

A PAINTER OF DREAMS  
AND OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES

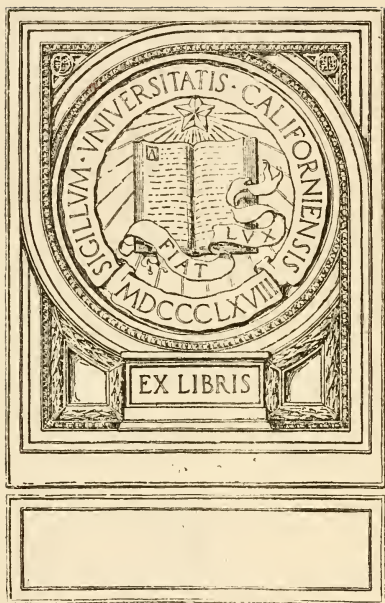
BY A. M. W. STIRLING

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A PAINTER OF DREAMS  
AND OTHER  
BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES


*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

COKE OF NORFOLK AND  
HIS FRIENDS

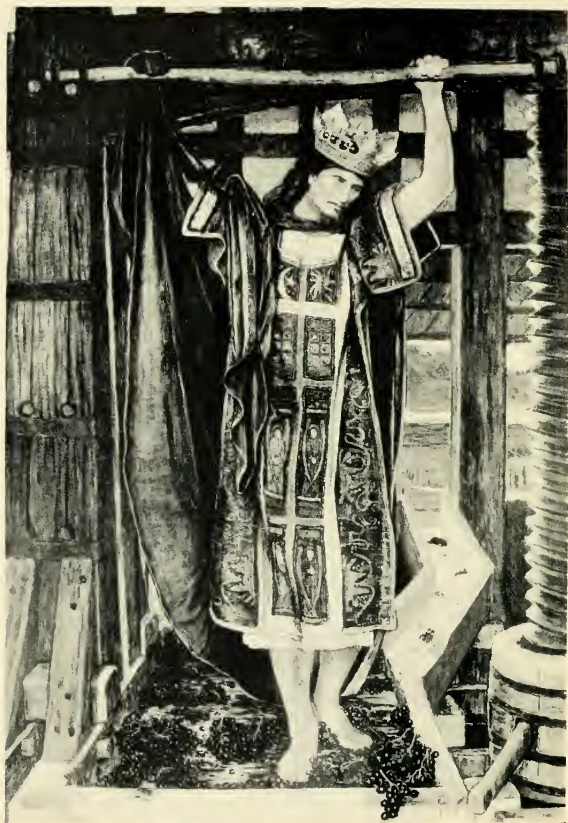
ANNALS OF A YORKSHIRE  
HOUSE

THE LETTER-BAG OF LADY  
ELIZABETH SPENCER-  
STANHOPE

MACDONALD OF THE ISLES  
Etc. Etc.



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" I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINE-PRESS ALONE "

*Painted by Roddam Spencer Stanhope, circa 1868*

*In the possession of Mrs. Grayson*



A PAINTER OF DREAMS  
AND OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES  
BY A. M. W. STIRLING    ❧    ❧    ❧  
WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

. . . Dreams of truth,  
The Eden buds of early youth  
That make the loveliness of love.

*L. E. L. The Improvisatrice*

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

CT 105  
58

THE GREAT  
BRITAIN

*Printed in Great Britain  
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

TO  
MY BROTHER-IN-LAW  
WILLIAM DE MORGAN

AUTHOR OF "WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST" AND MANY OTHER DELIGHTFUL WORKS

A TOKEN OF HOMAGE  
FROM  
A WRITER OF FACTS  
TO  
A WRITER OF FICTION

*I write of the Ghosts I hear of,  
You write of the Ghosts you see ;  
But never beneath our busy pens,  
Or the fertile scope of our magic lens,  
Doth mingle that Company !*

*Each apart in our land of Phantoms—  
The Dead, or the Never-have-Been,  
We follow a lilting measure,  
We struggle for truth or for treasure,  
Unreal as a painted Dream.*

*So I fathom a World extinguished ;  
You fashion a mimic host ;  
We live in a separate Dreamland,  
Where never can Ghost meet Ghost !*



## PREFACE

**I**N the present volume certain papers are introduced to the public for the first time; and others, which have been previously published, are considerably amplified.

With regard to these latter, which appeared first in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, the wish was frequently expressed to me that I should collect and republish them in book form. Through the courtesy of Mr Wray Skilbeck, Editor of that Review, I am enabled to comply with that request, while to the material originally employed I am now in a position to add much information which I have either acquired subsequently, or which, owing to lack of space, was previously omitted.

Further, it is to the following friends that I am indebted for valuable information which has aided me in this work:—

The material for the “Georgian Scrap-book” of Diana Bosville, and many of the facts stated in “The Friend of Freedom” have been kindly supplied to me by Lady Macdonald of the Isles.

Much information contained in “An Autocrat” was provided by Mr Alfred Garnier, son of Lady Caroline Garnier, and grandson of the subject of that biography.

Certain material for "A Dupe of Destiny" has been supplied by a grandson of Madame Patterson Bonaparte; by a friend of her family (at the house of whose grandfather Jerome Bonaparte met his future bride, then Elizabeth Patterson, and whose relations were intimately acquainted with her in later years, when a repudiated wife); from Dr Richard Caton of Liverpool, collateral descendant of Mrs Robert Patterson, *née* Caton; and by Mrs Murray, *née* Patterson, whose grandfather was a brother of William Patterson, the father of the above-mentioned Elizabeth, Madame Patterson Bonaparte.

Much of the information in "A Favourite of Destiny" was given me by the aforesaid Dr Richard Caton, and by Mrs Brown Westhead, of Lea Castle, Worcestershire, collateral descendants of Richard Caton of Baltimore.

The correspondence in "A Painter of Realities" was given me by my cousin, Philip Spencer Stanhope, great-nephew of Charles Spencer Stanhope, the early patron of Herring.

The material for "A Painter of Dreams," the life of my uncle Roddam Spencer Stanhope, has been furnished from papers in the possession of various members of my family.

It will therefore be seen that, in each instance, the source whence my information has been derived is unimpeachable, although at the same time one which was probably inaccessible to the general public.

Finally, with regard to the title of this book, a few words may be advisable.

In calling it after the biography which is placed last in its pages, rather than by one which precedes this, it may possibly be considered that I am departing from the more conventional practice which usually dictates that a volume compiled of disjointed material should bear the name of the article which figures first upon its List of Contents.

To this I would reply that although these stories of vanished lives were originally written as isolated biographies, each designed to be complete in itself, yet through the series run certain connecting links which cannot be ignored. Kinship between the lives described, or a similarity in the period or the locality wherein these were passed, demanded that a certain chronological order should be observed in their arrangement, and thus that the story of the earlier generations, so remote from our own, should descend by natural sequence to a generation with which we are closely allied. Meantime in pursuing this plan, it seemed inevitable to regard the history with which the series closes somewhat in the light of the conclusion towards which the rest had tended—the near Present as the completion of a distant Past—and thus to name the volume after the biography which I fancy will linger in the memory of the reader when those of an earlier date may have faded once more into the land of shadows whence they are for a brief space summoned.

But even while realising that the tale of those earlier generations remains for us shrouded in the unreality of an age severed from our own, it may be pointed out that the title borne by that later history is likewise appropriate to those which precede it. For in life, consciously or unconsciously, is not each man a painter of those dreams which are in him? and do we not each view life and portray it for those around in "gloom or glow" with "hues of our own, fresh-borrowed from the heart"? Thus, whether we review the career of Roddam Spencer Stanhope, the Idealist, the seer of exquisite visions, or that of the conscientious reproducer of Nature in its simplicity, Herring the Realist; whether we glance at the life of the Norfolk Squire, Lord Albemarle, the autocratic head of a family, the model landlord, courtier and farmer, or that of Billy Bosville, the Friend of Freedom, the absentee Squire, the gay, generous, irresponsible bachelor; whether we dwell upon the tragedy of Elizabeth Bonaparte, the beautiful Dupe of Destiny, or the dazzling triumph of her contemporaries, the three American Graces, we see, accentuated by contrast, how each human unit, out of a varying consciousness, has but visualised and fashioned a world of dreams.

And when there comes for us, too, that day in which the fantasy of the dreamer will be dimmed to a paler tint, when across the glory of our imagining will creep a shadow as of approaching Night, to us too, as to those who preceded us, will it not appear that the gladness of that vision has



lain, not in attainment but in labour, not in fruition, with its disillusion, but in the singleness of purpose and the buoyant courage with which we have each followed after and portrayed our painted Dream ?



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A PAINTER OF DREAMS  
AND OTHER  
BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES





# A PAINTER OF DREAMS

## I

### A GEORGIAN SCRAP-BOOK

As this Book is in great demand, it is respectfully requested that it may be returned to the Library as soon as read.

composition, source of mingled pain and pride to the victims, who each deprecatingly inscribed the result of untold labour, with untold care, upon a virgin page. All verses which figured in the volume were of a sentimental character; all truisms to which these gave expression were uniformly praiseworthy. All extracts were carefully selected to show the superior cultivation of the owner's mind or the delicate sense of humour with which she was endowed. Nor was artistic skill unrepresented. Here and there the letterpress



# A PAINTER OF DREAMS

## I

### A GEORGIAN SCRAP-BOOK

**I**N bygone days it was the custom for every lady of culture to own a Scrap-book or Book of Extracts, in which she inserted a miscellaneous collection of quotations, diligently collected from the books she had read or the friends she had met. In these strangely assorted pages, epigrams, anecdotes, riddles and acrostics jostled each other promiscuously, interspersed with fragments of information of a curious or an instructive nature. From such of her acquaintance as were equal to the task she would claim some original composition, source of mingled pain and pride to the victims, who each deprecatingly inscribed the result of untold labour, with untold care, upon a virgin page. All verses which figured in the volume were of a sentimental character; all truisms to which these gave expression were uniformly praiseworthy. All extracts were carefully selected to show the superior cultivation of the owner's mind or the delicate sense of humour with which she was endowed. Nor was artistic skill unrepresented. Here and there the letterpress

was varied with illustrations; pencil sketches, fine as etchings; figures in black paper, denoting astonishing patience on the part of the idler who had fashioned them; pressed ferns and flowers, gummed and preserved so cunningly that never could one deem they had once bloomed in the sunshine or waved in the wind. And to render the illusion more complete, in the neighbourhood of this horticultural display there usually lay outspread an immense butterfly, cut out of tracing-paper and crudely coloured in hues of which Nature is mercifully guiltless.

This book, the outcome of thought and study, was a source of endless gratification to its possessor. Despite assumed diffidence, she felt that the best of her personality lay reflected in a pleasing light in its delicately-tinted pages; that a definite kudos was hers for being—if not the mere author of the treasures of Art and Literature there accumulated—unquestionably their clever exponent. With pride she produced the volume to exhibit to her friends—rivals in the same form of Editorship—and many a weary hour was beguiled by an inspection and a discussion of its contents. It had its uses, that old book. It rendered less tedious the tiresome morning calls; less interminable the long evenings after the early dinner; less full of scandal the wet afternoons when the ladies yawned over their embroidery; less exasperating the fine afternoons when, the elders having gone out in the chariot and perchance the services of no man-servant

being available, the younger members of the family were doomed to forego the airing afoot which they could not decorously take without such attendance. Sometimes the Book warded off the vapours and the megrims; sometimes it gave opportunity for a precious talk in a quiet corner, with two romantic heads bowed low over its pages, and an exchange of whispered confidences which escaped the keen ear of the chaperon. . . . It had its uses, and its *raison d'être* is gone now with the lives which it brightened and the lagging hours which it shortened. In the Age of Hurry we have no time for the trivialities of the Georgian and the early Victorian Scrap-book.

Nevertheless, certain works of this description have survived and become dignified by Time into treasures of an historical value little dreamed of even by their once proud compilers. Among such must be classed the *Book of Extracts* by Diana Bosville, written towards the close of the eighteenth century. Diana was the daughter of Sir William Wentworth of Bretton Park in Yorkshire, and became the wife of a squire in the same county, Godfrey Bosville of Thorpe Hall and Gunthwaite. A woman of wit and learning, she was the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and was described by the surly Dr Johnson as "a mighty intelligent lady." Her husband, a man of advanced views, was the host of Wilkes and many of the noted reformers of his day.

Thus it happens that the *Book of Extracts* of Diana Bosville differs in much from the compila-

tions of her contemporaries or successors, in that it is devoid of the pretty fripperies which so largely appealed to them, while it bears evidence of a research which was unrestricted and an appreciation which was singularly varied.

The cover of the little volume is of plain parchment, now yellowed by Time. The writing, but little faded, is in a fine, bold hand, full of individuality. No illustrations adorn its pages. All is concise and to the point. The extracts, of endless diversity, show the owner to have been a woman of liberal education, well read in the literature of her day. The quotations which she approved are culled widely from current periodicals, histories and standard works; they contain constant references to public events, they show a just appreciation of the value of historical anecdote. At times the writer allows herself to be frivolous; she tells merry tales at which she and her friends must have laughed gaily, she transcribes a "quiz" or a doggerel on some well-known character, she provides innumerable riddles but omits to record the answers—evidently Diana could boast of an unfailling memory. At times, too, it must be admitted, she exhibits a sense of humour not untinged with the coarseness of the age in which she lived, yet even in this she presents but a truer picture of the life of her day. Withal, uniformly witty and interesting, Diana is never dull; alert to observe, eager to record, the medley of extracts which she has preserved haphazard is worthy of survival; and the glimpse

into a dead past which her little volume affords is both graphic and arresting.

Impossible as it is in a brief space to repeat half the contents of this book which she has left us, let us dip at random into its pages, for the most part, when practicable, treating the extracts in the chronological order in which they were originally inserted, and, be it emphasised—save where the sense is thereby rendered obscure—adhering to the spelling employed in the original.

Here is Diana in a mood which is serious :—

In a letter from my father, Sir William Wentworth, he says—“ I am glad you like Seneca, (though) the superiority of his Understanding did not exempt him from (the) passions and foibles of the more ignorant ; in short, to speak of him in the most candid manner, what Mr Pope has said of the famous Lord Bacon may be applied to the Roman Philosopher, who was, in his day, the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.”—BRETTON, *October 18th, 1758.*

Next follows another criticism of the foibles to which humanity is prone :—

Yesterday Morning, early, a Duel was fought by two Gentlemen in a Field near Kensington, in which each of them received some Wounds, before a Gentleman, who happened to be at some Distance, could intervene to part them. They had long been very intimate Friends ; and one of them taking his Will from his Pocket, shewed his Antagonist the Legacy of 1,000*l* which he had before bequeathed to him, and

which, notwithstanding their Duel, he had determined not to alter. How foolish appear these Affronts between Persons otherwise endowed with Sense!

Still more decisive is her comment on Card-Playing :—

How shall we be able to reconcile this intoxicating Employment, this Murderer of Time, to the Faculties of Rational Creatures! Faculties that were bestowed for a more noble Purpose. How senseless and unmeaning the Employment of shuffling, ranging and detaching a Sett of Painted Pasteboards!

Recovering, maybe with an effort, from the effect of this somewhat sententious utterance, we find ourselves confronted with an Epitaph, varying versions of which have adorned many a tombstone since the day when Diana transcribed it with evident appreciation of its novelty.

TO THE MEMORY OF A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE IN THE  
CHURCH OF CARTMELL, LANCASHIRE

She was—but Words are wanting to say what ;  
Think what a Wife should be, and she was that.

But this panegyric leaves one cold for the reason that, involuntarily, one replaces the word at the conclusion of the couplet which does not rhyme with one of which the rhyme is obvious, and which one feels must surely have occurred to the original versifier :—

She was—but Words are wanting to say what ;  
Think what a Wife should be—and she was *not*!



Nevertheless one realises that Diana herself cannot have treated this quotation in such a flippant spirit; and when she next proceeds to give us some items of information which are not so serious in tone, these are none the less designed to be of an instructive character, although unfortunately, save for an occasional indication of the year in which they are transcribed, such extracts are usually undated.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF A TRITON

At Exeter in the year 1737, some Fishermen near that City, drawing the Net ashore, a Creature of Human Shape, having two Legs, leapt out and ran away swiftly; not being able to overtake it, they knocked it down by throwing sticks after it. At their coming up to it, it was dying, and groaned like a human Creature: its Feet were Webbed like a Duck's, it had Eyes, Nose and Mouth resembling those of a Man, only the Nose somewhat depressed; Tail not unlike a Salmon's, only turning up towards its Back, and was four Feet high. It was publickly shewn at that Time.

In 1762 a Dwarf was shewed in Chelsea 3 Feet 6 Inches high. He was well-shaped, with a Face rather handsome and boyish; at thirty-six Years old.

1762. Saturday last a fine young Bear was shot at Mr Townshend's Menagery, in St George's Fields, amidst a numerous Crowd of Spectators. After the Animal had been twice shot through the Head, it ate an Apple and cracked a Nut. It

received 18 Balls through the Head before it expired.

1762. On Wednesday last at the Auction at Sir Harry Parker's, at Talton, in Worcester-shire, the Seasons, by Titian, sold for £220.

1762. It is said that Golden Pippins were purchased at 18d. a piece for the Entertainment at the Mansion-House on Monday last, and that the whole cost upwards of £1900.

Two-hundred-and-twenty pounds for a Titian, and nineteen-hundred pounds for a banquet! What unconscious sarcasm is presented by these two paragraphs! But Diana complacently proceeds with her improving items of information:—

The active Zeal of Mr Wesley is well known. His Sermons are supposed to amount to 43,800 which he has preached!

Dr Martinez says Galen's<sup>1</sup> Practice of Bleedings in putrid Fevers has killed more Men than Gunpowder.

It appears that the poisonous Juices of several Animals which, when they are infused into a Wound prove almost instantly fatal, may nevertheless be thrown into the Stomach, not only of many other Animals, but even also into the Human Stomach, without the smallest detriment. I myself knew a Black Servant of Mr Pitt, an Indian Merchant in America, who was fond of Soup made of Rattle-Snakes, in which

<sup>1</sup> Claudius Galenus, or Galen (c. 130-201 A.D.), a celebrated physician, and a voluminous writer on medical and philosophical subjects. He was the first to diagnose by the pulse.

the Head, without any regard to the Poison, was boiled along with the rest of the Animal.

*A Treatise on the Digestion of Food by G. Fordyce, M.D., R.S.*

MEMORANDUM RELATIVE TO DRURY LANE  
THEATRE

A Playhouse was originally built here in the Reign of James 1st, but on the 4th of March, 1617, says Camden in his *Annals of King James*, p. 647, the Playhouse lately erected in Drury Lane was pulled down by the Mob, and all the Apparel torn in pieces. It was afterwards rebuilt and burned down. It was again rebuilt in 1674 and opened March 26th of the same Year, which is the original of the present Theatre.

SYRIAN GRAPES

A Cluster was cut at Welbeck by His Grace the Duke of Portland, & presented to the Marquis of Rockingham. It was conveyed to Wentworth House by four Labourers, and weighed nineteen Pounds and a half. Its greatest Diameter when hanging in its natural position was 19 inches & a half. Its Circumference four Feet and a half, and its Length 21 Inches and three quarters.

This Account is strictly true, and was well known to many of the Nobility & Gentry & all the then Domestics of those two Noble Families.

See that extraordinary Grape also mentioned in Holy Writ, Numbers, Chap. 13, v. 23.

*This Account appeared in all the Newspapers in the Month of Sept., 1781.*

The Destruction of Cables in the River Thames every hard Frost is computed at Forty Thousand Pounds, which is a serious Subject deserving Attention.

Edward the Black Prince in 1363 (with Licence of King Edward 3d) founded and endowed a Chantry for the Benefit of his Soul. The Endowment of this Chantry was Vauxhall Manor near London.

East of St Sepulchre, on the road to Dover, is St Lawrence, formerly the Seat of the Family of Rooke, now of Lord Dudley.<sup>1</sup> On one of the flinty Piers of the Old Gate, a Figure of St Lawrence on the Gridiron may be discovered, with a Man standing at his Head and another at his Feet.

An element of cynicism may be discovered in the following :—

“ A good Sort of Man ” is delineated by an eminent Preacher to be “ *One who would do little for God even if the Devil were dead.* ”

While a flavour of political innuendo clings to the suggestive observation :—

The Lamp-Lighters of Westminster are like the Popish Clergy. Both Parties profit much by keeping the People in the Dark !

Next follow certain items of gossip :—

1762. A great Number of Workmen are employ'd in building a Wall from the Queen's

<sup>1</sup> Julia, 2nd daughter of Godfrey and Diana Bosville, married in 1780 William, 3rd Viscount Dudley.

House to the Gate at the Top of Constitution Hill, to enclose the new Garden.

1762. As the Ceremonial and *Etiquette* of kneeling down and kissing Hands is so useless and incommodious both to Sovereigns and Subjects, numbers of sensible Men wish for its Dissuse and Abolition by order in all Courts, as already in France, Prussia, etc.

PARIS, *February 26th*, 1762.—Last week, as a Wealthy Citizen was walking in the Thuilleries a Person came up to him and bid him be on his Guard, for that Night he would be murdered. The Citizen making a Report of this Incident to the Lieutenant of the Police, was offered a Guard, which he refused. And without seeming to take any Notice of what had happened, retired after Supper as usual to his Bed-Chamber, having furnished himself with Fire-Arms. At Midnight three Men actually entered the Room. One of them he shot dead ; with the Shot broke the Arm of the second, and the third ran away. The Person killed proved to be his Son, and the wounded Person his Nephew, who is now in Prison along with the third Assassin, who was taken and proved to be a Servant. This is the second Instance of the same kind that has happened here within these three Months ; to such a Height is Licentiousness risen in this Capital.

The Parliament of Paris have caused a new work of the celebrated M. Rousseau of Geneva, entitled *Emilius* or an *Essay on Education*, to be burnt by the Common Hangman on the 9th

inst. The Author escaped Confinement by prudently withdrawing in time.

Next follows a piece of information culled from the *St James's Chronicle* :—

1763. The State Bed lately made in Ireland for his Excellency the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, and which has been the Subject of much Conversation at Dublin, is ornamented, we are told, with four Mahogany Pillars. From Head to Foot it is ten Feet four Inches long, and eight Feet four Inches broad; the Sheets and Quilts are ten Yards long with a proportionable Breadth. It has three Mattresses, and on them is a Feather Bed containing eighteen Stone of Feathers. On the top of this, on one Half of the Bed is a Straw Mattress; on the other Half a Hair Mattress. In order to ascend this Pile two Step-Ladders of Mahogany are erected on each Side.

Whether this account was accepted in implicit faith by the majority of its readers is impossible to determine; but next to it Diana has inserted a sequel which suggests a sense of humour in the correspondent.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE "ST JAMES'S CHRONICLE"

SIR,—You have been guilty of one very material Omission in your Account of the great Lord Lieutenant's Irish Bed, which please give me leave to supply as follows:—viz. that a Company of Grenadiers belonging to the Iniskilling Regiment are expressly appointed to make it, which they do by rotation, a Corporal

and six Men attending every Day for that Purpose.—I am, Sir, Your's, etc.,

CUBICULARIS.

Then follows an extract given in undoubted seriousness; yet one wonders how much attention Diana and her friends devoted to such an apparently trivial incident.

1763. Mr Moore's Undertaking to Make Carriages go without Horses, having engrossed a large Share of public Discussion, I learn that something of the same Nature was done several Years ago by Mr Arthur, the Comedian, who constructed a Chariot which actually went of itself several Times up and down the Mall in St James's Park; and that a Person at Trowbridge also contrived a Waggon to go without Horses, which was shewn to many Hundreds of People in Cuper's Gardens, and for some little Time afforded great Satisfaction; but one of the Springs breaking, the whole Machine became disordered, and the Mob at Length broke it in Pieces.

It is to be regretted that Diana did not record more particulars respecting the construction of this novel "machine," which would appear to have been the ancestor of the motor-car. To what extent, had the mob been endowed with greater patience, that innovation might have profited their generation, is graphically illustrated by the following description which Diana inserted in the *Book of Extracts* two years later:—

There is just now finishing for the Most Hon. the Marquis of Kildare by an eminent Coach-

Maker, in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, a Pleasure Machine, to be used in one of his Lordship's large Parks. The Construction is entirely new, and the Workmanship, Stuffing and Covering elegant and finished. The Machine is in the Form of two Pair of Chairs with resting Seats, joined Back to Back, and on each Side nine Persons may be seated. It rests upon four Cast-Iron broad Wheels, about three Feet Diameter each in Height; it has a Perch and Box for the Driver, after the Manner of a Coach, and may be covered with a Canopy at Pleasure. It is to be drawn by Horses; and, besides the Pleasure the Company will have in the Airing, by the Breadth and Weight of the Wheels the Paths and Walks will be properly rolled and levelled.

One pictures the experience of those eighteen favoured persons who went for a solemn "airing" in that combined Pleasure-Machine and Path-Roller, till perhaps few visions of the past afford a stranger contrast to the life of the past. Nevertheless if the motor-car was dimly foreshadowed in the records of Diana, it can scarcely be claimed that the art of flying was prognosticated in the following paragraph:—

On Saturday last a Number of People assembled at White Conduit-house in order to see a Man fly from thence to Highgate in a new Machine and back again in an Hour, (as said to be intended in one of the Morning Papers); but the Mob, after waiting in vain, to their great Mortification recollected that it was the First of



April, and all returned FOOLS to their respective Habitations!

Meantime the possibility of any more rapid mode of conveyance eventually superseding wheel-machines and sedan-chairs was not dreamed of in Diana's philosophy. Wherefore we find her some years later, in 1769, recording with approval how that gay young beau, Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, who at the age of twenty-one had just arrived from the grand tour, "was on his return from his travels presented to his Majesty at St James's. His Lordship's Carriage was very elegant, the Coach and Horses being valued at two thousand Pounds," while that same year, for the weddings of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn and Sir Peniston Lambe, Baronets, "two very splendid Sedan-Chairs have been finished by the King's Chair-Maker, the Cost of each of which is four hundred Pounds."

Reverting, however, once more to the extracts of an earlier date, we find that the following fragments of news are provided by Diana with equal satisfaction :—

*October, 1763.* Yesterday Evening the Lamps on the New Road were lighted for the first Time, which made a very grand Appearance. A Patrol is likewise appointed from Old Street to Islington and back again.

Yesterday Morning a Stall was opened in Newgate Market for the Sale of Fish brought by Land Carriage. But I hear that the Fish-

mongers intend to set up some Wheel Carriages for bringing Fish up to London, on the same Plan as those of the Land-Carriages Fish-Office.

No wonder Diana thought the times were advancing, when so many innovations and improvements were taking place in the world around! nor that, at a date when news travelled even more slowly than provisions, she should preserve with avidity all scraps of intelligence which arrested her lively fancy. Here is an extract, equally characteristic of her day, which she inserted the year after the Lamps in the New Road had made such "a very grand Appearance."

When the Corpse of the Duke of Devonshire<sup>1</sup> arrived at Dover, the Custom-House Officers behaved in a Manner which gave very great Offence to Everybody present. They not only insisted upon opening the Coffin to see if any Contraband Goods were in it; but on seeing the Body they struck it with a Tuck to be convinced that it was a real Corpse.

But however improperly they may have behaved on this Occasion, it is certain that the strict Searches made of late have been owing to the very great Frauds practised by the stale Trick of putting Goods of value into Coffins. This was very commonly done about forty Years since, and with pretty good Success.

Once, indeed, upon the uncommon Appearance of a Clergyman, an Undertaker and the Rest of the Apparatus of a Funeral, the Officers

<sup>1</sup> William, 4th Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1755, died October 2nd, 1764.

at Dover were a little suspicious, and determined to open the Coffin, when to their Satisfaction they found a most valuable Cargo of fine Laces. This did not discourage a late High Bailiff of Westminster, who when Bishop Atterbury's Corpse was set out from Calais to England for Interment, took the Opportunity of running into the Coffin, Goods to the amount of 7,000*l*., which were seized and condemned at Dover.

Next follow certain paragraphs of fashionable intelligence which Diana may have preserved with the special object of regaling her friends in remote Yorkshire :—

Lord Clive<sup>1</sup> has had sent over from India a very great Oriental Curiosity, being a Representation in Wax, very finely coloured in Imitation of Nature, of all the various Fruits with their Leaves that are brought to Table in the East Indies. His Lordship has had them disposed in a very picturesque Taste (some of them cut and the others whole, just as gathered) in a superb Mahogany Case, gilt and otherwise enriched; the Doors all Plate Glass, and the largest Plate measuring to nearly a hundred pounds value.

Reading this description one is insensibly reminded of the Titian which sold for *£*220. Did these representations of wax fruit, so much admired

<sup>1</sup> Robert, the celebrated Lord Clive, 1726-1774, who was raised to the peerage of Ireland, March 1762, as Baron Clive of Plassey, Co. Clare. After a brilliant career in India he returned to England, but again, owing to disturbances, he went back to Bengal as Governor from 1765 to 1767.

by Lord Clive and his contemporaries, set the fashion of many similar ornaments which, under glass cases, amid surroundings of decayed gentility, have caused succeeding generations to shudder?

Last Tuesday (next transcribes Diana, in 1765, apparently when visiting in London), at Lord Peterborough's at Parson's Green, just as the Gardeners had left work to go to Dinner, a Whirlwind came and took up seven of the Bell-Glasses into the Air, above twenty Feet! One of them went over the Garden Wall into the King's Road, and had like to have fallen on a Man's Head going along (*sic*); three others were blown upon the Hothouse, and broke a quantity of the Lights. The House fortunately was about twenty Yards distance. And what is still more remarkable, there were two Rows of Glasses and the seven that were blown up were the first Row, and in the other Row there was not one stirred!

Of still greater interest to her country friends must have been the following extract, which, strange as it may appear, bears the undeniable stamp of veracity, in that Diana has endorsed it with the name of the lady to whom it refers—  
“The Dowager Countess of Buchan.”<sup>1</sup>

A Lady of Distinction at the West End of the Town took the following odd Method of testify-

<sup>1</sup> Agnes, 2nd daughter of Sir James Steuart, Bt. of Goodtrees, Co. Edinburgh, married, 31st January 1739, Henry David, 5th Earl of Buchan, who died on December 1st, 1767. She survived till 1778.

ing her Sorrow for the Loss of her late Husband ; she dressed herself entirely in black Crape, had two black Servants to wait upon her, ate nothing but black Puddings, and drank nothing but black Cherry Brandy for one whole Year.

Surely devotion could scarcely go further ! and while the method of its expression may have provoked a smile from Diana and her friends, she next entertains her readers with tales respecting a more noted character :—

J. J. Rousseau, as he was walking through the Streets of Paris to dine with a Friend, encountered a Dog, which, as is the Custom there, attended the Equipage of a Nobleman. The Dog ran violently betwixt his Legs and carried him upon its Back to a considerable Distance, till, not being an expert Rider, the unfortunate Philosopher was thrown into the Dirt, to the great Entertainment of the Nobleman, who laughed immoderately at the excellent Joke his Dog had achieved.

The next Day this Nobleman happening to call upon Rousseau's Friend, told him the merry Story of the old Gentleman and the Dog. "Yes," replied the Friend, "that old Gentleman dined with me Yesterday, and told me the same Story, only he did not seem to enjoy the Joke quite so much as you do." "Pray," said the Nobleman more gravely, "who is that old Gentleman?" "That old Gentleman," replied the Friend, "is M. Rousseau."

The Nobleman, in some Confusion, immediately went Home, and sent a very humble Apology to the Philosopher ; who returned this

uncompromising answer—"Let him hang his Dog, and it may save him the humiliation of many future Apologies."

Another account of the philosopher follows in an *Extract of a Letter from a Swiss Gentleman at Basle, dated October 4th, 1765*:—

"Poor Rousseau has escaped being murdered at Motiers Travers, notwithstanding the King of Prussia's Protection, by a Mob set on against him by an Ecclesiastick, his Antagonist. He has now obtained a most delightful Island, belonging to the Hospital of Berne, situated in the Centre of the Lake of Bienne, varied with Woods, Meadows, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, for his Asylum; and there he is well settled.

"A very ingenious, respectable English Gentleman, a Traveller in these Parts, has just bestowed on him the Picture of the Great Mr Pitt, for whom, with every Person in Switzerland, he has an infinite Veneration.

"Ulcerated by Persecution, *the Gift of Priests*, he shuns Mankind as carefully as wild Beasts; and is become very difficult of Access."

After the publication of *Emile*, with its heterodox views on Government and religion, Rousseau had become obnoxious both to Church and State. Having fled to Motiers in Neuchâtel, where he considered himself safe under the rule of Frederick the Great, he was driven thence by the hostility of the villagers in 1764, and his subsequent residence on the Lake of Bienne having been like-

wise ended by a threat of prosecution from the Government of Berne, he accepted the offer of a home in England in 1766. During the eighteen months when he subsequently resided at Wootton in Staffordshire, he visited the English theatre, and Diana records his admiration of a celebrated actor whom he then witnessed, presumably Garrick:—

The noted John James Rousseau, who was present at the Performance of *Zara and Lethe*, last Thursday at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, after the Performance made our English Roscius the following Compliment:—"Sir, you have made me cry at your Tragedy, and laugh at your Comedy, though I scarce understand a Word of your Language."

But Rousseau's nature had been soured by persecution, and the sense of insecurity eternally haunted him. Suspicious that the English Government were seeking his life, he fled again to France, and subsequently criticised freely the people who had afforded him protection. Diana relates:—

The following remarkable Quotation from that eminent Foreigner, M. Rousseau, was introduced into a Speech delivered by a Reverend Divine upon the Re-Election of Mr Pelham for the County of Sussex; and the Observation, if just, is of the utmost Importance to the People of this Kingdom:—

*"The English imagine they are a free People; but they are mistaken: they are only free during the short Time of Choosing their Representatives in Parliament; and as soon as that Choice is*

*determined, they almost always become Slaves again. And they generally make so exceeding bad a Use of the few transitory Moments that are given them of Liberty, that they very richly deserve to lose it, and become Slaves."*

Quitting the fortunes of the unhappy philosopher, however, Diana next favours her readers with some well-chosen anecdotes.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF BISHOP CRANMER

Archbishop Cranmer had a Niece whom he married to a Gentleman in every way her Equal in Point of Family and Fortune. The Wedding Day was solemnized with great Pomp and Splendour; and the next Morning the good Archbishop went to visit the young Couple, informing them that he had a Present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but the Archbishop persisted in concealing it till they had both *promised him never to wear it at the same Time*; and having extorted from them a solemn Engagement to this Effect, he then pulled out a Fool's Cap!

#### AN ANECDOTE OF DR YOUNG

The Doctor was walking in his Garden at Welwyn in Company with 2 Ladies (one of whom he afterwards married), when the Servant came to say that a Gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my Situation." The Ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his Visitor was a Man of Rank, his Patron and Friend; and as Persuasion had no Effect, one



took him by the right Arm, the other by the left, and led him to the Garden Gate; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his Hand upon his Heart, and in that expressive Manner for which he was remarkable, spoke the following Lines:—

Thus Adam look'd when from the Garden driven,  
 And thus disputed Orders sent from Heaven;  
 Like him I go, but yet to go am loath;  
 Like him I go, for Angels drove us both.  
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,  
 His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind!

#### ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT

When Dean Swift was first appointed Dean of St Patrick's, he was informed by one of the Chapter that the Beadle of the Cathedral was a Poet. The Doctor sent for the Man, and asked him some Questions relating to his poetical Talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his Bell. It being Winter, the Doctor insisted that he should compose some Verses on the 5th of November and repeat these under his Window, which accordingly the Beadle did, and the Doctor was so pleased that he rewarded the Composer with a Guinea, declaring at the same Time that he was a better Poet than Ambrose Philips.<sup>1</sup>

The following were the contradictory Lines repeated under the Doctor's Window:—

<sup>1</sup> Ambrose Philips, a Minor Poet, *circa* 1765-1749. He was the friend of Addison and Steele, and the praise bestowed upon him by Tickell roused the jealousy of Pope. He was Secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Judge of the Prerogative Court. He wrote various Plays and Pastorals.

To-night's the Day, I speak it with great Sorrow,  
 That we were all t'have been blown up To-morrow.  
 Therefore take care of Fires and Candle-Light ;  
 'Tis a cold, frosty Morn ; and so Good-Night !

#### ANECDOTE OF MR THOMPSON

Mr Thompson, a Scots Gentleman, universally known by his fine Poems on *The Seasons*, on *Liberty*, etc., when he first came to London was in very narrow Circumstances, and before he was distinguished by his Writings, was many Times put to Shifts even for a Dinner. The Debts he then contracted lay very heavy on him for a long Time afterwards ; and upon the Publication of his *Seasons*, one of his Creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper Opportunity to get his Money.

The Report of this Misfortune happened to reach the Ears of Mr Quin, the Actor, who had read the *Seasons*, but had never seen their Author, and he promptly repaired to the Bailiff's Spunging House in Holborn where Mr Thompson was confined.

"Sir," announced Quin, on entering Mr Thompson's Chamber, "you don't know me, I believe, but my Name is Quin and I have come to sup with you. I have already ordered the Cook to supply the Supper, which I trust you will excuse."

Thompson received him civilly and during the Meal which followed they discoursed on Subjects of Literature, till Mr Quin observed—"It is now Time to enter upon Business," and Mr Thompson thinking that the great Actor had come about some Affair connected with



MR. QUIN

*From an engraving by John Faber after Thomas Hudson*



the Drama, assured him that he would serve him to the best of his Capacity.

“Sir,” responded Mr Quin, “you mistake my Meaning. I am in your Debt, I owe you a Hundred Pounds.”

Mr Thompson at once concluding that Mr Quin was mocking him, protested with a disconsolate Air that never to his knowledge had he offended the illustrious Actor, so that the latter should come thus to make a Jest of his Misfortune.

“Sir,” cried Quin, raising his Voice, “I’d be d—d before I would do that! I say I owe you a Hundred Pounds, and here it is”—laying a Bank-Note of that value on the Table. “I will tell you. Soon after I read your *Seasons* I took it into my Head that as I had Something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my Will, and as you had afforded me much Pleasure, among the Rest of my Legatees I set down the Author of *The Seasons* a Hundred Pounds. This Day hearing that you was in this House, I thought that I might have the Convenience of paying the Money myself instead of the Expence of getting my Executors to pay it when perhaps you might be in less Need of it; and this, Mr Thompson, is the Business I came about.”

I need not express Mr Thompson’s grateful Acknowledgments!

