friend the purport of the rumours which till then gossip had merely whispered. The upshot of that disclosure has occupied the attention of the present generation.<sup>1</sup> Godfrey, the second son of Lord Macdonald, stepped into all which his elder brother had expected to inherit, and Alexander took the name of Bosville which his father had borne at the time of his birth.

Thus strangely works the kaleidoscope of Time. Centuries before, a Bosville had visited the "fermold" of Cannon Hall, and had there cruelly slaughtered a brave man. Centuries later, a descendant of that Bosville visited Cannon Hall, to learn there the murder of his own hopes and the unjust forfeiture of his birthright. To an imagina-

<sup>1</sup> The Scottish domicile of the 3rd Baron Macdonald and the legitimacy of his three eldest children has recently been pronounced by the Scottish Courts.

tive mind it might seem that the death of Lockwood was at last avenged; but retribution, if picturesque, usually lacks an element of completeness. For the fair and false lady of Cannon Hall, who was, after all, the true delinquent in the old-world story, apparently rests in peace, and never revisits as a disconsolate wraith the scene of her former crime; while the only spirit which is said to disturb the quiet of the old house is that of a blameless matron, whose life presented no startling element of discord or of evil.

When, with the severing of the family links which had bound him to Horsforth, in conjunction with the increasing expenses of his large family, Walter Spencer-Stanhope finally let the old home of the Stanhopes, he removed to Cannon Hall the portraits of his ancestors and the yellowing papers once treasured by John of Horsforth. Thenceforward, in the library at Cannon Hall, the documents of the Royalist Spencers and the Round-head Stanhopes lay side by side, while, from the walls of the old house, their portraits, in mute harmony, looked down upon their descendants.

And, gradually, to one of these pictures a strange story has become attached. It is the portrait to which reference has previously been made, and which, in an oval frame of black and gold, represents the head and shoulders of a fair-haired girl, with dark eyes and a strange magnetic beauty. Before a death occurs in the family, this picture no matter how firmly it has been secured, descends



from its place, high on the walls of the library. Its companion picture on the opposite side of the fireplace remains immovable ; year after year, the other portraits in the room hang peacefully each in its appointed place above the tall bookcases ; but still, it is said, ere the bell tolls for the passing of a Spencer-Stanhope the haunted portrait crashes to the ground with a violence which has left many a mark on its old frame. Why it should be thus imbued with an impulse of unrest, none can say. Yet, if the spirits of the departed can still betray an interest in mundane affairs, surely it is fitting that this should be sustained by the woman who first in her own person bore the names of these two Yorkshire families, and in the person of her son united them—Ann Spencer, who became Ann Stanhope?



## APPENDICES



# APPENDICES

## APPENDIX A

THIS story has furnished food for discussion to many antiquarians. Entitled in some of the later versions *Revenge upon Revenge*, and known under this title to have been acted or sung by mummers as a popular drama, it was by various authorities supposed, owing to a discrepancy in dates, to be a work of fiction. Only lately has its authenticity as history been established, since the discovery has been made in the Record Office that a writ was actually sent down to Yorkshire to arrest the murderers of the Ellands. (See the *Tragedies of Elland, Quarmby, Lockwood, etc.*, ed. by J. Horsfall Turner, 1890, privately printed.) It appears doubtful whether any older account of this strange history is in existence than that now at Cannon Hall. Into the only other known versions have crept certain palpable errors (see, for instance, Vol. i. chapter i. page 16) thus apparently indicating that the Cannon Hall MS. is an original document of which the others are bowdlerised copies.

## APPENDIX B

IN *Ancestral Stories and Traditions of Great Families* (1869), by John Timbs, F.S.A., Griffith and Farran, page 212, he states that "Lockwood took refuge in a solitary retreat, then called Camel, but now Canon (*sic*) Hall, five miles from Barnsley. This retreat becoming known, he

fled to Ferrybridge, and next to Crossland Hall"; and that the murder was perpetrated at the latter place. But Timbs does not quote his authority for this assertion, which is in direct contradiction of the account of the tragedy preserved at Cannon Hall and with that published in the *Tragedies of Elland, Quarmby, Lockwood, etc.*, ed. by J. Horsfall Turner (1890).