Another reference to Quin occurs soon afterwards in Diana’s pages, which she describes as an “Elegant Pleasantry,” and which purports to be uttered by the actor, a well-known epicure,

on beholding the tomb of " Duke Humphrey at St Alban's " :—

A Plague on Ægypt's Arts, I say !  
 Embalm the Dead ! On senseless Clay  
 Rich Wines and Spices Waste !  
 Like Sturgeon, or like Brawn shall I  
 Bound in a precious Pickle lie,  
 Which I may never taste ?

Let me embalm this Flesh of Mine  
 With Turtle-fat and Bordeaux Wine  
 And spoil th' Ægyptian's Trade !  
 Than Humphrey's Duke more happy I—  
 Embalmed *alive*, old Quin shall die  
 A Mummy ready-made !

In a somewhat similar strain is Diana's reference, dated 1766, to another actor, Samuel Foote :—

The celebrated Sam Foote, Esq., by a fall from a vicious Horse, has had one of his legs broke in so bad a manner, that it was obliged to be cut off. He was on a visit at a Nobleman's House in Hampshire when this accident happened.

Poor Foote is now no longer on his legs,  
 Reduced to play with Timber-Toe and Skeggs !  
 Yet for all that Foote certainly will thrive,  
 One Leg's enough for any Foot(e) alive.

In more questionable taste is the epigram indited to the memory of Gilbert Stuart, an historian and reviewer, who lived from 1742 to 1786. The only surviving son of George Stuart, a professor of the Latin language and antiquities at Edinburgh University, Gilbert Stuart became an extensive author, displaying considerable talent and learning ; but his excesses and want of principle ruined his career ;

periods of intense labour were followed by him with bouts of dissipation which eventually destroyed a strong constitution, while the value of his works was diminished owing to the spite and bias for which they were conspicuous.

Among other books which gained celebrity, he wrote, in 1782, *The History of Scotland from the Establishment of the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary*, and he openly challenged the historian Robertson, with whom he had quarrelled, to disprove his defence of the Queen of Scots. Four years later Gilbert Stuart was removed from all future disputes, and the callousness with which his contemporaries never hesitated to ridicule the dead is characteristically illustrated in the verses wherein they made merry at his decease.

*The following Epitaph upon that eminent and learned Historian, Mr Gilbert Stuart, is true in Fact, whatever it may be in Poetry:—*

Here Stuart lies, whom all the Muses mourn,  
Let Hops and Barley-Ears bedeck his Urn.  
Of Scotia's injured Queen he told the Tale,  
And died a Martyr to base Burton Ale!

Certain Doctors of Medicine next come under the notice of Diana's active pen. The first is briefly dismissed. Richard Mead, M.D. and F.R.S., who lived from 1673 to 1754, was a celebrated London Physician of his day, a prominent Whig, and a man who owned a very large acquaintance. Nevertheless, towards the close of his life, he appears to have experienced a sad reverse of fortune.

Dr Mead died in Indigence from his Passion for collecting Antiquities, though his Income from his Practice was estimated at £7,000 a Year. At the latter End of his Life he parted with his Manuscripts to supply his Wants.

More curious is Diana's reference to the celebrated Dr Messenger Monsey, who died in 1788, at the age of ninety-five. The eldest son of a Norfolk Rector, he came of a family said to be derived from the ancient Norman house of De Monceaux, but being poor and without influence he entered the medical profession and settled in practice at Bury St Edmunds. There, however, early in his career, he had the good fortune to be called in to attend to the Earl of Godolphin, who had been taken ill upon a journey; and so struck was the illustrious patient with the cleverness of the provincial doctor, that he induced Monsey to come to London, where he forthwith procured for his protégé the appointment of physician to Chelsea Hospital, a post which Monsey retained till death.

Through the further influence of Godolphin, the clever young physician was introduced to Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield and other prominent members of the Whig party, and having diplomatically espoused their principles, he was soon considered the chief medical adviser of all the politicians of that school. These great men, in fact, bore with surprising equanimity the rudeness and ostentatious familiarity of the doctor's manners; and although Walpole once asked



wonderingly how it came to pass that Monsey alone of all men ever dared to contradict him, the eccentricity of the skilful physician seldom affected his popularity. He numbered among his friends most of the celebrated people of his day, amongst others Mrs Elizabeth Montagu and Garrick, being, indeed, for long in his flirtation with the former accounted a dangerous rival to Lord Bath. His friendship with Garrick, however, was ultimately broken off owing to a quarrel, while throughout his career his rival in churlish behaviour, Dr Johnson, refused to make his acquaintance, alleging as a reason the looseness of the conversation in which Monsey indulged. Moreover, endless tales were current respecting the doctor's wit and biting cynicism, which, appreciated by some, alarmed many. Diana relates :—

During Dr Monsey's abode with Lord Godolphin, he was riding in Hyde Park with a Mr Robinson, a well-meaning Man, who was lamenting the deplorable State of the Times, and concluded his Harangue with saying—"And, Doctor, I talk with People who believe there is no God!" "And I, Mr Robinson, talk with People who believe there are *three!*" The frightened Trinitarian immediately set Spurs to his Horse and would never after speak to the Author of so profane a Reply.

But as Monsey advanced in years, he became more feared and his reputation for eccentricity increased. He quarrelled with his colleagues, and finally lived the life of a morose recluse in Chelsea

College. As his great age roused in his possible successors hopes of securing the reversion of his post, he used to receive with a savage delight those who came furtively to inspect his surroundings, and to each aspirant he gleefully predicted a death which would precede his own. As, one by one, these prophecies were verified, and Monsey survived far younger men, the terror of receiving such a verdict from his lips increased the resentment which his longevity occasioned. At last, facing death with equanimity, he bequeathed his body for dissection, which it is said took place before the students of Guy's Hospital. Nevertheless rumour related that he had expressed other intentions with regard to the disposal of his corpse, and Diana records the following :—

*This extempore Epitaph on the late celebrated and ingenious Dr Monsey of Chelsea College, was written at his desire by Peter Pindar, whose works he perused to the last, and who seems, on this occasion, to have delineated the Doctor very admirably.*

*The Doctor always wished to be buried in a Field or a Ditch, or thrown into the Thames, so little was his Regard for the Ceremonies of Sepulture.*

EPITAPH SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE DOCTOR  
FOR HIMSELF.

Here lie my old Limbs—my Vexation ends,  
For I've liv'd much too long for myself and my Friends.  
As for Churchyards and Grounds which the Parsons call holy  
'Tis a rank Piece of Priestcraft and founded on Folly :  
In short I despise them ; and as for my Soul,  
Which may mount the last Day with my Bones from this Hole,  
I think that it really hath nothing to fear  
From the God of Mankind, whom I truly revere.

What the next World may be, little troubles my Pate,  
If not better than this, I beseech thee, oh ! Fate,  
When the Bodies of Millions fly up in the Riot,  
To let the old Carcase of Monsey lie quiet.

It may be added that Monsey left an only daughter, who married William Alexander, eldest brother of the first Earl of Caledon, and who was the grandmother of Robert Monsey Rolfe, the Lord Chancellor and first Lord Cranworth. With regard, however, to the profession which was adorned alike by the celebrated Dr Mead and the eccentric Chelsea physician, Diana inserted the following paragraph :—

It is strange that among all our political Expedients no-one should yet have proposed a Tax on Doctors in Physic, which being the most numerous professional Tribe among us the Tax must consequently be the most productive, which may be illustrated by the following Anecdote.

Sir R. Killigrew once laid Charles II. a considerable Sum that there were more Doctors in England than any other Class of Men whatsoever, adding that almost every Man was a Doctor some Time or the other, especially when he took upon him to prescribe Medicine. Charles, at that Time not observing the Drift of the Humourist, accepted the Wager. On next coming to Court, Killigrew appeared muffled about the Neck, and the King enquiring what was his Complaint, the wiley Courtier replied sadly—"A severe sore Throat,"—"Gargle your Throat with cold Water," says the King.—"I've

won my Wager!" cries Killigrew. "Your Majesty's a Doctor among the Rest!"

Next we find Diana, in a yet lighter vein, transcribing various Epigrams and tales which pleased her.

TO SAMSON DARKINS, THE WHITECHAPEL DENTIST  
 The Philistines of old, by Samson, 'tis said,  
 With the Jaw of an Ass were undone ;  
 But the Whitechapel Samson his Fortune has made  
 With the Jaw of more Asses than one.

ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED  
 If ancient Poets Argus prize  
 Who boasted of a Hundred Eyes,  
 Sure greater Praise to her is due  
 Who looks a Hundred ways with two.

*Lines written extempore in 1789, by a Gentleman, on reading a Farrago of Rhimes, etc., that had been written by a Diamond upon the Windows of an Inn.*

Ye who on Windows thus prolong your Shame,  
 And to such arrant Nonsense put your Name,  
 The Diamond quit—with me the Pencil take—  
 So shall that Shame but short Duration make ;  
 For lo ! the Housemaid comes in dreadful Pet,  
 With red right Hand, and with a Dish-Clout wet,  
 Dashes off all, nor leaves a Wreck to tell,  
 Who 'twas that wrote so ill, or lov'd so well.

*On the rich sword presented to Sir Charles Whitworth by the Empress of all the Russias.*

When Catherine gives a Sword, 'tis gen'rous Aid,  
 For she has always liked a *Handsome Blade* !

HUMOROUS STORY—THE ENGLISH IRISHMAN

Lord St John being in want of a Servant, an Irishman offered his Service, but being asked what Countryman he was, he answered—"An Englishman." "Where were you born?" asked his Lordship. "In Ireland, and please your Lordship." "Then how can you be an Englishman?" said his Lordship. "My Lord," replied the Man, "I was born in a Stable, but that is no Reason why I should be a Horse."

HUMOROUS EPIGRAM

It blew an hard Storm and in utmost Confusion  
 The Sailors all hurried to get Absolution,  
 Which done, and the Weight of the Sins they'd confess'd  
 Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the Priest,  
 To lighten the Ship and conclude their Devotion  
 They toss'd the poor Parson souse into the Ocean.

Witty, if more than usually erratic in spelling,  
 is the following undated contribution:—

LES QUATORZE TOUS

La France entreprend . . . . .	tout.
L' Espagne ne fait rien de . . . . .	tout.
L'Angleterre se bat contre . . . . .	tout.
L'Empereur tire parti de . . . . .	tout.
La Russie ballance . . . . .	tout.
Le Roi de Prusse quitte . . . . .	tout.
Le Danemarc se garde de . . . . .	tout.
La Suède ne veut rien de . . . . .	tout.
Le Portugal s'écarte de . . . . .	tout.
La Turquie admire le . . . . .	tout.
La Hollande payera le . . . . .	tout.
Le Pape craint le . . . . .	tout.
Si Dieu n'a pitié de . . . . .	tout.
Le Diable emportera . . . . .	tout.

Yet in respect to the country which could “balance tout,” Diana appends the following story:—

#### LIBELLISTS—HOW PUNISHED IN RUSSIA

A Gentleman in Petersburg thought fit to publish a quarto Pamphlet reflecting upon the unlimited Power of the Sovereign, & exposing the Iniquity with which it was exerted. The Offender was immediately seized by Virtue of a Warrent signed by one of the principal Officers of State, was tried in a summary Way, his Book determined to be a Libel, and he himself, as the Author, condemned to eat his own Words. The Sentence was literally carried into Execution. A Scaffold was erected in the most public Street in the Town. The imperial Provost was the Executioner, and all the inferior Magistrates attended the Ceremony.

The Book was severed from the Binding, the Margins were cut off & every Leaf was rolled up in the Form of a Lottery-Ticket when it is taken out of the Wheel at Guildhall. The Author was then fed with them separately by the Provost. The Gentleman had received a complete Mouthful of them before he began to chew; but he was obliged, upon pain of the severest Bastinado, to swallow as many of the Leaves as the attendant Surgeon thought possible for him to do without the immediate Hazard of his Life.

Other curious instances of the administration of justice are given by Diana in 1762-3:—

When Naples was in the Possession of the Emperor, an Austrian Soldier who had been guilty of striking one of his Comrades upon the

Parade, fled from the Punishment he deserved, to a Church, and demanded the Protection of its Sanctuary. One of the Priests, on being informed of his Offence, told him there was no Sanctuary for such Crimes. "If indeed," said he, "*you had been guilty of Robbery, Murder, or Treason, the Church would have protected you.*" An unfortunate blind Begger happened at that Time to be sleeping in the Shade of the Church Porch: the Soldier, who thought the Priest's Law very convenient, drew his Sword, stabbed the Begger to the Heart, and turning to his Reverend Counsellor—"Now," says he, "*you can receive me into your Protection.*"

The Question has been much argued at Naples where the Learned were all of Opinion that this was a Case of Privilege; but Count Daun, who was a very plain Man, and could not comprehend how the Aggravation of the Offence could protect the Offender, paid no regard to this Claim of Privilege, but had the Soldier taken out of the Sanctuary, and broken upon the Wheel, in View of the Church.

1762. A Person named Dredmond is condemned to the Carcan (an Iron Collar wherein Malefactors are fastened to a Post), where he is to stand for two Hours, and to be banished for five Years, for asking Charity with a Sword by his Side in the Thuilleries and other Publick Walks.

1763. On the 4th January, at five in the Evening, Paul René de la Chaux Esq., one of the King's Guards, was hanged pursuant to an Arrest of Parliament. He had been condemned to be broke alive upon the Wheel by the Chatelet.

This Man, being about the King's Person, had given himself several Wounds in the Belly, and pretended that he had received them from Conspirators, who would have forced their Passage into the Royal Presence, in hopes of being promoted for his Zeal and Diligence.

Turning, however, from such unpleasant topics, Diana records how two years later, in 1765, there occurred in England an act of disrespect to one in authority, which created a sensation almost unprecedented in contemporary annals of fashion. On the anniversary of the coronation of George III. a ball was held at Bath at which Beau Nash, as usual, presided in his capacity of Master of the Ceremonies. Now Nash had long been conspicuous for a white hat, which had come to be regarded as a distinguishing mark of his high office, and which conveyed to the beholders an almost regal significance. What was the horror of the assembly therefore, on that occasion, to discover that Mr Derrick, a mere upstart in their midst, had dared to ape this exclusive insignia of the King of Bath. Bitterly did the wags of the day visit upon the offender so daring a breach of etiquette.

ON MR DERRICK ASSUMING THE WHITE HAT AT THE  
CORONATION BALL AT BATH IN 1765.

I

Derrick at once to cut a Flash,  
And to support his Right,  
Resolves to imitate King Nash,  
And lo! his Hat grows White.



## II

Thus treading in the Monarch's Path,  
 No more his Power's neglected ;  
 Known by his Hat, this King of Bath,  
 From Insults is protected.

## III

Each Chairman now his Nod obeys,  
 Each Fiddler keeps his Hour,  
 He needs no Crown whose Hat displays  
 A more despotic Power !

## THREE STANZAS AMONGST THE MOB, TO MR DERRICK'S HAT

Nash had a Head—and in that Head  
 Were Manners, Wit and Sence :  
 Derrick he has a Head, but yet  
 To those he's no Pretence.

Nash had a Hat, and it was white  
 And Derrick has another,  
 The only Legacy bestow'd  
 The imitative Brother.

The Diff'rence then is truly this,  
 Allowed by Great, by Small,  
 Nash had a Head within his Hat,  
 Derrick has none at all.

A few years later Diana transcribed the account of an event which caused an even greater sensation at Bath, and which throws a strange side-light on the occasional lapses from good behaviour of which polite society proved itself capable at that date :—

1769. A Gentleman from Bath confirms the News of the Riot among the Belles and Beaux ; and gives us the following Particulars. It began

first upon Mr Plomer's ordering a Bench to be set up for some Ladies who came in late, before another which was full. The Hon. Mrs O——, a warm Friend of Major Brereton's, insisted if it was put before her, she would sit upon it; upon which, one of the Ladies for whom it was brought, pushed her off, and this Insult was returned by Mrs O——, with a back-handed Blow on the Head that brought her Antagonist to the Floor.

And then began the dreadful Conflict; the Gentlemen, who wear no Swords at Bath, fell to fisty-cuffs, the Ladies to pulling one another's Caps, Toupées, etc., etc. Many Ladies fainted away, some turned sick and puked upon their Neighbours; in short, such a Scene of Confusion is never remembered to have been exhibited by so genteel a Company before. The Magistrates were engaged at the Town-Hall for some Hours afterwards in taking Informations of Assault and Battery.

No less than eight Writs were issued Yesterday, and a Subscription it is said is open to support the Suits. The Magistrates have suppressed both the Publick and Private Balls for a Time.

*Later.* We hear that in the late Riot in Bath, a Lady of Distinction struck another Lady violently in one of the Assembly Rooms.

A letter from a Lady in the same Town says:—  
 “Some of our Sex have acquired immortal Reputation by their Courage and Skill in boxing, while a few other puny Females have disgraced the very Name of Woman by their fainting and trembling.”

But ere the date of the last entry, turning from

the miniature Court of Bath and its mimic despot, Diana inserted certain items of news respecting the Royal Family of her day. On April 15th, 1765, died William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., better known by the unenviable title of the Butcher of Culloden, on account of the barbarity with which he had suppressed the rising on behalf of Prince Charles Edward about twenty years earlier. The following strange circumstances in connection with his demise, however, have hitherto escaped public comment. According to the account preserved by Diana, up to the very day of his death the Duke enjoyed apparent health and spirits, and had arranged to hold a Council at his residence in Upper Grosvenor Street that very evening. After having partaken of an excellent dinner, he pulled out his watch and discovered that he had an hour to spare before the arrival of the Ministers. He therefore decided to take a nap, and gave orders that he was to be called directly any member of the Council should arrive. The first who happened to reach the Royal residence was the Duke of Newcastle, and immediately, according to instructions, a servant was sent in to rouse the Prince. But when the messenger reached the Royal apartment, he was astounded to find a scene being enacted there of which, as yet, no one in any other part of the house had the faintest suspicion. It appeared that, in the interval, the Duke, awakening, had graciously allowed his tailor to wait on him with patterns for a new suit ;

that after the man had quitted the Royal presence, he lingered outside conversing with a page, when suddenly, to the horror of both, they heard a heavy fall within the room. They flung open the door to find the Duke apparently expiring upon the floor; and while the "House Chirurgeon" was hastily summoned to open a vein in the Prince's arm, the tailor supported the Royal sufferer, who shortly afterwards expired in his arms.<sup>1</sup>

Yet despite the consternation which prevailed at the unexpected death of a man in the prime of life and vigour, to his enemies there must surely have occurred two strange coincidences in connection with this mysterious visitation which had befallen the Butcher of Culloden. The rising in Scotland with which his name had been so notoriously connected had taken place in the year '45; the Duke died in his 45th year; the battle which had made his name abhorred throughout Scotland took place on April 16th; the Duke died on the eve of that anniversary. Indeed, this latter fact seems to have struck Diana, for the following epigram is endorsed in her handwriting with the significant memorandum, *Culloden, April 16th* :—

<sup>1</sup> A post-mortem was subsequently held, but the accounts given of the cause of the Duke's death vary. One report says that the doctors ascribed it to a disease called *somnolence*; another relates that "the Chirurgeons found in the right ventricle of the brain a Coagulation of extravasated Blood, about the size of a Pigeon's Egg. All the noble parts were sound and good, except an ossification of the membrane that divides the Lobes of the Brain."

A third account states:—"It is supposed that his Death was due to a rupture of some blood Vessel on the Brain."

## EPIGRAM ON THE DEATH OF A GREAT PERSONAGE

Why we should mourn I cannot understand,  
 'Twas Time he dy'd who *Cumber'd* all the *Land*.

Though immediately after, the opposite point of view is given :—

LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE DEATH OF  
 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

When our *Sweet William* dy'd, that Royal Flower,  
 The blasted *Thistle* blest the happy Hour.  
*Britons* too soon shall feel the fatal Blow,  
 And *Scotchmen* triumph in their Overthrow.

Another of Diana's Extracts has reference to the then little Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and was probably retailed with a smile by her to her sometime guest Wilkes.

I have been favoured with a little Anecdote of the Prince of Wales, and its Authenticity may be depended on:—The Prince was very unruly the other Day, and made so much Noise that the King told him to go about his own Business. No, indeed, he would not go, not he. So the Lady Governess was sent for, and the young Hero handed upstairs.

Presently after he gives his Governess the Slip, and runs down, just opens the Parlour Door to thrust in his Head, and shouts—*Wilkes and Liberty!*

Some years later when Prince William, the third son of George III. and afterwards King William IV., was created Duke of Clarence, Diana relates how, while cruising in the West Indies, this

future Sailor King was presented with an Acrostic which occasioned him no small amusement. The effusion ran as follows :—

An Acrostic actually written and presented to Prince William at the Virgin Isles, Torrola, March 28th, 1789, by the Steward (Edward Sealey) appointed to attend to his Highness :—

E fficacious Prince! in awe of your High<sup>s</sup> I solicit leave to stand,  
D eign to pardon me. It's felicity conceived by attending y<sup>r</sup>  
Highness on Virgin Land.

W arrior-like I entered Ward-room, Servant on board the ship  
*Slander* ;

A nd loyal I was while his Honour Payne was Commander.  
R oyal Sir ! an humble Petition appears in these addresses,  
D eputy Steward to y<sup>r</sup> Highness I solicit to be on board y<sup>e</sup>  
*Pegasus*.

S ollicitus I am, may it please your Highness, I implore.  
E v'ry Port arrived at, please to grant me leave to go on Shore,  
A nd I shall be as I was on his Majesty's Ship *Nymph*,  
L ike in Paradise—until consuming fire o'er her triumphed.  
E ver for your Royal line kind Neptune immortalise y<sup>e</sup> Fame,  
Y our Highness, may it please, the twelve initials form my name.

What answer was returned by the good-natured Prince to this original petition Diana does not reveal ; but she proceeds to record another doggerel which saw daylight that same year.

In February 1789, George III. recovered from what had at first been feared might prove an incurable attack of insanity. Thereupon a public Thanksgiving was held at St Paul's, which he attended in state amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his people, and the occurrence finds the follow-

ing echo in the *Book of Extracts*, under the date *St George's Day, April, 1789*:—

*On building Scaffolds against the Churches, and taking out the Shop Fronts to see his Majesty go to St Paul's:—*

'Gainst the Day of Thanksgiving all hands are in motion,  
To make it a new fashion'd day of devotion ;  
With Hammars and Hatchets, with blows and with chops,  
They block up the churches and open their shops !

Two months later Diana copies from the *Times* an epigram with regard to a different event. During the illness of the King, the quarrels between the Queen and his sons were the subject of universal comment. Colonel Lennox, afterwards the Duke of Richmond, whose mother held a place in the Royal household, constituted himself the Queen's champion and went about publicly abusing the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The royal brothers were indignant at what they considered his impertinence ; a quarrel was picked upon some trifling pretext, and Lennox sent a challenge to the Duke of York, which the latter accepted. It was arranged that the duel should be fought on Wimbledon Common ; but when the time came, although Lennox fired and grazed the Duke's ear, the Duke haughtily declined to return the shot and the combat came to an abrupt ending. The Prince of Wales, furious at the whole affair, went down to Windsor afterwards determined to acquaint the King with the occurrence, which he considered primarily due to the instigation of the Queen. The recital greatly agitated

the unfortunate Sovereign, still weak from his late illness, but his consort merely pronounced coldly that what had taken place "was all the Duke's fault"; and that same evening, on encountering Colonel Lennox at one of the Court functions, she received him with marked civility. Not so the Prince of Wales. Unappeased by merely cutting the Colonel in the most public manner, H.R.H. even included in his displeasure the lady with whom his enemy danced, and who, at least, was guiltless of offence. The Press, which practised little reticence at that date, at once seized upon the incident to pronounce a not unmerited censure upon the discourtesy of this action on the part of the Prince.

*Times*, June 11th, 1789. To the Prince of Wales, on his refusing to turn Col. Lennox's Partner in the Dance at Court. *Epigramatical*:—

From Lennox though you turn your Eye,  
 Who dar'd a Prince's rage defy;  
 From Beauty why avert your look,  
 As if the Fair his fault partook?  
 Tho' antiquated females charm  
 The touch of Youth could do no harm!

Of more malicious purport is the following:—

Lady Wallace has in her possession a Beautiful Child about two years of age, who constantly accompanies her in her morning visits. Of this Child she gives the following extraordinary account. That it was left at her door with a sum of £200 for its maintenance, but in all her



enquiries she has never been able to discover its parents. Her attention to the infant is increased by its bearing so very strong a resemblance to an *illustrious Family*.—*Gazetteer*, February 6th, 1790.

Was the insinuation contained in this paragraph directed against any of the fair Princesses, respecting whom, from time to time, hinted romances percolated through to an eager public, and the dulness of whose lives rendered more credible any secret attempt on their part at relieving such monotony? Or did the paragraph suggest that a child had been born to the heir-apparent and Mrs Fitzherbert—a child who, if its parentage were acknowledged, might one day sow dissension in the land? Was it not an accepted fact that during these years when Mrs Fitzherbert might bear children, the leaves in a certain register wherein such events would be recorded were cautiously destroyed?

Nevertheless, turning from any interesting discussion respecting the actions of her own Royal Family, Diana's Extracts next provide echoes of a more sinister nature regarding the unfortunate King of France and the Revolution then preparing in that country. So early, indeed, as 1788, she enthralles us with mutterings of the coming storm.

La Rive is committed to the Bastille for having repeated in the tragedy of D'Orphanis the following lines which the audience obliged him to repeat six times at the same time the Palais was surrounded by 300 Guards:—

Le Dessen du Tyran n'est que trop avarée.  
 Regardez le Palais de Guardes entouré.  
 De projets Destructeurs les Ministres Complices  
 Sèment par tout l'Exil, la Terreur, les Supplices.

*The World*, June 2d, 1788.

Next comes a parody, a so-called prayer supposed to be addressed by the French Nation to Louis XVI., and the profanity of which possibly struck the attention of Diana less than its doubtful wit or the curious indication which it conveyed of the disaffection then current in France.

Notre Père qui est à Versailles, que votre Nom soit abhorré, votre Trône est ébranlé, votre Volonté n'est pas plus accompli au Ciel qu'elle ne l'est ici bas sur la Terre; rendez nous notre Pain Quotidien que le Timbre nous ôte, pardonnez votre Parlement qui veut notre Bien comme vous pardonnez à l'Ami Calonne qui a fait notre Mal; ne nous abandonnez pas à la Fille de Hongrie, et délivrez nous de votre Frère qui ne sait ce qu'il dit. Ainsi soit il.

Worse, however, was to follow. Under the heading—*The Gazetteer*, April the 13th, 1790, Diana copies:—

About six months agoe a Pamphlet appeared in Paris under the title of "*The Passion, Death and Resurrection of the People.*" On the 2d inst. (Good Friday) the Booksellers & news-hawkers, regardless of the indecency & bad consequences to the people, of mixing *Sacra Profanis*, shamefully dared to sell almost publicly "The Passion & Death of Lewis XVI., King of the Jews and Christians," with this motto

in the printed prefixes to the title page—"CRUCIFIXERUNT EUM INTER DUOS LATRONES." The frontispiece has two figures representing the Nobility & Clergy, suspended on two crosses, lower than the Royal one. The King's last dying words are "My people, what have I done unto you?" The place of suffering is surrounded by a multitude of satellites, and opposite to it, the inside of the National Assembly's Hall appears, with the president in the chair, etc. M. De la Fayette is Caiaphas; Bailly,<sup>1</sup> Pontius Pilate, and the Duke of Orleans Judas Iscariot, etc.

#### PARIS—NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, MAY 30TH, 1790

In the debate on the Ecclesiastical Possessions much acrimony was used against the clergy, who were declared to have long eaten up the fruits of the whole country. The Country of Pennsylvania in America was cited, which was instanced to have flourished for a number of years under the family of the Penns without the interference of any Clergy whatever;—a family who taught their children what they knew and had received from their fathers before them; and who had not paid for "the benefit of the clergy," which was of no benefit at all.

Did Diana, one wonders, sympathise with the

<sup>1</sup> Jean Sylvain Bailly, an Astronomer, born 1736. He became President of the National Assembly and Mayor of Paris, but lost his popularity by allowing the National Guard to fire on the masses who were assembled in the Champs de Mars on July 17th, 1791, to demand the dethronement of the King. He was guillotined in 1793.

beginnings of that Revolution which later was to leave its partisans aghast at its consummation? Her husband was a Whig of the old school, the friend of Reformers; her son already followed in the footsteps of his father. Had Diana in her peaceful country home learnt to breathe those doctrines of Freedom which were shortly to rack Empires and crumble thrones into the dust? Did she recognise the dire necessity for that upheaval in the land of France, even while, like other of her contemporaries, she little anticipated the fatal travesty of Liberty with which its supposed exponents were to present their countrymen? It would seem that the following paragraph, praiseworthy indeed in essence, received her approval:—

The third article in the Declaration of the rights of Men and Citizens made by the National Assembly of France (by whom they are called sacred), which have since received the solemn and reiterated sanction of the King of the French, viz.—

*Political liberty consists in the power of doing whatever does not injure another.*

The exercise of the natural rights of every man has no other limits than those which are necessary to secure to *every other man* the free exercise of the same rights; and these limits are determined only by the Law.

Nevertheless, one wonders, was a paragraph which she transcribed later indited in a spirit of appreciation or of censure?

The following passage is selected as a recent

instance, out of many benefits arising from French Reformation. It is a paragraph of a Memoir on Education, lately presented to the National Assembly, and highly approved by an opposition writer as a memorable passage.

“ It is therefore rigorously necessary to separate from Morality the principle of all particular Religions, and not to adopt into any Public instruction the Teaching of any mode of Religious Worship.”

Scarcely, one thinks, can Diana have applauded the above when one peruses a paragraph which she inserted in 1792. To some of the current periodicals a correspondent, under the unusual pseudonym of “ Brandy and Water,” sent effusions of which, judging by the frequency with which she quotes them, Diana entertained considerable appreciation. A moral sentiment proclaimed by Tom Paine is thus upheld by this writer :—

There is one short sentence in Paine’s *Rights of Man* for which I am disposed to forgive him much of what is wrong ; it is a sentence which ought to be written in letters of gold. “ Every Religion is good that teaches Man to be good ; and I know of none which instructs him to be bad (except Methodism, which says Good Works are Filthy Rags).

It is time for men to pursue Religion as they do Philosophy, with Calmness & Temper. They should not be all Brandy, but like

*Brandy & Water.*

Meanwhile we come to the last reminiscences of the Revolution which are to be found in the *Book*

of *Extracts*. From the *World*, January 14th, 1792, Diana quotes :—

Emigrations from different parts of France are computed at 3000 a day.

Six weeks later, from the *St James's Chronicle*, she copies :—

Mr Christie, on Friday, March 2d, put up to sale a Pearl Necklace which he said he was authorised to declare had cost a French Nobleman who now sold it *for bread*, 2,000 Guineas. It was sold to a dealer for £500.

One finds oneself fancying that Diana must have had in her mind the fate of these unfortunate French emigrés when she transcribed the following melancholy verse—which certainly did not apply to her own comfortable lot :—

Condemned to Hope's delusive Mine  
As on we toil from Day to Day,  
By sudden blast or slow decline  
Our social comforts drop away !

None the less, that some of the exiles could yet make a jest of their misfortunes is evinced by the following lively paragraph :—

#### FRENCH PLEASANTRY

A pleasant Device has been adopted by an etymological gentleman who distributes the French Titles among his Servants—Thus—his Groom is termed *Chevalier*, from attending upon *Horses*—his coachman is stiled *Duke*, because Duke means *Conductor*—his footmen are *Counts*,

because the original signifies a follower of Grandees :—And as the term *Marquis* was invented for those who guarded the Frontiers, the *Porter* is honoured with it.

Finally, from the *Sun*, August 15th, 1793, Diana copies :—

The Deputy of Mentz, lately put under arrest by order of the Committee of Public Welfare for publishing an Apology for the murder of Marat, says in his Pamphlet—“ that the French Nation ought to erect a Monumental Pyramid to the Manes of Charlotte Cordet (*sic*) with this inscription :—

“ To the Memory of Charlotte Cordet  
Who was still greater than Brutus ! ”

Nevertheless, whether or no Diana, in common with so many of her Whig contemporaries, did sympathise with certain aspects of the French Revolution, it is evident that, imbued with the more advanced spirit of her age, she was neither narrow in her outlook nor prejudiced in her views. Under the heading *Two Toasts* she gives us the following maxims, at which few will now cavil :—

- I. Universal Toleration & the Abolition of Religious Tests.
- II. May the Rulers of all Nations become Philosophers.

Likewise the following praiseworthy sentiment is quoted by her from the *Times* :—

Among a free People and worthy of being free, the Law is a Deity and Obedience is the Worship which it is their Duty to pay.

But that this obedience is due to the law of an enlightened People and not to the tyranny of an autocrat is shown by another extract :—

The late Despot (Frederick II.)<sup>1</sup> made Drummers of M. Mara, the husband of the celebrated singer, and another Musician, whose name we have forgotten, for having the spirit to disobey an arbitrary Mandate ; and drummers for hours they remained—to their disgrace as was intended, but to the disgrace of himself in reality, and of the nation that will suffer Tyrants—petty as the instance was—to exist.

Further, in the following, quoted from the *Oracle*, 1791, there is a distinct flavour of more modern times :—

M. de Condorcet<sup>2</sup> unites Galantry with his democratic spirit more happily than any other of his associates, for he contends for the rights of Women ; for their equal suffrages in the elections and their equal admissibility to *all* offices. He urges Elizabeth and Catherine, and ridicules the Exclusion of that Sex from extraordinary Magistracies, who wield with so much Glory the Supreme.

In startling contrast to this paragraph comes one which, despite its intended sarcasm, serves to indicate the standard of feminine fascination which was approved in that bygone generation, and which makes one breathe a sigh of relief that such ad-

<sup>1</sup> Frederick the Great, King of Prussia (1712-1786).

<sup>2</sup> Marquis de Condorcet (1743-1794), a brilliant writer, one of the Encyclopædists, and in 1792 President of the Legislative Assembly of France.



juncts to womanliness are now admitted to be of the past.

## FASHIONABLE FAINTING

June 1st, 1790

No Woman can now discover her Distinction or *true Breeding* better than by a well-timed Faint at the musical Festival in Westminster Abbey. The Noble Managers fly from their Box to her Assistance. "Who is she?" — "Lovely Girl!" — "Feeling Creature!" instantly reverberates from one Aisle to another. But like all *tonish Airs*, this, it seems, is now descending to inferior Ranks; for no less than three City Ladies were among the *five female Fainters* of Saturday last. To prevent therefore the further Extent of this *fashionable Influenza* the Managers, we learn, intend issuing Something like the following Notice, in Imitation of the Lord Chamberlain's Notice to the Courtly Dancers, viz. :—

"Such Ladies who intend to Faint at the next Abbey Performance, are desired to send their Names, Rank, and Places of Abode to Mr Ashley, on or before 12 o'clock to-morrow; that a sufficient Proportion of *Bars' Rest* may be set apart, in Order to give to the whole Performance the desired Effect!"

Nor do the proceedings of the sterner sex appear to have been marked by greater evidence of sense. "A whimsical and considerable Wager," writes Diana, "has lately been laid between two Gentlemen of Quality, that one of them drives a Pig backwards a measured Mile, before the other eats

a Pound of Beans and Bacon, and drinks a Tankard of Porter." Nevertheless, in reference to a proceeding in which one's sympathies are entirely with the pig, Diana makes no comment, but adds later :—

On Monday Afternoon last, a young Man, for a Wager of forty Guineas, undertook to hop sixty-eight Yards in the Artillery Ground in twenty Hops, which he performed with surprising Agility, to the Admiration of the numerous Spectators, with Ease, having no more than twelve Inches left for the last Hop.

It is rather in regard to certain public characters that Diana shows herself unduly severe, either in her own criticism or in the opinions of other persons which she apparently applauds. Here is a quotation from the *Gazetteer*, November 16th, 1790 :—

Mr Pitt has undergone a dreadful Fall indeed from his former Greatness, when instead of being carried on the Shoulders of the People into the City to dine with the Company of Grocers, he dwindles to the Doggrel Hero of Jamie Boswell.

We would suggest to Mr Boswell to unite his biographical & poetical Talents in the Composition of an Epic Poem ; the Acts of Mr Pitt furnish an admirable Subject. The Work would certainly be an Original in his Kind.

*Cedite, Romani Scriptores, Cedite, Graii.*

And while still smiling over the thought of that great honour done to Mr Pitt by his being " carried into the City to dine with the Company of Grocers,"

we find ourselves confronted by a still more severe denunciation of another great Statesman :—

## BURKE

Tho' born for the Universe, Narrowed his Mind  
And to Party gave up what was meant for Mankind,  
Self-Interest was ever his Aim ;  
No Merit but that can Burke ever claim.  
A Pention (*sic*) at Length for Reward he has got,  
But his Fame as a Statesman will soon be forgot.

Without pausing to point the failure of Diana's Extract in its capacity of prophecy, we pass on to a comment on Lord Bute. At a date when Londoners were vastly excited at the improved paving which was being introduced into certain of their streets, Diana wrote :—

## ON THE SCOTCH PAVEMENT

Had paving London Streets in Taste  
Been left to me alone,  
On Scotchmen's Heads we might have trod,  
And *Bute* the Corner-Stone !

After which doubtful compliment to the hardness of Caledonian skulls, Diana quotes from the *Oracle*, 1791 :—

As far as Economy is a Virtue, the Earl of Bute is said to possess it in as eminent a Degree as any rich Man in the Kingdom.

Even Dr Johnson, professed admirer of the compiler, did not escape the cynicism of her busy pen :—

## EPITAPH

Here lies Sam Johnson—Reader have a Care,  
Tread lightly lest you wake a sleeping Bear.

Religious, moral, generous and humane  
 He was ; but self-sufficient, proud and vain.  
 Fond of, and overbearing in Dispute,  
 A Christian and a Scholar—but a Brute !

*Wrote by Mr Soame Gennings.*

Nevertheless Diana next quotes cheerfully :—

TO A MALIGNANT SLANDERER

Lye on ! while my Revenge shall be  
 To speak the very Truth of thee !

Less cynical references to other of her contemporaries follow. This, dated February 1791, reminds us that that year died a man whose chief claim to remembrance now rests upon the *bons mots* with which he is accredited :—

A Gentleman expressing to the late George Selwyn his Disapprobation of so heavy a Tax on Candles—" Be not alarmed," said Selwyn, " for you will find the People will make Light of it ! "

From the *Oracle* that same month and year Diana appends another reference to the dead man :—

Among some of the Manuscripts of the late George Selwyn has been found a History of Tyburn, which as it is a Matter of Novelty to most People, we think it not unworthy of Publication.