## APPENDIX C

AS the will of John Spencer is of interest to Yorkshire antiquarians, I append a transcript of it in full.

A Copy of the Will of John Spencer of Cannon Hall, near Cawthorne, dated 1680:—

In the name of God Amen the ffirst day of July in the Two and thirteenth yeare of the Raigne of our Sovraigne Lord Charles the second by the grace of God Kinge of England Scotland ffrence and Ireland defender of the faith etc., Annoq Dm. 1680. I John Spencer thelder of Cannonhall in Cawthorne in the County of Yorke gentleman being in reasonable health of body and of good and perfect memory for which I laud and praise almighty God Doe make and ordeyne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followinge ffirst and principally I comend my soule into the hands of almighty God my most mercifull father assuredly trusting and faithfully beleeving through the precious Death & bloodshedding of my alone Savior and Redeemer Jesus Christ to have full and free remission of all my Sinns And my body I comitt to the earth there to be decently interred in the Quire of Cawthorne church in the same grave where Sara my former Wife was buried; And as touchinge the Disposicon of my Lands and tenements unsetled and disposd of and also of my Goods Cattells and Chattells my will

is as followeth : Whereas I have lately purchased to mee and my heires for ever of John Couldwell of *Bullahalls* in Silkeston in the said County yeoman One Annuity or yearly rentt of Six pounds per annum to be yearly ysueing and going forth of All that Messuage or Tenement called *Bullahalls* and out of all the lands tithes and hereditaments to the same belonging or out of any part or parcell thereof payable at the ffeasts of S<sup>t</sup> Martin the Busshopp in Winter and Pentecost by equall porcons att or in Cawthorne church porch or within Tenn dayes next after the said ffeasts with a *Nota pene* of XXX<sup>s</sup> forfeiet<sup>d</sup> upon every Non payment of the said Batt, and power as well to distreigne for the same as the said rentt as by the grant thereof to mee made may appeare.

My Will and mind is and I doe hereby give Devise and bequeath the said Annuity or yearly rentt of Six pounds per annum and the power to mee granted for obteyning the same unto John Spencer younger my Sonne and heire apparent, William Greene of Micklethwaite in Cawthorne in the said County gent and Thomas Wainewright now or late of Cawthorne aforesaid yeoman and to their Successors hereafter named for ever. Neverthelesse in trust and to the intent and purpose that they the said John Spencer younger William Greene and Thomas Wainewright and their successors hereafter named shall dispose of the said annuity or yearly rentt of Six pounds yearly and every year, To the poore persons inhabiting from time to time within the Townshipp of Cawthorne aforesaid for and during so long time as Christopher Walbanck present Viccar of Cawthorne aforesaid shall continue viccar here or hold the said Viccarage, and from and immedeatly after his removal for the said Viccarage be itt by Death or otherwise Then my will and mind is That the said Annuity or yearly rentt of six pounds shall by my said ffeoffees be disposed of yearly to such person

and persons as shall from time to time be preaching ministers of the parish Church of Cawthorne aforesaid (soe as they be conformable to the doctrine of the Church of England) and in case there be a vacancy of such a preaching minister and noe one reciding att Cawthorne aforesaid Then my will is that during such vacancy onely the said Annuity be paid and disposed of to the Pore aforesaid. The same to be paid and disposed of to the Pore aforesaid. The same to be paid and disposed of every half yeare by my said ffeoffees and their successors to the poore or to such a preaching Minister as the same shall fall due uppon every Thirtieth day of November being the ffeast day of S<sup>et</sup> Andrew, and eny Twenty ninth day of June being the ffeast day of S<sup>et</sup> Peter the Appostle by equall porcons; And my will mind and desire is that uppon the death of any one of my said ffeoffees the two surviving shall choose annother sufficient person Inhabiting in Cawthorne aforesaid to stand and continue ffeoffee to see this my guift be disposed of according to my intencon hereby declared and that uppon the death of any one ffeoffee alwayes annother in like manner be chosen soe as there be alwayes three liveing sufficient Inhabitants in Cawthorne to receive and dispose of the said yearly rentt of 6<sup>li</sup> to the uses aforesaid and noe otherwise. Who are hereby impowred soe to doe as if they had beene particlerly named in this my Will, Whereas by Margarett my now wife I have onely one daughter liveing lately married to Henry Hall gent to whom I gave seaven hundred & fiftie pounds for her marriage porcon att my Wives entreaty and uppon her promise and agreement that after my Death shee would acquitt and release to my Heire and Executor hereafter named, All her interest dower and right of in and to all my Lands tenements goods chattells and Cattells both recall and personall shee having already a joynture of



ffourty pounds per ann foth of my lands att Cannon hall from her former husband Mr Robert Hartley the late owner hereof being a sufficient maineteynance for her duringe her life yett to th' end that Amity may be continued amonge my Wife and children and shee better enabled to Live and for the love and affecion I have to her uppon Condison shee performe her promise aforesaid I give and bequeath to the same Margaret my Wife the Some of ffifty pounds for a legacy to be paid to her uppon seatling the Releases and acquitting her interest as aforesaid or uppon Refusall or not doeing thereof this my legacy to be void, and the Securety shee has already procured to be given for performance hereof to be prosecuted as Councell shall advise to compell her to performe her promise and agreement made betwixt mee & her before the marriage of my said daughter.

I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Sarah Hall wife of Mr Henry Hall during her life the yearly rentt or some of ffive pounds per ann to be paid her yearly att the ffeasts of Pentecost and S<sup>et</sup> Martin the Busshopp in Winter by equall porcons or within Tenn dayes after either of the said feasts the first rentt to be paid att whether of the said ffeasts shall next happen after my Death and to be paid her by my Heire and Executor hereafter named for and during the terme of her naturall life.

And in case my said daughter Sara Hall shall have two or more children att the time of her death liveinge or the children of her second third fourth or fift child be liveing att her death besides her eldest or the Issue of her eldest, Then in such case onely and noe otherwise I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Sara Hall the some of One hundred pounds by her to be disposed of among her said second third fourth fift children or her children of all or any one of them and to be paid to such person &

persons as shee shall soe dispose the same some by my Executor hereafter named within a reasonable time after her death not exceeding twelve monthes under this Con-dicon That the said Margarett my Wife her mother doth make the Release to my Heire and Executor as aforesaid or els as well the said Legacy or rentt of ffive pounds yearly as the said Legacy of 100<sup>li</sup> hereby given to my said daughter shall be utterly void, and noe payment att all to be made hereof.

Item I give and bequeath unto my said sonne in Lawe Mr Henry Hall & Sara his wife Twenty shillinges apeece to buy each of them a Ring. Item I give and bequeath unto my daughter Dorothy Greene wife of Mr William Greene during her naturall life the yearly rentt or some of ffive pounds per Ann To be paid her yearly att the ffeasts of Pentecost and S<sup>t</sup> Martin the Busshopp in Winter by equall porcons or within Tenn dayes after either of the said ffeasts the first rentt to be paid att whichever of these ffeasts shall next happen after my death and to be paid her by my Heire and Executor hereafter named for and duringe the tenure of her naturall life. And in case my said daughter Dorothy Greene shall have two or more children att the time of her death liveing or the children liveing of her second third fourth or fift child att her death besides her eldest or the Yssue of her eldest. Then in such case onely and noe otherwise I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Dorothy Greene the some of one hundred pounds by her to be Disposed of amonge her said second third fourth & fift children or the children of all or any one of them and to be paid to such person and persons as shee shall soe dispose the same some by my executor hereafter named within a reasonable time after her death not exceeding Twelve monthes.

Item I give and bequeath unto my said Sonne in lawe

Mr William Greene & Dorathy his wife twenty shillings apeece to buy each of them a Ringe. Item I give and bequeath unto my Brother Humfrey Spencer ffive pounds per ann to be paid him att Whitsontide and Martinmas yearly during his naturall life by my Executor hereafter named. And also I give unto the said Humfrey all my Apparell.

Item I give and bequeath unto Elizabeth Spencer my neece Daughter of the said Humfrey Spencer the some of twenty pounds to be paid her within three months after her marriage And in case shee be not married before shee attaine the age of Twenty and one yeares Then my will is that shee shall have yearly the interest of the said Twenty pounds paid her untill her marriage or death.