He says the first Person executed at Tyburn was a Papist & this was in the Week after it had been determined to remove the Gallows from

Rotten Row in Old Street, which was then the Place for hanging Malefactors. The Derivation of the Word Tyburn, he says, did not arise from the Idea of Bloody Queen Mary—"Tie up and Burn," but from the Name of a River Bourne, which then ran there and communicated with another Stream at Holborn, then called the Old Bourne. Those few who have consulted the Middlesex Map of about two Centuries past will find that such Streams so called did then exist.

Various *on dits* follow. This from the *Times* of April 16th, 1791 :—

At a Ball and Supper lately given at Berlin by Madame Rietz, an old Favourite of the King, in Honour of the Birthday of the Countess de la Marck, the Turkish Ambassador was present. The Lady having pressed this Disciple of Mahomet to drink a Glass of Champaign with her he at Length consented, but not till he had a Napkin thrown over his Face to conceal this Trespass on his religious Tenets; this, he observed, would prevent the Prophet from being a Witness of his Sins.

*Times, October 3d, 1791.*—The annual Rent of Long Acre when it was given by a Lady to the Mercers Company (the present Ground Landlords) was only twenty shillings. It now lets for nine Thousand Pounds a Year.

*Undated.*—General Forbes who commands the Portugese Troops sent to the Assistance of the Spaniards in Catalonia, is the Man who, when

a Lieutenant in the French Service, challenged and fought Wilkes at Paris for his illiberal Reflections against the Scots. This very Circumstance was the Means of his being recommended to the Portugese Government from which he immediately obtained a Regiment.

*Oct. 25th.*—A young Fellow, of the City of Bristol, being in London lately, was, out of Curiosity, led to see the Lunatics at Bedlam. His first Approach was to the Cell of a poor Man, to whom he addressed himself thus—"So ho! what brings thee here?" The miserable Object remaining silent, he repeated his Question, and was answered only by a Languishing Look, which so enraged the Visitant, that he immediately spit in the Man's Face through the Grate. This caused the Lunatic gently to wipe his Face with a Whisp of Straw, and raising his drooping Head, he made this calm, sage and sensible Reply—"I am here, Sir, because God deprived me of that Blessing which you never enjoyed."

That year of 1791 the pen of Diana was very active. History and gossip alike flowed briskly from it, tales by turn grave, gay or cynical, as the impulse stirred her; while still, "Like Magic Shadow-Shapes that come and go," she passed ceaselessly in review that shifting panorama of the life of her generation. "Faded Ideas, says Mr Sheridan," she remarks in one place, "float in the Imagination like half-forgotten Dreams, so that a Poet knows not at all Times whether he is creating or adapting." Was she thinking that

this applied to prose as well as verse—to her own Extracts, it might be, which she regarded almost with the affection of an author? Nevertheless tokens were not absent that Diana's work as a compiler was drawing to a close. In the extracts which she now copied into the little parchment-covered book, we see that, though her sense of humour is unabated and her power of selection equally happy, signs of encroaching age are apparent, and her handwriting is less firm than of yore. Like the other Shadow-Shapes which she conjured up so vividly, Diana was drifting from that brief space of brightness, in which she too had enacted her little part, towards the mysterious darkness that lay beyond. In 1793 she inscribed some verses which—besides the strange coincidence connected with them in regard to their writer—convey the impression of some subtle premonition having enhanced their value in the eyes of their transcriber. The entry runs as follows :—

COPY OF SOME LINES FOUND IN LIEUTENANT TOLMACHE'S  
TENT, 1793

To-day Man's dress'd in Gold & Silver bright ;  
Wrapt in a Shroud before to-morrow Night.  
To-day he's feeding on delicious Food ;  
To-morrow's dead, unable to do good.  
To-day he's nice, and frowns to feed on Crumbs ;  
To-morrow he's himself a Dish for Worms.  
To-day he's honour'd & in vast Esteem,  
To-morrow not a Beggar values him.  
To-day he rises from a velvet Bed,  
To-morrow lies in one . . .

The Rest are wanting. He was suddenly called away into the Field of Battle, & fell in a few Hours after.

And not long afterwards, Diana Bosville, too, was "suddenly called away." In 1795, at an advanced age, she died at Bath, and her busy pen was laid aside for ever.



## A FRIEND OF FREEDOM

**T**URNING from that varied glimpse into the past which has been left us by Diana Bosville, we find ourselves arrested by the life-story of her son, a man who, from the middle of the eighteenth to the early part of the nineteenth centuries occupied a somewhat unique position among his contemporaries. For although the generation to which he belonged was prone to court eccentricity and was remarkable for the strong individuality which characterised so many of its members, the memory of William Bosville still deserves prominence among his fellows not merely for the broadness of his outlook, the strength of his friendships and the lavish nature of his expenditure, but for the originality which stamped him from the cradle to the grave.

The family from which he sprang is of Norman extraction and derives its name from the village of Bosville, now in the department of the Seine Inférieure, and still famous for its market and its fair. An old tradition declares that the founder of the English branch was Sir Martin de Bosville, who was one of the treasurers in the army of William the Conqueror, and subsequently Trea-

suror of England during the reign of William Rufus. Like many a soldier of the invading forces, the Norman settled in the country which he had despoiled, and there his descendants, through various fortunate marriages with heiresses, became the owners of accumulated wealth and many fat acres. The established pedigree of the family, however, starts with Sir John Bosville, who in the reign of Henry III. married Alice, the only daughter of Hugh de Darfield of New Hall in the parish of Penistone, while in the reign of Edward III. the family possessions in Yorkshire were further augmented by the union of Thomas Bosville with another heiress, Alicia de Gunthwaite, through whom the said Thomas acquired the house and estates of Gunthwaite, where the bride's ancestors had been resident for five generations before the Conquest. Later a Bosville, the first of the race who is recorded as having borne the name of Godfrey, married Jane, one of the daughters of John Hardwick and sister to the celebrated "Bess of Hardwick," Countess of Shrewsbury, who erected the great houses of Hardwick and Chatsworth, and founded the ducal families of Devonshire and Newcastle. This Godfrey de Bosville added to his family possessions the Manor of Oxspring previously belonging to one of his forebears, and with that property acquired also what its late owner quaintly termed "Myne arme." This was the crest of an Ox's head, or as it has been described "a bull in a bush." Thus some generations later when a young Bosville succeeded

to the lands of his grandfather, a certain Ralph Bosville, a well-wishing poetaster of the day, composed the following epigram, often quoted locally :—

May the Gods give thee, O Bosville,  
The Oxen and towns of Rudolphus ;  
Nor may the Ox want a town,  
Nor the town an Ox.

The wish thus expressed was certainly fulfilled and prosperity never failed to attend the family from remote to modern times ; while many are the picturesque tales connected with their history through the passing of the centuries. In the dim ages afar we see the elusive figure of Elias de Midhope, or Bosville, a great overlord and owner of a vast property in Yorkshire in the time of Edward I., on whose land is reported to have stood the town of Penisale in Langsett, now as completely vanished as the autocrat who once ruled there. We see another Bosville, in 1331, who was Constable of the Castle of Pontefract, a bold marauder, who defied the power of the Church and of the great Prior of Nostal, so that the latter died mortally stricken with fright at the threats of his relentless foe. We find the head of the family in 1640 a Member for Warwick in the Long Parliament, a Colonel and Chaplain in the Parliamentary Army, likewise defending a right-of-way on his estate fiercely by " his extort might and power." Then, still glancing down the centuries, we come to a Bosville who, perhaps more than his forebears, bequeathed to those that followed after

that heritage of independence, that hatred of convention, linked to a merry, untrammelled spirit of adventure—the very epitome of Freedom.

Near the chancel door of the church at Rossington there used formerly to stand a grave-stone protected by iron rails, which covered the remains of Charles Bosville, whose interment is recorded in the Parish Register as having taken place on Sunday, the 30th day of January, 1708. An unpretentious tomb, with nothing to distinguish it from many others of its kind, it was nevertheless a place of pilgrimage for a race as wild and free as the man whose dust lay beneath its stone, and whose story is at once romantic and baffling.

He was a gentleman, we are told, who in life had owned the then comfortable estate of £200 per annum. He is also described by de la Pryme as “a mad spark, mighty fine and brisk, and keeps company with a great many gentlemen, knights and esquires, yet runs about the country.” Bosville, in short, albeit a gay and fashionable gentleman, the boon companion of his equals and the owner of a comfortable income, loved greatly to fling aside the trappings of his position, and to mix with a life the very antithesis to that in which he was bred. In those days when large tracts of the country still remained unenclosed, the moors in the neighbourhood of Rossington were infested with tribes of gipsies, lawless wanderers who knew neither code nor creed, and who were the pest of the more civilised inhabitants. Yet over these wayward people Bosville established a

sovereignty which none withstood; he mingled with their life, he won their love, his word became their law, he was their acknowledged king; alive they obeyed him, dead they venerated his dust. "His authority was so great," we are told, "that he perfectly restrained the pilfering propensities for which the tribe is censured, and gained the entire goodwill for himself and his people of the farmers and the people around."<sup>1</sup> What strange magnetism existed in this fine gentleman to knit him to these outcasts none might say; what vein of wildness in his blood found its complement in theirs. But, even after he had passed from them, as we have seen, for long to the dust of the man whom they had loved these wanderers came as to a shrine; and still their descendants, who haunt the Yorkshire lanes or troop to the race-course at Doncaster, will answer all inquiries respecting their nationality by the information that they are "Bosville's folk."<sup>2</sup>

Meantime, both previous and subsequent to the days of the Gipsy King, as generation after generation of the Bosvilles sprang into being or passed away into the Unknown, wheresoever their fortunes or their inclinations led them, their history ever centred round that possession of their forefathers, the old Hall of Gunthwaite. An ancient house with massive oak beams and snow-

<sup>1</sup> *South Yorkshire*, by the Rev. J. Hunter, 1828.

<sup>2</sup> Even in Scotland gipsies will give this reply and claim Bosville as their surname.

white plaster, it stood on a wide, open stretch of land in the West Riding. From the neighbouring country, indeed, ere the eighteenth century, had long disappeared all trace of the primeval woods with which that locality once was covered; yet owing to the condition of the roads in the vicinity, at certain periods of the year, the old house remained well-nigh as inaccessible as in more primitive times. But a sturdy race of Yorkshire squires, these latter-day Bosvilles continued to thrive physically and morally in that fresh, clean moorland where they were bred; nor did the isolation of their surroundings stunt the capacity of a stock which, from time to time, sent forth individual members to acquit themselves with credit in the larger world of fashion or of politics.

It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that a squire of the family was tempted to abandon the old Hall which for so long had sheltered his forefathers. In 1717 was born a Bosville on whom was bestowed the Christian name of Godfrey, previously borne by many of his ancestors, and who, at the age of seven, succeeded to his father's estates. A long minority enriched his property, and his guardians extended this by judicious purchases of land; while he further had the good fortune to inherit an estate in Staffordshire from a relation of his own, and, in 1773, the estate of Thorpe in the East Riding of Yorkshire from a relation of his wife.

The temptation of a comparatively modern and more convenient house at last prevailed over the

attraction of the venerable Hall of Gunthwaite, and Godfrey Bosville removed to his new possession, Thorpe Hall, near Bridlington. Gunthwaite, abandoned, soon fell into decay, till finally, more than half a century ago, the old house was partially pulled down and reconstructed in the form of a plain, substantial building affording suitable accommodation for the tenants who farmed the land. To-day only a few relics of the former dwelling survive to testify to its ancient history and bygone greatness; but through the neighbouring land can still be traced the remains of a flower-grown bridle-path which, harmonising with the old-world character of the locality amidst which it wends, is reminiscent of the days when many a tired horse and rider journeyed in weary haste over the wolds towards the longed-for shelter of the now vanished house and its hospitable owners.

Thenceforward, transferred to a fresh neighbourhood, the Bosvilles, amid new surroundings, became conspicuous for what were then considered as painfully modern views. Yet since, as we have seen, throughout the preceding generations, they had proved themselves almost uniformly of liberal principles and rebel proclivities, they were in this but perpetuating the earlier traditions of their house. Thus we are prepared to find that Godfrey Bosville, the first owner of the joint estates of Gunthwaite and Thorpe, exhibited the anomaly of a man who, to the rôle of a genial fox-hunting

squire, united that of a philosopher and cynic. Proud of his lineage, he could affect to despise it, and assured of his position, he could patronise what lesser men viewed askance—the so-called pernicious doctrines of liberty and equality. Nor, as we are aware, was his wife Diana less remarkable for her lively wit, attractive personality and the lack of prejudice with which she faced many of the problems of her day.

To this couple were born four children, two of whom were sons, William, who came into existence in 1745, and Thomas Blckett. The tragic fate of the latter has been related elsewhere<sup>1</sup> and may be dismissed briefly. Two months subsequent to his marriage he met his death, in 1793, at Lincelles during an action previous to the battle of Dunkirk, a fatality attributed to his abnormal stature of six feet four inches, which rendered him the target of a bullet that had previously passed harmlessly over the heads of his comrades. His elder brother William, on the contrary, who, after leaving Harrow, obtained a commission in the Coldstream Guards in 1760, subsequently served in safety with his regiment through various campaigns.

In his early youth, indeed, William Bosville visited many foreign countries. Having done the grand tour through France and Italy, he went with his friend Colonel Hawke, first to Spain and afterwards to Africa, forming part of the suite of an English Embassy that was sent out to compli-

<sup>1</sup> See *Macdonald of the Isles*, by A. M. W. Stirling.



ment the Emperor of Morocco on his accession to the throne. Lord Balcarres relates:—

“In 1767 I received my Ensigny in the 53rd Regiment under the command of Lt.-Colonel Lindsay of that Regiment, and under his tutelage I embarked in the *Æolus* for Gibraltar. We were to pick up at Lisbon Major Hawke, a son of the great Lord Hawke, and Ensign Bosville of the Guards, afterwards the famous Republican.” Judging by the few anecdotes respecting this expedition which have survived, it proved not only a novel experience, in which young Bosville found much to excite his interest and occasion him surprise, but it was not lacking in considerable danger.

In the course of the journey we are told the Embassy encountered an Englishman who had become Mahometan, and Bosville, having plied the renegade with questions respecting the reason of this unusual proceeding, at length assured the man—perhaps sarcastically—that if any arguments sufficiently convincing could be brought forward in favour of such a course, he for his part was quite prepared to follow so unusual an example. But the Anglo-Mahometan was not to be inveigled into a controversy and replied frankly—“I cannot assign my reasons, but I am no longer a Christian!” Nevertheless the charm of the land through which the travellers were journeying seemed to supply at least a plausible solution of the Englishman’s desire to remain there, and Ensign Bosville at length expressed to one of the natives a somewhat qualified appreciation of his

surroundings. "If," he observed, "your Emperor were to leave off frying in oil and impaling alive, this would be a fine country to live in!" The rejoinder was sufficiently contemptuous—"A Moor," the man replied, "does not dread the rope like a European. If his Majesty were to leave off frying in oil and impaling alive, neither I nor any honest man would *choose* to live here!"

When at length the Embassy was admitted to an audience with the Emperor, "the dragoman, on reading the letter of congratulation to this *great Sovereign* made a pause of about three minutes at the end of every sentence, during which his Imperial Majesty repeated a few words in a solemn tone of voice, and he had no sooner ended than the gentlemen of the Embassy, following the example of the interpreter, made a low bow and returned thanks.

"A midshipman who had accompanied the mission from Gibraltar, and was then present, began to entertain some suspicions of the nature of the seeming compliment on the part of this august personage, and having a good memory, and being an excellent mimic, determined a few days after, to try its effect on a boat's crew of Moors. But he had no sooner carried his resolution into effect than they immediately drew their daggers, and would have killed him on the spot, had he not been rescued from their fury. On an explanation taking place, it was discovered that the identical expression for which the gentlemen of the Embassy had returned thanks by the

most respectful obeisance, when duly translated into English, was strictly tantamount to the following salutation, which is the most execrable that can be uttered or received on the part of a Mahometan—viz., “You are all swine!”<sup>1</sup>

Subsequent to this expedition, William Bosville was ordered out to America with his regiment, where he remained throughout the war which terminated in the independence of the Colonies. He then returned to England, at the age of thirty-eight, prepared to enjoy a short period of repose, which, however, was destined to be unexpectedly prolonged.

Later in life, noted as a *raconteur*, Bosville used to tell how on thus revisiting his native land he found all classes at variance respecting the justice of the contest which had ended so disastrously, till he was tempted to sympathise with Lord North, who, when harassed by the increasing difficulties with America, had been heard to exclaim that he wished that continent had never been discovered. Many stories were current, too, at that date, which bespoke the frightful strain and anxiety that the ex-Minister had undergone. Occasionally, it was said, when worn out in Parliament, he had deputed to Sir Grey Cooper the task of writing down the important points in the speeches which took place while he personally resigned himself to a much-needed slumber, in which he remained, too, happily oblivious of the onslaughts of his opponents.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Horne Tooke*, by Alexander Stephens, Esq., 1813, vol. ii. pp. 310-311.

This was his attitude one day during a debate upon nautical matters, when some tedious speaker entered upon an historical disquisition on shipbuilding, in the course of which, having begun with the planning of Noah's Ark, he traced the progress of the art through the centuries. His discourse had at last reached the period of the construction of the Spanish Armada, when Sir Grey Cooper inadvertently awoke the slumbering Premier, who inquired wearily at what era the honourable gentleman had arrived. "We are now in the reign of Queen Elizabeth!" whispered Sir Grey. "Dear Sir Grey," murmured Lord North pathetically, "why not let me sleep a century or two more?" This, Bosville used to add, was on a par with an answer made in the American Congress about the same date. A tiresome orator, haranguing empty benches, observed sententiously—"I am speaking to *posterity*!" "If you go on at this rate," interpolated a candid friend, "you will not be done till you see your audience before you!"

It was on January 25th, 1784, that the career of William Bosville underwent a complete change owing to the death of his father, which left him in possession of a lavish income and of his family estates. Apparently he then formed the resolution to quit the army; but he had already mingled too freely with the larger world beyond his native county to resign himself contentedly to the rôle of a simple country squire. The gay life of London with its wider horizon and varied interests appealed to him irresistibly, and "Billy Bosville," as he

was affectionately known among his cronies, henceforth became a familiar and a popular figure about town.

"Mr Bosville," we are told, "never attained a higher rank than that of a lieutenant in the Guards, which is equal to a captain of the line, but the courtesy of the public assigned to him the brevet of a Colonel, by which appellation he was more generally designated, even by his friends, than any other." Further, he speedily established for himself a recognised place in that social world in which he delighted, and to which he became ever more and more attached. London, he soon pronounced, was the best residence for winter, and he knew of no place to beat it in summer; nor was he again easily persuaded to seek adventures abroad. With his retirement from the army he was at liberty to follow his inclination in this and all other matters, until the links which bound him to the existence which he loved became too strong to be voluntarily severed.

Long ere this date his two sisters had married. The elder, Elizabeth Diana, in 1768 had become the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, afterwards first Lord Macdonald of Slate; while in 1760, his second sister Julia had married William Ward, who eight years later became the third Viscount Dudley. At that latter date too, another relation was added to the family circle, for Diana, the beautiful daughter of his elder sister, Lady Macdonald, became the second wife of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, the celebrated founder of the Board

of Agriculture, for whom William Bosville had previously entertained a warm friendship. Nevertheless, even in view of this fact, it is doubtful whether Bosville could be persuaded to visit such of his relations as failed to frequent the metropolis ; certain it is that Scotland, the grand and lonely land of the North, was ill-suited to his inclination. Skye, where dwelt his sister Lady Macdonald, was, from his point of view, impossibly barbaric, while the home of his niece, Lady Sinclair, was in his eyes even less enticing. Thurso, an ancient castellated building erected by George, sixth Earl of Caithness, was stationed upon a rock so close to the Pentland Firth that the spray from the waves in stormy weather passed over the roof ; but all the windows faced a courtyard enclosed by high walls, so that the outlook commanded none of the magnificent sea views which alone constituted a plausible excuse for such a situation. Moreover, the garden was five miles distant from the castle, and owing to the badness of the road was nearly inaccessible, while not a tree or hedgerow appeared in the neighbourhood. Such conditions, accompanied by a dearth of society, struck terror into the sociable soul of Billy Bosville and strengthened his aversion to quitting the surroundings which he loved for those which were so emphatically uncongenial. Moreover, fresh interests and fresh associates soon riveted him yet more closely to that entrancing life of the metropolis which had already become essential to his happiness.

From his earliest years indeed William Bosville had mingled with the intellectual spirits of his age and had absorbed the tenets of the then Apostles of Freedom. Dr Johnson, the defier of insolent Patronage, was an acquaintance of his father; Wilkes, the life-long opponent of tyranny, had been a constant visitor at Thorpe; James Boswell, a Scottish off-shoot of his own family, had been an *habitué* of the family circle till the venom of the historian's pen had slackened the ties of kinship. Men of power, men of letters, men of distinction alike in the world of sport, of fashion or of politics had passed beneath his ken from the days of his boyhood. And now that he was come to his own he exhibited in his choice of acquaintance the outcome of that early association; while other influences were at work to strengthen the trend of his present inclination.

With the result of the recent contest with America still rankling in the minds of Englishmen, the varied emotions which it had evoked permeated all classes of society. The times were troubled and fresh opinions were finding favour with the more thoughtful members of the community. In France a bloody struggle for freedom was preparing; in England likewise an undercurrent of dissatisfaction seethed among the more enlightened thinkers of the age. And William Bosville, bred, as we have seen, of a race singularly untrammelled by prejudice and as little fettered by convention as the air of its native moorland, found in this novel movement a spirit akin to his own.

In his veins ran the blood of that bold Constable of Pontefract who had defied the power of the Church; of the rebel Bosvilles of the Commonwealth; of that Godfrey who of his "extort might and power" had embroiled himself with his neighbours; still more, of that later forebear, the King of the Gipsies, fine gentleman and self-constituted vagrant, who had tasted life with shifting mood. Small wonder then, that this later Bosville, by birth a member of the old *régime*, yet by inheritance also an exponent of opposite ideals, flung himself with ardour into the prevailing breach, and, while mingling in friendship with both factions, loudly proclaimed his sympathy with the sons of Liberty.

In a short time he was the recognised centre of a clique of liberal spirits who advocated the more advanced opinions of their age, and who found themselves at his hospitable board on an equality with men of a different social status and far other views. In 1787 Thomas Paine<sup>1</sup> returned to England, and, as the doctrines which he promulgated rapidly spread, Bosville became one of his foremost disciples and avowed friends. In 1793, indeed, the Colonel was so far tempted from his insular retirement that he visited Paris under the auspices of his hero, and was received in consequence on friendly terms by the revolutionists. Unfortunately Paine at this period seems to have

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Paine, deist and radical, 1737-1809. He was by turns staymaker and marine, schoolmaster, exciseman, and tobacconist. He became a politician, a demagogue, and an extensive author.



been driven through stress of mental anxiety into conduct which he afterwards deprecated, although his enemies were wont to ascribe to him an habitual intemperance. "Borne down by public and private affliction," he subsequently wrote, "I was driven to excesses in Paris." Thus in September of that year we find an English Agent in that city writing that "he was told by Colonel Bosville, a declared friend of Paine, that the manners and conversation of the latter were coarse, and that he loved the brandy bottle." Paine's biographer remarks indignantly that "there is no doubt that this wealthy Colonel Bosville was at one time unfriendly to the Radicals. He was staying in Paris on Paine's political credit while depreciating him."<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, ten years later we still find Paine referring to his supposed traducer as "my good friend Colonel Bosville," and we can only conclude that the temporary disgust of Bosville did not prevent him weighing the principles which Paine professed against the temporary aberration of the man who professed them, and who thus summarised his own creed:—

"O could we always live and love,  
And always be sincere,  
I would not wish for heaven above,  
My heaven would be here.

Let others choose another plan,  
I mean no fault to find;  
The true theology of man,  
Is happiness of mind."

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Tom Paine*, by M. D. Conway (1892), vol. ii. page 17.

It is to be regretted that no record has survived respecting the experiences of Bosville in Paris at this period; that he must have been a constant visitor at the house of Tom Paine is evident, also that he must there have encountered many of the prominent actors in the grim drama which was going forward; but one outcome of his visit is to be found in the cementing of a life-long friendship between himself and Sir Francis Burdett,<sup>1</sup> who was likewise a witness of the Revolution. Burdett, after his return to England in 1793, became a faithful member of the coterie which surrounded Billy Bosville, and after the Baronet's celebrated election for Westminster in 1807, while he was being chaired amid the profound excitement of a great concourse of people, Colonel Bosville appeared as one of his foremost supporters. A long procession was formed, we are told, "headed by the hero of the day seated in a triumphal car of imposing appearance," and conspicuous among his immediate *entourage* were to be seen Lady Burdett and Colonel Bosville, who, with "a large concourse of friends of the Baronet, accompanied him, their *rendez-vous* being the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, where about 1500 persons dined together."

An additional link, moreover, in the friendship established between the Colonel and Sir Francis

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., 1770-1844, the most popular English politician of his time. Married Sophia, youngest daughter of Coutts the great banker. In the House he made himself conspicuous by his advocacy of all liberal measures.



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*In the possession of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles, Bart.*



was to be found in their joint appreciation of William Cobbett,<sup>1</sup> then regarded in such an opposite light by most of their class. The demagogue, after his change of politics in 1804, vehemently supported the Radical principles upheld by Burdett and Bosville, employing all the influence of his person and the power of his pen to further the cause of the former in Westminster, till gradually this political interest was replaced by a greater intimacy, and, from being a mere partisan, Cobbett became the valued friend of the two men whose views he shared.

The beginning of Colonel Bosville's friendship for Cobbett is thus described by a biographer of the latter :—

“ In June, 1806, Cobbett made his first attempt to get into Parliament. Colonel Bosville, a leading man among the early reformers, encouraged him to offer himself for Honiton, a Government Borough, where a vacancy had occurred in consequence of Bradshaw, the representative, having accepted an office in the Irish Exchequer. Colonel Bosville took him down from London to Honiton in his own carriage, and Mr Cochrane Johnstone went with them, in the hope that his nephew, Lord Cochrane, who was stationed at Plymouth, would be able to give his lordship some support. In the meantime, while Lord Cochrane's coming was doubtful, Cobbett, in order that Bradshaw,

<sup>1</sup> William Cobbett, 1762-1835, social reformer, demagogue, and politician. His famous *Weekly Political Register*, from advocating Tory principles, in 1804 became violently Radical.

who sought to be re-elected, might not be unopposed, declared his resolution to stand; but as Lord Cochrane arrived soon enough to offer himself, Cobbett did not go to the Poll.”<sup>1</sup>

The championship thus started on the part of Colonel Bosville was never again abandoned and he lost no opportunity of furthering the advancement of his protégé. And since the merits of men of mark are more apt to be ignored than acknowledged by their contemporaries even when the barrier of class prejudice does not accentuate this tendency, it must surely be recorded to the credit of Billy Bosville that he did not allow any such considerations to limit his friendship for the former ploughman, any more than it affected his admiration for Wilkes, the son of a stay-maker, or, later, for Tooke, the son of a poulterer. Still at Thorpe has survived a letter which Cobbett penned to his especial crony; and although it casts a curious light on both the manners and the morals of his century, in that the coarseness of the language in which it is couched and the nature of the incidents to which it refers precludes unexpurgated quotation, nevertheless it serves to illustrate the community of ideals which subsisted between two men of apparently opposed interests. In the course of this communication, which is dated March 31st, 1809, Cobbett remarks:—

I had half a mind to go to London some weeks ago; but, to the strong aversion which I have

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of William Cobbett*, by J. S. Watson, pp. 167-168.

to living in a noise, there was added the consideration of my being able to do more good with my pen here. There is nothing like being left to oneself.

A new era has certainly begun. There are now a *great many* men of large property who do not think that it is for their good to have their rents taken from them to be given to w——s, rogues and loungers. Pitt persuaded them that if their rents were not thus disposed of, they would lose their land; that, *somehow or other*, their land would *go away*; but if he were here now, I do not think he would be able to keep up that persuasion.—To hear some of the rich boobies in the country talk, one would imagine that the giving away their rents to be spent by jobbers & contractors was absolutely necessary to the preservation of the breed of foxes, dogs & horses. . . .

You laugh at the Spaniards for worshipping the Dutch dolls, but I'll be damned if they are half so stupid as those fox-hunters.

And he appends a comment on one of his acquaintances which is singularly characteristic :—

“ They tell me Rose Fuller is a big fellow,— Do try to persuade him to become a cart-load of manure. I am sure that is the only way in which it is possible for him to serve his country; and besides, it would be an act of loyalty which would be quite unequivocal.”

Yet so it is that from beneath the veneer of laxity for which the rest of this correspondence is conspicuous, there shines forth the warmth of

a loyal comradeship between these two strangely-assorted friends, and the community of a true purpose. Nor was Bosville's friendship confined to the days of prosperity. When Cobbett was in prison, Billy ordered out his coach-and-four, and thus in state for all the world to see, he went to visit what he termed the persecuted sufferer. Further, his sympathy found practical expression in the form of a thousand pounds which he presented to the prisoner; but it must be added that in the acceptance of similar loans both from him and Sir Francis Burdett, combined with the fact that these were never repaid, the eager traducers of Cobbett subsequently found occasion to cast a slur on the memory of the reformer. We are told that "on Mr Cobbett so deeply involving himself in debt that he had to leave the country in 1815, Mr Bosville's executors were found to be creditors to the amount of £900, while Sir Francis Burdett was a creditor to the amount of £4000," and despite Cobbett protesting that, although asked for as loans, these sums had been presented to him as gifts towards his political campaign, his enemies maintained that he had deliberately lined his pockets without any intention of meeting his obligations.

But a still greater fellowship subsisted between Bosville and another of the free spirits of his age, who shared with Burdett, Wilkes and Cobbett the renown of being imprisoned for the principles he professed. This was the celebrated Horne Tooke, with whom Bosville's friendship was deep



and lasting. Whether as the insignificant son of a small tradesman, as a scholar of little note at Westminster, Eton and Cambridge, as a member of the Middle Temple, as a clergyman who had abandoned the law at the desire of his father, as a travelling tutor, an author, or, later again, a lawyer precluded from the bar in his capacity of clergyman, a Member of Parliament banished from the House by a special Act, a "hoary traitor" tried and acquitted of high treason—Tooke, throughout his adventurous career, never lacked adherents who were dedicated to his cause, and among the most devoted of these may be numbered Billy Bosville. The link between the Colonel and himself has thus been sarcastically described by Tooke in his *Diversions of Purley*. "Bosville and I," he explains, "have entered into a strict engagement to belong for ever to the established Government, to the established Church and to the established language because they are established. Establish what you please; no, but establish; and whilst that establishment shall last we shall be perfectly convinced of its propriety!" Nevertheless, although Tooke was in the strictest sense a Constitutionalist, neither Bosville nor himself could be accused of any pedantic adherence to accepted conventions. How far, indeed, Billy shared the varying political friendships and disaffections of his ally history does not reveal; but in studying his public utterances it would appear that he was in harmony with most of the conclusions of this

man, for whom he professed an unswerving admiration.

An illustration of this attitude on his part is given in the *Memoirs of Horne Tooke*. It must first be remarked that the disillusion of Tooke in regard to his quondam friend Wilkes had taken place ere the return of Bosville from America; his subsequent antagonism to Fox and Sheridan was notorious; while his prolonged advocacy of Pitt under the belief that the Minister would promote Parliamentary Reform had thus been consistent with his liberal principles. But when Pitt dropped the question of Reform, he alienated Tooke in common with a number of his former upholders. "Many," pronounced Tooke subsequently, "have received from Pitt a ribband, who deserved a halter!" and although Tooke on this account did not profess to entertain any greater respect for Fox, yet, in contesting Westminster in 1797, he did not oppose his former adversary, whose sentiments, moreover, it will be seen were promptly quoted by Tooke's followers with a novel reverence. During the contest, in which Tooke was unsuccessful, Colonel Bosville was one of Tooke's chief supporters, and after it was over Billy presided as chairman at a gathering held in honour of the struggle, respecting which the following remarkable account has survived:—

"On Tuesday, June 28th," Tooke's biographer, Reid, relates, "a meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to commemorate

the late triumph of Mr Tooke's election for Westminster; for it *was* a triumph to have nearly 3,000 unsuborned voluntary voters in support of principle (*sic*) against interest. . . . On the occasion the room (the largest in London) was crowded with five tables; and the overflow of people filled every room in the house—a very singular compliment to Mr Tooke." The chairman, Mr Bosville, he proceeds to record, made the following announcement to the assembled company—"Fellow countrymen, we have been told from the hustings that we are tied to a tree—the tree of corruption. I will give a toast: *Pull, pull and pull again with three times three; security for the future and justice in the past, with three times three and the birthday of our liberties!*" This rousing sentiment having been duly honoured, a gentleman in the crowd next remarked that it was the wish of the company near him to drink the health of the person in whose cause they were assembled, and therefore he should without apology give "*John Horne Tooke.*" This toast was naturally received with uproarious applause, and Mr Tooke having replied gratefully to it, Billy Bosville, inspired to yet greater flights by the prevailing enthusiasm, forthwith proposed another. "Fellow countrymen!" he cried, "you have heard much of a substitute for bread; I will give you a toast—*Halters, a proper substitute for bribes and unmerited pensions; a speedy removal of the stinking rubbish of the present Administration!*" Needless to emphasise, it was even less customary at that date than it is at present to stint

the expression of political acumen, and the appreciation of this strongly expressed sally soon provoked a sequel. "I have been desired to give another toast," shouted the chairman, "*The right hand of the people, an effectual stop to the National leak!*" But at this juncture it was presumably recognised that not only was the metaphor of the Colonel becoming slightly confused, but likewise that his eloquence was not equal to his ardour, for Mr Tooke shortly afterwards announced—"I am desired by the chairman, *who has made himself a little hoarse*, to give the following toast; it is a sentiment of Mr Fox in his own words—'*Destruction to that Administration which has destroyed more human beings in its foreign wars than Louis XIV., and attempted the lives of more innocent men at home than Henry VIII.!*'" Mr Jones Burdett, we are told, subsequently spoke energetically on the necessity of Parliamentary Reform; and the chairman reviving gave as the last toast "*The private in the ranks!*" which was drunk with three times three. Colonel Bosville finally, at about half-past eight, quitted the chair which he had occupied for many hours, and took his departure amid the applause of the assembled company; although it is added that many persons remained for some time longer "in a convivial and peaceful circle."

As may be imagined, the enemies of Tooke were not slow to seize on this *rapprochement* between himself and Fox, and the incident was cleverly satirised in the *Anti-Jacobin*, wherein a special

sneer was directed against Tooke's fluctuations between the Church and the Bar:—

ACME AND SEPTIMUS: OR, THE HAPPY UNION

*Celebrated at the Crown and Anchor Tavern*

Fox, with Tooke to grace his side,  
 Thus address'd his blooming bride—  
 " Sweet ! should I e'er, in power or place,  
 " Another Citizen embrace ;  
 " Should e'er my eyes delight to look  
 " On aught alive, save John Horne Tooke,  
 " Doom me to ridicule and ruin  
 " In the coarse hug of *Indian Bruin* ! "

He spoke ; and to the left and right,  
 N—rf—lk hiccupp'd with delight.

Tooke, his bald head gently moving,  
 On the sweet Patriot's drunken eyes,  
 His wine-empurpled lips applies,  
 And thus returns in accents loving ;

" So, my dear Charlie, may success,  
 " At length my ardent wishes bless,  
 " And lead through Discord's low'ring storm  
 " To one grand RADICAL REFORM !  
 " As from this hour I love thee more  
 " Than e'er I hated thee before ! "

He spoke, and to the left and right,  
 N—rf—lk hiccupp'd with delight.

With this good omen they proceed ;  
 Fond toasts their mutual passion feed ;  
 In Fox's breast Horne Tooke prevails  
 Before rich *Ireland* and *South Wales* <sup>1</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> The Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland, and Auditorship of South Wales.

And Fox (un-read each other book)  
Is Law and Gospel to Horne Tooke.

When were such kindred souls united !  
Or wedded pair so much delighted ?

Although the activity of Bosville on this momentous evening proclaims his enthusiasm on his friend's behalf, it was perhaps in its social aspect that their comradeship found its truest expression. When Tooke was confined in the King's Bench prison he was permitted to occupy a small house "within the rules" where he was visited with assiduity by his friends, who at length drifted into the habit of assembling in large numbers on Sunday in order, by a weekly festivity, to cheer the monotony of the prisoner's existence. On his regaining his liberty, this custom was not discontinued; and although on other days he professed himself willing to entertain a "select party," that is, a gathering of those who did not care to mingle with the mixed company of which his more intimate circle was composed, yet Sunday, he explained firmly, remained a day sacred to the cause of friendship. Thus when in 1792 Tooke, who yearned for the fresh air of the country and for rural occupations, retired to the neighbouring village of Wimbledon, where he had acquired a pleasant house with two fields and large gardens adjoining, this soon became celebrated as a weekly *rendezvous* for all men of his persuasion who desired to combine change of air with the pleasure of congenial society. Thither every Sunday subse-

quently might be seen hurrying men of every sect and denomination, of every class and profession, all equally sure of a warm welcome and of refreshment for mind and body.

“On that Festival (for so it might be termed at Wimbledon),” we are told, “the cook was put *in requisition*, and all the servants were seen with busy faces. So early as eleven in the morning some of the guests might be descried crossing the green in a diagonal direction, while others took a more circuitous route along the great road, by turning at right angles in the village and completing the two sides of the parallelogram, with a view of calling at the mansion formerly occupied by the Duke of Newcastle, while Prime Minister; but then the residence of Sir Francis Burdett. About three, several gentlemen on foot and horseback, and in carriages, were seen crossing Putney Bridge and scaling the ascent leading to the Common.” But ere that hour, every Sunday throughout the Spring and Autumn, with tireless regularity the well-known coach-and-four of Billy Bosville was to be seen climbing that hill from Putney and crossing the common direct to the house of his friend, which was reached by him with unvarying punctuality precisely at a few minutes before two o’clock. After paying his respects to his host in the parlour, he then, in company with any gentlemen whom he had driven down from town, would proceed to take the air in the fine gardens adjoining the house till, at four o’clock, the dinner was

served in the cheerful room overlooking the common.

At that welcome hour the servant, "John, having with a smiling 'holiday face' announced the glad tidings, the company passed through the hall, the chairs of which were crowded with great coats, hats, etc., and took their seats without any ceremony, each usually placing himself in his proper station." The post of honour upon the right of Mr Tooke, however, was invariably reserved for Sir Francis Burdett, although we are informed, "the courteous host—and no man could, when he pleased, display more courtesy—generally stationed strangers, or men conspicuous for either rank or talents, near to himself, and was particularly attentive to them, both during and after the repast."