Item I give and bequeath unto my Brother Edward Spencer of the City of London tenn pounds to buy him a horse And to Jane his wife my Sister in lawe and to Randolph Spencer his sonne Twenty shillings apeece to buy each of them a Ringe To my sister Rebecca Watson twenty shillings And to her husband John Watson Twenty shillings to buy each of them a Ringe Item I give to my Cozen Capt<sup>t</sup> Edward Spencer Twentie shillings to buy him a Ring And to every one of his foure children Twenty shillings apeece to buy them Ringes. Item I give unto my Cozen Mrs Mary Scowen Twenty shillings to buy her a Ringe And to every one of her foure children Twenty shillings apeece to buy them Ringes.

Item I give to my daughter in law Anne Spencer wife of my said sonne John Spencer ffive pounds.

Item my Will and mind is to give severall Legacies to many Good ffreinds and to my Servants whose names I cannot now perticlerly sett downe yett will not in the same exceed the some of one hundred pounds but will

before my death either make a note under my owne hand of such persons names and what some I intend to give to every one or else declare the same before two or more sufficient witnesses I doe therefore hereby give to the persons soe by mee to be named the same Legacies and doe hereby charge my Executor with the true payment thereof as well as if I had particlerly menconed them in this my will. Item I give and bequeath unto my said Sonne John Spencer my sonne and heire apparent All my lands and Tenements in Cawthorne by me not yett settled. Uppon these Condicons followinge In the first place for and towards the performance of this my will, Then my mind is in case my Sonne should have yssue by his now wife and shee dy and hee fortune to marry again. Then hee shall have power out of these Lands to make a Joynture and provison for such yssue as hee shall happen to have by a Second wife, And in case hee shall have noe such occacon but have a Sonne and other children by the wife hee now hath Then my will & mind is that his Sonne when hee attaines the age of twenty and one yeares shall enter into and hold and occupy my said Lands and Tenements att Cawthorne for and during his ffathers life, for his better preferment and maineteynance But if itt happen that my Sonne dy without yssue (then I give and bequeath my said Landes Tenements att Cawthorne to my daughters Dorothy Greene and Sara Hall and the heires of their severall bodyes lawfully begotten or to be begotten. And for default of such yssue I give and bequeath the same lands and tenements in Cawthorne to my said brother Edward Spencer and to his heires for ever Subject and lyable neverthesse to such Limitacons provisions and agreements as are and be menconed and made uppou the Settlement of Cannonhall and the lands thereto belonging to mee made uppou my Sonnes marriage soe as these Lands be annexed to and ever had and

held by the Owner of Cannonhall and remaine one entire estate in my family soe long as itt shall please almighty God to continue the same. Item I doe give and bequeath unto my said Sonne John Spencer All the rest and residue of my Goods Cattells and Chattells And Doe make and ordeyne my said sonne John Spencer sole Executor of this my Will and doe hereby Revoke and make void all other wills by mee formerly made In testimony whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale the day and yeare first above written.

Subscribed

JOHN SPENCER

Indorsed thus

Sealed Signed and  
Published in the presence  
of

THO WHITEAKERS

JOHN COULDWELL

JOHN SPIVY

CHARLES MOORE

This is a true Copy of the originall  
will Ingrossd in Parchment exd by us

THO: WHITEAKERS

CHARLES MOORE.

#### APPENDIX D

IN *The Governing Families of England*, by John Langton Sanford, vol. i. page 214, 1865, it is stated that the only authentic founder of the Stanhope family is Michael Stanhope, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., presumably the brother of Anne Stanhope, second wife to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, brother to Queen Jane Seymour, and afterwards Protector of England and Duke of Somerset. Anne, whose pride and insolent demeanour are said to have precipitated the fall of her

husband, was the ancestor of the first line of Seymours, Dukes of Somerset and Earls and Marquesses of Hertford (terminated 1750). With the fall of Somerset, fell also Michael Stanhope, who was beheaded on February 26th, on Tower Hill. Although in this account the father and brother of Michael are not mentioned, and the kinship between the elder and younger branches of the Stanhope family thus rendered uncertain, the fact of their descent respectively from two brothers appears to be established by the old letters at Cannon Hall, and by the joint recognition of their affinity shown by the former generations of these two branches.

## APPENDIX E

*Copy of receipt.*

5th Oct. 6. Chas. 1630.

Eborn :

Receaved the day and yeare above said of Walter Stanhope of Horsforth in ye said Countie gent the somme of Sixteen poundes And it is in discharge of a Composicon by him made with myselfe and others his Ma<sup>ts</sup> Commissioners for compound- ing the fynes and forfeitures for not attending and receaveing the order of knighthood at his Ma<sup>ts</sup> Coronacon according to the lawe in that case provided I saye receaved the somme of XVI<sup>li</sup>

(Signed) WENTWORTH.

Indorsed

5th Oct<sup>r</sup> 6 Car. I

Earl Strafford's receipt  
for 16<sup>li</sup> of Walter Stanhope for not attending the  
Roy<sup>l</sup> Coronation to be knighted, 1630.

## APPENDIX F

ONE demand is as follows :—

MR WALTER STANOPE

It is ordered & thought Requisite, that you lend the Some of thirtie pounds towards y<sup>e</sup> Releife of ye armie nowe under y<sup>e</sup> Comand of y<sup>e</sup> Right Honerabl fardinando Lord fairefax Lord Generall of all y<sup>e</sup> Northeran forces raysd for defence of King & Parliament Relligion & libertie of y<sup>e</sup> land, for which you arto have y<sup>e</sup> publck faith. And the same you arto pay unto me upon Tewsdays next at y<sup>e</sup> house of Mr William Massie Junior in leedes In the performance whereof it is expected you will not faile, as you tender your owne Safetie & y<sup>e</sup> penallties that may further ensewe.

Y<sup>r</sup> RICH. RHODES *Collect Generall*

*May y 24<sup>th</sup> 1643.*

## APPENDIX G

Mr. Stanhope his goodes taken away by Leedes Trops the XX<sup>th</sup> daye of December 1642.

Imprimis one grey [rotted away] . . . ing . . .	x <sup>li</sup>
Item one beaye pa . . . [rotted away] meare . . .	viii <sup>li</sup>
It XI thaaves (?) of O . . . [rotted away] in the barne eaten and spoiled at two s[rotted away] . . . II times with about two hundreth horse at bothe times . . . . .	vij <sup>li</sup>
It in meale and bread taken away . . . . .	iiij <sup>li</sup>
It in Cheise butter tallaye and meate . . . . .	iiij <sup>li</sup>
It in Course and lyn Clothe made and in yearne wonde into Cloues and hempe not spon . . . . .	iiij <sup>li</sup>

## 346 ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE

It in apparell and Lynen and beding and Curtings	xvj <sup>li</sup>
It in Beiffe and other ffleshe . . . . .	iiij <sup>li</sup>
It certan wymbles for Cooles one great Iron male one pair of standing Iron rakes one Iron Cheare with certan Iron teams & other Iron .	iiij <sup>li</sup>
It in pewter potts and panes and Candlestiks .	iiij
It Xiiij fatt geise tenn Capans thertene hens sex turkes and other pullan . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>
It sex silver spones . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>
It certan Armer peiks and staves . . . . .	v <sup>li</sup>
It in Books Burnte and caryed away . . . . .	v <sup>li</sup>

This document is endorsed:—"A Note of Goods plundred from Mr Walter Stanhope in 1642."

## APPENDIX H

THE Petition against Richard Wharton, Esq., was presented, December 7th, 1802. Walter Spencer-Stanhope was a member of the Committee of Inquiry. Consideration upon it was deferred from time to time, and a select committee appointed to consider it, February 8th, 1804. On the following February 20th, the committee reported to the House that Richard Wharton was not duly elected, and his place was void. A new Writ was issued, accordingly, and his place subsequently filled by R. E. D. Shafto, till 1806, when Mr Wharton was again elected.