The dinner before which these guests eagerly assembled was "always excellent because it was always substantial. To such as had walked and found their appetites sharpened by the keen and healthy air of the heath, it proved refreshing in no common degree." It was an open secret, however, that, with the exception of the garden produce, on the abundance of which Horne Tooke prided himself, the good cheer so amply provided was supplied on alternate Sundays by Sir Francis Burdett and Colonel Bosville. Yet even on the days when the former was responsible for the feast, it was customary to see the coach of Billy Bosville arrive lavishly stocked with two important articles of consumption—the fish and the



wine. That the expense of neither was trifling may be imagined. "At the top (of the table)," we are told, "was to be found fish of the best kind and most delicate flavour—turbot, large soles or cod, each in its respective season, and all accompanied with their appropriate sauces. This was generally followed by a fillet of veal. In the centre was usually to be seen a tureen of soup, and at the bottom either a round of beef or a sirloin. As side dishes were to be found the produce of the garden, in great variety and the highest possible degree of perfection; while pies and puddings, both excellent in respect to composition and flavour, were afterwards introduced. . . . After the cloth had been removed came wines of all sorts, but generally Madeira, sherry and port. These were accompanied by a dessert, consisting entirely of our native fruits; all of which were cultivated by Mr Tooke with great skill and attained a high flavour and perfection under his auspices. In the summer his table was abundantly supplied with Alpine strawberries, Antwerp raspberries and Dutch currants; for he was careful in his choice of plants and anxious to obtain them from those places where they had reached their greatest possible perfection."<sup>1</sup>

Throughout this enticing repast, while course vied with course both in quantity and quality, the conviviality of the guests was only equalled by the brilliance of wit and the flow of anecdote

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of John Horne Tooke*, by Alexander Stephens, Esq. (1813), vol. ii. pp. 294-5.

which was an invariable feature of the gathering. As to the host, we are told that his "colloquial powers were called forth into action ; and indeed, although he possessed an excellent appetite and partook freely of almost everything before him, yet he found ample time for his ' gibes and jokes,' which seemed to act like so many *corroborants*, at once strengthening and improving the appetites of his guests." But that the success of the entertainment was largely due to the mixed nature of the assembly cannot be denied. For once minded to meet in harmony, men of rival professions, of opposite views in life and of antagonistic ideals met in a fellowship and mutual toleration at which they were themselves surprised :—

"To the country gentleman who was unable to discriminate, this convocation resembled a little Court accustomed to pay an hebdomadal visit to a sovereign prince ; but there was this difference, that all the attentions proceeded from the head of the table ; for, while few chose to argue with, no one I ever met with possessed hardihood sufficient to flatter the personage who presided in all the majesty of superior talents. The mere man of business, accustomed to the daily routine of common affairs, was astonished and even dazzled at the titles of some and the wealth of many of the guests ; while the man of the world, after eyeing the group before him, could not always refrain from making some sarcastic remark on the motley assemblage ; . . . but indeed it might have excited the smile of anyone to have beheld

officers both of the horse-and-foot Guards crowding the table of that 'hoary traitor' who had been often their prisoner, and whom they had so repeatedly conducted 'with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war' to Newgate, the Old Bailey and the Tower. Here at times might be seen men of rank and mechanics, sitting in social converse; persons of ample fortune and those completely ruined by the prosecutions of the attorney-general. On the one side was to be descried perhaps, the learned professor of an university, replete with Greek and Latin, and panting to display his learned lore, indignant at being obliged to converse with his neighbour, a member of the common council, about city politics. Next to those would sit a man of letters and a banker, the one being full of the present state of the money market and the other bursting to display his knowledge of all books—except those of *account*—alone! A little further off a baronet and a barrister could be heard discussing contested cases, both in the law and the Constitution; the *suspected* atheist might be seen in amicable converse with a clergyman of acknowledged orthodoxy; while the trinitarian and unitarian, leaving difficult points to be settled by the controversies of former times, no longer argued with either fierceness or intolerance of polemics. Whenever a serious dispute occurred, or a dubious fact was started, an appeal was immediately made to the president, whose judgment was always authoritative and generally final.

But he generally forbore to offend either party by a peremptory decision; he was frequently accustomed to get rid of the argument by means of a joke; and was generally so happy in this species of appeal, as to elucidate the question and set the table in a *roar*, by the same flash of merriment.”<sup>1</sup>

And the sole *entré* to that charmed circle was a love of humanity and its complement a love of freedom. Preference was given alone to those who had supported one of the martyrs to such a cause in the hour of his need. All “attached to Sir Francis Burdett,” we are told, “whatever their rank or condition in life might be, were received with open arms”; while all who had been tried at the same time as Mr Tooke, found that fact constituted a free pass to his friendship and hospitality. “Even the poorest and the lowest were endeared to him, either by their sufferings or their services . . . nor would he hurt the feelings of the meanest man of his acquaintance by turning him away from his door on a Sunday, to trudge back six long miles exposed to a broiling sun in summer, or the snow and sleet of winter, to search for a dinner in town.”

An illustration of this occurred one day when Billy was present at the festive board. The company had already assembled in the parlour and were about to seat themselves at table when the servant announced that a man of humble aspect

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of John Horne Tooke*, by A. Stephens, Esq., vol. ii. pp. 295-6.

had called, who gave the name of Mr Baxter but who was obviously a stranger, and whom he had therefore adjudged it best to leave in the hall pending further inquiries. Mr Tooke, to whom the name was unknown, was mystified at the reason of the visit, but, although convinced that it was due to some mistake, he at once gave orders for the visitor to be admitted. Forthwith into the midst of the assembled company there entered a little person of timid demeanour, whose appearance was totally unfamiliar to the host, but who on inquiry proffered an explanation of his presence. "I," he announced nervously, "am by trade an engraver, but I had the honour of being tried in company with you, Mr Tooke, and I have therefore taken the liberty to repair to Wimbledon, that I may pay my respects to you in person."

"Ah! my good Sir! I recollect you well!" exclaimed Mr Tooke delightedly. Then turning to the assembled company he introduced his friend. "Gentlemen," he said, permit me to present to you a fellow sufferer. He is a little fellow in appearance whom I never saw but once before, but he is none the less great in a heroism which I cannot fail to remember. While we were both in the *bail-dock* about to be arraigned and as yet uncertain of our fate, he stepped forward to me and said earnestly—'Mr Tooke, our lives have hitherto been of little service to our country; let us then behave like men, and see if, by dying bravely, we cannot prove of some service to the Commonwealth!'" This was sufficient

for the friends of Tooke. A buzz of admiration filled the room; and the timid little engraver, suddenly promoted to the position of a hero, took his place at the dinner-table an admired and honoured guest.

Far otherwise, however, were treated men of an opposite political persuasion. Colonel Bosville used to relate that next door to the house of Horne Tooke upon Wimbledon Common lived Harry Dundas, Viscount Melville, with whom Tooke carefully refrained from holding any intercourse. Nevertheless the servants of the antagonistic politicians, unswayed by the estrangement of their masters, "were on terms of neighbourly civility," and occasionally lent each other articles useful for the service of the company at the houses of their respective employers. Thus, not infrequently, a piece of plate belonging to Lord Melville figured on the sideboard of Horne Tooke, while some essential to the comfort of Lord Melville's guests came from the house of Horne Tooke; but if the owners of the borrowed trophy were aware of its appropriation they tactfully ignored the fact. Bosville used, indeed, to relate that few things delighted him more than the manner in which the ex-minister and the clergyman habitually spoke of each other. "If," Lord Melville would say, "I had caught that rascal Tooke in '92 I would have hanged him!"—"That man," Horne Tooke would announce pointing to the house of Melville, "was in '92 a remorseless tyrant!"—"Nevertheless," concluded Bosville, "each of them will invariably add with reference

to the other—' He is now a very civil and obliging neighbour ! ' ”

By a strange turn of events, however, the two antagonists ceased to dwell in adjacent houses. About 1799 Tooke found that his finances were in a precarious condition. He was systematically living beyond his means, and his custom of keeping open house was a drain upon his diminishing resources which even the liberality of his friends did not defray. He accordingly resolved to part with his handsome house and retire to a small white cottage about two hundred yards distant, where he could no longer accommodate guests on the former lavish scale and where he could reduce his establishment to a solitary servant. But no sooner was this project noised abroad, than his friends generously determined to prevent it. Foremost in their ranks was Billy Bosville, and although it is not known what sum he personally contributed to render the latter years of his old friend free from care, it may be safely concluded it was no small amount.

An annuity was purchased through Sir Francis Burdett ; and Horne Tooke remained in his comfortable home, while, by a strange reverse of fortune, he subsequently beheld Melville, who as Secretary of State had signed the warrant for his arrest, after an impeachment and trial less honourable than that of his former prisoner, obliged to retire to that self-same little white cottage which had once been destined to receive the latter.

Meantime Tooke's gratitude to Bosville and the warm and unvarying friendship which subsisted

between them, cannot be better illustrated than in the words of the former which have survived in the fragment of a letter written by him towards the close of his career—"Dear Bosville, I have had all my life, and still have at the end of it, many very dear, deserving and long continued friends; amongst whom no-one has shown me more important and unearned affection and friendship than yourself, or has a better title to a disclosure from me on every subject, of what I know, which it is fit for me to tell." The simplicity of this tribute enhances its value; it seems to breathe a unity and a trust which required no emphasis. Nor was Bosville ever undeserving this devotion. During the years when he figured as an eccentric *habitué* of London, few men enjoyed greater popularity or could boast more staunch friends than himself. And this he owed not merely to the liberality for which he became renowned but to the charm of a personality which attracted all with whom it came in contact, and the peculiarity of a character in which the autocrat and the demagogue were quaintly mingled.

Indeed, although with others of his generation, Billy, as we have seen, was occasionally betrayed through the vehemence of his convictions into the rôle of a noisy politician, the ingrained high breeding of his race, which was his by inheritance, was conspicuous in his normal deportment. "His manners," we are expressly told, "were gentle, his conduct uniformly polite, and his natural disposition generous and obliging." Nor was his appearance less in keeping with this character of a refined and



courtly gentleman. "My great-uncle's exterior," relates Mr George Sinclair, the son of his niece, "consisted of the single-breasted coat, powdered hair and queue, and other paraphernalia of the courtier of the reign of George II.," though "beneath this courtly garb was enclosed one of the most ultra-liberal spirits of the time." Another contemporary contributes an equally striking testimony to his imperturbable amiability. "I understand," he writes, "that Mr Bosville, while in town, keeps open table for his friends, whom he treats with the utmost liberality. I trust I may be permitted to praise those dinners in which I have never participated, and to commend the bounty of that man with whom I am totally unconnected either by friendship or politics. I have indulged thus far, merely because a French emigrant lately abused him in print, on account of his supposed disloyalty, while an English writer has asserted that 'his very slumbers are disturbed by treasons.' Instead of punishing such libels, he contents himself with exclaiming, 'I hope these gentlemen are in good credit with their printers, for the world will think me of no consequence the moment they leave off abusing me!'"<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the dinners which Billy provided so generously at the house of Horne Tooke were only surpassed by the unbounded hospitality to be seen at his own board. He allowed for the expenses of

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of John Horne Tooke*, vol. ii. p. 312.

his dinner-table alone, we are told, £3000 a year. "In his house in Welbeck Street," his nephew relates, "a slate was kept in the hall, on which any intimate friend (and he had many) might inscribe his name as a guest for the day. . . . In this manner he assembled every day at his house a party of congenial souls, never exceeding twelve in number," and these were aware that they would not receive the important summons to dinner a single moment after five o'clock. "Such was the old gentleman's punctuality, that the first stroke of the clock was the signal for going downstairs; and when Mr Frennd,<sup>1</sup> the astronomer, arriving half a minute after, met the company on the stairs, Bosville addressed him with 'I trust, Mr Frennd, you will not fail to bear in mind for the future, that we don't reckon time here by the meridian of Greenwich, but by the meridian of Welbeck Street.' The servants entered into this whimsical accuracy of their master, and when a well-known guest, out of breath with haste, one day rang the door-bell about four minutes after five, the footman, looking up from the area, informed him that his master was '*busy dining!*' This repulse was in perfect keeping with his master's maxim—'Some say better late than never; I say better never than late!'"

Nor was Billy less firm when a still more unpleasant emergency arose. The party in Welbeck Street, as may be supposed, never stood very high in favour

<sup>1</sup> William Frennd (1757-1841), reformer, and the author of many works on political economy, astronomy, etc., but best remembered as the "Dyer's Frennd" of Lamb's verses.

of the Government. The butler one day whispered to Mr Bosville, after dinner, that some gentlemen insisted upon seeing him in the ante-chamber. Going out to them he found his friend Townshend, the police-officer, and his myrmidons, in quest of two noted democrats then actually seated at the dinner-table. Bosville received the gentlemen "with great civility and offered them refreshments if they would not interrupt the socialities of the dining-room, pledging himself to be security for the objects of their search. . . . Having made this arrangement, Bosville returned to the table without the slightest symptom of discomposure and prolonged the entertainment till the usual hour. While the company were withdrawing, the bailiffs were allowed to enter, and carried off the astonished guests to prison."

Only one thing, indeed, ever ruffled the otherwise imperturbable amiability of Billy Bosville, and that was unpunctuality for meals. It was at the house of his sister Lady Dudley that he had his most unhappy experience. "I always dine," he said, "at half-past five; but when I reached Park Lane after six, I commonly was forced to wait half-an-hour before my sister returned from her morning drive. Not until half-past seven did a single soul arrive to dinner, and I have often heard eight strike when we were going down-stairs!" This to a man so regular in his habits was sufficiently trying, but it was not the only ground of complaint. When weary with waiting and famished with hunger Billy at

last strove to forget his exasperation in the pleasures of the table, he found to his dismay that nobody but himself seemed blessed with any appetite. "Feeling ashamed to be the only performer, while the rest were little better than spectators," he relates pathetically, "I generally rose hungry. The fact is that Lady Dudley and her friends always dine at three o'clock without knowing it. At that hour she takes a beef-steak and a glass of Madeira, which she chooses to call luncheon!" This constituted the last straw which broke the forbearance of Billy's brotherly affection. "Finding that Lord Dudley's habits and my own did not agree," he sums up, "I at last concluded a treaty offensive and defensive, by which each engaged not to trouble the other with invitations, nor be angry at not receiving them. Since that time we have always lived on brotherly terms!"

This was one of the few crosses which Billy was called upon to bear in his pleasant, luxurious life. His large fortune enabled him to gratify every whim, and his existence flowed smoothly in an agreeable round of social amenities, while he expended his wealth right royally in the entertainment of his friends. With the passing of years, his dislike to travelling increased, and it became almost impossible to him to contemplate leaving London even for a short period. But his social life remained so full of incident, and the very diversity of his acquaintance had rendered his experience so varied, that his existence never lacked adventure, while the fund of anecdote on which he prided himself covered a

vast area of interesting events. Thus he used to relate how Dr Johnson, the friend of his father, journeyed to the Hebrides upon a visit to his brother-in-law and sister, Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald, and how the great lexicographer likewise visited that seat of learning, St Andrews. But, arrived at the latter place, the Doctor, whose dislike to Scotland was only equalled by the candour with which he expressed it, was considerably angered by observing the dilapidated state of the ancient ecclesiastical and collegiate buildings, nor was he, as usual, at any pains to disguise his sentiments. After inspecting the ruins of what had once been one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture, he dined in company with the professors, to whom he stated in no measured terms his indignation at the sight of such culpable neglect. Overawed by his displeasure, the Scottish Dons scarcely dared to open their lips. At last, after a distressing and embarrassing silence, the youngest of them, with the courage of his years, ventured timidly to express the hope that, on the whole, Scotland had not disappointed the expectations of the great Doctor. "Sir," responded Johnson with brutal severity, "I came here expecting to see savage men and savage manners, and I have *not* been disappointed!"

Nevertheless, Billy used to relate that on one occasion the English Bear was worsted in his encounter with a canny Scot. Johnson was descanting mercilessly to a landed proprietor in Aberdeenshire upon the bleak and treeless aspect of the country, and remarked contemptuously that if he searched

the whole of his native land through he would be unable to find a single tree older than the Union. "That may be," replied the Aberdonian drily, "but you see *we* have no such era in Scotland as the *Conquest!*"

A third story of the celebrated Doctor was retailed to Billy by his nephew by marriage, Sir John Sinclair. It appears that a young friend of the latter was travelling one night to London by the Devonshire Mail, when she found herself in company with two fellow-passengers who attracted her attention. One was an extremely stout old gentleman of morose appearance who was wearing a very large wig, and the other a very talkative old lady who vainly endeavoured to inveigle her surly *vis-a-vis* into conversation with her. But the old gentleman continued sulkily to resist all the advances of the loquacious female, and replied to her platitudes only in curt monosyllables, till at length she gave up the attempt in despair, and the trio travelled on in silence during the remainder of the night. When morning dawned, however, the old gentleman pulled out a small volume from his pocket, and placing it close to his eyes began to read. This was too much for his tormentor, who at once seized the opportunity to interpose a little salutary caution. "Sir," she remarked, with solicitude, "won't reading with so little light give you a headache?" Her fellow-traveller cast upon her one crushing glance of unspeakable irritation, and then in a loud voice observed pointedly—"There are *some* people, Madam, to whom reading always gives

a headache!" The tone and manner of the surly speaker were unmistakable; a sudden conviction flashed across the young lady who, till that moment, had remained an interested spectator of the little comedy, and unmindful of the danger of increasing both the affable volubility of the old lady or the sullen wrath of the victim, she exclaimed involuntarily—"I see, Sir, I have the honour to be in company with Dr Johnson!"

Another story related to the Colonel by Sir John Sinclair is also deserving of mention. Sir John had, in 1807, contributed to getting the Act repealed which, in consequence of the '45, had prohibited the ancient Highland dress. He therefore, on his next journey to Scotland, availed himself of this concession to appear in full Highland costume. Passing through the town of Logierait, he quitted his carriage in order to enjoy on foot a ramble among the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood, when he perceived that he was being followed by a number of the natives who were speaking Gaelic with great vehemence. At length an old Highlander approached and accosted him with a cautious whisper, "Sir, if you come here in the *good old Cause* I can give you to understand that there are a hundred gude men ready to join you within the sound o' the bell o' Logierait." In the minds of the simple Highlanders the association between their ancient garb, so long proscribed, and the fortunes of the hapless House of Stuart remained indissoluble, wherefore seeing a man bold enough to appear in the beloved dress so long forbidden, they at once con-

cluded that he could be no other than an emissary from Charles Edward, whose reported death might prove but another invention of his enemies—possibly even that this stranger was the Prince himself for whom their fathers had bled, and for whom they themselves were equally prepared to die.

Of another Scotsman Billy had likewise a store of anecdote. His kinsman, "Jamie Boswell,"<sup>1</sup> who had formerly been in love with his sister Elizabeth Diana before she became the wife of a Highland Chief, afforded to Billy, in common with his family, a fund of amusement not unmixed with annoyance at the repeated indiscretions of the tactless historian. Billy used to tell how one day when his two friends, Jamie Boswell and Horne Tooke, were dining with a large company at a Tavern, an altercation arose between them, in the course of which Tooke, irritated beyond endurance by the persistence of Boswell, at length gave vent to his sensations by a summary exclamation of "D——n it!" At this Boswell, grievously offended, rose with dignity and left both the room and his dinner. Not long afterwards, however, the two disputants met at the house of a common friend and the good-natured historian at once proposed that they should heal the breach and decide their differences by a novel duel, each of them, he suggested, should attempt to drink a bottle of wine between every toast, and the one who retained his senses the longest was to be pronounced

<sup>1</sup> James Boswell, celebrated as the biographer of Samuel Johnson, the eldest son of Lord Auchinleck, a judge of the Court of Session, who took his (official) title from his Ayrshire estate.



victor. To this Tooke, perhaps knowing the mettle of his antagonist, refused his assent unless the liquor was *brandy*, and the specified amendment having been mutually agreed upon, the contest began. Before, however, a quart of the fiery liquid had been quaffed by either combatant, the Laird of Auchinleck, his dignity vanquished, was laid sprawling on the floor !

But while the reminiscences told by Billy were all entertaining, it was generally acknowledged amongst his friends that his stories which were true were only surpassed by his stories which were not.

Averse from travelling, he was equally averse from allowing this idiosyncrasy to limit his store of anecdote, wherefore what he lacked in actual experience he was wont to supply by a vivid imagination. Thus a keen humorist, he never failed to regale his friends with the tale of his adventures during invented travels, which accounts were accepted by the listeners as an excellent jest. " He," relates his great nephew, " used to mention as a grave fact that once he visited the Scilly Isles and attended a ball at St Mary's, where he found a young lady giving herself great airs because her education had received a ' finish ' at the Land's End ! Another of his narratives was that having been in Rome during the last illness of Clement XIV., he went daily to the Vatican to ascertain what chance he had of enjoying the spectacle of an installation. The bulletins, according to my uncle's playful imagination, were variously expressed, but each more alarming than its predecessor. First, ' His

*Holiness is very ill* ; next, '*His Excellency is worse*' ; then, '*His Eminence is in a very low state!*' and at last, the day before the Pope expired, came forth the startling announcement, '*His Infallibility is delirious!*' "This pleasant original," adds his great nephew, "occasionally coined anecdotes at the expense of his guests, and related them to their faces, for the amusement of the company. Parson Este was once Editor of the paper called '*The World,*' and Bosville alleged of him before a large party that one day a gentleman in deep mourning came to him at the office requesting the insertion of a ready-made panegyric on his brother who had died a few days' before. 'No,' answered the reverend Editor, 'your brother did not choose to die in our newspaper, and that being the case I can find no room for eulogies upon him!'" Another jest of Bosville's reads more strangely to modern ears: "Some one asked Mr Bosville whether he intended purchasing the new Baronetage. 'No,' replied the humorist, 'I am waiting till the *Squirage* comes out!'—a work," adds George Sinclair, "then mentioned in derision, but now printed with success."

Meanwhile his flights into the realms of fancy were apologised for by Bosville in a favourite saying of his:—" *Il faut risquer quelque chose!*" The quotation had its origin in the following story. A party of French Officers were one day employed, each endeavouring to outdo his fellows, in the narration of some wonderful exploit alleged to have been performed by the narrator. Throughout these incredible yarns, which became more miraculous as

they progressed, a young Englishman who was present sat in modest and depressed silence. His neighbour at length asked him why he did not in his turn contribute some story. "Because," explained the youth ingeniously, "I have done nothing to compare with the feats of these brave gentlemen." The Frenchman eyed him with an air of amusement, then patting him on the back and giving a significant wink, he proffered the advice—" *Eh bien, Monsieur, il faut risquer quelque chose!* "

Nevertheless it must be admitted that although an incomparable host, a genial comrade and a loyal friend, Billy Bosville could not claim merit as a model landlord. The mouldering home of his forefathers did not trouble him; he experienced no call of the Wild from his native moorland; Gunthwaite fell into decay, Thorpe was abandoned; and it is even said that when forced to visit Yorkshire he carefully shunned his own property lest he should be involuntarily dragged into the duties and troubles of a landowner. His money continued to be expended on his boon companions, rather than on those who had a moral claim upon his bounty; and as the years went by, his passion for this form of hospitality increased till the social claims which appealed to him extinguished all others.

It was in 1813, however, that one of the great sorrows of his life befell. Mr Tooke, who for long had been in failing health, expired on March 18th, and on the 30th of the same month there assembled at his house at Wimbledon a small company of his devoted friends, who wished to attend his funeral.

In that room which had so often echoed to their merriment in the years past they gathered for the last time to pay their tribute to one of the most remarkable men of their age ; and the silence of that house from which the presiding spirit was fled must have contrasted painfully with their recollection of the former happy meetings which had taken place there. Few there were on that occasion who did not still feel amongst them the vivid presence of the patriot who was gone—that man of the falcon glance, the heartfelt welcome, the ready wit, the profound sincerity of purpose. And at every turn grief must have stabbed remembrance as they looked for the last time upon that home which Tooke had so loved and which he had retained only through the generosity of some of those present ; on the garden on which he had prided himself, now gay with the promise of a spring which he would never see ; on the blossoms which would ripen to fruit but no longer to furnish his hospitable board—never, it is said, by a strange irony, were the fruit and flowers so luxuriant there as in the summer which followed Tooke's death. But by none can the contrast between the past and the present have been more acutely felt than by Billy Bosville, for the friendship then closed had been hallowed to him through long years by a loyalty which had never wavered, which had sufficed between the two comrades to bridge over all minor differences of opinion or of caste ; and which had been based in each upon all that was noblest in both.

When the quiet funeral cortège at length set out

for Ealing, the carriage-and-four of Colonel Bosville followed empty, while he personally occupied one of the mourning coaches ; and when the sad little company of friends trod after the coffin to its last resting-place, he walked second in that procession in which Sir Francis Burdett and the nephew of the dead man occupied the post of chief-mourners. In that solemn moment, one wonders, did there come any thought to disturb the fancy of Billy Bosville respecting his own failing health—his own approaching dissolution ? To a man so full of life and of the *joie de vivre* it must have seemed well-nigh incredible that death could ever prevail to close in silence his own pleasant career, or wrest him from the existence which he loved. Nevertheless it was not long before it became apparent that he was destined shortly to depart upon that journey on which his friend had preceded him.

During the year that followed the death of Horne Tooke, the strength of Colonel Bosville rapidly declined ; yet as his body waxed more feeble, his indomitable spirit seemed to gain in vitality. He fought with courage and with a stubborn obstinacy against the fate which was overtaking him. Daily the slate still hung in the hall of his house in Welbeck Street ; daily the table there was spread and daily his friends assembled round it as of yore. Even when at last no longer able to be present among them, his anxiety increased to know that the dinner did not fall short of its habitual excellence and that not one of the appointed guests was lacking to partake of it. During its progress the happiness of

those present occupied his every thought. He lay in his sick chamber eagerly listening for the laughter which he could no longer promote, and when it assailed his ear with greater force or frequency, he would send hurriedly down to learn the jests which had occasioned it, that, though absent, he might still participate in the joviality of his friends and rejoice in their enjoyment.

But at length arrived a day when, although the feast was in readiness and the list had been submitted to the sick man—who had evinced even more than his customary anxiety that all should go well—yet, before the appointed hour, came an unbidden Guest whose entrance would not be gainsaid. And on that day, the 16th of December, 1813, when the friends of Billy Bosville assembled as usual at his house, they were told that, a few hours earlier, there had passed away from them for ever that host who had never before failed to give them his genial welcome.

Thus, unchanged to the last, there died in his sixty-ninth year, one of the most kindly, most generous and most eccentric men of his generation; and although in such a death the sententious may find occasion to moralise, is there not something invigorating in the spectacle of a man who could thus prize existence to its latest moment, and who went down to the very Gates of Death still warm with the throb of a joyous Life?



WILLIAM BOSVILLE

*From a silhouette in the possession of Sir Alexander Macdonald at the Earl's Court*





EPITAPH ON WILLIAM BOSVILLE, ESQ.,  
OF GUNTHWAITE AND THORPE HALL, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK,  
WHO DIED DECEMBER 16TH, 1813

Lov'd by his friends, and by his foes esteem'd,  
For even foes by goodness are redeem'd,  
Above all meanness, for he knew no pride,  
Unaw'd by Death, unblemish'd Bosville died.  
With sense which only nature could impart,  
The smoothest temper and the kindest heart,  
Through various scenes of chequer'd life he went,  
His views unspotted and his end content.  
Equal to him the child of low degree,  
So honour grac'd him, and his mind was free—  
Or one that glitter'd in the pomp of birth ;  
For all he valued was unshaken worth.  
Mild to the last, though tortur'd by disease,  
His only comfort was his friends to please.

No vain fantastic terrors scar'd his soul,  
For conscious virtue occupied the whole :  
O'er worlds to come no vague reflection roved,  
His life was guiltless and his end unmoved. . . .  
By slow degrees to dissolution led  
The good man sank and mingled with the dead.

### III

#### AN AUTOCRAT

**T**HE family of Keppel traces its descent from Walter van Keppel, who flourished 1170-1231, and was the founder of a monastery at Bethlehem near Doetinchen, in Holland. In 1688 the descendant of this Lord of Keppel, Arnold Joost van Keppel, who was a great favourite of the Prince of Orange, accompanied the latter to England. He is said to have been the youngest, liveliest, and by far the most popular of the many Dutchmen who landed at Torbay, and was so beloved by the King not only for his merry disposition but for his remarkable shrewdness and honesty, that although William presented him with the Castle of De Voorst in Holland, he kept him about his person in England, and in 1695-6 created him Viscount Bury and first Earl of Albemarle.

From that date the Keppels have identified themselves with the fortunes of their adopted country and have been among the foremost and worthiest of her soldiers, sailors and sportsmen.

William Anne, the second Earl of Albemarle, for whom Queen Anne stood godmother in person, married Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first

Duke of Richmond. The latter, as is well known, was the son of Charles the Second by his mistress Louise Renée de Penancoet de Heroualle, whom he created Duchess of Portsmouth.

George, the third earl, was the eldest of a family of fifteen. As Lord Bury he was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland at both Fontenoy and Culloden, in which latter battle his father, William Anne, commanded the King's Northern Forces. On the famous 16th of April, 1746, young Lord Bury went into Prince Charlie's deserted tent and found there a silver punch bowl, also a holster-case filled with mugs, knives, forks and spoons. These he at once took to H.R.H., who gave them to him, and they are now, among other historical treasures, heirlooms of his descendants. He was deputed by the Duke to carry to the King the dispatches announcing the victory of Culloden, and later, through the same influence, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the celebrated Cuban expedition. This consisted of 16,000 troops, though only 4000 sailed from England, the rest being brought from Martinique and North America. Lord Albemarle subsequently received for his services on this expedition the sum of 122,697*l* 10s., while his brother, Commodore the Hon. Augustus Keppel, better known as the famous Admiral Keppel, was rewarded with a sum of 24,539*l* 10s.

With this prize money obtained through the conquest of Havana in 1762, Lord Albemarle later purchased the estate of Quidenham in Norfolk from Mr Bristowe, the latter having recently bought it

from the family of Holland, who had long been its owners. Two years after his acquisition of this property, in 1770, Lord Albemarle married Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller, Bt., of Chichester.

In 1768 Augustus, Admiral Keppel, likewise purchased a small estate in Norfolk, Elvedon Hall, Thetford. Ten years later, on the 27th of July, his brother had a memorable though indecisive action with the French fleet off Ushant. Owing to a disagreement between Admiral Keppel and Palliser, his second in command, the French were suffered to escape. Both commanders were tried by court-martial the following year, but were exonerated from blame, and all England rang with the joyful tidings of the acquittal of the brave Admiral Keppel, while public illuminations and rejoicings took place in honour of the event. During the years which followed, his celebrity was emphasised by the fact that his head in effigy adorned the signboards of public-houses throughout the land. Fortunately he was not dependent upon this means of perpetuating his physiognomy for posterity; and although a plain man, on account of his broken nose, many interesting portraits of him exist. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted him on several occasions, and one full-length picture of him done by the great artist, owing to its remarkable fire and life, is considered to have created a new era in the art of portraiture. At last, so weary did Lord Keppel become of being painted, that as soon as each artist had completed his head, he used to order his valet to dress up in his uniform and act as model in his place. In 1782 he

was created Viscount Keppel and became First Lord of the Admiralty.

Only two of his sisters had lived to grow up. Both had a romantic story attached to their names. That of Lady Caroline, the elder, although well known, is one the charm of which makes its repetition of never-failing interest.

Robin Adair was a young medical student in Dublin. He got into a scrape and had to leave the city. He intended to go to London, but arriving at Holyhead found that he had not money enough to pay for his seat in a coach, so he set off on foot. He had not gone far on his way when he came to an overturned carriage. The owner was a lady of fashion who had received some slight injury, and glad of the opportunity of exercising his skill, Robin Adair promptly attended to her. His patient proved to be journeying to London, and finding that the fascinating medical student was also thither bound she offered him a seat in her carriage which was gladly accepted. On his arrival at his destination he was handed a cheque for a hundred guineas and received an invitation to visit his fellow-traveller as often as he liked. With the money thus acquired, he completed his medical studies and soon secured a good practice. Finally, at a dance at his benefactor's he met Lady Caroline Keppel. It was a case of love at first sight between the beautiful girl and the clever and attractive youth. The lady's family, however, firmly refused their consent to such a *mésalliance*, and all means were tried to banish this attachment from Lady Caroline's thoughts. She

was sent abroad, but fell ill and had to be brought home. She was then dispatched to Bath, ostensibly for her health, but with a like result—she remained unalterably faithful to the memory of her absent lover. It is said to have been during her exile at the latter place that she wrote the words of the little song “Robin Adair”—so touching in its very simplicity—“What’s this dull town to me? Robin’s not near!” Although the authorship of the plaintive ditty has been disputed, fancy is loth to discard so attractive and probable a story of its origin; and when set to the tune of “Eileen Aroon,” which Tenducci, the Italian singer, brought back from Ireland and sang at Ranelagh, the song found its echo in many a faithful heart. Even Robert Burns, on being asked to write new words to the old tune, found no fault with the simple verses, although their setting he condemned roundly as “a cursed, cramped, out-of-the-way measure—a crinkum crankum tune.”

At length Lady Caroline’s family could withhold their consent no longer, and in the *Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence*, February 22nd, 1758, one reads that “Robert Adair Esqre. was married to the Right Hon. the Lady Caroline Keppel.”

Horace Walpole, among others of the gay world, did not approve of this ending to the lovers’ romance. In one of his letters bemoaning a *més-alliance* between a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester and an actor named O’Brien, he writes—“I could not have believed that Lady Susan could ever have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good



LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL (AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK)  
*From an engraving by Leonard Fisher after Sir Joshua Reynolds*





company and say "*nos numeri sumus*"—Lady Mary Duncan,<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Adair and Lady Betty Gallini—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well-born!"

Shortly after the wedding Adair was made Inspector-General of Military Hospitals. Later on, the King having taken a fancy to him, he was appointed Royal Staff-Surgeon and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. He lived till 1790, but Lady Caroline died long before him, at the birth of her third child. Her son was the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Adair, a distinguished diplomat. He was ambassador at Belgium and Constantinople. A fluent speaker and fine dancer, he inherited much of his father's charm, and George III. used to call him "the lucky Irishman." He died in 1844, at the age of eighty.

The fate of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, the younger sister of the Admiral, was singularly pathetic. One of the bridesmaids of Queen Caroline, wife of George II., she was very beautiful, and, like her brother, was painted several times by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Miss Thackeray, in her novel *Miss Angel*, describes Angelica Kaufmann gazing at this "lovely, radiant picture," the "full-length portrait of the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Keppel represented as a bridesmaid sacrificing to Hymen." And something ominous may surely be traced in the great painter's impersonation of his sitter, for Lady Elizabeth herself may be regarded as a sacrifice at the altar of

<sup>1</sup> Dr Duncan, though Walpole did not know it, was of a good Scottish family which is represented by Lord Camperdown.

Hymen. She married the Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed out hunting at the age of twenty-two<sup>1</sup>; and although in the days of her early widowhood the Admiral took her and her sister, Lady Caroline, with him for a voyage, hoping to divert her thoughts and restore her health, nothing was of avail, and, broken-hearted, she died of a decline the year following her bereavement.

Her death was commemorated in the following touching verses<sup>2</sup> :—

LINES EXTEMPORE ON THE DEATH OF THE MARCHIONESS  
OF TAVISTOCK

When the young Russell, good and wise,  
A Victim fell to Death's keen dart,  
His Consort bore it—as she could,  
She bore it—with a broken heart.

From that sad hour no sight she saw  
But still her Russell's fate occur'd :  
Her playful infants shew'd their Sire,  
In ev'ry action, look and word.

Much as she loved each living friend,  
She lov'd the dear Departed more ;  
She crossed the waves to seek her Lord,  
And found him—on the heavenly Shore.

At the date of her husband's death Lady Tavistock was the mother of two sons who became, in turn,

<sup>1</sup> Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, son of John, 4th Duke of Bedford. In the hunting field he attempted a leap which his horse did not clear; he was thrown, and his skull fractured by a kick from the horse. He was removed to a farm-house and trepanned, but died on March 22nd, 1767.

<sup>2</sup> From the *Book of Extracts* of Diana Bosville.

Dukes of Bedford ; while her third child, born after his father's decease, was destined to an unenviable notoriety in his old age to which we shall refer later.

Admiral Keppel likewise survived his elder brother, for, but two years after his marriage, Lord Albemarle died, on the 13th of October 1772, leaving a son of five months old, William Charles, to succeed him as fourth Earl of Albemarle. To this nephew the Admiral left his property of Elvedon on his own decease in 1786, when for a short time it was let as a sporting estate to the Duke of Bedford.

Subsequently William Charles himself resided there till 1813, and it was to this house that, when under twenty years of age, he brought his first wife, herself under sixteen years old, Elizabeth Southwell, daughter of the twentieth Baron Clifford. It is a coincidence not without interest that while the bridegroom, through his maternal ancestry, was descended from Charles II, the bride was the descendant of Walter de Clifford, the father of Fair Rosamond, and her family likewise included many soldiers of renown, besides the handsome soldier George de Clifford, who wore Queen Elizabeth's glove set in diamonds as a plume in his cap.

The first exploit of the girl-bride, Lady Albemarle, at Elvedon, was to slide down the banisters, with the result that she had to have her head trepanned. History repeated itself in a curious fashion when, many years later, one of her sons performed the same act with the same result at Quidenham in 1821. His sister, Lady Caroline Keppel, used afterwards to

relate how she listened to her brother's cries while the operation of trepanning was being performed, the use of chloroform being then unknown.

After the birth of two sons, William, Viscount Bury, in 1793, and Augustus Frederick (afterwards fifth Earl of Albemarle) in 1794, the young bride, Lady Albemarle, dreading the further responsibilities of motherhood, left her home suddenly and returned to her mother, Lady de Clifford. Two years passed before she decided to go back to her husband, during which time he, with unruffled dignity, had declined to make any move towards reconciliation. When the husband of twenty-four heard that the wife of twenty had consented to return to him, he ordered out his yellow coach drawn by four grey horses and, with great condescension, drove to meet her ladyship at a half-way point on her homeward journey. Further than that he objected to proceed.

Lady Albemarle was apparently a woman of great taste, judging by the manner in which she contributed to the furnishing of Quidenham ; while later in life Lord Albemarle transformed the old Elizabethan Hall, with its multitude of small rooms, into a Georgian residence with a lesser number of great rooms. The exterior was red brick with white stone facings and pillars. During his minority the house had been occupied by a family named Lovelace, who possessed over the estate the curious right of turbarry, the privilege of digging peat upon another man's land. In virtue of this they continued annually to cut a sod in the park at Quidenham,

until, no doubt, the right of turbary was purchased from them by Lord Albemarle.