The report of the committee was not printed, or has not survived; and the MSS. committee records perished in the fire of 1834; but the legal aspects of the case are dealt with in *Peckwell* ("Controverted Elections, 1802-



1806”), vol. ii., p. 176, and from this it would appear that the Petitioners sought to prove :—

- (1) Bribery of non-resident voters.
- (2) Treating of resident voters.
- (3) 80 Freemen carried from London to Durham at Wharton’s expense (both ways) and given money in compensation for loss of their time.

while the point on which the case hinged seemed to have been No. 3, as quoted above.

The case, however, cannot be cited as a settlement of the points in dispute, for the seat was declared void “generally”; and I have related it as set down in Stanhope’s memoranda, for the testimony of one who was present on the Committee must be held more reliable than any subsequent account of the proceedings.



**PEDIGREE OF THE STANHOPE**  
**IN RALPH THORESBY'S DUCATUS LEODIENSIS**  
*(From the London Library)*

Richard de Stanhope of Unsworth, Com. Dunelm=Isabel d. to . . . .

John de Stanhope, 2d son, Burgess in Parliament for Newcastle-upon-Tyne 34 E. 3. He was of Rampton, Com. Nott. and Escheator of that County 48 E. 3. = Eliz. d. and h. of Stephen Maluwell, s. of Robt. Maluwell, by Eliz. his wife d. to Thomas Lord Longvillers, and afterwards heir of that House.

1. Eliz. d. of Sir . . . = Sir Richard de Stanhope of Rampton, Knight, H. 4.=2. Maud sis. and Coh. of Ralph Lord Pierpoint Knt. Vicecomes Derby, and 4 H. 4. a Knight of the Shire in Parliament for Nottingham, obt. 14 H. 6. Cromwell of Tatsball, obt. 33 H. 6.

Richard de Stanhope Esq. 1st son, obt. 2 Martii, 10 H. 6. vivo patre et sepult apud Tuxford, Com. Nott. Upon his Tomb he bears the Longvillers' Arms. = Elizabeth d. to Sir Tho. Markham, Knt.

John Stanhope de Rampton, Esq. grandson and h. to Sir Richard, in vita 5 H. 6. = Elizabeth d. to Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, Com. Lanc. Knt.

Thomas Stanhope of Rampton, Esq. s. and h. = Mary d. to Edward Jernegan of Lummer Layton, Com. Suffolk, Esq.

1. Adelina d. of = Sir Edward Stanhope Knt. of = 2. . . . d. to John Stanhope 2d son = . . . . d. to . . . . wife of John Sir Gervas Clifton of Clifton, Com. Nott. sub. H. 7. Governor of Sandal Castle, Com. Ebor. Foulk Lord Fitz-Warren. of Thomas, and brother to Sir Edward. . . . .

Sir Michael Stanhope Knt. 2d son, of Shelford, Com. Nott. which he obtained by King H. 8. Executed temp. E. 6. for a pretended Conspiracy with his brother-in-Law the Duke of Somerset. = Anne d. of Nich. Rawson of Aveley, Com. Essex, Esq.

John Stanhope came into Lancashire with the Earl of Derby, and settled at Manchester in that County. = Margaret d. to N. . . . . She married 2dly to . . . . Stainworth, whereupon her Children by her first Husband were sometimes so called.

Sir Thomas Stanhope eldest s. and h. Vicecomes Nottingham, 29 Eliz. = Margaret d. and c. of Sir John Port of Elwall, Com. Derb.

John Stanhope, temp. M.R.R. came into Yorkshire and settled at Eccleshill, and afterwards purchased 1-5th of the Manor of Horsforth, removed thither, and died 1593. = . . . . d. of . . . .

Sir John Stanhope = Cordell d. and c. to of Shelford Knt. s. and h. 38 Eliz. Treasurer of the Chamber. Richard Allington, Esq. by his Wife the sis. and heir of Sir Wm. Cordell.

Tho. Stanhope eldest son, obt. infans.

Walter = Mary d. and c. of John Hanson of Woodhouse in Rastrick, and of Joan his Wife sole d. and h. of Wm. Rayner of Liversedge, s. and h. of John Rayner and of Alice sole d. and h. of Wm. Liversedge of Long Liversedge.

Sir Philip Stanhope, = Cath. d. and created Baron Stanhope of Shelford, 1616, 14 Jac. I. Earl of Chesterfield A.D. 1628. 3 Ch. I. obt. 12 Sept. æt. 72. h. of Francis s. and h. of George Hastings Earl of Huntingdon.

1. Anne d. of Fr. Rawden of Rawden, Esq.

John Stanhope, of Horsforth, Com. Eb. Esq. eldest son.

2. . . . = 3. Alice d. of d. of d. of Mr R. Rich. Tinley D.D. . . . died in Ireland.

Walter = Anne d. of Mr Tho. Pnrdue. Rich. = Alice d. of Mr Fr. Allanson of Leeds.

Edw. Student at Oxford.

Mary = Henry Thompson son Esq. Jane = Mr Jo. Robinson.

Hon. Henry Stanhope Esq. obt. vivo patre 9 Nov. 1634 bur. at Bucton, Kent. = Cath. eld. d. and c. to Thomas Wotton. She was after creat. Countess of Chesterfield.

1. John Stanhope Esq. Barrister of Gray's Inn, obt. 11 June 1694, æt. 63.

= Hannah d. and h. of Mr Leon. Horsman, obt. Aug. 18, 1708.

2. Capt. Henry Beale, obt. 1710.

Mary obt. at Leeds, unmar. 18 Nov. 1696.

Eliz. = Mr John Ray.

Robert died young.

Francis = Eliz. d. of M.D. of Leeds. = Edw. d. of Cha. Fairfax Esq. Attorney at Law s. p. Alice died young.

Philip Stanhope = 3dly Eliz. d. and c. to Charles Dormer Earl of Caernarvon. succeeded his father, obt. 28 Jan. 1713-4.

John Stanhope Esq. of Horsforth, Justice of Peace 1712.

= Mary d. of Sir Wm. Lowther of Swillington, in Com. Ebor. Knt.

Walter s. p. 1703.

Mary s. p. 1700.

Hannah = M. Henry Hedges of Middlesex.

Hen. Beale, obt. infant.

Philip Earl of Chesterfield. = Eliz. d. and c. of George Savile, Earl of Halifax.

John Stanhope = Barbara eld. d. and c. of John Cockroft Gent.

1. Mary d. of Pa-tience Ward Esq. s. p.

= Walter, of = 2. Anne d. of William Spencer of Cannon Hall.

Philip Dormer, eld. son, Earl of Chesterfield, obt. 24 Mar. 1773. = Melisma Countess of Walsingham.

Walter Spencer Stanhope = Mary Winifrid Pulleine sole d. and h. of Tho. Babington Pulleine, of Carleton Hall, obt. 1850.

1. Anne d. of Thomas Thistlethwaite, D.D. of Norman Court, Com. Hants. = Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, succeeded as descended from Arthur youngest son of the first Earl. = 2. Lady Henrietta Thynne sister to the Marquis of Bath.

# PEDIGREE OF SPENCER AND STANHOPE OF CANNON HALL

ARMS—STANHOPE—Quarterly, Ermine and Gules.

SPENCER—Azure, a Fess-Ermine between six Sea-Mews Heads, Erased Argent

Sarah Naylor, 1 W., died 27 Oct. = John Spencer, of Cannon Hall, gent, died 19 April = Margaret, 2 W., dau. of John Clayton, = Robert Hartley, of Cannon Hall, 1657, aged 31, bur. at Cawthorne. 1681, aged 52, and was buried at Cawthorne. of Okenshaw, Esq., Recorder of Leeds. 1st husband, died 1656, aged 28.

John Spencer, of Cannon Hall, gent, son and heir, died 13 April 1729, aged 74, buried at Cawthorne. = Ann, dan. of John Wilson, of Wortley, gent, a younger son of Christopher Wilson, of Broomhead, hap. 11 July 1659, m. 1680, died 19 April 1699, buried at Cawthorne. Elizabeth, Sarah, and Kitty, died infants. Dorothy, m. William Green, of High Town, in Liversedge. Rebecca, buried 9 May 1663, aged 1 year and 9 months. Sara. m. to Henry Hall, gent. Margaret, m. Joseph Watkinson, of Wakefield.