One alteration in the surroundings of the hall, however, which dated from his father's time, is said to have been connected with a picturesque local legend. Before 1762 the road from the neighbouring village of Eccles to Kenninghall divided the church and Home Farm of Quidenham from the park, and the site of the old bridge over the water which runs through the latter was considerably to the east of the present bridge. George, Lord Albemarle had diverted the road so that subsequently the church and the greater part of the Home Farm were practically in the park.

Now a village story had been handed down for generations that at the point where the old bridge used to cross the water a ghostly funeral procession took place at midnight on certain occasions. One of the ancient owners of the Hall, a godless and profligate Holland, left directions that when he died his coffin was to be carried to the grave as the church clock struck midnight, by twelve drunken men. This was done; but when the funeral train came to the bridge close to the churchyard, the bearers, with the coffin, either fell or walked over the parapet into the river. And to this day the villagers maintain that on certain nights can still be heard the ghostly tramp of that unhallowed funeral train, moving along with shouting, laughter and ribald songs till it reaches the river, then comes the loud splash as it falls headlong into the stream, followed by the horrible curses and cries of the drowning men.

One winter Lord Albemarle received information that a gang of poachers was intending, on a specified night, to make a raid upon the Quidenham pheasants. He therefore determined to forestall them by lying in wait with his keepers at the western end of the wilderness, sixty yards below the bridge. The men in ambush accordingly hid there till midnight, when suddenly, in the prevailing silence, they were startled to hear the sound of a ponderous coach approaching. Looking out, they perceived a hearse drawn by four strong horses crossing the old bridge, while to their horror they all saw distinctly in the moonlight that the coachman driving this was *headless*! The gruesome vehicle wound slowly along towards the Hall and disappeared. Whether after this sinister event the ambush dispersed promptly is not stated, but it is asserted that when Lord Albemarle arrived at the Hall his face was ashen with fear. What he and his confederates had beheld was accepted by all to portend some disaster to the Keppel family; but apparently no evil event befell in connection with this phantom, which seems at last, in public opinion, to have degenerated into quite an ordinary occurrence in the ghost-haunted park of Quidenham!

George Cruikshank, the celebrated caricaturist, however, took a different view of that dubious locality, for when he lived in the village of Kenninghall, he made sketches of some of the trees in Quidenham park and peopled one of them with fairies.

Apart from the improvements which William Charles early effected in his home and its surround-

ings, he lost little time ere devoting himself to the serious business of life. He made his maiden speech in the House on the 21st of February 1794, and although subsequently his utterances there were few, they were recognised to be of such ability that it was soon a matter of profound regret to his adherents that he neglected to take a more prominent part in the great political arena. One of the reasons, no doubt, for this apparent apathy is to be found in the fact that the party to which he was allied both by inheritance and temperament, remained so long in opposition, and indeed, for a considerable period, the prominent Whigs refused to countenance the so-called machinations of the Tory party even by an attendance at Westminster. In his native county, however, Lord Albemarle's attitude was reversed. His enthusiasm and energy were quickly acknowledged to be boundless and he spared no endeavour to further the interests of the Whig party. Recognised by his friends to be an excellent *raconteur* and agreeable companion, at the great political gatherings for which Norfolk was then famous, even while still a youth he became a leader whose satire could sting and whose wit could scintillate in a manner which at once knit to him the hearts of his partisans and was invaluable to the cause he was championing. Nor were his powers of organization, and, perhaps, those of endurance less useful adjuncts. As the *Annual Register* many years afterwards pointed out :—

His Lordship was one of that class of men

rarely to be found, who could preside at a public entertainment for an indefinite number of hours without permitting the spirit of social intercourse to evaporate or the joyous ebullitions of a crowded assembly to overstep the bounds which the most dignified good-breeding could impose. To others it would be no light task, but to him it seemed an easy and pleasurable duty to maintain the animation and satisfy the expectations of a party of five hundred persons during the long hours of the winter's night.

Yet those were days when feelings were deep and strong. The "dignified good-breeding" was so prone to be impaired by a too lavish flow of the sparkling bowl, the "joyous ebullitions" of a mixed assembly were too apt to be exchanged for violent political vituperations and "animation" of an undesirable character. When one reflects, too, that a public dinner with its accompanying speeches was often known to extend over a space of eight to ten hours, it will be recognised that it required no small powers of tact, of patience, of level-headed self-control to sustain the goodwill and keep active the sympathy of the often heterogeneous elements of which it was composed. A man who could do this was a small god among his fellows, his value—his popularity became unbounded. Such was the case with Lord Albemarle; and to the charm of his personality it was soon observed that he united a yet stronger link which rivetted the devotion of his dependents.

In the same county as Quidenham another great





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM ANNE KEPPEL, 2ND EARL OF  
ALBEMARLE, 1702-1754

*Painted by L. Fournier, engraved by J. G. Kneass*



landowner was already showing by precept, example and experiment how it was possible to transform the condition of the land and its occupants. Mr Coke of Holkham<sup>1</sup> was resuscitating the art of agriculture, and Lord Albemarle, twenty years his junior, fell in eagerly with the schemes of his neighbour and friend, thus affording a strange contrast to his own warlike ancestors. "Mr Coke certainly conducted his operations on a larger scale than Lord Albemarle," states the Register, "and being twenty years senior to him, his lordship may be considered rather a pupil than a rival of Mr Coke." Nevertheless, the article points out, Lord Albemarle must rank as "one of the earliest founders and promoters of the improved school of agriculture," inaugurated by his friend, which produced in Norfolk "a change in its social condition that has given that county a reputation more famous than any others for the cultivation of an art, which even in these days of Free Trade, Englishmen continue to regard as the most interesting and most important of all human pursuits."

Although the days are long since fled when Free Trade still permitted agriculture to remain the "most important of all human pursuits" for Englishmen, yet posterity still turns gratefully to the thought of those dead champions of its national importance. The men who fought and conquered the prejudices, the ignorance of their contemporaries, command the recognition of a

<sup>1</sup> Thomas William Coke, afterwards the 1st Earl of Leicester of the 2nd creation. A celebrated Agriculturist, 1754-1842.

generation which apparently no longer gives birth to the giant spirits of that bygone age. Lord Albemarle was not a pioneer, he was the able coadjutor of a man of colossal enterprise and endeavour. "The earnestness and ardour of both," we are told, "was tempered by foresight, discretion and perseverance"; so that to the amicable rivalry and strenuous activity of these two great Norfolk landowners, as well as to the incentive to competition thereby promoted between their respective tenants, was due the fact that not only their native county and native land were enriched, but the world at large benefited by their example.

With the æsthetic and less practical side of life Lord Albemarle was little in sympathy; and certain typical anecdotes relating to him which have survived may serve to convey an impression of his distinct personality.

Of all affectation he cherished a profound horror. On one occasion he was seated near a young lady at dinner, who languidly complained that she could not eat anything. Instead of the polite commiseration which she expected, Lord Albemarle responded drily—"What a pity you are such a slave to your appetite!"

Any lack of healthy hunger in his own children was viewed by him in the light of a similar offence. An acknowledged *bon vivant*, he had certain sacred rules in regard to his own meals which were never relaxed. For instance, when any dish of recognised excellence was about to appear, no avoidable exercise was permitted on the part of the intending

partakers thereof, lest fatigue should impair the delicacy of the palate. One day when Lord Albemarle proposed to Lord Sydney that they should go out shooting, the latter was overheard to observe solemnly, "You forget, Albemarle, that there is a haunch for dinner." "Ah," exclaimed Lord Albemarle emphatically, "I forgot. We certainly won't go!"

Another rule was equally irrevocable. He would never allow a partridge to be carved. His guests had a whole bird served to each, and "Eat what you can and leave the rest" was a tacit understanding.

A characteristic which he shared in common with his friend, Mr Coke, was that of music he had as great a horror as he had of affectation. To him the words were practically synonymous. His children's piano and the drawing-room piano were relentlessly banished by him out of earshot; but it must be conceded that his natural aversion to melody may have been enhanced by the sole example of that gentle art with which he was forced into frequent contact. This was the choir of Quidenham church, the exertions of which were somewhat unique. It was composed of fiddles and trumpets, and when its efforts became so out of tune as to be excruciating to the most complacent ear, the leader would stop the performers and say blandly—"We had batter (*sic*) begin again!"

Yet in affairs ecclesiastical as well as secular Lord Albemarle expected his wishes to be paramount, and one custom in connection with this may be related. It must first be explained that he was

famous for his breed of setter dogs. These were black-and-tan like the present setters of that colour, but they were not pure setters of the modern breed, being smaller and less long in the legs—more like a cross between the black-and-tan Gordon setter and the Norfolk Spaniel. They partook of the character of both breeds being, however, larger than the ordinary spaniel.

Lord Albemarle never went anywhere without some of these dogs. It was reported, and perhaps not without reason, that he loved them more dearly than his children. The family pew in those days at Quidenham was a large square one with high sides, and it also contained a stove. Before this stove the dogs used to drowse placidly while my lord slumbered at peace in his corner. But when the sermon was too long and inaction began to pall upon the setters, one of them would sit up and howl. This awoke their master and, since he and his dogs were recognised to be of one mind, it was a signal never ignored by the Rector to end his discourse.

Only on one occasion it is on record that the wonted hint failed of effect. A strange clergyman was preaching and was reading his sermon, which he had spun out to an unreasonable length. The short winter afternoon came to an end, and the church darkened. Still the divine earnestly strove to trace the characters in his dimly-seen MS. He had reached the sentence, "But says the objector"—when he found the next line indecipherable, and he had to bring his homily to an abrupt conclusion.

Lord Albemarle turned to his son George, with a twinkle in his eyes; "I think," he remarked with satisfaction, "that the 'Objector' had the best of it that time, don't you?"

Lady Caroline, his youngest daughter, when old enough to undertake such a responsibility, was deputed to exercise her father's setters in Quidenham Park. One of the dogs constituted itself her assistant in the task and used to herd the rest of the pack like a sheep-dog guarding sheep. Indeed, the intelligence of this breed was unusual. Another of them named "Fanny" used to run with her tin plate in her mouth to ask for more dinner as soon as she had finished what had previously been given to her. But as her intellect was abnormal, so was her sensitiveness, and she died of grief the day after the death of one of her puppies. It is significant that, years afterwards, Lord Albemarle's grandson, William Coutts, Lord Bury, when a boy at Eton, related that the thing which made most impression upon him during his first visit to Quidenham was the number of dogs which he beheld about the house:—"There is a dog here," he writes, "on every chair and two on every table!"

With regard to sport, the determination of Lord Albemarle in affairs small and great was often exemplified. His grandson was once told by a gamekeeper at Old Buckenham that Lord Albemarle always used to shoot over that estate. "But," remarked the grandson, surprised, "it never belonged to him." "No," replied the gamekeeper, "that did not matter to his lordship; it was no use

trying to stop him—he always shot when and where he liked ! ”

Possibly it was an instance of the sheer power of will with which he impressed his views upon those about him, or perhaps it may be regarded rather as an illustration of the affection and confidence with which he inspired his tenants and which bred in them a profound belief in the infallibility of his advice—but another village legend respecting him is too curious to be omitted. It runs as follows :—

On one occasion the ladies Keppel were playing at cricket on the south side of the wood in the park at Quidenham, when their father walked on to the ground. Among the spectators were many Quidenham and Kenninghall children, and Lord Albemarle noticed that one of the little girls in the crowd had a goitre on her neck. He at once went up to her and asked where her mother lived. “ In Kenninghall, my Lord,” she said. “ Take me to her,” said my lord ; and the couple set off together.

On arriving at the cottage Lord Albemarle said to the mother, “ Do you want this little girl’s goitre cured ? ” “ Yes, my lord,” naturally answered the mother. “ Well,” he said, “ whenever the next man or boy dies, take the child to the corpse and lay the hand of the corpse on the goitre.”

A youth at Banham died, and the Kenninghall woman obediently took her little daughter thither. The hand of the dead lad was duly placed on the goitre and the child and her mother returned to Kenninghall. A few days later the little girl went



to see her grandmother, "Why—" exclaimed the latter—"your goitre's gone!" *And so it had!*

In the domestic relations of life Lord Albemarle was Spartan and autocratic in his views. Perhaps a natural inclination to despotism may have been accentuated by the unusual responsibility which devolved upon him. In 1817 Lady Albemarle, who after her return to him had borne him thirteen more children, expired in her forty-first year at the premature birth of her sixteenth child, the immediate cause of her death being the shock occasioned by the demise of Princess Charlotte. Lady Albemarle was on a visit to Holkham at the time, and a strange coincidence is related in connection with the tragic event. The curious law then existing that the road over which a corpse had once passed was thenceforward a "right of way" to the public, necessitated that her coffin should be carried by a long circuitous route to the highway leading to Quidenham. The Holkham tenantry, therefore, escorted it on the first part of its journey, till it was met by the Quidenham tenantry who accompanied it to the vault. In this was fulfilled a remarkable dream of one of Mr Coke's daughters, who long before in her sleep had beheld this funeral leaving Holkham by a road which did not lead to the neighbouring cemetery—the extraordinary part being the unusual number of children's faces which she saw looking out of the mourning coaches which followed it. These she afterwards recognised as having been the faces of the innumerable Keppel children.

Lord Albemarle, finding himself thus at the age

of forty-five a widower with a large and youthful family, at once made it clear to his numerous offspring that he objected to seeing them during the age of infancy. Only when they had quitted the "roaring and brawling" stage and had acquired the rudiments of self-control and discipline would he consent to make their acquaintance. Perhaps fortunately, his sons and daughters were of a nature to be little daunted by the awe-inspiring relations subsisting between themselves and their father, so that in certain encounters with the parental authority they came off decidedly victorious.

Two tragedies ere this had contributed to thin their ranks. The eldest son, William, Viscount Bury, had died at the age of eleven, it was said from ill-usage at Harrow. Another son, Charles, had expired as the result of a lamentable accident when out shooting. Of the survivors, Augustus Frederick, Viscount Bury, and his brother the Hon. George Keppel were speedily off their father's hands, both entering the army; Edward Southwell was sent to Cambridge, and Harry and Thomas Robert Keppel were dispatched to the village school at Kenninghall. Forthwith as Harry and Tom, the future Admiral of the Fleet and the Canon of Norwich, passed through the park on their way to school every morning, the former, aided by his brother, amused himself by uprooting the young beech trees planted by his father's orders. Lord Albemarle, in despair, packed off his sons to be educated further afield at Needham Market. Arrived there, Harry fired off a toy gun at his master, while Tom, anxious not to

be behindhand in valour, was reported to have heaved "a slate divested of its frame" at the pedagogue's head. After various other escapades, Harry mixed powdered sugar with the hair powder used by his unfortunate instructor, and irritated beyond control by the swarms of flies which settled on his pate, the maddened tutor finally sent the culprits home again to their father explaining that he would have no more of them. Lord Albemarle recognising that a more desperate remedy was necessary, lost no time in sending his two troublesome boys to the Royal Naval School at Gosport.

In February 1824, little Harry Keppel was transferred to the Naval College at Portsmouth; Lord Albemarle committing the young traveller to the care of his cousin William Garnier, prebendary of Winchester. The latter passed on his charge to his brother Thomas Garnier, afterwards Dean of Winchester, who accompanied the small sailor to Portsmouth. During that memorable drive, seated behind four quick-trotting greys, Mr Thomas Garnier suddenly exclaimed apologetically to his companion—"I did bring ye some pears, my boy, but I'm a-feared I've set on 'em." This turned out to be the case, but the future Admiral of the Fleet was nothing daunted. The old Dean used to relate with zest in after years how, despite the doubtful condition of the delicacy, "the boy ate 'em all up!"

Meanwhile Lord Albemarle strove to do his duty to his remaining offspring at Quidenham. One of the first matters to which he turned his attention

was that of imbuing them with his own enthusiasm for agriculture. Like Mr Coke, he recognised the importance of instructing the younger generation in the means of producing good pasture land, and as his children arrived at years of discretion, he took them out for walks and conscientiously pointed out to them the appearance of those grasses in the Quidenham lanes which were valuable for the improvement of herbage. Moreover he offered them 6d. per bundle of forty ripe heads of Cocksfoot grass, which seed was subsequently threshed out and harrowed into weak portions of the pasture in the park at Quidenham.

Unfortunately most of these hard-earned sixpences found their way into the claw-like hands of a terrible old Kenninghall woman whom the children, by what seemed to them a strange mischance, constantly encountered in their grass-hunting expeditions. Directly she espied the little Keppels approaching she fell down and foamed at the mouth, till her small victims soon learnt that there was but one cure for her terrifying complaint—she would only consent to come back to life and sanity when the grass-earned sixpences were poured into her extended claw. The fits were produced by the very old expedient of keeping a piece of yellow soap in her pocket in readiness to chew when a profitable occasion presented itself.

The son who apparently profited most by Lord Albemarle's instructions in agriculture was Edward, who eventually became Rector of Quidenham. He farmed his glebe land personally, stock being his

speciality. He, too, had a successful rival and co-adjutor in his neighbour Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart., of Hargham Hall, who bred innumerable pigs and—such was the enthusiasm for agriculture in Norfolk at that date—persisted in driving vast herds of these to market himself.

Only on one occasion, perhaps, was it decreed that Edward Keppel should discover any disadvantage in the pursuit which both he and his father had elected to follow and to advocate so successfully. A neighbour, who strove to emulate the rector in the breeding of fine cattle, owned a magnificent bull, the possession of which his pastor often found it in his heart to envy. The latter was passing one day through the "Low Meadows" of the parsonage glebe when he was suddenly attacked by this bull in a state of frenzy. Some elm trees enabled him to evade the violent onslaught of the animal until his predicament was viewed by a hedger and ditcher, who, armed with a bill-hook, rushed to his assistance. As the bull charged, the ditcher gave him a swinging blow from the bill hook, which, to the surprise of both himself and the Rector, gave forth a strange metallic sound. Promptly the bellowing animal turned round and galloped back to his farmyard, angrily demolishing two gates on his way. On searching the ground to discover the explanation of the curious sound they had heard, the rector and his valiant defender discovered the bull's nose lying there, with the usual brass ring attached to it! The owner of the noseless animal on its arrival home dispatched it im-

mediately, after offering profuse apologies to the rector.

While Lord Albemarle's elder sons were starting in their respective professions, his eldest daughter, Lady Sophia, remained mistress of his house till her marriage, two years after her mother's death, with Sir James Macdonald, Bt. of East Sheen. Subsequent to this, Lady Anne, the second daughter, acted *in loco parentis* to her younger brothers and sisters. Of these, Lady Caroline was but three years old when her mother died, while her brother Jack was an infant. In after life, Lady Caroline used to relate that one of the chief amusements of herself and her little brother during the years which followed was to sit in their father's room whilst he dressed for dinner and watch him twisting his voluminous cambric stocks round and round his throat. The fascination of this consisted in the fact that stock after stock would be impatiently unrolled again from his neck and discarded to form part of a heap upon the floor, till this heap sometimes grew *to be a yard in height!* During the process Lord Albemarle conversed with his children; but so absorbed was he in the correct adjustment of his white neckcloths, that, when Caroline and Jack exchanged clothes before they came into the room he never discovered the transformation. Were it possible to compute the number of stocks thus disposed of in the course of twelve months, the calculation would be of interest in view of the fact that the Quidenham washing was sent once a year to Holland—

a custom which was continued till a fairly recent date!

After having been a widower for five years, Lord Albemarle decided that it would be to the advantage of his numerous offspring that he should provide them with a step-mother. On the 11th of February, 1822, he therefore married Miss Charlotte Hunloke, daughter of Sir Henry Hunloke, Bt., and niece of his old friend and neighbour, Mr Coke of Holkham. His children, however, viewed his thoughtfulness for them in a very different light. Lady Anne, alarmed at the advent of a new mistress of her home, promptly became engaged to Mr Coke, the uncle of her step-mother, and this wedding took place at Lord Albemarle's house in St James's Square, just a fortnight after that of her father. The younger children, meanwhile, unable to devise so opportune an escape from the new tyranny which threatened, sought about for some method of ousting the interloper.

Lady Caroline, for one, having sampled the fresh rule and swiftly decided that it was undesirable, came to the conclusion that she had only to represent this fact to her father for the intruder to be ignominiously expelled. She therefore wrote to Lord Albemarle a lengthy letter putting her point of view before him, and emphasising in unmeasured terms the extremely unprepossessing character of the new-comer. These trenchant arguments she summed up with the request—"I beg of you, dear father, that you will trun (*sic*) her out." But the result was far other than she had anticipated and

is a curious illustration of the discipline to which children were subjected in those days. For her lack of respect to her step-mother she was made to walk backwards round and round the dinner-table during the time when the rest of the family were dining, while from her neck was suspended a slate with the offending sentence written for all to read. The fact that the four footmen should also be cognisant of her disgrace and aware of her bad spelling added torture to the punishment of the sensitive child, so that to the end of her life it is said she always had a dislike to the presence of men-servants.

Towards one of the species, only, does she seem to have entertained little objection—this was a certain Swiss valet of her father's by name Bode. Periodically Lord Albemarle would give Bode notice to quit, only to find that when the date arrived for his departure Bode had never grasped the possibility of such an event ever taking place. "What—leave your Lordship—— Never—r—r!" he would exclaim horrified, and, argument being unavailing, he was quietly allowed to continue those services which he held to be indispensable.

In common with men of his nationality at that date Bode acted in a triple capacity of valet, butler or *courrier de voyage*, and annually he officiated in this latter character when Lord and Lady Albemarle with Lady Caroline paid a visit to their relations in Holland. The journey had to be undertaken in a sailing packet or lugger, a wretched half-decked boat, which took days instead of hours to reach Rotterdam, during which miserable transit the



faithful Bode night and day tended Lady Caroline, who, prostrate from the effects of the rough voyage, was, in common with her fellow travellers, usually rendered ill by it for quite a fortnight after landing.

Shortly after his second marriage an event occurred which is said to have made a profound impression upon Lord Albemarle. He had sent his youngest son, Jack, to school in Norwich, and one evening, in 1823, there came to Quidenham news that the boy was seriously ill. Although the hour was late, Lord Albemarle set off immediately to post to Norwich, where he arrived early in the morning. He drove at once to the school but, finding all the blinds drawn, he determined to remain in his carriage till the servants awoke, for fear of disturbing his small son's sleep. Through the hours of the grey dawn he waited thus, consumed by anxiety, till at length seeing the household astir he knocked at the door. He then learnt that, while he sat waiting outside, his little son had just passed away at the age of seven and a half.

Two years later, in 1824, Lord Albemarle decided that Lady Caroline was likewise of an age to be sent to school. Hearing of a suitable establishment for the education of young ladies in Norwich, he therefore took the occasion of the next market day to call at this seminary.

The servant who admitted him failed to catch his name and he was shown unannounced into the severe presence of the two ladies who ruled and instructed the establishment. He stated the reason of his visit, and having listened in ominous silence

to his proposition, the elder of the ladies addressed him thus, with frigid sarcasm :—

“ We think it only right you should know, *Sir*, that this institution is entirely confined to the education of the daughters of the nobility and landed gentry of the county of Norfolk. Moreover, we have made a hard and fast rule—a rule which we have never consented to relax—and that is never to accept the daughter of *farmers*.”

Up rose Lord Albemarle, swept the ladies a profound bow and departed without comment. On the hall table downstairs he deposited his card for their future enlightenment and promptly took his way to the rival seminary “ for the education of young ladies,” where he was recognised and came to terms for the instruction of Lady Caroline.

Lord Albemarle’s devotion to agriculture certainly inclined him to affect a simplicity of attire which occasionally led to similar misunderstandings. Harriet Martineau used to tell how on one market day in Norwich she went to see a friend, whom she found talking with two farmers, whose conversation, relating to the state of crops and the price of cattle, was exceedingly technical. On their departure Miss Martineau inquired the names of these worthy men :—“ Lord Albemarle and Mr Coke ! ” was the reply. Dr Johnson likewise remarks of Lord Albemarle that his “ talk is of sheep and bullocks ”<sup>1</sup> ; though the learned lexicographer adds no recognition of the solid advantage which his predilection

<sup>1</sup> Dr Johnson made a very similar remark respecting Dr Taylor of Ashbourne.

on the part of a large landowner undoubtedly represented to his dependants.

Meanwhile the public career of Lord Albemarle was full of incident. As the years passed, he remained a Radical of the old school, who viewed the Whigs of his day as weak and half-hearted supporters of the glorious cause of liberty. Napoleon he hailed as the profound exponent of that creed, and the portrait of the First Consul, hung up over his bed, was regarded by him much in the light of a patron saint. Plain of speech and downright in the expression of his convictions, although throughout his life Lord Albemarle was closely connected with the Court, he never became a courtier. In 1806 he was appointed Master of the Buckhounds—in those days an important office which entailed the frequent companionship of the Sovereign. Yet although posterity has been wont to view the reign of George III. as particularly mild and moral—not so Lord Albemarle. The prevalence of placemen who sought their own advantage rather than the good of their country, and the inefficiency of the monarch to cope with abuses to which he did not scruple to descend personally in order to further his own aims, were offences not readily forgiven in the eyes of Lord Albemarle. “It would be a fine triumph,” he wrote to Coke in 1814, “to check a corrupt and profligate Court and a servile Ministry!” Even the Squire of Holkham, who was noted for the frank and emphatic utterance of his opinions, was apparently outdistanced in this respect by the Lord of Quidenham. “I had best not move the Resolutions,”

Lord Albemarle pleaded with his friend on one occasion, "for I shall not be able to avoid being a little *strong*—and quite upon principle, for the Court cannot understand language which is not a little strong!" The story is well known how, as one result of this fearless independence of speech and action, those two politicians narrowly escaped with their lives at the hands of a mob of anti-corn law rioters in Norwich; but, indifferent to personal gain or popularity, throughout the long years of his public career there was never a movement in the political world in which Lord Albemarle did not boldly espouse the cause which he held to be dictated by probity.

During the struggle for the Regency, he upheld the claims of the Prince of Wales; and when, in 1820, the long reign of George III. ended and George IV. came to the throne, he was one of the peers called upon to be present at the trial of Queen Caroline. The threatened fine of 300*l* per day to be levied against defaulters ensured assiduous attendance on the part of those summoned; and in letters to his daughter Lady Anne, Lord Albemarle described graphically how he sat daily for over six hours in the stifling atmosphere of the House, sickened by the nauseous business, and thinking longingly of his harvest in Norfolk. His one solace upon his release was occasionally to post down to Holland House to "dine and sleep in the country." Yet his independence of spirit was seldom more strikingly illustrated than in his attitude towards the matter under debate. "If the Lords decide



ARRIVAL AT BRANDENBURGH HOUSE OF THE WATERMAN, ETC., WITH AN ADDRESS TO  
QUEEN CAROLINE ON THE 3RD OCTOBER, 1820



against the Queen," he wrote to Lady Anne, "I shall go to pay my respects to her, being convinced of her innocence. If she is *acquitted* by the Lords, *I shall not go*, being determined to go to no Court. I have heard enough in forty-two days to be determined not to trouble myself about Kings and Queens."—Not till the 10th of November did Lord Liverpool withdraw his Bill of Pains and Penalties, when, heartily weary of the whole proceedings, the peers thankfully dispersed to their respective homes, while the lower orders went mad with delight at the acquittal of their injured heroine.

Caroline's celebrated attempt to share the coronation of her husband in July 1821 was followed by the dramatic news of her sudden death the next month. Arrangements were promptly made for conveying her body to Brunswick where it was to be interred; and since it was feared that a riot on behalf of the populace was probable during its progress through London to Harwich, a guard of honour was deputed to accompany the procession, while the route officially selected was determined with a view to avoid as far as possible all crowded thoroughfares. The hearse with its bodyguard, journeying from Brandenburg House *viâ* Hammersmith, was therefore to turn off "by Kensington Gravel Pits, near the Church," thence to pass by the Uxbridge Road to Bayswater, and by Tyburn down the Edgware Road to Islington.

The people, however, were determined that the procession should not be sent by "lanes and by-ways," but should proceed with due honour through

the city, and they made their preparations accordingly. When the day arrived, the rain poured in torrents and it seemed as though the sinister fate which had persistently dogged the steps of the unfortunate Queen in life was not to desert her in death. The mournful cavalcade moved slowly through the drenched streets with but little opposition till it arrived at Kensington Church and attempted to turn round by the Gravel Pits, when it became evident that an organised resistance was to be made. Men, in rows twenty deep, were stationed across what is now Church Street, waggons and carts blocked the way, the pavement had been torn up and trees uprooted to form barricades. Unable to proceed according to the official directions, the procession, awaiting fresh instructions, halted in the pouring rain from 9.30 till past 11 o'clock, during which time several sharp tussles took place between the soldiers and the people. At length permission arrived for it to proceed by Park Lane *viâ* Hyde Park Corner, and it went along Kensington Gore, making one or two ineffectual attempts to force an entrance into the park. On reaching Hyde Park Corner, however, it was found that the gate there was likewise blockaded, and passing on to Park Lane, yet more opposition was encountered, for entrenchments had been dug and barricades erected across the road, which made it literally impassable, apart from the presence of the vast and determined crowd there to guard it. But by a clever ruse the soldiers wheeled suddenly round and making their way unexpectedly back to the gate which they had



already passed, they succeeded in forcing an entrance. The procession then proceeded at a brisk trot through the park ; but on approaching Cumberland Gate it was discovered that this had been closed and surrounded by the populace who were offering a fierce resistance to the attempts of the police and troops to clear the way. The situation quickly began to look threatening.

A young Lieutenant Gore, a handsome youth of twenty, was on duty there with his battalion. His soldiers, finding that they could not open the gates, slashed at the mob with their sabres and owing to the pressure of the crowd the park walls collapsed. The rioters retaliated by throwing brick-bats and missiles of every description at the troops who, in self-defence, had recourse to a yet more liberal use of their swords, and the general disorder increased. A message was dispatched in haste for a detachment of the 1st Life Guards, and these troops, commanded by a friend of Lord Albemarle, galloped to the rescue.

In the inquiry which was afterwards conducted, many contradictory versions were given of what occurred ; but Lord Albemarle used to relate the story as follows :—

On receiving news of the riot which was in progress, his friend, the Captain, who was a gigantic man, over 6 ft. 4 ins. in height, promptly put himself at the head of his squadron and hastened towards the scene of the disturbance. He was only just in time ; the enraged rioters were violently attacking the troops, who were violently defending themselves.

The Captain saw at a glance that prompt action was imperative and that at such a juncture leniency could only result in a subsequent necessity for far more drastic measures. Hurriedly, therefore, leaning across the trooper on his right, he drew the pistol from the holster of the soldier stationed on the outside of the line and, aiming at the infuriated mob, fired straight into its midst. Some of the troops unfortunately followed his example ; the people, terrified, quickly retreated, and the Life Guards were enabled to get the procession through and to close the gate.

In after years, the leading butcher to Harrow school used to tell how, as a butcher-boy, he was present on the occasion and, when he saw the tall Captain coolly pointing his pistol, he put up his wooden tray to defend himself. The next instant the man at his side fell dead !

In short, in the general confusion, two men named Francis and Honey were shot and many people wounded. The obloquy not unnaturally fell upon Lieutenant Gore and in the inquiry which followed he was identified by many people as having been seen to shoot the men Francis and Honey. He, however, protested his innocence, and declared that he had not carried pistols. A contemporary writes at this date :—

When I returned to town, where I had rooms in Connaught Place, I found London in a state of much agitation in consequence of the riot that had taken place upon the Queen's interment. My lodgings had been so completely blockaded

that the people of the house could not get out ! The Jury are sitting on the bodies of Francis and Honey, and as they are composed of thorough Radicals, the cry in the town is that the people have gained a complete Victory. Gore behaved much better on this trying occasion than I should have expected from the usual levity and thoughtlessness of his manners. *I understand that in the Regiment it is well known who fired the fatal shot that killed the unfortunate men, and that Gore is perfectly innocent.*<sup>1</sup>

The account of the proceedings which filtered into the public press was as follows :—

Captain ——,<sup>2</sup> who commanded the main detachment of Life Guards out on the 14th August was examined. . . . He said the attack made by the people on the military was more terrible than he could give the Jury any idea of. Stones were thrown all the way from Grosvenor Gate. . . . He at first failed to open the Park Gates but he afterwards used greater force and opened them. *He declined to state whether he gave any orders to fire, but he could assert that the firing originated with his own and not with Lieutenant Gore's detachment.*

Thus did the Captain clear his coadjutor without committing himself ; and however much the authorities might be actually aware of the truth, they were determined that it should not become public property. They knew that the real culprit by

<sup>1</sup> From the unpublished Journal of John Spencer Stanhope, Esq., of Cannon Hall.

<sup>2</sup> The name of the Captain is not given as he has descendants living.

his prompt action had averted a far more serious loss of life, and were consequently resolved to shield him from the animosity of an unreasoning mob. An impersonal verdict of "Manslaughter against the officers and soldiers of the 1st Battalion of Life Guards" was returned, and later the true perpetrator of the much-discussed deed was appointed to the first Chief Constablenesship which fell vacant. During his term of office he lived in close companionship with Lord Albemarle, and the latter used to relate that his friend was never the same man subsequent to the unfortunate episode which had marred his military career. Even while convinced that he had but performed an imperative duty, the recollection of its distressing result haunted him and engendered a loss of nerve. Yet the secret of the fatal shot was never divulged, and only recently did his own family learn the bygone story connected with the offending and historical pistol, which remains to this day in their possession.

The fact of Lord Albemarle and his friend being thus connected with the closing scenes in the career of the ill-fated Caroline renders all the more interesting the friendship of the former with the unacknowledged wife of George IV. In conjunction with the Duke of Wellington he was appointed by Mrs Fitzherbert trustee and custodian of the precious documents which proved the authenticity of her marriage with the Prince. These were carefully sealed up and deposited in the strong room of Coutts's bank until their publication in 1907.

When the next sovereign, William the Fourth,

came to the throne in 1830, Lord Albemarle accepted the post of Master of the Horse, which he had previously declined in 1812, and in this capacity he journeyed in the Royal carriage at the coronation. As a result of his new position he determined to keep race-horses, and his career in this new rôle was singularly fortunate. The *Druid* in *Scott and Sebright* writes :—

“ His Lordship formed very little judgment about horses. . . . He would, in fact, never have kept horses at all but for the very laudable feeling that, as Master of the Horse, he had no right to see Ascot racing at other people’s expense. Still, as is often the case, when owners take things easy, and do not make their lives miserable by watching the Market, his green and white cap had a good time of it.

In 1838 he won the 1000 Guineas with his br. f. “ Barcarolle.”  
In 1841 he won the 2000 Guineas with his ch. c. “ Ralph.”  
In 1842 he won the “ Cambridgeshire ” with his ch. h. “ Ralph.”  
In 1843 he won the Ascot Gold Cup with his “ Ralph.”<sup>1</sup>  
In 1844 he won the Ascot Gold Cup with his “ The Emperor.”  
In 1845 he won the Ascot Gold Cup with his “ The Emperor.”

According to the *Stud Book*, the Emperor, Ralph and Barcarolle were all bred by Lord Albemarle at Quidenham, while all his horses were trained there, where it was possible to obtain an excellent undulating gallop for a mile and a half. The day before the Newmarket events the animals were always walked gently to the latter place from Quidenham,

<sup>1</sup> Ralph died that same year ; *Scott and Sebright* erroneously state that Ralph was poisoned before he won the Ascot Cup.

a distance, as the crow flies, of thirty miles, Lord Albemarle following them the next day in his coach drawn by four greys. But while his devotion to the race-course was at best but half-hearted and due solely to the force of circumstances, that of the second Lady Albemarle was far otherwise. She threw herself with avidity into the somewhat doubtful pastime and instituted as her turf commissioner and adviser Mr Padwick, who afterwards was employed by Lord Hastings in the same capacity.

Lord Albemarle's new post necessitated a more frequent residence in London. He used to perform the journey thither usually accompanied by his wife and daughter, Lady Caroline, the first stage being Larlingford, where the Quidenham horses were sent home, and the next stage Bury St Edmunds, where the party had luncheon. Upon the return of the family to Norfolk, a band always played in the courtyard of the Hall, when all the village people came up to hear it and to welcome the travellers home. Lord Albemarle always asserted that the huge Cheshire cheeses in the different inns where they stopped *en route* were the best he ever tasted. He would invariably order some to be sent to Quidenham—always with the same result, that the cheeses which tasted so delicious when consumed by the hungry travellers in the course of a journey were robbed of some subtle charm when partaken of amid different surroundings.

Lady Caroline used to tell various stories of her experiences at the Stud House with her father.

She described how King William used to fall asleep during dinner, on observing which the whole company would lapse into profound silence. The King, however, did not generally slumber for long, and on awaking would, with startling abruptness, call out—"Doors!" upon which the ladies would rise and leave the room.

While at Windsor with her father about 1833 Lady Caroline, with the ladies of the Court, used to attend the Queen on horseback when her Majesty went out driving. The stud horses were admirably broken in, and their canters resembled those of rocking horses. This, however, was apt to become monotonous, so that one day Lady Caroline and a lady-in-waiting, when riding behind the Royal carriage in the country, thinking her Majesty would not see, surreptitiously leapt a gate and giving rein to their steeds galloped away over a field or two. But to their dismay the Queen, inopportunistically looking round, spied their little escapade, and expressed herself as much annoyed at such a breach of etiquette.

It was the same year, however, that the good-natured King, anxious to confer fresh honour upon his Master of the Horse, and forgetting that Lord Albemarle was not a Scotsman, inappropriately made him a Knight of the Thistle. "I do not think that the House enjoyed it!" wrote the Duke of Sussex to Coke; "but it could not be helped."

Lady Caroline used to relate that at a Royal ball at the Pavilion at Brighton, the ladies present were all on tip-toe of expectation as to which of them

would be selected by his Majesty to open the ball with him. The King solved the difficulty by choosing for his partner his sailor son Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, and this is said to have been the solitary occasion when King William condescended to dance. When Lady Caroline attended State functions at the Pavilion, his Majesty used to give her a resounding kiss on both cheeks, while the FitzClarences used to stand behind the throne making faces at her in order to make her laugh.

A memorable incident in her life occurred on the 16th of October, 1834, when the King was dining with Lord and Lady Albemarle at the Stud House, Hampton Court. Messengers ran in to say that the Houses of Parliament were on fire. The Royal party with their host and hostess went out into the park to watch the distant conflagration. The Houses of Parliament were utterly destroyed, but were rebuilt on the same site.