William Spencer, of Cannon Hall, Esq., died 30 Jan. 1756, aged 65; buried at Cawthorne. = Christiana, dan. and at length sole heir of Benjamin Ashton, Esq. of Hathersage, Co. Derb., son of Robert Ashton, Esq. of Stony-Middleton, died 20 Nov. 1737, buried at Cawthorne. Edward, died nmar. 1729, aged about 30. John, died an infant, 1682. Hugh, died aged 13, 1694. Mar. Hall. Dorothy.

John Spencer, of Cannon Hall, Esq., died nmar. 9 Nov. 1775, aged 57, when the Spencers became extinct. Benjamin, died nmar. 11 June 1759, aged 33. Mary, 1 W., dan. of Patience Ward, Esq. of Hooton Pagnell; no issue. = Walter Stanhope, of Horsforth and Leeds, Esq., son of John Stanhope, Esq., by Mary, dan. of Sir William Lowther, of Swillington. Ann Spencer, 2 W. Christiana, m. William Shuttleworth of Horrocksfold, Co. Lanc., Esq., from whom the Shuttleworths of Hathersedge. Alicia Maria, m. William Geame, of Sewerby, Esq. Susanna Dorothy, died infants.

Walter Spencer Stanhope, only son, born 4th Feb. 1749, principal heir to his uncle, John Spencer, and out of grateful regard to his memory, prefixed the name of Spencer to his own; some time Member for Hazlemere and for Carlisle; died April 1821, and was buried at Cawthorne. = Mary Winifred, dan. and h. of Thomas Babington Pultine, Esq. of Carlton Hall, near Richmond, by Winifred, his wife, dau. of Edward Collingwood, Esq., m. in 1783.

Walter Spencer Stanhope. John Spencer Stanhope, of Cannonhall, Esq., married 5 Dec. 1822. = Elizabeth Wilhelmina, third dau. of Thomas William Coke, afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester, of Holkham, Member for the County of Norfolk. Edward, of North Dissington and Dalton, Esq., assumed by royal license the name of Collingwood only pursuant to the will of Edward Collingwood, of Chirton and North Dissington, Esq. = Arabella, dan. of General Calcraft. William, of Roddam, who by royal license has taken the name of Roddam only, pursuant to the will of Admiral Robert Roddam, of Roddam, in Northumberland. Thomas Henry, died an infant. Charles, M.A. in holy orders, Curate of Cawthorne. Philip, a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and page of honour to George III. and IV. Hugh, eighth and youngest son, of the Middle Temple. Marianne, mar. Robt. Hudson, of Tadworth Court, in Surrey, Esq. Ann. Catherine, died infant. Eliza, died infant. Isabella. Frances. Maria.

Sir Walter Thomas William Spencer Stanhope, K.C.B., b. 1827, m. 1856 Elizabeth Julia, daughter of Sir John Jacob Buxton, Bt., of Shadwell, Co. Norfolk, and has had issue five sons and six daughters, of whom the eldest John Roddam, ob. d.s.p. 1908, m. Elizabeth, third daughter of John James King, Esq., of Preston, Cordover, Herts, and widow of Captain George Frederick Dawson. Anna Maria Wilhelmina, ob. 1901, m. Percival Andree Pickering, Q.C., Recorder of Pontefract, Attorney-General for the County Palatine, and Judge of the Passage Court, Liverpool. Eliza Anne, ob. 1859, m. the Rev. St John Tyrwhitt. Alice Alicia, died 1902. Edward. Arabella. Cecil, a daughter.

John Montague Spencer Stanhope, m. 1890 Ida May, second daughter of Sir Lionel Milborne Swinerton Pilkington of Chevet, Co. Yorkshire, and has issue one daughter

Margaret Elizabeth Ida.

Mary Evelyn, m. William de Morgan, Esq.

Percival Spencer Umfréville Pickering, M.A., F.R.S., m. Ethel Wilmot.

Rowland Neville Umfréville Pickering, Esq.

Anna Maria Diana Wilhelmina, m. 1901 Charles G. Stirling, Esq., M.A. Oxon.

Walter Spencer Stanhope Tyrwhitt, Esq.





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