The year following this event Lady Caroline married her cousin, the Rev. Thomas Garnier, at St George's, Hanover Square, when King William supplied the carriages, and the Royal livery was worn by the servants in attendance. The last remaining representative in the home circle of Lord Albemarle's once large family of children, the blank occasioned by the loss of Lady Caroline's presence, must have been accentuated by the charm of her personality. Deservedly popular, she was throughout her existence noted alike for her complete unworldliness, her unstinting liberality, and her warmth of sympathy to all in distress. Indeed, her son, Mr Alfred Garnier,



records one instance of this latter trait which had a sequel so unexpected, that, at the risk of digression, it may be here mentioned.

In the year 1849 a sad case of misadventure occurred. A lady who was ill, sent to her local chemist the prescription ordered by her doctor, and the chemist, in place of some other ingredient, inadvertently substituted strychnine, then a comparatively newly discovered drug. Shortly afterwards he became aware of his fatal error, and in a state bordering upon distraction sent off a messenger on horseback with all possible dispatch to try to prevent the horrible catastrophe which he knew to be imminent. But the messenger arrived too late. Mrs Hickson, the nurse in charge, on receiving the bottle of medicine had promptly administered a dose to her patient, and the unfortunate victim of the chemist's error soon afterwards died in indescribable agony.

Nurse Hickson, although in no way to blame, was completely unnerved by such a horrible event, and from that time forward was totally incapacitated from undertaking any further medical duties.

Her case, after some little time, came under the notice of Lady Caroline Garnier, who was so touched with compassion for the plight of the unfortunate woman that she determined to take the latter into her own household, for she believed that if Hickson's mind were but occupied with other duties and interests she might be enabled to shake off the result of her late terrible experience.

Having a vacancy in her nursery, therefore, Lady

Caroline did what scarcely any other person would have done, she unhesitatingly appointed Hickson to be her head-nurse, and the result proved how accurately she had gauged the condition of the poor woman. The care of young children and the trust reposed in her eventually had the desired effect, and Hickson entirely recovered.

“Some time afterwards,” relates Mr Garnier, “Palmer, the murderer, was committed for trial, and his long list of victims was a common topic of conversation. The mysterious deaths and the poison puzzled even the Crown authorities. Lady Caroline was dining out one day and met Mr Reynolds (H.M.S. Solicitor to the Treasury), and their conversation naturally turned to the absorbing topic of the day—Palmer’s forthcoming trial. Mr Reynolds told Lady Caroline that there was only one link missing in the chain of evidence necessary to convict Palmer of the murders, and that was the testimony of a woman named Hickson, who had witnessed the fatal effects of strychnine, as administered to a Mrs S—— S——, and that the Treasury had made every inquiry for this woman but that she could not be traced.

“Lady Caroline at once replied, ‘Hickson is at this moment in my nursery at 5 Upper Grosvenor Street.’

“At the trial Nurse Hickson appeared as a witness, and it was principally on her evidence that Palmer was found guilty and eventually hanged.

“The last words of Mrs S—— S—— when in acute pain were ‘Turn me over on my side.’ Poor Mr

Cook, who was Palmer's last victim, used these identical words when in the agonies of death."<sup>1</sup>

Another trait in Lady Caroline's character is illustrated by two amusing anecdotes of her later life which are thus recorded by her son :—

“ Lady Caroline was noted for the promptness of her actions ; at times, perhaps, too prompt, as the following instances will show :—

“ When travelling in a railway carriage with her youngest daughter in Norfolk, on a very hot July day, she was much annoyed by a bottle which was rolling about on the floor of the carriage. Determined to remove the cause of the annoyance, she picked up the bottle and flung it out of the window with much promptitude, without, alas, being aware that the hand which held the bottle also clasped one of her bonnet strings, which were untied in consequence of the great heat. The bonnet, in company with the bottle, disappeared through the open window. She arrived at her destination in a small bonnet of the latest mode, her daughter having supplied her from her own bonnet-box. Her hostess was much surprised when her aged guest arrived wearing such fashionable and juvenile head-gear !

“ Both Lady Caroline and her sister, Lady Mary Stephenson,<sup>2</sup> were wont to declare that during the whole of their long London lives they never had a carriage of their own. They were both great

<sup>1</sup> *The Chronicles of the Garniers of Hampshire.* Compiled and written by A. E. Garnier, Esq. (privately printed), pages 90-91.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Keppel, third daughter of the fourth Earl of Albemarle, married Henry Stephenson, Esq., private secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

walkers, and did all their calling and shopping on foot. To this may perhaps be attributed their both having lived to over eighty years of age. Occasionally the loan of a carriage would be offered by their kind friends, and Lady Caroline one day accepted the offer of Mrs Lewis Huth's brougham. Plate glass had just begun to supersede the old method of glazing carriage windows. Lady Caroline set off on her drive ; wishing to give the coachman an order, she promptly put her head through the plate-glass window to do so, not perceiving that it was shut, a great smash of glass being the result ! Horrified at this disaster, and shortly afterwards seeing Mrs Huth passing, she determined to stop the carriage and explain matters. This she at once did, but in so doing put her head through the opposite plate-glass window, with the same results ! ”<sup>1</sup>

To revert, however, to the events of Lord Albemarle's life, it was a couple of years after the marriage of his youngest daughter, when he received the news that the short reign of the sailor King had ended, and that the young Princess Victoria had come to the throne. The first public act of the young Queen was to go in state to St James's Palace to be proclaimed, and it is said that she particularly wished on this occasion to be accompanied in her State coach by the Duchess of Kent and one of the ladies of the Household. Lord Albemarle, however, being Master of the Horse, considered that he had a

<sup>1</sup> *The Chronicles of the Garniers of Hampshire.* Compiled and written by A. E. Garnier, Esq. (privately printed), pages 91 and 92.

right to travel in the Royal coach as he had done at the previous coronation. "The point," relates Mr George Russell, "was submitted to the Duke of Wellington as a kind of universal referee in matter of precedence and usage. His judgment was delightfully unflattering to the outraged magnate. 'The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind it like a d——d tinker's dog!'" The Queen, however, did not exercise this questionable prerogative, for she records in her diary that the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle accompanied her on the historical occasion.

Her Master of Horse was present, too, with the young Queen at a very different event, which nevertheless was not without its own peculiar interest. This was the first occasion when she saw *King Lear* acted, the play having previously been entirely unknown to her. Harriet Martineau, who watched the attitude of the young girl somewhat hypercritically, was annoyed to notice that, whilst all other hearts and eyes were riveted by Macready's "Lear," the Royal lady alone laughed and chatted during the performance, with her shoulder turned to the stage, till the tragic fourth act, when her wandering attention at length became arrested. "In remarkable contrast with her," remarks Miss Martineau, "was one of the gentlemen in attendance upon her,—the Lord Albemarle of that day. He forgot everything but the play,—by degrees leaned forward between the Queen and the stage, and wept till his limp handkerchief would hold no more tears."

Lord Albemarle was a prominent figure at the glittering ceremony of the marriage of the young Queen to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg; and on the 21st of November, 1840, he was among those summoned hastily to Buckingham Palace in expectation of an event of still greater national importance—the birth of a possible heir to the throne of England. In view of the untimely fate of Princess Charlotte, the Queen herself had been filled with most gloomy forebodings as to her probable fate, and the people awaited the occurrence with unusual suspense. In a room adjoining that in which the Queen lay battling for her existence and that of the young life which was to be, we are told, “the door being open, were the following councillors: His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury, the Earl of Errol, Lord Steward of the Household, Viscount Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse.”

For an hour the Ministers waited, then “precisely at ten minutes before two o’clock, the nurse entered the room where they were met, with an infant princess, wrapped in flannel, in her arms. She was attended by Sir Charles Clarke, who announced the fact of its being a female.” The future German Empress was “for a moment laid upon the table, for the observation of the assembled authorities, and then returned to her chamber to

receive her first attire." With feelings of thankfulness the Ministers withdrew, their disappointment at the sex of the infant swallowed up in the relief that their anxiety for their Sovereign was assuaged ; and England gave herself up to rejoicing.

It was in the year of the birth of the Princess Royal that Lord Albemarle was horrified by the cruel murder of his cousin, Lord William Russell, son of his ill-fated aunt, the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Marchioness of Tavistock. Lord William, as is well known, was murdered by his Swiss valet, Courvoisier, who, contrary to his own confession, was believed before committing the brutal act to have stripped himself naked, in order that there might be no marks of blood upon his clothes. When confident that his master was asleep, he cut the throat of the slumbering man and arranged the razor to look as if his victim had committed suicide. Courvoisier's confession was published in the *Annual Register*, and he was hanged on the 6th of July 1840. One result of his action was that people became afraid of keeping Swiss servants, of whom, previous to that date, there had been a great number in England. Old Bode, Lord Albemarle's faithful valet, was keenly humiliated by the disgrace which Courvoisier had brought upon his compatriots ; none the less, Bode continued with the family which for so long he had served devotedly, and after his master's death remained in the service of the Dowager Lady Albemarle till her decease.

With advancing years, Lord Albemarle's eyesight became affected, and almost the last recollection of

him which has survived is at once melancholy and humorously characteristic. One of his grandsons, an old Mutiny hero, relates—"When I was at Quidenham, I was sent for by my grandfather. I was only a small boy. I made myself very smart, and put plenty of grease on my hair. I was taken up to his room and the door was opened.

"'Is that the boy?—Come here!' said my grandfather.

"I was pushed into the room and the first thing I did was to fall over a dog—the room seemed full of them. I went up to him; he was a very blind old man in a yellow dressing-gown, sitting in an arm-chair. He placed his hand upon my head:—'D——n the boy!' he shouted—'Take him away, he has got some beastliness on his head!' Out I went, and that is all I know about him!"

On the 30th of October, 1849, William Charles, Lord Albemarle, passed peacefully away at the age of seventy-seven; and the setters which had been their master's constant companions and had adored him with devoted affection while living, mourned him truly when dead. His grand-daughter, Lady Louisa Charteris, recalls how, after his death, passing his room she saw several decrepit old dogs waiting pathetically outside the closed door, listening for the loved voice which they were destined never again to hear.

The funeral of the dead Master of the Horse was an imposing one, and was attended by a vast number of people from far and near. The coffin, covered with scarlet cloth and studded with brass nails, accord-



ing to the time-honoured fashion of the coffins of all the Keppels, was duly carried to the grave by twelve tall men in the family livery of long yellow cloth coats with brass buttons. It was the last interment save one in that vault, already full of scarlet coffins. Less than eighteen months after the death of his father, Augustus Frederick, fifth Earl of Albemarle, was borne in the same manner to the same burial place, his promising career having been early blighted in a singularly distressing manner.

Years before, when riding in the streets of Rome one day, he was thrown from his horse and fell sharply on the stone pavement. The injury which he sustained was not considered serious at the time ; but later his conduct became eccentric and he had to be placed under restraint. After his death a post-mortem examination showed that his skull had been cracked by the fall, a zigzag fracture from the base to the apex being discovered. His end, however, was not unhappy, for believing himself to be the possessor of unbounded wealth, he died contented with his visionary millions, and filled with schemes for benefiting everybody. After his funeral, in March 1851, the order was issued that the Keppel vault was to be closed for ever.

Once only since that date has the peace of the dead who slumber there been rudely invaded. It appears that the Rector of Quidenham was in the habit of turning his cattle and sheep into the churchyard to keep down the lush grass ; and one day an enterprising cow, having broken through the arched roof of the vault, was found struggling among the

scarlet coffins. With the aid of ropes and an inclined plane of boards the trespasser was at length extricated from its peculiar situation, and the vault was promptly made secure from the recurrence of a like mishap. Subsequently, the surrounding grass was kept short without the aid of sheep or cattle, and the Keppels in their scarlet coffins repose in peace.

The Dowager, Charlotte Lady Albemarle, survived her husband till 1862. To the end of her days she remained faithful to her *penchant* for racing, betting, cards, and dice. She was bedridden at her Twickenham villa for some time, and it is said that her fellow-punters used to seat themselves on both sides of her bed and gamble for high stakes. Even in death the ruling passion triumphed, and a report was circulated that she died gambling. But to-day, on what was once the site of her racing stables, stands the village school of Quidenham, and the straw-yard, where once her beautiful thoroughbreds pranced and curvetted, is now the play-ground where romp a generation of little rustics, all unwitting of that kindly gamester of a bygone age, or of her celebrated adviser, Mr Padwick, who once ruled there with a power which none defied.

## IV

### A DUPE OF DESTINY

**O**N the 6th of February 1785 there was born into the world a woman who by a strange freak of fate was destined to be the wife of a king and the sister-in-law of an emperor, who was to disturb the peace of the greatest conqueror of modern times, to produce a rupture between a pope and a monarch, and to become a brilliant leader at foreign courts, where her beauty, her wit, and her romantic history were to make her conspicuous among the most remarkable women of the century.

Elizabeth Patterson<sup>1</sup> was the eldest daughter of a rich merchant of Baltimore who, it was said, nineteen years earlier had landed as a little penniless waif in a new world. By her own statement she came of a line of Presbyterian forefathers, from whom she doubtless inherited the element of fatalism

<sup>1</sup> One branch of the Pattersons spelt their surname with a single "t," another branch always spelt it with two. The Baltimore Pattersons originally used one "t," but afterwards adopted the two, indeed Madame Patterson Bonaparte even erroneously denied its ever having been spelt with one. In the churchyard of Downham in Norfolk may be seen, side by side, the graves of an uncle and a niece belonging to this family, the tombstones of which respectively bear the name of Patterson spelt, the one with a single "t" and the other with two.

which was early to be remarked in her character and which the circumstances of her life were to accentuate. From her childhood her brain was clear, keen and cool, her temperament ambitious, determined, and passionless. Qualities such as these make for mastery, and when united to a beauty so rare as that with which she was endowed are calculated to sway the destinies of mankind. Yet when she made her *début* at the age of eighteen, a simple girl who had never yet left her home, no one predicted for her a fate more remarkable than that which immediately befell her, when she was accepted as the reigning belle of Baltimore. "She possessed," we are told, "a pure Grecian contour, her head was exquisitely formed, her forehead fair and shapely, her eyes large and dark, with an expression of tenderness which did not belong to her character, and the delicate loveliness of her mouth and chin, the soft bloom of her complexion, together with her beautifully rounded shoulders and tapering arms combined to form the loveliest of women."

But tragedy followed hard upon the footsteps of the beautiful girl. The very year of her *début* there came to America Jerome Bonaparte, a minor, the youngest brother of the First Consul of France. Honours of every kind were lavished upon so important a visitor; he was made the lion of society, and about the date of the Fall races he was introduced to Miss Patterson, the belle of Baltimore, the rich merchant's lovely daughter.

Elizabeth Patterson had been absent from home



ELIZABETH PATTERSON (MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE)  
*From the picture by Gilbert Stuart, in the possession of Comte & Moltré-Antoine de  
(née Bonaparte)*



when the French officers first arrived in Baltimore, but she returned in time to go to the races, at which, one account states, she was introduced to her future husband. Legend indeed clings lovingly about the first meeting between Jerome and his wife that was to be. One story runs that Elizabeth became entangled in a gold chain which formed part of the magnificent attire of Lieutenant Bonaparte; and while he endeavoured to release her, she recalled, with a sense of inevitability, a strange prophecy made to her as a child that one day she would be a great lady in France. Another relates that Jerome had been forewarned that "to see Elizabeth was to marry her," and vowing that nothing would ever induce him to marry an American, he had facetiously nicknamed her "*ma belle femme*" before he saw her. But the following account given by Madame Bonaparte herself in 1815 is alone reliable amid the many picturesque fables to which the event gave rise.

There was at this date living in Baltimore M. Pascault, the eldest son of the Marquis de Poleon. "He," relates his great-grandson the Count de Gallatin, "had been given a large property in San Domingo. During the massacre he escaped thence with his family in one of his own ships, and, as France was then in such a disturbed state, he landed at Baltimore, Maryland. There he subsequently owned a large house, where he entertained most of the distinguished foreigners who visited that city. Thus when Jerome Bonaparte, as a young Naval Lieutenant, paid a visit to Baltimore he was natur-

ally invited to dinner at the house of this the principal French resident, and nothing was neglected to render the occasion an agreeable one for the brother of the First Consul. All the prettiest girls in Baltimore were invited to be present, amongst them being the reigning beauties, the elder daughters of a rich merchant, Richard Caton, and the beautiful *débutante*, Betsy Patterson.

“As the dinner hour of three o’clock approached, the latter was standing at the window with Henrietta Pascault, my grandmother’s eldest sister, when two young men were seen approaching the house. Miss Pascault, whether seriously or in jest is impossible to determine, exclaimed, pointing to one of them— ‘That man, whoever he is, will be my husband!’ ‘Very well,’ rejoined Miss Patterson calmly, ‘I will have the other!’ The one designated by Miss Pascault was M. Reubell, son of Reubell the Director. The other was Jerome Bonaparte. Oddly enough, both marriages took place.”

Elizabeth, for her part, has left on record how she was clad on that day when she first met the man who was to have such a sinister influence upon her life. She wore a chamois-coloured gown, fashioned, according to the then-prevailing mode, of very scanty dimensions; upon her shoulders lay a soft lace neckerchief; upon her head rested an enormous hat covered with pink gauze and ostrich plumes. From under this bewildering headgear her flawless face looked out in its brilliant witchery and made havoc with the heart of the susceptible young Corsican who now crossed her path. Black-haired



and dark-eyed, small, graceful, spare, and with delicate hands like a woman, Jerome Bonaparte at this date had sufficient good looks to win his way readily with the opposite sex ; fuel was, therefore, but added to the flame now kindled in his breast by the discovery that, while other women treated him with the adulation to which he was accustomed, this haughty beauty viewed him with an indifference which she took no pains to conceal. Too late Jerome realised that to see her was to admire, to admire was to love. He renounced France, Napoleon, riches, glory, nay even the far from remote chance of regal splendour, if only he might become the husband of the beautiful American. And to Elizabeth herself the prospect suddenly held out to her was sufficiently dazzling. A fate for which her rare gifts befitted her fired her imagination. Her indifference was transformed to enthusiasm. It is said that in vain her father, dictated by motives of prudence, pointed out the probability of intervention on the part of Napoleon, and sought to end an infatuation of which he feared the consequence. The fidelity of the lovers survived an enforced separation, and Elizabeth sealed her fate by the declaration that she would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than that of any other man living for a lifetime.

Every detail was forthwith planned to ensure the validity of the union. The religious ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of Baltimore, the Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, and the civil contract was drawn up with

every precaution against its future rejection, Mr Patterson further pinning his faith to the fact that although Jerome might be making a union which would not be considered binding in France, the Catholic Church refuses to annul marriages for irregularities which can be rectified.

At last on Christmas eve, 1803, the celebrated wedding of ill-omen took place. On the morning of that day Miss Pascault was married to M. Reubell, in the evening her friend Betsey was married to Jerome Bonaparte. And strange indeed would have been the reflections of the two brides could they have glanced into the future and seen the curious freak of fate to which their friendship would be subjected in the years which were to be.

Meantime the thoughts of all Baltimore centred upon the dual event. For the momentous occasion the principal bridegroom presented an appearance which would seem strange to modern eyes. The wedding-costume of Jerome, still preserved by the Baltimore Bonapartes, was a purple satin coat ornamented with lace and richly embroidered, the tails of which, lined with satin, came down to the heels after the fashion of the Directory. Short satin breeches, silk stockings, shoes with diamond buckles, and powdered hair completed his attire, which was more ample than that of his bride, who shared the aversion of her contemporaries to any superfluity of raiment. Her costume presented an admixture of daring and simplicity which was perhaps characteristic. Although the possessor of a magnificent trousseau, she chose for the ceremony

a dainty dress which it is said she had often worn before and which, besides being singularly becoming, was calculated to reveal as well as to enhance the natural grace of her tiny form, since it was as scanty in quantity as it was flimsy in quality. "All the clothes worn by her might have been put in my pocket," relates an astonished guest; "her dress was of muslin of extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress she wore but one single garment."

Throughout her life Elizabeth was fond of exhibiting the dresses which she had worn respectively on the many eventful occasions in which she had figured; and amongst her wardrobe was long religiously preserved by her the gown in which she had wedded the brother of Napoleon.<sup>1</sup> It was thus described by an eye-witness. Above a slip of white satin was the delicate over-dress of muslin, hand sewn with tiny silver spangles and embroidered in a deep band round the hem with these microscopic stars worked into a singularly beautiful design of silver flowers and glittering sprays. Falling full from the short waist, the dress was confined across the bust by another broad band of the same embroidery; while the long train of white silk suspended from the shoulders was similarly enriched. The shoes worn by the bride were of silver cloth, a wreath of orange blossom rested upon her hair, and the filmy veil which hung in soft folds from her head to her feet was worked in the like delicate pattern of shimmering silver.

<sup>1</sup> It has been kindly lent for reproduction in this volume by the present owner.

Tiny in stature, exquisite in form and face, with arms and feet no bigger than those of a child, Elizabeth, with her flower-like beauty, in her glittering raiment, must have looked a fairy bride for her suitably small and graceful bridegroom. But beneath that fragile, dainty exterior was concealed a character of iron will and dauntless purpose, ill-matched with the weak and vacillating nature of the man to whom she then united herself.

Yet for the present, all seemed propitious. Soon after the wedding the young couple established themselves in a house called "The Homestead" close to the then growing town of Baltimore. Scattered about on the surrounding hills were the country seats of many influential citizens, among whom were to be found various relations of the Pattersons and others who, like the Catons, were life-long friends of that family, so that these formed in themselves a pleasant little colony much addicted to gaiety and the constant exchange of amenities. On every hand Elizabeth received congratulations on her brilliant fortune; and the weeks which followed were perhaps the happiest of her life. The great Consul, the Sphinx of Europe, was silent, and hopes of his ultimate reconciliation to the match must have flattered the thoughts of the young people. The rest of the Bonaparte family expressed to the bride's brother their unqualified approval of it; and Lucien preached defiance. "The Consul," he said, "is to be considered as isolated from the family. All his ideas and actions are dictated by a policy with which we have nothing to do. We still



OVER-DRESS OF THE WEDDING-GOWN OF MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE.

1803

*In the possession of the Count de Gallatin*



remain plain citizens, and as such we feel highly gratified with the connection. Our present earnest wish is that Jerome may remain where he now is, and become a citizen of the United States."

To a couple less ambitious than Jerome and his bride such advice might have been palatable, but love and obscurity suited ill with the views of Elizabeth as with those of her husband. While Jerome yearned after the flesh-pots of existence, Elizabeth craved a wider field for enterprise. And the rapid march of events served to intensify this attitude. On the 18th of May, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor of the French, and on the 2nd of December following, in the midst of one of the most magnificent scenes ever witnessed, he and Josephine were crowned at Notre Dame, while Lucien and Jerome, the two brothers who had not bowed to his supreme will, found themselves consigned to the obscurity they had courted and excluded ignominiously from the Imperial dynasty.

But before that date Napoleon had spoken and had left no doubt respecting his attitude towards his brother's marriage. In March 1804, the American Ambassador, having endeavoured to bring about a favourable reception of the news, was forced to report his failure. The First Consul was incensed against his brother, inexorable in his denial of the legality of the union. Moreover he held that Jerome had been guilty of a heinous offence, and that nothing but the most abject submission on the part of the offender could efface his error. Otherwise let Jerome look to himself.

“Sole fabricator of my destiny,” Napoleon had announced hotly, “I owe nothing to my brothers. If Jerome does nothing for me, I will see to it that I do nothing for him.” Later, Napoleon issued his orders in “the most positive manner” that no money was to be sent to the citizen Jerome, that he was to return to his duty with the first French frigate sailing for France, and that “the young person with whom he had connected himself,” and who was not his wife, should never be allowed to set foot on French territory.

News travelled slowly in those days and the decision of Napoleon reached Jerome simultaneously with the news of the great event of the 18th of May, so that in the same moment Jerome knew himself to be the brother of an emperor and commanded to renounce the woman he loved.

This final realisation of their worst fears must have come like a thunderbolt into the midst of the gay social life of the young couple. Fêted, admired, intoxicated with the cup of happiness but newly placed within her grasp, the beautiful Elizabeth saw it about to be dashed from her lips by the inflexible will of the supreme egoist of Europe. Yet with wealth, power and regal splendour in the balance, the stake was too stupendous to be lightly renounced. No doubt Elizabeth read aright a character which, as even her contemporaries recognised, held much that was curiously akin to her own, and thus knew that with Napoleon but one consideration might carry weight. To him a woman's heart and a woman's happiness, nay, honour and morality



itself, were as mere bubbles with which to oppose his iron will. To him the members of her sex were at best mere tools to further his unscrupulous ambition, to furnish, through their sons, eternal food for cannon, or to cement a victory by an alliance with a conquered foe. Yet one weapon was hers to ply. If Josephine, the Creole, could enact the part of an empress, was not she, Elizabeth Bonaparte, better equipped for the part of a queen? She would meet Napoleon on his own ground. He had but to see her to know her fitted to further his schemes. With her youthful witchery, her wit as keen as a blade, her indisputable charm before which all succumbed, had not nature fashioned her for the wife of a ruler of men? Was she not born to sway a Court and to grace a throne?

And if Napoleon had seen her, how would the history of Europe have been affected? Speculation lingers over the chance, for there is little doubt that Elizabeth, the wife of the weak and fickle Jerome, was in much the true complement of his imperious brother, and, by right of her ambition, her courage and her dauntless will was more in harmony with the temperament of Napoleon than was the ill-controlled Josephine or the insipid Marie-Louise. "Elizabeth," it was remarked, "by her wit, beauty, and ambition would have helped Napoleon to rise, while her prudence, common sense and practical wisdom would have taught him when to stop in his dazzling career." But Elizabeth missed her destiny; she and the conqueror of Europe never met, though even from afar her pride and

strength of character never failed to exercise a fascination over the man who had constituted himself her most implacable foe.

From the presence of British warships and from one cause or another, the final departure of the young couple for France was delayed until 1805 when, after a prosperous voyage, they reached Lisbon on the 2nd of April. There, for the first time, Elizabeth felt the power of her enemy. She was not allowed to land, and an ambassador from Napoleon coming on board demanded to know what he could do for *Miss Patterson*. "Tell your master," she replied proudly, "that *Madame Bonaparte* is ambitious and demands her rights as a member of the Imperial family"; an answer which pleased and attracted Napoleon without shaking his determination.

It was obvious that under such conditions Jerome must face his brother alone. At Lisbon, therefore, the young couple bade each other what they believed to be a brief farewell, little dreaming that only once again were they ever to meet, and then under circumstances which, in the early days of their love, either would have repudiated as impossible.

Elizabeth, thus left a stranger in a foreign land, surrounded by enemies, vainly sought refuge in some friendly country. She soon found that all the ports of continental Europe were closed against her by order of Napoleon, and began to fear, with good reason, that her life would be attempted. It was whispered that those who interfered with the

plans of the great Napoleon had been known to quit this world with a haste which could not always be accounted for by natural causes. Elizabeth therefore, in trepidation, sailed for England, where she arrived at Dover on the 19th of May 1805, and sought permission to land, a request which was at once granted. So great was the excitement to see her that the Prime Minister, Pitt, had to send a military escort to keep off the immense crowds which had assembled to watch her disembark. The *Times* of that date thus comments upon the event :—

The beautiful wife of Jerome Bonaparte, after being refused admittance into every port in Europe where the French influence degrades and dishonours humanity, has landed at Dover, under the protection of a great and generous people. This interesting lady, who has been the victim of imposture and ambition, will here receive all the rights of hospitality which, whatever may be the conduct of *America, Great Britain* will never forget, nor omit to exercise towards her with a parental hand. The contemptible Jerome was, for form's sake, made a prisoner at Lisbon. His treachery towards this lovely Unfortunate will procure him an early pardon, and a Highnessship, from the Imperial swindler, his brother.

It is interesting to find that Napoleon's comment on the situation has also survived. "Miss Patterson," he wrote to Jerome, "has been in London and caused great excitement among the English. *This has only increased her guilt!*" The logic of thus condemning a course which he had

himself rendered inevitable is peculiarly characteristic. For three months Elizabeth perforce remained in England, while the English papers carefully chronicled all her doings with a minuteness and a sympathy which she found, or pretended to find, irksome. On the 7th of June her son was born at Camberwell and was named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Later, that same year, mother and child returned to America.

For a time, it is said, Jerome tried as earnestly, as he failed ignominiously, to move the determination of Napoleon. "Your marriage is null. I will never acknowledge it," was Napoleon's answer to his representations; and, after dictating in peremptory terms to Madame Mère that she was to revoke her approval of Jerome's "intrigue with Miss Patterson," Napoleon added brutally: "Speak to his sisters that they may write to him also, for when I have pronounced his sentence I shall be inflexible, and his life will be blasted for ever." The Emperor next ordered Pope Pius the Seventh to publish a Bull annulling the marriage, but here, for the first time, the autocrat found his power defied. The Pope refused, and on this, as on one or two subsequent occasions, held his ground with an obstinacy which rivalled Napoleon's own. A story runs that once, tired out with the vain endeavour to force the Pontiff to consent to measures of which his conscience disapproved, Napoleon said to one of his Ministers: "Why do you not try what ill-treatment can do, short of torture? I authorise you to employ every means." "Mais, Sire," was the humorous

reply, " que voulez-vous que l'on fasse d'un homme qui laisse gêler l'eau dans son bénitier sans se plaindre de n'avoir pas de feu dans sa chambre ? " The wrath of Napoleon, however, found expression when he imprisoned the indomitable Pontiff in the Château of Fontainebleau, a place where, by a curious irony of fate, he himself was subsequently to sign the abdication of his own throne.

Meanwhile, the prediction of the *Times* with regard to Jerome's conduct and its reward found ample fulfilment. For a few weeks, indeed, Jerome persisted in his refusal to renounce his beautiful wife ; and from April, when he left her at Lisbon, to the following October, he continued, in passionate letters to her, to renew his protestations of eternal fidelity. But it is doubtful if these ever deceived the clear brain of the woman he had left for ever. Jerome, susceptible by temperament and of lax morality, was not of a nature long to resist the pressure brought to bear upon him. His resolution melted before the combined promises and threats of Napoleon, and he proved as wax in the hands of his dictatorial brother. He consented to a divorce, and as a reward he was created a prince of the empire, an admiral of the French navy, and finally King of Westphalia.

Subsequently, by an act of the Legislature of Maryland, Elizabeth likewise was given the right to consider herself divorced from him and to resume her maiden name. Nevertheless although she always afterwards signed herself " Elizabeth Patterson " socially she was known as " Madame Bonaparte " ;

and yet again the British Press took notice of the strange situation. The *Observer* remarks:—

Jerome Bonaparte has, it is said, not yet conquered his attachment for his repudiated wife, Miss Patterson. An epistolary correspondence was lately carried on between them, during which he solicited her to confide their infant son to his care, engaging to provide amply for him. The Lady did not comply, but softened her refusal by transmitting the Child's portrait, which Jerome has placed in his Cabinet.

Elizabeth, who refused thus to become childless as well as widowed, may yet have dreamed that the sight of his child's picture would soften the heart of the man who had deserted her. But Jerome, insignificant in mind as in person, remained a weak tool in the hands of Bonaparte; and on the 12th of August, 1807, within four years of his first marriage, he espoused the Princess Frederica Catherine, daughter of the King of Würtemberg.

What must have been the thoughts of the woman he had abandoned as she heard the accounts of that regal wedding, and reflected on the royal pomp and the brilliant throne which she alone had a right to share? She saw herself left a mere injured heroine of romance, an object of curiosity and pity to her fellow-townfolk, condemned to a life of obscurity such as her nature abhorred, while a rival enjoyed the splendid fate which, by civil and religious law, should have been hers. For hours, it is said, she would stand before the glass gazing at the wonderful loveliness which had won for her a crown that she

might never wear. The bright and joyous girl whose beauty had captivated the heart of the fickle Jerome was changed to a cold, cynical woman, whose unsatisfied ambition was henceforth to entail upon her a life of intolerable *ennui*, and whose sarcasm was admired and feared. “ She charms by her eyes and slays by her tongue,” was said of her, and Jerome himself was to experience the biting cynicism of the wife whose love he had changed to gall. For her enemy Napoleon, indeed, Elizabeth retained the respect which one strong nature can feel for another. “ The Emperor,” she wrote in 1849, “ hurled me back on what I hated most on earth—my Baltimore obscurity. Even that shock could not destroy the admiration I felt for his genius and glory.” But for the man who had won her love and then cast it aside she felt only the most profound contempt, which, however, she had the dignity to cherish in silence. On few occasions is she known to have given public expression to it. When, later in life, Jerome offered her the title of Princess of Smalkalden, with 200,000 francs a year, she declined the offer and accepted instead a yearly pension of 60,000 francs from Napoleon. Jerome expressed his indignation at such conduct. “ I prefer,” she explained, “ to be sheltered under the wings of an eagle than to be suspended from the bill of a goose.” When Jerome offered her a residence in Westphalia, she answered that, “ It is indeed a large kingdom, but not large enough to hold *two Queens*.” Napoleon, it is said, was so pleased with the spirit of this answer that he caused to be conveyed to her his willingness

to do for her whatever did not interfere with his own schemes. "Tell him," she said for the second time in her life, "I am ambitious. I desire to be a Duchess." But while the promise to comply with this request, though given, was never fulfilled, this neglect did not change her opinion of the relative merits of the two brothers. When in her old age her avocat asked her boldly what was her opinion of Jerome, she, pointing to a liard, the smallest of French coins, responded wittily,—"*Jerome—c'est un liard qui s'est laissé glisser entre deux Napoléons.*"<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless, the Baltimore obscurity which she loathed ate into her very soul. The smart of her position may be traced in her correspondence, and one cannot but remark that it is not the loss of the lover of her youth and the husband of her choice which she deplores, her complaints are all directed against the brilliant fate which she has missed, the unsatisfied ambition of which she is the prey.

All my desires must be disappointed (she wrote bitterly to Lady Morgan), and I am condemned to vegetate for ever in a country where I am not happy. You have a great deal of imagination, but it can give you no idea of the mode of existence inflicted upon us. . . . Commerce, although it may fill the purse, clogs the brain. I am condemned to solitude.

Again and again she complains of the long, "weary, unintellectual years inflicted on me in this my dull native country to which I have never owed advan-

<sup>1</sup> Napoleons I. and III.



tages, pleasures or happiness. . . . Society, conversation, friendship belong to older countries and are not yet cultivated in any part of the United States which I have visited. . . ." And on another occasion she writes to her father :—

It was impossible to bend my tastes and my ambition to the obscure destiny of a Baltimore housekeeper, and it was absurd to attempt it after I had married the brother of an Emperor. I often tried to reason myself into the courage necessary to commit suicide when I contemplated a long life to be passed in a trading town where everything was so disgusting to my tastes and where everything so contradicted my wishes. I never could have degraded myself by marriage with people who, after I had married a Prince, became my inferiors.

She congratulated herself that, at least, those by whom she was surrounded recognised the gulf which intervened socially and intellectually between herself and them, and did not attempt to bridge it.

The people, I believe, thought with me that neither nature nor circumstances fitted me for residing in Baltimore. At least, I judge so from the profound respect and homage they have ever shown me, and I believe they perfectly agree with me that both my son and myself would be in our proper sphere in Europe. I would rather have died than marry anyone in Baltimore.

Only in Europe did Elizabeth find the panacea for much which she had suffered. Between the years 1815 and 1834 she visited the Continent,

and as Bonstetten said of her : “ *Si elle n'est Reine de Westphalie, elle est au moins reine des cœurs.*” In her wanderings through Europe, the deserted wife of Jerome was a person apart, a queen uncrowned—incognito, but still a queen. Her position was unique ; she upheld it by reason of her beauty and her charm. Her tragic history silenced enmity, her tact and grace gained devotees, her exquisite dress and jewels roused universal admiration, and her reputation remained untarnished. At every Court which she graced by her presence she was a welcome and an honoured guest ; though she disclaimed any pretensions to being a *femme d'esprit*, she was the friend of the celebrated men and women of her century ; despite the fact that her tongue could sting, her *savoir faire* counteracted the wounds made by a too ready wit. She always refrained from criticising the actions of her fellow-creatures. “ If I saw a woman enter a room on her head, or in the costume of Venus de Medici,” she said once, “ I should never remark upon it, being certain that she must have some excellent reason for conduct so eccentric.” Yet her involuntary comments upon her contemporaries are none the less striking and betray shrewd powers of observation. On being introduced to Miss Edgeworth, for instance, there is unconscious humour in her criticism : “ She has a great deal of good sense, which is what I particularly object to in my companions, unless accompanied by genius.” Could a few words better sum up the impression produced upon her by a character so out of harmony with her own ?

But invariably her remarks upon men and things are apt, while occasionally her sallies acquired a European celebrity. A retort which she made to Mr Dundas was repeated with zest throughout the Continent. At a large dinner-party he was, to his annoyance, deputed to take down Madame Bonaparte, and, having already suffered from her sarcasm, he determined now to be even with her. After the soup he turned to her with a malicious smile and asked her whether she had read Captain Basil Hall's book on America? Madame Bonaparte replied in the affirmative.

"Well, Madame," said Mr Dundas triumphantly, "did you notice that Captain Hall pronounced all Americans vulgarians?"

"Yes," answered Madame Bonaparte quietly, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or of the Esquimaux I should be astonished, but being the direct descendants of the English it is inevitable that they should be vulgarians."

Yet, however brilliant her career, through it all runs the intolerable sadness of the woman who had missed her destiny. Disappointment and disillusion taint all her utterances. Even the success of the companions of her girlhood accentuated her discontent in its bitter contrast to her own supreme failure. The playmates of her early years, the beautiful Catons, visited Europe and there made marriages which filled her with envy; by a greater irony her friend and contemporary bride, Madame Reubell, whose husband was a General in the army

of Westphalia, actually became lady-in-waiting to the Queen of that country, the second wife of Jerome, the rival who filled the throne which belonged by right to Elizabeth. And meantime, while the latter saw herself bereft of the love which had deluded her girlish fancy, of the power which had appealed to her ambition, of the crown to which she was legally entitled, the dazzling fate which should have been hers served eternally to mock her imagination.

I have been in such a state of melancholy (she wrote at one time) I have wished myself dead a thousand times. All my philosophy, all my courage are insufficient to support the inexpressible *ennui* of existence, and in those moments of wretchedness I have no human being to whom I can complain. What do you think of a person advising me to turn Methodist, the other day, when I expressed just the hundredth part of the misery I felt? I find no one can comprehend my feelings. . . .

I perceive (she said on another occasion) content was no end of our being. . . . I wonder that people of genius marry. . . . Marrying is almost a crime in my eyes, because I am persuaded that the highest degree of virtue is to abstain from augmenting the number of unhappy beings. If people reflected they would never marry.

And at the age of forty-seven she wrote :—

I am dying with *ennui*, and do not know in what way a person of my age can be amused. I am tired of reading and of all ways of killing time. I doze away existence. I am too old to coquet,

and without this stimulant I die with *ennui*. I am tired of life, and tired of having lived.

And still from afar she watched the career of Jerome ; his regal entry into his kingdom, clad in green and gold, with a royal bride beside him ; the magnificent extravagance of his parvenu Court ; the extortions under which his subjects groaned ; the infidelities which his wife ignored ; the idle luxury in which he passed his days ; the inordinate love of pomp and display by which he made himself ridiculous. With bitter satisfaction she must have seen how Napoleon had defeated his own aims, how for the shadowy gain of a royal alliance he had separated Jerome from the love which alone might have worked his salvation, and might have given him that stability of character for lack of which his days were void of honour and glory. And when she knew Jerome shorn of his mock grandeur and kingship, bankrupt, dishonoured, a fugitive upon the face of the earth, she must have dreamed how, with herself as his queen, her brain, her will, her ambition might have shaped his career far otherwise. Yet it was but a sorry triumph that another life had been wrecked beside her own ; and as in silence Elizabeth contemplated the trend of events, no expression of vindictiveness ever escaped her against the man whose weakness had wrought her such grievous wrong. Once, and once only, in a dramatic moment of her life did she see him again. In the year 1822 she was in the gallery of the Pitti Palace in Florence when she suddenly came face to

face with Jerome and the Princess of Wurtemberg. The former started as his glance fell on the woman he had not seen for seventeen years, and he whispered hurriedly to the Princess by his side: "That is my American wife." In that brief instant a subtle triumph might have flashed across the consciousness of Elizabeth, for while Jerome was bereft of all for which he had offered her as a sacrifice, she, courted and fêted throughout Europe, had won admiration and honour from her fellows such as his brief kingship had never gained. But Elizabeth passed him by without a word, and has not even left on record her feelings at that strange encounter. "I could not return to Florence," she wrote afterwards with quiet dignity, "because Prince Jerome went to live there, having no desire ever to meet him." She had done with romance as she had done with happiness, and had learnt to scoff at all love which was not mercenary. To her father she wrote urgent letters to guard her son from "the absurd falling in love which has been the ruin of your family"; though elsewhere she confesses wearily that, for a woman, married life is best, "since even quarrels with a husband are preferable to the *ennui* of a solitary existence." Yet when the Duchesse d'Abrantes published twelve volumes of Memoirs and therein related everything respecting the Bonaparte family, Elizabeth wrote with a magnanimity which does her honour—"I have refused to give her any anecdotes, either of Prince Jerome or of myself; she has already said enough of ill of him and more of my beauty and talents than they deserve."

And the man who had wrought her a more deliberate ill than the husband who had abandoned her, the man whose strength had worked upon his brother's weakness, lived to acknowledge her worth. In St Helena Napoleon spoke with admiration of her talents and regretted the shadow he had cast upon her life. He had been told of her enthusiasm for his genius, and one day, speaking of her, he said sadly to Bertrand — "Those whom I loaded with kindness have forsaken me, those whom I wronged have forgiven me." This tribute is the more striking in that Napoleon knew his appreciation to be shared by the man who was his greatest foe. The Duke of Wellington always professed for Elizabeth a profound admiration and friendship; and it is perhaps illustrative of the strangeness of her position that the favourite pet of this sister-in-law of Napoleon was a little dog which had been given to her by the victor of Waterloo.

Yet, to the last, the ill-fortune which had been hers continued to haunt her footsteps. Her father never understood or sympathised with her. On his death, out of his enormous wealth, with unnecessary bitterness he bequeathed to his "disobedient daughter Betsy" only a few small houses, and although this property ultimately proved far more valuable than he had anticipated, nothing could erase the intentional hurt of such a bequest. Her son, too, disappointed her, in that he failed to make the brilliant match which she had planned for him, and, marrying an American, sank contentedly into the life of obscurity against which she had

always inveighed. "When I first heard that my son could condescend to marry anyone in Baltimore, I nearly went mad," she wrote. "I repeat, I would have starved, died, rather than have married in Baltimore!" Nor did she succeed in her energetic attempt to secure recognition of that son's legitimacy upon the death of King Jerome his father. Later, this recognition was accorded by Napoleon the Third, yet, upon the fall of the Empire, when she put forward the claim of her grandson to be considered heir to the throne of France, it met with little success, and ere then the fate which she most dreaded had come upon her. "I hope that Providence will let me die before my son," she had prayed throughout her life; but her son predeceased her, and in her old age she would remark pathetically: "Once I had everything but money, now I have nothing but money."

Moreover, that old age was fated to be passed in the surroundings which had been most antagonistic to her throughout her life. In 1834 she returned from Europe to look after her property in Baltimore; but her dislike of everything American showed itself even in her choice of fashions, for she then brought with her a supply of finery, including twelve bonnets, which she asserted were "to last her as long as she lived." Yet she remained always the centre of observation there; her doings and sayings were chronicled with respect. A famous black velvet bonnet with an orange-coloured feather is always identified with her later years, as was also a *red* umbrella which it is said she carried with her,



either open or shut, every time she issued out of doors for forty years. At the theatre or at an evening party she invariably wore a black velvet dress with a low neck and short sleeves, a magnificent necklace of diamonds and other superb jewellery. She still commanded the admiration of the people she affected to despise, even while she complained sarcastically—"In America there are no resources except marriage," and laid stress on the fact that "it was impossible for me ever to be contented in a country where there exists no nobility, and where the society is unsuitable in every respect. . . . *My* happiness can never be separated from rank and Europe." Even in the matter of religion the glamour of the position to which she aspired influenced her inclination. If she adopted any form of faith, she said, it should be the Roman Catholic, because that was "a religion of kings—a royal religion." Her niece who was present exclaimed: "Oh, aunt, how can you say such a thing? You would not give up Presbyterianism!" To which Elizabeth responded—"The only reason I would not is that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors sat upon."

And still her beauty was remarkable, and still there was about her that strange hard brilliancy which attracted while it repelled, and which exercised an extraordinary fascination over all with whom she came into contact. The cold dignity with which she met and supported a life-long tragedy, the half-bored contempt with which she treated "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the unbroken

calm which, outwardly, was hers from the cradle to the grave, and to which was attributed her long life and prolonged beauty—all these are evidences of a temperament which, if it failed to be sympathetic, was attractive by reason of its peculiarity. For the woman who had witnessed some of the most stirring events of history, who in her own person had been victimised through the course of those events, preserved to the last the freedom from emotion which had characterised her early years.

Nevertheless from the romance of her beautiful youth to the prose of advancing age it would be impossible to turn without regret were it not that the picture of her life would be incomplete devoid of such details of its close. The homely anecdotes of those last years, in their very bathos, heighten the pitiful contrast which her career never failed to present between its actuality and the might-have-been; and thus certain personal reminiscences of her at this period supplied by a friend of her family are of singular interest.

“My first recollection of Madame Bonaparte,” he states, “was in 1861. It was after Prince Jerome’s death, and she came to France, I think, to bring some suit against his estate. She stayed with us in our apartment in the Rue de Rivoli, No. 240. I had been told much about her, so naturally was prepared to be impressed by her appearance, and was disappointed to find that she was short and stout.

“At that date she always wore a black lace cap fitting tight to her head and a *ferronière* of diamonds

across her forehead. All her dresses had short sleeves and her arms were usually covered with diamonds. When she went out she invariably carried a huge black bag, which was said to contain all her securities. Her grandson Jerome used to come to see her daily, and she was very proud of him. He was extremely good-looking, but not at all like the Bonapartes. Her son, on the contrary, was a true Corsican, and exactly like Plon-Plon, his half-brother.

“ Besides being proud of her handsome grandson, she was still vain of her own appearance. She used often to observe—‘ You know I am the exact height of the Venus de Medici in the Uffizi.’ She hated the Catons with a very jealous hatred, and was very angry at their social success. She once remarked—‘ Had America but remained English, I, with my beauty, would at least have married a Duke, instead of which I married a Corsican blackguard!’ Against her father who had treated her harshly, as against the husband who had deserted her, she cherished a secret bitterness to which at times she gave expression. On one occasion she wrote an interview between the two in Hades which she wanted my grandfather to publish on her behalf after her death, but he refused.

“ The chief characteristic, however, which as a boy impressed me with regard to her was her extreme parsimony. She was, in fact, at this date a miser, and the following indications of this stamped themselves upon my youthful recollection. One day she gave my brother and myself each a stick of *sucre d’orge*, telling us these should last us at

least a week, since they were so expensive. They had cost ten centimes apiece! Daily, too, she would collect all the bits of bread left after déjeuner and dinner, and put these carefully in her bag, as she said she was often hungry in the night and it was a pity to waste them. So also there was constant trouble with her *cocher de fiacre*, as she would not give him a *pourboire*, till at last my grandfather, at his own expense, gave a standing order to the concierge always to supply this deficiency.

“Two events specially illustrative of her peculiarity in this respect stand out yet more clearly in my memory. It was not many days after the arrival of our eccentric guest that my grandmother was sitting by the window one afternoon when she observed people stopping in the street opposite and staring up at the house. Fearing that the place might be on fire, she rang for her maid. But on her inquiring what was the matter, the servant advised her with an air of amusement to visit the apartment of Madame Bonaparte, and thither, considerably mystified, my grandmother repaired. What was her surprise to find both windows there open, and a string extended from frame to frame which bore Madame’s most intimate linen suspended thus to dry. In order to save the expense of a *blanchisseuse*, Madame had been busily washing these garments herself, and had thus decorated the house of her hostess. Her pocket-handkerchiefs, which she invariably washed in like manner, were afterwards subjected to a more elaborate process, for, having dried and folded them, in order to avoid

ironing she would then place them carefully between two books, and seat herself upon them.

“ On another occasion, we were waiting for her in the drawing-room before dinner, when, to our alarm, there was a loud crash outside. My mother rushed out to see what was the matter, and found that Madame Bonaparte had fallen downstairs, and was lying on her face upon the marble floor. Such an accident at the age of seventy-six was alarming, and my mother exclaimed anxiously—‘ Are you hurt, Madame ? ’ But the injury to her person was occupying the mind of Madame Bonaparte less than a possible injury to her purse, and she inquired in acute distress—‘ Where are my false teeth ? Are they broken ? Alas, I paid a hundred francs for them only yesterday ! ’

“ The next I remember of her was in New York in 1865. We had gone there for the winter, as my grandfather had property which required his attention. Madame Bonaparte came from Baltimore to stay with us, arriving, as was her custom, with her entire wardrobe and all her jewels, for she kept these always with her, having a terror of being robbed. Under these circumstances the bulk of her luggage was of little use to her, indeed, with regard to her jewellery, when she died she left several rows of very fine pearls which were quite dead, as she had not worn them for many years.

“ It was during this visit that one day she called us into her room and unpacking a huge box, placed her various dresses on chairs around her, and proceeded to tell us on what special occasion she had

worn each. It was then that she gave my grandmother the over-dress of her wedding-gown.

“The last time I saw her was in 1876. I paid a flying visit of three weeks to Baltimore on purpose to see her. She was living in a boarding-house where she rented a bedroom only, which she had herself furnished. Her grandson had insisted upon her having the room carpeted, and she had consented on condition that he would pay for this. When I arrived the carpet had been down only a short time, but I learnt that when the man came to measure the room for it, Madame Bonaparte gave him imperative instructions that he was on no account to measure under the bed, the wardrobe, or any article of furniture, since it was merely a waste of money to put any carpet where it did not show. At this date Madame Bonaparte had become very shrivelled and bent; a black silk cap replaced the lace one which she had formerly worn, and the *ferronière* of diamonds which still adorned her brow was very dirty. Her arms, as in her younger days, were bare and covered with bracelets; her fingers were twisted with gout. But her brain was clear as of old, and although her speech was bitter, her manner was still characterised by the peculiar calm for which she was always remarkable. She asked me many questions about my grandfather and grandmother, and showed a keen interest in anything which I could tell her about the Prince Imperial whom I had known well in Paris, and with whom I had constantly skated. I asked her for her autograph, but she retorted sharply—‘What for? To raise money upon

it?' And when next I asked her if she had a photograph which I could take back to my grandmother who wanted one, she pointed to her portrait by Gilbert Stuart hanging upon the wall opposite, and which consisted of three heads, full face, profile, and three quarters. 'I will leave *that* photograph,' she said, 'I wish to go down to posterity looking as I did then!' I expected she would send me a photograph of the portrait, but she never did. She died three years later."

Truly, in that occupant of a solitary room in a boarding-house, that woman bent and distorted by age, miserly in temperament, eccentric in her habits, it is difficult to recognise the girl whose charm had once dazzled Europe, whose beauty might have graced a throne, and who might well have held the fate of nations in the hollow of her tiny hand. Still more in the graphic vision of her small and shrivelled form flitting from one article of faded finery to another, with her tale of events long past, a whole panorama of history is presented to the imagination. One recalls that born while the Bourbons were on the throne, the childhood of Elizabeth Patterson must have been thrilled with tales of the deluge of blood which swept before it the principalities and powers of France. Her womanhood saw the rise of Napoleon and bowed angrily before his invincible might. She saw him boldly ascend the throne which Louis the Sixteenth had vacated for the scaffold; she watched his star attain its zenith, wane, vanish, and flash forth again in a mockery of its old brilliance, ere it was extinguished in eternal night. She

saw dynasty succeed dynasty and revolution succeed revolution in the land of her adoption from which she was an exile. She died while France was trying the experiment of a third republic, and declared in her last hours that the people of Europe were tired of kings and queens. Yet, as we have seen, throughout all the phases of that eventful time, on which she could not look with indifference, since with it her own fate was involved, she maintained, outwardly at least, that strange and unbroken apathy which bewildered while it fascinated those who witnessed it. For her plaints are but the plaints of a fretful child; in view of a life-long tragedy her greatest grievance is the *ennui* to which it has left her the prey; and the fiercest storms of life passed over her without more than ruffling the even tenour of her existence. Was that strange exterior calm, after all, but the mask by which a proud spirit concealed an incurable hurt? or was it that the strongest emotion of which Elizabeth was capable was but the petulance of a spoilt child who has been balked of the toys which it coveted?

Who shall say? There is something strangely pathetic in the fact that, despite her ineradicable contempt for Jerome, she always believed, or wished others to believe that, although overborne by the pressure of circumstance, that fickle lover of her youth had ever been faithful to her at heart. "Jerome loved me to the last," she asserted after his death, "he thought me the handsomest woman in the world, and the most charming. After his marriage with the Princess, he gave the Court



painters several miniatures of me, from which to make a portrait, which he kept hidden from the good Catherine."

Was she right? To-day Elizabeth rests in a quiet tomb above which are graven the significant words—"After Life's fitful fever she sleeps well." And all that is known to posterity is that Jerome bore the name of a libertine and a betrayer, while the woman who was his wife, at the age of ninety-four died as she had lived, placid, blameless, picturesque, pathetic, a mysterious figure in a romantic setting, solitary in death as in life, to the last a dupe of destiny.

## V

### A FAVOURITE OF DESTINY

#### THE STORY OF A TRANSATLANTIC INVASION OF 1816

**C**HARLES CARROLL of Carrollton, the famous Senator of Maryland, whose name is eternally interwoven with the history of American Independence, was not only eminent among the politicians of his generation, but was likewise a man of considerable private wealth and social prominence. Of Irish origin, he traced his descent from the old princely family of the Carrolls of Ely O'Carroll, King's County, Ireland, whose ancestor was Fiam, or Florence, King of Ely, who died in 1206. The grandfather of Charles Carroll, a staunch Roman Catholic, had fled from Ireland in 1688, and eventually became Attorney-General of Maryland, thus evincing a capacity for public life, which his grandson inherited. A small, spare man, of simple tastes and unvarnished speech, albeit possessed of much personal charm of manner, Charles Carroll was one of the fifty-seven signers of the famous Declaration of Independence. It was on the second of August 1776, when he put his hand to this celebrated document, and a picturesque

legend grew up round the event. It was said that, at the crucial moment, being jestingly reminded by one of his colleagues that, since there were others of his name in Maryland, he thereby incurred little personal danger in any troubles which might accrue, Charles Carroll seized the pen once more and boldly added "of Carrollton" to his previous signature, thus establishing his identity for all time, and assuming a name by which he was thenceforth known. It would appear, however, that the real object of such an appellation was solely to distinguish him from his father who bore the same Christian name as himself; but another story connected with this historical incident is undoubtedly authentic. On being asked to sign the document which might involve him in ultimate ruin, Charles Carroll replied briefly,—“Most willingly,” and as he made his signature, a member standing near observed, “There go a few millions!” For all present recognised that while in a greater or a less degree each signer courted disaster by the temerity of his act, yet none had so much at stake or risked such vast possessions as did Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Nevertheless the Senator never had occasion to repent his action, but passed his days subsequently in unruffled prosperity, accredited with being one of the wealthiest men in Maryland. As the years went by, he became the father of seven children, six of whom were girls, remarkable for their good looks. The eldest of these, however, died at an early age, and scarcely had Mary, his second daughter, attained to womanhood, than her father

became aware that she had given her affections to a young Englishman but recently arrived in America, and who could not at that date boast a sufficient fortune to recommend him as a suitable husband for the beautiful girl who had become attached to him. For "Polly" Carroll, although little more than a child, was already recognised as the reigning belle of the society in which she moved; her portrait, painted by Robert Edge Pine, and preserved by her descendants, still testifies to her fascination; while, apart from her personal attractions, the position occupied by her father would alone have ensured her a large amount of public attention. Small wonder, therefore, that the Senator harboured some more ambitious project for a daughter of whom he was justly proud, while to add to his disappointment there was at this date another aspirant to her hand whom he greatly preferred, her cousin Daniel Carroll.

Charles Carroll, therefore, used every persuasion to shake the young girl's resolution and, finding his own arguments unavailing, he at length appealed to a friend, Mr Thomas Cockey Deye, to bring fresh influence to bear upon so awkward a predicament. The story runs that Mr Deye having, in turn, exhausted his powers of eloquence, returned to Charles Carroll to report the complete failure of his mission, whereupon the Senator determined to try one last experiment. "Go," he said, "and ask her if her lover gets into jail who will get him out?" Mr Deye, thus armed, returned to the charge, but on hearing his question the beautiful girl, with her face

rendered yet more lovely by the enthusiasm which inspired it, raised her tiny hands heavenwards and exclaimed dramatically—"These hands shall take him out." The solution might not be convincing, but the devotion which prompted it conquered the father's heart. Persuaded that his daughter's happiness was at stake, he withdrew his opposition to her engagement, and on March 13th, 1786, he penned to Daniel Carroll a letter which was little calculated to be welcome to the recipient.

My daughter, I am sorry to inform you, is much attached to, and has engaged herself to, a young English gentleman of the name of Caton. I do sincerely wish that she had placed her affections elsewhere, but I do not think myself at liberty to control her choice when fixed on a person of unexceptionable character. My assent to this union is obtained on two conditions, that the young gentleman shall extricate himself from some debts which he has contracted and shall get into a business sufficient to maintain himself and a family. These conditions he has promised to comply with, and, when performed, there will be no other impediment in the way of his marriage. Time will wear away the impression which an early attachment has made on your heart, and I hope you will find out, in the course of a year or two, some agreeable, virtuous, and sweet-tempered young lady, whose reciprocal affection, tenderness and goodness of disposition, will make you happy, and forget the loss of my daughter.

No account is given of the effect produced upon the luckless suitor by this fateful letter ; but the

intelligence it conveyed was soon confirmed. The following November, at the age of seventeen, Mary Carroll married the young Englishman, Richard Caton, and her father having bestowed upon the young couple a princely dowry, added as a wedding gift a beautiful old house close to Baltimore in which they forthwith took up their abode.

Nevertheless, the young bride did not subsequently condemn herself to a life of domestic obscurity. After her marriage she was, we are told, "a particular favourite and one of the most charming ornaments of the Republican Court," where she was "distinguished for the grace and elegance of her manners as well as for her sweet and amiable qualities." Washington used frequently to drive over in his coach-and-four to visit her, and he openly expressed his affectionate admiration for the daughter of his old friend when, three years after her marriage, she accompanied her father to New York, where her beauty created no small sensation.

Nor was the man to whom she had united herself apparently unworthy of his good fortune. Richard Caton, the successful rival of the luckless Daniel, was of an appearance almost as prepossessing as her own. Tall, dignified and exceptionally handsome, he was striking both in manner and person. Although he could not boast a princely descent, his family was old and honourable. Different branches of it, said to have a common origin, are mentioned in the page of history. One line is entered in Domesday Book, one ancestor fought at Agincourt, another took a company of archers to Flodden

Field, yet another, named Le Caton Fidèle, was Governor of Calais under one of the Edwards. Devout Catholics, the Catons left money to many shrines and founded at least one abbey; they were monks, abbots, and priors till the Reformation, when some of the branches of the family became converted to the new faith, while others adhered to their old religion and endured persecution in Jacobean times. Still opulent and powerful through the generations, the Catons have left their trace in the names of villages in Norfolk, Derbyshire, Devonshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, while in the latter county, whence came the immediate ancestors of Richard Caton, in the villages of Caton and Heysham, they had held land for generations, and still hold it.

In days when the population round Manchester and Lancaster was comparatively small, and the means of travelling limited, the families residing there intermarried till the exact relationships between them are difficult to trace. From recent investigations, however, it appears that the grandfather of Richard Caton was a Captain Joseph Caton, who commanded his own ship, the *Great Tom of Lincoln*. Reputed to have been the first Caton who ever entered trade, he was a slave dealer and owner of property in Jamaica. His son Joseph married a girl of sixteen and had a family of eight children, of whom Richard was born on the 15th of April 1763.

Some say that it was as a non-commissioned officer that Richard Caton first found his way to America. All that is known with certainty, however, is that

he became a merchant there in 1785-6, about the date of his marriage, and that in 1790 he entered into an association for the manufacture of cotton. Further, tradition states that he was for long viewed by the older residents in Baltimore with considerable jealousy, and looked upon by them in the light of a foreign adventurer.

There is no doubt that his good fortune was calculated to excite enmity. A man of real ability and of great fascination, albeit rather arrogant in manner, Richard Caton, with presumably little of this world's goods to substantiate his claim, had at one stroke secured a wife beautiful and wealthy, and allied himself with one of the foremost families in the land of his adoption. Small wonder that those who envied him were ready to question his claim to success and to dwell with scarcely veiled ill-nature on his demerits. Moreover, it must be admitted that one failing to which he was addicted must have given a handle to his enemies. It will be seen that at the time of his engagement to Mary Carroll he had already contracted debts which his prospective father-in-law was anxious to see settled, and whether owing to rash speculation, or owing to an inherent tendency to extravagance, Richard Caton throughout his life showed the same propensity for involving himself in pecuniary straits.

To a man of the cautious temperament of Charles Carroll, who, it is stated, loved money for money's sake, this failing in his daughter's husband was a constant source of anxiety and annoyance. Yet, apart from this undesirable idiosyncrasy, Richard

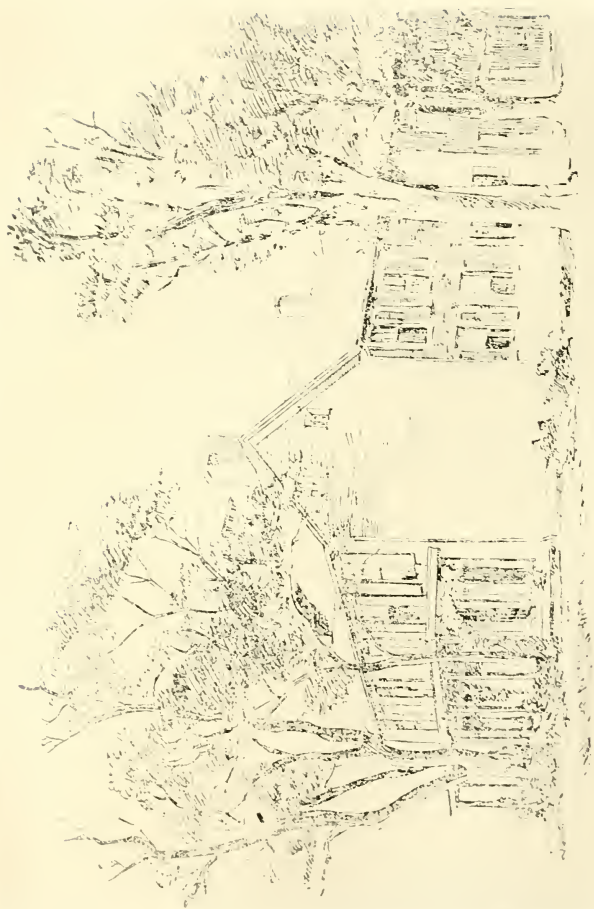


Caton was a man of undoubted culture and of scholarly taste. He was particularly interested in geological research, and, in a minor degree, in scientific farming. He was one of the founders, in 1795, of the "Library Company" whose collection was merged in the library of the Maryland Historical Society.

Whether the lovely Mary ever rued her early choice, history does not relate. As the years went by and she became the mother of four daughters, named respectively Mary (or Marianne), Elizabeth, Louisa, and Emily, whose beauty threatened to rival her own, her whole anxiety seems to have centred in the endeavour to procure for her children the advantages which were not always compatible with her means. Yet despite his extravagance, for long Richard Caton was in the possession of a large income, which was also augmented by the finding of coal at Cape Sable, so that his family lived in unstinted wealth and luxury. The lovely Caton sisters grew up in the comfortable country house given by Charles Carroll to his daughter on her marriage, which was situated on a fine estate called Brooklandwood, not far from Baltimore. The site which it then occupied is now in the heart of Catonsville, a flourishing suburb of the modern town, but in those days Baltimore was of very different dimensions, and the hills round the growing young city were adorned with the country houses of its prominent citizens. In the winter, we are told, these large landed proprietors and wealthy merchants lived in the town "like feudal chiefs, their days

given to politics and their nights to dancing, card-parties and other pastimes, but in summer they took up their quarters on their estates in the neighbourhood," and their country houses are thus described:—

“These palatial residences crowned the semi-circle of hills around the newly-corporated city, and were built of brick in the style of English architecture of the day. They were rarely more than two storeys high, and in most instances consisted simply of a central hall with wings stretching right and left, and showing a total frontage of from a hundred to a hundred-and-fifty feet. Unconnected with the main building, but clustering about it, were the store-houses and the offices for domestic purposes, and in the rear or on one side, screened by trees, but within easy distance, were the ‘quarters’ for the negroes, and still a little further off the stable, kennels, and other out-houses. Simple, plain, and massive externally, and with an air of solid comfort about them, the interior of these mansions was remarkable for thoroughness and elaboration, large sums of money being lavished on the carved mantels, cornices and mouldings, and on the broad, heavy, balustraded staircases. The rooms were all wainscoted, the floors beautifully white, but rarely carpeted. The pictures on the walls were few, and these for the most part family portraits. The furniture was often imported from England, particularly the finest clocks, many of which yet remain in proof of the excellence of their manufacture; feather beds were used and bed-clothing was commonly quilted and worked with



CASTLE THUNDER, THE HOME OF DR. RICHARD CANTON



beautiful designs ; artists were liberally patronised in the adornment of the dwellings ; china-ware and porcelain were in common use, and the remnants of the table-ware that have been preserved show a refined taste in the choice of such articles. Jewellery of great value was displayed by the wealthy on grand occasions and costly silver plate was to be found."

And the inhabitants of these comfortable old-world homes are thus depicted :—

" A Maryland gentleman of the olden time, seated on domains that spread over thousands of acres and living in what was very like a baronial state, educated perhaps in Europe, polished in manners, hospitable, generous, cordial and manly, was a noble specimen of a man. He is described as wearing his hair or a wig powdered and tied in a long queue : a plaited white stock ; a shirt ruffled at the bosom and over the hands, and fastened at the wrist with gold sleeve-buttons ; a peach-bloom coat with white buttons, lined with white silk, and standing off at the skirts with buckram ; a figured silk vest, divided so that the pockets extended over the thighs ; black silk or satin small clothes, with large gold or silver knee-buckles ; cotton or silk stockings ; large shoes with short quarters and buckles to match.

" The ladies of Baltimore were already distinguished for those attractions which have been celebrated so much . . . and their costumes followed the country from which they obtained the rich material for their dresses—silks and satins and brocades. They wore gorgeous brocade and

taffeta, luxuriantly displayed and girdled under the arm-pits with comely laced bodies, and sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow and then expanded into prodigious ruffles. The hair was powdered, pomaded and puffed; their collars were low in the neck, and a kerchief, silky and white, was folded over the bosom and tucked within the armour of the unbending high-peaked stays; their high-heeled shoes were satin, and "beneath their petticoats like little mice crept in and out," for they took the daintiest of mincing steps and put on a multitude of coquettish airs."<sup>1</sup>

Reading this account, one can conjure up a picture of that vanished life, with its strange mingling of feudalism and democracy; of Richard Caton, clad in the snowy wig and the peach-hued, be-ruffled coat of the period, a man handsome, intellectual, and uniting the dignity of the old world with the enlightenment of the new; of his comely wife, the conscious possessor of a grace which defied the flight of years, and of a position which was unassailable as the daughter of the famous Senator; of his four lovely children, the fame of whose beauty was to become world-wide, and who, as they gradually donned the powder and patches, silken kerchiefs and rich brocades of womanhood, seemed fittingly placed in the picturesque setting of that old-time house, with its wainscoted walls, white floors, and atmosphere of luxurious simplicity. Of the fashion

<sup>1</sup> *Old Maryland Homes* (Baltimore Society eighty years ago), by Colonel J. Thomas Scharf. Written for the *Baltimore Weekly Sun*.

of that existence in which their girlhood was passed a graphic picture has indeed been left by their cousin, Richard Jackson, an enterprising youth who, later, journeyed from Liverpool to visit his uncle Caton at Baltimore, and who wrote thus to his mother upon his arrival :—

“ I took a sulky and drove over to Uncle Caton’s. . . . We breakfast at nine, dine at three, after which we don’t go out, except to Parties and then in the carriage, sup at seven and go to bed at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 o’clock very regular ; good, kind people they are, they anticipate my wishes in everything. Uncle Caton’s roof is certainly the roof of hospitality ; . . . . He lives splendidly here, sees a deal of company and visits—at least not he but the family,—a great deal. I have been called upon by a great many gentlemen and ladies ; one Gent., a General Stewart called for me in his carriage and took me to his country house to dinner, sent me home at night.”

He describes his gaieties and continues :—

“ I have been a-sleighing here on the snow and ice, with Aunt C. and Mrs MacTavish, they have a sleigh of their own and drive four horses. I have been likewise in it to Church and home, always four-in-hand. Have been to Court House in Catonsville about 7 miles off with Uncle Caton in the sleigh. I am going out again to pay calls with Aunt Caton in her carriage to-morrow. She has two carriages and plenty of horses and servants—goodness knows ! I have about four to wait on me night and morning. Two such queer little lads, two *snow-balleys* of men. I assure you my

thoughts are often engaged with thoughts of my dear home, friends, and country, and I often say, 'England with all thy imperfections I love thee still.' Although I must say I am not yet tired of America, its habits or its people, only being *darkies* they seem queer.

"The first morning when I awoke I wondered what was in my room, when I saw the darkies putting the water right, poking the fire, taking my clothes to brush and kicking up the devil of a row. We have always four waiters at dinner, which is sumptuous. Terapin soup, fish, Turkey, galena, fowls, omelet, parsnips, etc., then puddings, whips, sweetmeats and thick cream. After dinner, American apples, etc., and wine. We never see the above again, without it is the cold beef sliced for breakfast. They must get through a lot of stuff, but they have a very large farm and plenty of servants. I think male or female, they have nearly if not more than twenty in town. I can assure you I live tarnation well!"

In another letter he adds :—

"Apples here are, for the best, ten for a fip, that is  $6\frac{1}{4}$  halfpennies, rather cheap I guess. I have eat many a one, they are delicious, but am now tired, and shall await the peaches which I am told are sold when they first come in 'very dear'—namely *four for a penny*!!!! afterwards they will thank you to fetch them away from the orchards. There are not many fine buildings here, their Town Hall or Exchange is like a large house in Liverpool. The Custom House in Baltimore would go in our Custom House Dome.

". . . I like all my dear friends to have it in their power to say that they have heard from me



in a good good land over-flowing with milk and honey. It, I assure you, makes the tears come into my eyes when I witness so often my new-formed acquaintance requesting me to come often and see them and spend a few days, and on hearing my Aunt Caton and Uncle Caton expressing themselves so kindly that they could not part with me, that they often thought no one of Uncle Caton's family would reciprocate Aunt C.'s venturing across the great and deep Atlantic, so awful in supposition to many but nothing when crossing. . . ."

And this testimony to the hospitality and warmth of affection with which he was greeted in a "land overflowing with milk and honey" is nowise discounted by the boyish anticlimax of two American stories which the writer appends with a relish that proclaims his youthfulness:—

Talking of curious things, I saw a man so short that he had to go up a ladder to pick a cent off the ground! There was an Irishman enquired the fare up to Frederick by Canal P. boat (I was at the office at the time). The clerk told him two dollars. He said he would give them one-fifty and work his passage up; so it was agreed, and when he came to the boat the Captain asked him *how* he intended to work his passage. He answered that, when the Packet was ready, *he intended to help the other men to drag the Packet alongside the banks!*<sup>1</sup>

Although this letter was penned by their merry cousin long years after the three elder daughters of

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Richard Jackson to Mrs Joseph Jackson of Upper Pitt St., Liverpool; written from Baltimore, January 24th, 1841.

Richard Caton had left the home of their girlhood for ever, it is but reasonable to imagine that the manner of living there had varied but slightly with the passing of time. Richard Caton, open-handed and warm-hearted alike in early and in later life, was never lacking in friends to appreciate his society or guests ready to avail themselves of his unstinting hospitality. Thus his daughters during their early years never suffered from a scarcity of acquaintance or an absence of gaiety. Indeed, apart from visits to the home of their grandfather, Charles Carroll, where they found themselves the centre of attraction and the admiration of all the neighbouring *beaux*, there had come to reside near their home many of their own connections; and this coterie of intimate friends and relations vied with each other in the exchange of amenities, while among them were to be found many whose names are yet known to posterity.

In 1800 their uncle, Charles Carroll the younger, married the daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Chew, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and settled in an adjacent house called Homewood, which had been built for him by his father, Charles Carroll. Thither, too, came the young bride's sister, charming Peggy Chew, who had been admired by the unfortunate Major André, a memory which she cherished with tender regret, until she married and likewise settled in the neighbourhood. And, still more important to the destiny of one of the Caton sisters, a mile south of Homewood was the Homestead, where dwelt the wealthy merchant William Paterson

(or, as his name was spelt later, Patterson), and where grew up Robert Patterson and his brilliant sister Betsy, whose brief married life with her husband, Jerome Bonaparte, was also passed in this home of her childhood.

The intimacy between the Catons and Pattersons was great, although Mary, as she was usually called, the eldest of the Caton sisters, was but a child when took place the celebrated wedding of Betsy Patterson and the brother of the great Napoleon. Yet the sight of the deserted wife of the King of Westphalia must have been familiar to Mary's childhood, and her constant companion during those years has left on record some interesting recollections of this early friendship. Under the same roof which sheltered the daughters of Richard Caton, there grew to womanhood a small coloured girl, named Henrietta Johnson, who had been adopted into their household as humble playmate or attendant, and who was destined to grow old in a service of love which she never quitted. She lived to describe, a century later, how she had played with little Jerome in the garden of the Catons' house, and had heard Madam Jerome Bonaparte with her own lips relate there the story of her then recent ill-treatment at the hands of the conqueror of Europe. Meanwhile, in the family correspondence, we have glimpses of balls and merry-makings at which the Catons and Pattersons met and mingled, till at length the natural outcome of propinquity and mutual liking took place, and, in 1816, Mrs Shelmerdine, the sister of Richard Caton the elder, made an entry in the

family Bible which is still extant. This was to the effect that her niece, Marianne Caton, had wedded *Robert Patterson, son of William Paterson, of a Scottish family.*

Mary Caton, though only nineteen at the time of her marriage, is said already to have had as many suitors as the fair Helen. Since her first entry into society two years previously, she had been an acknowledged belle of Baltimore. The heritage of good looks which had devolved to her from both parents found expression in her extraordinary beauty, her brilliant eyes, and her exquisitely modelled neck and head; while her graceful and dignified carriage, her sparkling wit, and her many accomplishments combined to enchant all who came in contact with her. Her wedding attracted universal attention. The granddaughter of a man of celebrity and wealth uniting herself with one of the richest families in Baltimore—a family who never forgot that they had already contracted a royal alliance—the ceremony took place with a magnificence suitable to the position of both bride and groom. Archbishop Carroll, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of the United States, performed the rite, after which the festivities were kept up on a scale of old-fashioned hospitality for many weeks. Finally, although bridal tours were then unknown, six weeks after the marriage Mr and Mrs Robert Patterson sailed for Europe, attended by the faithful Henrietta Johnson. The two elder Miss Catons, Elizabeth and Louisa, likewise accompanied them, the voyage and a trial of Cheltenham waters having

been recommended for their health, while their younger sister, Emily, who was in no need of such treatment, remained quietly at home with her parents.

It must have been an eventful day for the three sisters when they set forth from the land of their birth for the distant island of their ancestry. Not many years previously England and America had been at war, and a feeling of hostility still smouldered between the two countries, which, in 1812, had again burst into active enmity. Accustomed, however, to a diversity of opinion amongst their nearest relatives in politics as well as in religion, the sisters had long accepted the knowledge that, during that war, half their family had fought on one side and half on the other. They probably cherished little sentiment with regard to the political aspect of this question, yet they must have been fully aware that, at that date, Americans were regarded in England, as Raikes points out, in the light of "foreigners, and of a nation hitherto little known in our aristocratical circles." But the sisters did not set forth on their adventurous expedition unprepared for the difficulties which they might have to encounter. Letters of introduction from the celebrated Washington were the talisman which was to gain for them the *entrée* into English society, while their own incomparable beauty was a weapon with which they might well expect to conquer the land of their invasion.

It is said that when they arrived in England unwelcomed and unknown, one of the first to offer them hospitality was the liberal-minded Coke of

Norfolk, who, through his staunch, though unacquainted admirer, Washington, had received early intelligence of their arrival. Coke, whose name at that date was well known to Americans as their adherent throughout the war, entertained the three sisters in a manner which called forth warm expressions of gratitude from their parents in America. His opinion of Elizabeth and Louisa is not known, but his verdict upon Mary Patterson has survived in a letter which he wrote to William Roscoe some years later, when Mr and Mrs Patterson were paying another visit to Holkham before embarking for the Continent :—

There is a most beautiful and lovely woman in my house of the name of Paterson (an American), with her sisters, the two Miss Catons. They are anxious to be known to you, and propose when they leave England to embark at Liverpool. Any attention shown to them will be esteemed as a mark of favour conferred upon me. The fascinating and lively deportment of Mrs Paterson will soon speak for itself ; she is so extremely amiable and natural in her manners as to engage the admiration of everybody. She is an ornament to her sex, and has a claim to every attention that can be shown to her in this country. I shall ever lament the day she leaves us.

Doubtless Roscoe did not fail to respond to this attractive appeal ; but long before the date of this letter the sisters had become well known in London society. Indeed, the events which followed their arrival in England must have surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Not many weeks had they

been in this country before a rumour of their marvellous beauty began to be spread abroad. Soon, just as the great Washington had admired their mother, Mary Carroll, so the great Duke of Wellington acknowledged himself fascinated with her daughter. The famous conqueror of Napoleon was himself conquered. He personally presented Mary Patterson to the Regent at Court, and the First Gentleman in Europe, who considered himself no mean connoisseur in beauty, is said to have exclaimed in amazement, "Is it possible there can exist so beautiful a woman?" Indeed, such was the impression made upon the Prince's mind that in 1818, when Richard Rush presented his credentials at St James's as Minister of the United States, immediately the formal ceremony was over the Prince proceeded to compliment him on the beauty of his three countrywomen. "The American Graces," as they were speedily named, became the rage. Wherever they went they were fêted, courted, and flattered. Byron in the midst of his ceaseless intrigues saw the beautiful Mary and made her the model for his Zuleika. It is believed to have been her image which inspired him when he wrote of "The might—the majesty of loveliness!"

Such was Zuleika—such around her shone  
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone ;  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonised the whole—  
And, oh ! that eye was in itself a soul !

In short, the triumphal progress of the sisters

knew neither party nor creed. It is probable that the very conditions to which they had been accustomed from their earliest childhood had broadened their outlook, and while this predisposed them to view with leniency opposing opinions or contending factions, had endowed them with an adaptability of temperament which now stood them in good stead. Thus Mary, allied by marriage with Napoleon, could yet sustain a life-long friendship with the Duke of Wellington ; admired by the Prince Regent, could yet charm Coke of Norfolk, that Prince's implacable foe ; and the friend and correspondent of Byron, could yet remain pure and unassailed in character. For such was the discreet and dignified behaviour of all three sisters that at this period no breath of scandal tarnished their fair fame.

Meanwhile, in far-away Baltimore, the news of their triumph was received with delight, and brought solace to the mother who had parted with them voluntarily believing it to be for their worldly advantage.

"I was apprehensive," wrote Charles Carroll to his grandchildren, "that dissipation and late hours would counteract the benefits of the voyage and the waters of Cheltenham.

You have received, I understand, marked civilities and attentions from the Prince Regent and the Duke of Wellington, and other distinguished persons, which have been noticed in the public prints as well as in private letters.

Although we are all anxious for your return home, and no one more than I am, yet I could wish you to remain in England till sometime



in the ensuing autumn, to make another trial of the Cheltenham waters before you embark.

What a dissipated life the fashionable in London lead! What time have they for reflection? The nights consumed in a variety of entertainments and amusements, and a large proportion of the day in bed. Their manners are most agreeable and fascinating, and no doubt their tempers are amiable. Yet to me, used to a comparatively quiet life, such a whirl of pleasure appears incompatible with real happiness.

God bless you and your sisters and husband and return you all in good health to your native land.

The contrast of the life which his granddaughters were leading and that to which he then unhesitatingly believed they would eventually return, appears to have haunted the thoughts of Charles Carroll, although he endeavoured to reassure himself, for, in another letter, when speaking of Robert Patterson, he adds anxiously:—

I suppose he meets with fine sport in some of the gentlemen's country seats. How will you relish this Manor with its rude state after viewing all those beautiful and highly improved seats? Yet it is not the Manor, but its owner that you value, and endears the place to you!

To one, however, who had shared the life of the three sisters in the distant land of their childhood, the news of their triumph brought little satisfaction. It tormented the envious soul of Mary's sister-in-law, Elizabeth Bonaparte, till her life in the merchant

city waxed yet more intolerable to her, and she, too, set forth on a tour upon the Continent. She likewise visited Cheltenham, and it is probable that, for a time, she may have joined her brother and his wife, and may have shared with them the society of her old acquaintance, the Iron Duke, who had admired and befriended her before he met those younger Baltimore beauties. But Elizabeth does not display a very friendly spirit towards her sister-in-law at this date of her career, and in her private correspondence there are tokens of a very bitter jealousy having animated her on hearing of Mary's friendship with Wellington.

You would be surprised (she writes with angry cynicism) if you knew how great a fool she is, at the power she exercises over the Duke; but I believe he has no taste for *les femmes d'esprit*, which is, however, no reason for going into extremes, as in this case. He gave her an introduction to the Prince Regent and to everyone of consequence in London and Paris. She had, however, no success in France, where her not speaking the language of the country was a considerable advantage to her, since it prevented her nonsense from being heard.

In fact, the assiduous attendance of Wellington in the train of the fair Americans and his undisguised admiration for Mary Patterson was rousing malicious comment. The Iron Duke was known to be vulnerable at least in his attitude towards the opposite sex, and his infatuation for Mrs Patterson was fast becoming notorious. "He followed her

over half the continent," we are told, "and by his unguarded devotion caused not a little scandal."<sup>1</sup> Had such celebrity fallen to the share of Elizabeth, it might have provided some balm to her wounded pride, and under the circumstances she must have experienced still further annoyance at hearing of an incident which occurred in the summer of 1816, the news of which reached her while she was staying in Paris. Mary Patterson and her sisters were then visiting Brussels, as usual attended by the Duke, when the idea suggested itself to them that it would be a feat worth accomplishing to visit the field of Waterloo in company with the hero of that victory, which had taken place only the year previously. They therefore begged the Duke to escort them, and, although obviously reluctant, he at last consented. Accordingly, on the 18th of June, the first anniversary of the battle, they actually spent the morning going over the field with him while he explained to them the entire plan of campaign. Late in the afternoon they returned to Brussels, much delighted with their expedition, and dined with the Duke. But in the evening their host was unusually silent, he scarcely responded to their light-hearted questioning, his face was supremely melancholy, while occasionally heavy sighs escaped him. And gradually the lively chatter of the sisters was hushed as they realised that never till that day had the hero of Waterloo revisited the scene of his greatest triumph, and that now he was thinking—

<sup>1</sup> *The Republican Court*, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold. New York, 1867, page 209.

not of the glory—but of the price of victory. Mary Patterson said afterwards that had she ever imagined the distressing effect that expedition would have upon him, she would never have suggested his accompanying them.

Meanwhile the impression created by the Duke upon the object of his admiration is reflected in a letter written by her grandfather to his favourite Mary :—

The Duke of Wellington is a really great man ; your character of him is well drawn and perfectly impartial ; for I am sure your love of truth is such that your predilection would not permit you to exaggerate his shining and uncommon qualities. His affability is charming, for his attentions to my granddaughters I feel most thankful.

Again on October 23rd, 1816, he wrote :—

You are all frequently in my thoughts. The Duke of Wellington, if ever man was dear to his country, deserves to be so from his important services to them, and indeed to all Europe ; his victories have not only established his fame as a Military Commander, but have been obtained in the justest cause, and have given independence to the Nations of Europe. That his Duchess should incessantly speak of him is quite natural ; she must glory in having such a husband.

By this time you are preparing to visit Paris. I have no doubt the gay scenes you have partaken of will endear to you all the comforts of the domestic fire-side. After all, nothing can contribute to real happiness but a good conscience, health and competency.

Ever through the letters of the simple-hearted Senator runs the dread, strenuously suppressed, that the granddaughters from whom he was parted could never return to him unsullied, as he had sent them forth, by the pomps and vanities of a world which had accorded to their beauty so remarkable an ovation. And however sincerely the sisters may have reciprocated the sentiments of the old man whom they dearly loved, yet the gulf was daily widening which was to sever them eternally from the life that lay behind them. Soon news reached Baltimore that the admiration which they had excited in London was being, if possible, surpassed by that which they were evoking in Paris. Fêted and courted by the foremost families in France, they had been presented to the French Royal family in beautiful dresses with long trains, "bordered in gold and silver," while still in attendance upon them wherever they journeyed went the great Duke of Wellington, enhancing their fame by his devotion and rousing amused comments by the fervency of his service.

Indeed, this intimacy with the Iron Duke soon had its result upon the life of one of the sisters. Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, grandson of the Marquis of Bristol, and A.D.C. successively to H.R.H. the Prince Regent and to the Duke of Wellington, now fell in love with Louisa, and they were married in the spring of 1817 at Apsley House, when the Duke gave the bride away. A very interesting description of the Battle of Waterloo was afterwards written by the bridegroom in a letter to his wife's grandfather,

at the special request of the old Senator, and was published in 1893.<sup>1</sup> Sir Felton had, moreover, been one of the most gallant officers in the Peninsular War and had lost his right arm at the Battle of Vittoria.

It is said that in a subsequent skirmish he had a curious escape from imminent death. The Duke of Wellington had sent him with an order to a distant part of the field. Sir Felton rode off without a sword, holding his bridle in his solitary left hand and with his empty sleeve fastened across his breast. Suddenly he saw an armed French officer galloping towards him with evidently murderous intentions. Knowing himself to be defenceless, Sir Felton gave himself up for lost and, wheeling round, prepared to meet his fate unflinchingly. The French officer dashed up, raised himself in his stirrups, and had uplifted his sword ready to strike, when his eye fell on the empty sleeve upon his enemy's breast. Recognising that he was about to slay a helpless man, with an instinct of chivalry which deserves commemoration, he lowered his weapon in the form of a salute, and rode quietly away.

Two months after the wedding the bridal couple were once again in Paris with the Duke of Wellington, for Lady Granville writes in June of that year—"The Duke of Wellington is here with one American branch, Lady Hervey . . . and to-day Mrs Patterson could not have seen him more devoted." In fact it was now on all hands openly suggested that the Duke

<sup>1</sup> A contemporary letter on the Battle of Waterloo, communicated by the Duchess of Leeds, *Nineteenth Century*, March 1893.

was in love with the beautiful American ; so that at this date we find Mrs Calvert referring as follows to some amateur theatricals given by the Duke of Richmond :—" The Duke of Wellington was there with Colonel and Mrs Hervey in his train. She is not long married, and was a Miss Caton, sister to Mrs Patterson, a genteel-looking young woman. It is the fashion to make a fuss about her because the Duke of Wellington is in love with Mrs Patterson, whose sister (*sic*) is married to Jerome Bonaparte." <sup>1</sup> Subsequently, Wellington, who, apart from his interest in Louisa, as Mary's sister, had always shown a high regard for the bravery of his A.D.C., entertained the bride and groom for many weeks at Walmer Castle.

" From Mrs Patterson's account of the Duke," wrote Charles Carroll again in 1818, " there could not be a more friendly and amiable man ; and all who know Hervey love him." Meanwhile dinners and fêtes were given in honour of the newly-married couple by many noted people, and among others the Duchess of Rutland gave a ball. Herself the last survivor of a former famous trio of beauties who had graced the Court of George the Third many years before, and of which the other members were the handsome Duchess of Gordon and the celebrated Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, the old Duchess yet generously announced that in beauty, grace and dignity the three American sisters surpassed all the lovely women she had ever seen.

<sup>1</sup> *An Irish Beauty of the Regency*, by Mrs Warrenne Blake, page 279.

But the married life of the young couple was destined to be short. Two years after the wedding Sir Felton died, and his widow, accompanied by her unmarried sister, Elizabeth Caton, forthwith went abroad and travelled extensively on the Continent. The Pattersons had meanwhile returned to Baltimore, and Wellington, disconsolate at the loss of the woman whom he so greatly admired, is said for many months to have written for Mary a minute diary of all the events that occurred in the gay world which she had bereft of her presence, and this record "he transmitted in letters by every packet for the United States."<sup>1</sup> In 1822, however, Robert Patterson died, and Mary in the early days of her widowhood decided to rejoin her sisters upon the Continent. "I hear Mrs Robert Patterson is coming out," wrote Elizabeth Bonaparte. "She will be the best sailor in the world. Her sisters are not married yet, which, considering their persevering endeavours and invincible courage, rather surprises me!" Many, however, were the regrets expressed by Mary's countrymen at her departure, and there is little doubt that offers for her hand were not lacking. "The beautiful Madonna widow, Mrs P.," is referred to in sentimental terms by Christopher Hughes<sup>2</sup> and other American correspondents of Coke of Norfolk at this date. But Mary was

<sup>1</sup> *The Republican Court*, page 209.

<sup>2</sup> Christopher Hughes was said to be the "best-known man in the world from New York to Kamschatka." In February 1814 he was commissioned Secretary to the United States Legation in London; and he represented the United States longer than any other Minister at several European Courts.



obdurate in her determination to leave the United States. Possibly their initiation into fashionable life had given the sisters, as it gave their critic Elizabeth Bonaparte, a distaste for the mercantile society at Baltimore; but certain it is that while their mother, still dazzled by the social success which had attended them, kept them liberally supplied with money at the cost of personal privations, her daughters showed little inclination to remain with her in the home of their childhood.

The return of Mary to the scene of her former triumph renewed the scandal with regard to her ascendancy over the Duke of Wellington. In 1824 Lady Granville wrote:—

I called upon Mrs Patterson, an American lady. She seemed a very charming person, very handsome, with *l'air noble* and not a shade of her mother country. She shook all over, but if from grief for the loss of Mr Patterson, or sentiment at the recollection of the Duke of Wellington (who persuaded me to call), or coldness of the room, I do not presume to judge.

Ere long the two young widows and their still unmarried sister were again guests of the Iron Duke. This once more roused the ire of Elizabeth Bonaparte, whose comments upon the situation waxed yet more scathing.

I hear (she wrote) that the Duke gave Mary a cold reception on her second visit to England; that the Duke is said to be tired of the Catons; but tired or not, they pursue him, live on his estate, and until he gets them husbands he will never be

rid of them. . . . Men are seldom matches for the impudence, perseverance, and artifice of women. The Catons have been a great disadvantage to the American character by the fraud they practised to get husbands, affirming they had forty thousand pounds fortune, besides great expectations from grandpapa.

Malice, indeed, could scarcely go further than some of the insinuations vented by Elizabeth in this letter, especially since the fortune of the eldest of the American Graces was later stated to be over 186,000*l*, apart from considerable landed property ; but Elizabeth's mind had been embittered by her misfortunes, and her pen was too often dipped in gall. Yet even her cynicism was soon to be transformed into the admiration with which success never failed to inspire her, since the visit at which she sneered was destined to be an eventful one in the life of Mary Patterson. For the first time Mary now met the Duke's brother, Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whose wife had died in 1816, the year when Mary had been staying in Brussels. Lord Wellesley was at once struck with the beauty of the fair American and forthwith made no secret of his admiration for her. In 1825 Mary went over to Ireland with her sister Elizabeth, when he showed her yet more marked attention ; and soon it was announced that the Lord-Lieutenant was to marry the most beautiful of the American Graces.

Amid the excitement produced throughout England at this intelligence there were not lacking many who

found in the situation fresh food for scandal. The Duke, it was hinted, being unable to marry the fair widow himself, had thus cleverly arranged this match whereby she became his sister-in-law. The insinuation thus conveyed even finds an echo in serious history. Meantime the news sped to Baltimore and, as may be imagined, was received there with the greatest excitement. Even Elizabeth Bonaparte could not sufficiently express her approbation, and her comments upon the event form curious reading :—

I suppose (she wrote to her father) you have heard of Mary's great good fortune in marrying the Marquis of (*sic*) Wellesley. He is sixty-six years old—so much in debt that the plate on his table is hired ; had his carriage once seized in the streets of Dublin, and has great part of his salary mortgaged ; but with all these drawbacks to perfect happiness he is considered a very great match, because he is a man of rank. She has certainly had great luck, and Mrs Caton may with truth congratulate herself upon the judgment and patience she displayed in sending her daughters to Europe, and in keeping them abroad until something advantageous offered. The Marquis is very infirm, but at his death she will, of course, obtain a pension as a poor peeress, and her mother can support her if she does not, which, of course, she will be too happy to do now they are connected so highly. I wish something would offer for my son ; everyone can marry their children greatly except myself.

In another letter she says :—

I write by this packet to announce to you the marriage of Mrs Robert Patterson. Mrs Brown received a letter from Betsy Caton the day on which it was to take place.

She has made the greatest match that any woman ever made, and I suppose now that the people will see that Mrs Caton was right in starving herself to keep her daughters in Europe. The Marquis of Wellesley is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is sixty-five. He married an Italian singer, by whom he had a family of children. She is dead. He has no fortune; on the contrary, he is over head and ears in debt. His salary is £30,000 per annum as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He will be there eighteen months longer, and if the King does not give him another place he is entitled as a *poor* nobleman to at least a thousand pounds a year. He is the brother of the Duke of Wellington.

The Catons, I suppose, will be enchanted at the match, and with reason, too, for it gives them a rank in Europe, and with Mr Carroll's money to keep it up they may be considered the most fortunate in the United States of America. His being without fortune is of little consequence when his rank is considered. There is not a woman in Europe who would not prefer a man of rank without money to the richest man in the world who has no title. To be sure, it would not have done for a poor woman to marry a poor nobleman; but, of course, old Mr Carroll will strain every nerve to maintain his granddaughters now that they have beyond all probability connected themselves so highly. Mary's fortune is reported in Europe to be 800,000 dollars cash. It has been mentioned in all the papers at that sum.

Mrs Caton deserves the unexpected good fortune which has now occurred to her family by the sacrifices she has made to support them abroad. I can only say that if Jerome were a girl and had made such a match, I am convinced I should have died with joy.

In short, the cynicism of Elizabeth's commendation surpassed even that of her malice, not the least curious phase of it being her own naïve unconsciousness of the sarcasm which she was uttering. Moreover, characteristically viewing the marriage solely from its social aspect, she ignored all which has made the name of Richard Wellesley great in history. His rank, his position as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the ambition which would find satisfaction in such an alliance, are gravely weighed against his age, his infirmity, his debts, and are recognised to be ample compensation. But the fact that his claim to fame had been dimmed only by the greater fame of his brother, that he was a distinguished scholar, statesman, and orator, that he was a man of whom Alison could write, "His energy and determination, his moral courage and thorough acquaintance with military affairs rendered him, even in the days of Fox and Pitt, the foremost statesman of his age"—such facts call for no recognition from the pen of Elizabeth Bonaparte.

And the inference would be natural that Mary Patterson regarded her suitor from a like standpoint, but for the survival of correspondence which proclaims the contrary. Despite the good looks for which he was always conspicuous, despite the

fascination of a mind which could dominate those with whom he came in contact, Lord Wellesley, at the date of his second marriage, was perhaps not a bridegroom calculated to captivate the fancy of a spoilt beauty like the Madonna widow, who was still young and had lost her first husband only three years previously. But if ambition could bridge over the incongruities of the match, Mary must have indeed realised her heart's desire. She was now to have, as her sister-in-law pointed out, an unassailable rank in Europe. She was to be the only reigning queen in the British Isles, for the queenless Court of George the Fourth would lack the lustre of the Irish Court presided over by the beautiful American of Irish ancestry. And splendid as had been the ceremony of her first wedding, twelve years previously, her second wedding betokened the regal magnificence upon which she was entering.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th of October, 1825, the carriages of the Lord Lieutenant drove up to the doors of the hotel where Mary and her sister had been staying for the last three months. The servants in attendance were in their State liveries, sky-blue coats lined with white silk richly embroidered, and embroidered waistcoats with gilt buttons ornamented by a shamrock in the middle of a star. Striking as was the appearance of the equipages, the large mounted escort which accompanied them was further calculated to attract attention, and as Mary, followed by her suite, drove through streets bright with bunting in her honour, the crowd hailed her with the excitement which they

would have bestowed upon a Royal progress. At the Viceregal residence in Phoenix Park a sumptuous banquet awaited her, and at eight o'clock, in the midst of a brilliant assembly, the wedding ceremony was performed by the Lord Primate of Ireland.

After dinner when Sir S. Bruce and the evening party had arrived the company were shown into a small parlour adjoining His Excellency's study in the Park, and having then partaken of coffee were ushered into the large room in which hangs His Majesty's portrait ; on entering, they found a platform erected at the foot of the room on which stood a temporary altar, and behind which was the Primate of all Ireland, attended by the domestic chaplain who officiated as clerk. There were also state chairs placed in appropriate positions in the room.

The company to the number of thirty having arranged themselves, fifteen on each side of the platform, His Excellency entered with Mrs Patterson leaning on his arm ; when they had walked up to the altar the ceremony immediately commenced.

At its conclusion, their Excellencies made their obeisance to the company and retired. Very handsome favours were then distributed to the company who were then told that their Excellencies did not intend returning. Upon this hint his Grace and most of the company retired. As they were passing out of the park they met one of H.E. private carriages driving rapidly towards the Lodge, in which was Dr Murray, R.C. Archbishop of Dublin. Upon his arrival the ceremony was again performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The two great digni-

taries of the two opposite Churches were by this arrangement not under the same roof together.<sup>1</sup>

Although the fact of the Lord Lieutenant having married a Roman Catholic must have been unpopular among the Orangemen, Lord Wellesley was capable of carrying off the situation with his natural cleverness. Miss Cornelia Knight relates that once he was at dinner with a party of Irish gentlemen, chiefly Orangemen, and on the dining-room walls hung a picture of the victory of Boyne Water. The company, wishing to trick him into pronouncing an opinion on that great historical event, invited him to change his seat. "Surely, my lord," said one, "you would not turn your back on Boyne Water?" Lord Wellesley, seeing the trap laid for him, cleverly parried the question by pointing to a bottle of claret that stood before him. "Oh," he remarked, casually, "you know I never look at water when I can get wine!"

Nevertheless, although even the arrival of Lord Wellesley as Viceroy in Ireland had been treated with surprising apathy by the majority of the inhabitants, his marriage was viewed as an occasion of universal excitement. Ireland promptly exerted every effort to do honour to the beautiful bride of her ruler.

One dazzling function succeeded another, so that a series of balls, fêtes and banquets kept Dublin in a whirl of gaiety. And at each public event Mary appeared in Royal splendour, looking

<sup>1</sup> *Freeman's Journal*, November 5th, 1825.



and enacting the part of a Queen. Her gentleness, her dignity, her grace, were the theme of universal comment; her beauty and charm the subject of ceaseless description. "Her arms are finely moulded, and her waist small and tapering," writes one enthusiast. "Her profile is marked and classical. Her complexion is not the less agreeable from having been touched by a warmer sun. Her brows are softly and straightly pencilled. An expression of permanent mildness rests upon her lips." Meanwhile amidst the national rejoicing, not the least important source of satisfaction was that the constant festivities were giving impetus to Irish industries. In *Freeman's Journal* we again read how "Mr Blake, the Chief Remembrancer, has ordered five hundred yards of silk of the richest description to be manufactured for hangings and furniture for his splendid mansion in Stephen's Green, preparatory to a succession of grand entertainments which he proposes giving in consequence of the recent marriage." And it was with the special view of furthering the employment of the poor and starving that it was at length suggested a ball should be given at which no one should be present who was not clad in a costume of Irish manufacture.

This Tabbinet (or Tabaret) ball, which was destined to become famous in the annals of Dublin, was arranged to take place at the Rotunda on May 11th, 1826. The name by which it was known was that of a watered fabric of silk and wool, in which, according to peremptory orders issued from the Castle, each prospective guest must appear.

For weeks beforehand the fame of the forthcoming entertainment travelled far and wide, and Dublin was inundated with visitors from all parts of the United Kingdom, who flocked thither betimes in order to get their dresses made by Irish hands. The modistes as well as the weavers were working night and day, while money flowed into the city with a celerity hitherto unknown. Yet the reason of the assembled multitude was less the actual gaiety for which they were preparing than the knowledge that it would afford an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by a sight of the beautiful American of whom they had heard so much.

When eventually the evening so long looked forward to arrived, the streets were blocked with carriages all wending in one direction, and the scene in the Rotunda where the vast crowd at length waited the arrival of the Viceregal party is said to have baffled description. The fairest and most exquisitely dressed women from all parts of Europe were there, their becoming Tabbinet dresses vying with the gay uniforms and Court dress of the men, while as the hour to which they had so long looked forward actually approached, all were on the tip-toe of expectation. At last, as the clock struck ten, to the strains of the Royal Anthem, Lord Wellesley and his beautiful wife paced into the room followed by their suite. In a moment every tongue was hushed and every glance was turned to view the Queen of the Irish Court. And as with measured tread Mary passed up the room on her husband's arm, the gaily-dressed throng, like a

bank of flowers swept by the wind, bowed in homage before her, while a murmur of admiration followed her triumphal progress. "They were received with acclamations," relates an eye-witness, "and all eyes were fixed upon the pair, as, with slow and stately steps, they advanced up the saloon, followed by a brilliant train. A throne, surmounted by a magnificent canopy of scarlet and gold, was erected at the extreme end of the reception-room; here they seated themselves while their suite formed a hollow square around it to exclude the crowd of spectators from a too near approach. The Marquis Wellesley wore a rich uniform decorated with Orders. The Marchioness was dressed simply in white tabbinet, crossed with a wreath of flowers, but looked every inch a queen. She was dignified, but at the same time easy in her manners. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned, her arms and shoulders beautifully moulded; her features were classical, her profile delicate and distinguished, her complexion fair and lovely beyond description, and her nose, that difficult feature, was straight, and Grecian in form. Certainly no other Court in Europe could have produced a woman of greater elegance or more accomplished manners than the American Queen of the Irish Court."

On that night which was perhaps the culminating triumph of Mary's eventful existence, or throughout the mazes of her dazzling career, one wonders if her thoughts ever turned to the husband whom she had laid in an early grave, or to the mother who rumour hinted had starved herself to

procure for her daughters a success she might never share. Yet there is ample proof that despite her gratified ambition Mary retained the unaffected sincerity of mind and manner, the "sweetness and discretion" which had been her youthful charm. The plain white dress in which she clothed herself for an occasion on which she was to be the centre of observation was, in its very simplicity, typical of her attitude towards her new estate. It is pleasant, too, to record that still accompanied by Henrietta Johnson, the servant of her childhood, Mary never forgot that faithful companion, but made her housekeeper, and honoured her with an affection to which long years of service entitled her. In short, Mary's life remained, as it had ever been, blameless and dignified; while her private happiness is attested by the letters of Charles Carroll. "You are seldom out of my thoughts," he writes; "figure then to yourself how much I am affected by the account you have given me of the love and tenderness of your husband, so estimable and so loved and esteemed by you. Brilliant as is your situation, without that mutual esteem and affection it would soon become an irksome load." Later to Lord Wellesley, in the spring following the wedding, he wrote warmly respecting the affection of the latter for his beautiful bride. "You have truly appreciated the merits of my granddaughter, and have ascribed to her the qualities which form her character and will constitute your and her happiness. The sweetness and evenness of her temper, her discretion and discernment peculiarly fit her to the exalted

station in which your judgment and attachment have placed her, and will win the affection of the Irish Nation."

Two months after the ball at the Rotunda news came from America which must have stirred yet more vividly in Mary's remembrance the thought of that far-away land of her birth. She learnt that her aged grandfather had been, in a singularly dramatic manner, left the sole survivor of the fifty-seven men who had signed the Declaration of Independence, half a century before. On the morning of the 4th of July 1826, there were three left alive, by the evening there was but one. "At the very time when millions of freemen were celebrating the Jubilee of their country's independence and pronouncing with reverential lips the names of those three, John Adams and John Jefferson died, leaving Charles Carroll the sole survivor." In the September following, the venerable patriot entered the ninetieth year of his age, and a medal was struck to commemorate the event.<sup>1</sup> Two months later Macready the actor visited the old Senator and subsequently related how the old man retained "all the vivacity and grace of youth." His figure

<sup>1</sup> Three of these medals were of gold and were given to his eldest daughter and eldest grandson. Silver ones were given to the other grandchildren. On one side is the profile of Charles Carroll in relief, with the legend round the margin: "To Charles Carroll of Carrollton." On the other face of the medal are the words, "The surviving Signer of the Declaration of Independence, after the 50th Anniversary," surrounded by a laurel wreath entwined with ribbon, a scroll, a pen and olive branch below. And around the margin is the motto: "Upon entering his 90th year, September, MDCCCXXVI."

was upright as of yore, his hearing and sight practically unimpaired, his manners polished and courteous, his mind alert and as keenly interested as ever in intellectual pursuits. He still followed the habits of his younger years, " he plunges into his limestone spring bath every morning *before sunrise*, and still rides on horseback with pleasure, in good weather " ; in short, concludes Macready, " he is one of the noblest samples of manhood I had ever seen, or am ever likely to look upon." And yet more interesting did it render the old man in the eyes of his contemporaries that by a strange freak of fate he could now own a connecting link with the land of his ancestors in the person of the wife of the Irish Viceroy. Upon the next anniversary of the 4th of July, a banquet was given at Charleston, at which Bishop England proposed the romantic toast: " Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror his granddaughter now reigns a Queen."

Meanwhile the manner in which Mary's elevation was viewed by her sisters is described by Miss Coke, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. " I hear," she wrote, " that Lady Hervey never enters her sister's presence without making a regular *cheese-curtsey* down to the ground!" Rumour, however, had been persistently busy respecting the re-marriage of Lady Hervey herself. In 1822 she had been staying at Holkham with her sister Elizabeth, when it was remarked that she viewed with special favour not only Captain Spencer (second son of the second Earl Spencer), but also his brother, the

celebrated Lord Althorp, who had been left a widower in 1818. If the old correspondence may be trusted, such was the dangerous fascination of the lady that both the objects of her attention became extremely alarmed. "Lady Hervey is still here," wrote Miss Coke to her *fiancé*. "You know she was the celebrated Miss Caton. I wish you had heard Captain Spencer last night declaring that she had made her *first* attack on Jack (Althorp), who was so terrified that he had serious thoughts of leaving the house, shooting and all!" Lord Althorp, however, soon had an opportunity of turning the laugh against his younger brother. It appears that Coke had been a silent observer of what was taking place, and one evening having proposed as a toast the health of the newly-engaged couple, his daughter and Mr Spencer-Stanhope, he announced a second toast, and once more raised his glass. "Lady Hervey and Captain Spencer!" he proclaimed amidst profound silence; "and may they speedily follow so good an example!" The irrepressible delight of Lord Althorp and the discomfiture of the unfortunate Captain Spencer may be better imagined than described.

Captain Spencer, however, escaped safely from the fascination of the beautiful widow, and six years after she married Francis Godolphin d'Arcy Osborne, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, by which marriage she became Marchioness of Carmarthen, and later was the first American to wear the strawberry leaves. Her good fortune again drew forth envious comment from Elizabeth Bonaparte:—

Parents must consider the interests of their children. Mrs Caton has set me a good example on this subject. She has, however, been more fortunate in fixing her children than I can hope to be. I think they are the most fortunate people I have ever heard or read of. Louisa has made a great match. He is very handsome, not more than twenty-eight, and will be a Duke with thirty thousand a year. . . . The Duke of Leeds, they say, is, of course, very angry at his son's marriage with Louisa. His daughter ran off a few months before with a man who has not a shilling.

A romantic story is attached to the family into which Louisa married. It is said that in the year 1536 there was living upon London Bridge a wealthy woollen manufacturer whose name was Hewitt. One day, while the nurse was standing at an upper window which overlooked the Thames, holding in her arms the only daughter and child of Hewitt, the baby made a sudden spring, and, falling from her clasp, tumbled into the river below. An apprentice of Hewitt, named Edward Osborne, seeing what had happened, leapt into the stream and saved the child. Sixteen years afterwards the young lady thus rescued was married to the man who had saved her life, for although many other suitors had offered themselves, her father swore that she should wed none but the young Osborne to whom she owed her existence. In time the former apprentice succeeded to the business of his father-in-law and became one of the wealthiest merchants of his day. In 1582, he was Lord Mayor of London, and later received knighthood from the hands of Queen Elizabeth.



His great-grandson, Sir Thomas Osborne, became Lord High Treasurer of England and was raised to the peerage as Baron Osborne of Kiverton and Viscount Latimer of Danby in 1678, while the following year he was created Earl of Danby. For his services to the Prince of Orange he was further, in 1689, made Marquis of Carmarthen, and in 1694 Duke of Leeds.

Unlike her sister Mary, Louisa was older than her second husband, who was only thirty at the date of his marriage, and considered one of the handsomest men of his day. Louisa, however, could boast a beauty which was undiminished, and a charm to which all who knew her have paid tribute. It is perhaps true that she exhibited a haughtiness which grew with her increase in fortune, and her relations have credited her with a resemblance to her father, both in her pride and in her occasional arrogance of manner. Certainly a striking similarity between them may be recognised in an anecdote which has survived respecting both. Richard Caton, it appears, had on three occasions and for a considerable length of time accepted the hospitality of the Shelmerdines of Manchester, the family into which had married his sister Mary, already referred to. But when one of the Shelmerdines in 1830 proposed visiting Richard Caton in America, the latter replied, curtly: "Although my house has twenty-eight rooms, it is full from top to bottom." When later, however, Richard Caton himself proposed visiting his daughter at Hornby Castle, he, to his extreme surprise, experienced the same treatment. "You

will have to get a bed at the inn," wrote Louisa in answer to his proposal, "for though my house is large—it is full!" "Louisa always was a proud and saucy puss!" commented Richard Caton, half in amusement, half in anger.

Meanwhile, although gratified by the news of the brilliant marriage made by Louisa, there is an increasing pathos in the avidity with which the now venerable Charles Carroll continued to follow every event in the life of his favourite granddaughter, Mary, whom he recognised he was destined never again to behold. In 1828 she sent him her picture, in return for which he presented her with his own. "I never, my dear Mary," he wrote subsequently, "see your portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, without thinking it represents one I shall never see again. The same thought probably struck your mind on receiving mine by Sully and drew tears from your eyes." His faith in the unalterable goodness and simplicity of her character remained unshaken, and the accounts with which she continued to furnish him of her domestic happiness ring with an absolute sincerity. In 1828 Lord Wellesley resigned the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, only to resume it in 1833 till the dismissal of the Whig Government the following year. In the interval he was appointed Lord Steward of King William's Household, while on Lady Wellesley was bestowed the position of Lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide,—the Sailor King, it is said, being peculiarly pleased at her appointment on account of her irreproachable character. Thus the joy of Charles Carroll at this

new honour which had befallen his beloved granddaughter was enhanced by the manner in which it was conveyed. "I appreciate your elevation," he wrote, "but I appreciate infinitely more his Majesty's conveying through the Duke of Sussex the favourable expression of H.M.'s regards and respect for you. I love and honour Queen Adelaide for the flattering manifestation of esteem towards my dear Granddaughter." And keenly alive as ever to all which concerned her advantage, he added—"As the pageant of the coronation must necessarily subject you to considerable expense, I send herewith an order for 10,000 dollars."

Charles Carroll was ninety-four years of age when he penned this letter to Lady Wellesley, and the following summer news reached England that the aged Senator was visibly failing. It was after he had entered upon his ninety-sixth year, however, that intelligence reached them of the closing scenes of his picturesque life.

"It was towards sundown in the month of November," writes his physician, "and very cold weather. In a large room—his bed-room—a semicircle was formed before a large, open fireplace. The venerable old man was in a large easy chair; in the centre, before him, a table with blessed candles, and an antique silver bowl of holy water, and a crucifix; by his side the priest in his rich robes, about to offer him the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church. On each side of his chair knelt a daughter and grandchildren, with some friends, making a complete semicircle; and just in the rear, three or four old negro

servants, all of the same faith, knelt in a most venerating manner. The whole assemblage made up a picture never to be forgotten. The ceremony proceeded. The old gentleman had been for a long time suffering from weak eyes, and could not endure the proximity of the lights immediately before him. His eyes were therefore kept closed, but he was so familiar with the forms of this solemn ceremony that he responded and acted as if he saw everything passing around. At the moment of offering the Host he leaned forward without opening his eyes, yet responsive to the word of the administration of the Holy offering. It was done with so much intelligence and grace, that no one could doubt for a moment how fully his soul was alive to the act."

Doubtless in those final moments of his long life the thoughts of the old man turned lingeringly to those absent members of his family circle—the three beautiful girls who had been the object of his tenderest love. His last words, often subsequently quoted, when retailed to the sisters must have seemed to them of special significance. "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year," said the dying Charles Carroll; "I have enjoyed continued health, I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practised the duties of my religion."

It was on November 14th, 1832, that the old Senator, without a sigh, breathed his last; and his body subsequently lay in state for several days,

while thousands crept up the tall spiral staircase of his house to pause with bowed heads over the remains of the venerable patriot. Thus Charles Carroll never experienced the satisfaction of hearing of the wedding of Elizabeth Caton, the only one of the three Graces who still remained unmarried at the date of his death. Often had Elizabeth asserted that no inducement could be strong enough to persuade her to end her days far from the land of her birth and separated from her parents, yet the years passed and still she lingered in the land of her adoption. "Betsy has mind, temper and good sense to make happy the man whom she may honour with her hand," the old Senator had written with confidence, "the one I am sure she will not give without her heart"; and it was possibly for this reason that Elizabeth remained single while both of her sisters were twice married. It is evident that she was not inferior to them in beauty and charm; James Buchanan, the Ambassador, indeed, proclaimed her to be the "belle of belles"—therefore one can only conclude that no suitor so far had captivated her fancy. But four years after the death of her grandfather she renounced her hitherto unshaken project of returning to Baltimore, and married George William, 8th Baron Stafford, whose family is one of the oldest in England.

Thenceforward the lives of the three sisters present little to record. Mary alone, as we have seen, experienced certain changes of state and environment. In 1842 she was for the second time left a widow, Lord Wellesley dying at the age of eighty-

two and being buried in the chapel at Eton. Three years later news reached her that her father had expired at the age of eighty-three years, in Baltimore. The large fortune which he had accumulated, partly through mercantile enterprise, partly through inheritance, was dissipated, and handsome, fascinating, open-handed and reckless to the last, Richard Caton had died insolvent.

The quiet remaining years of Mary's life were spent at Hampton Court, where she was given a residence after her husband's death, by Queen Victoria. It is melancholy, however, to learn that with advancing age her once slender and graceful form was bowed down with dropsical disease and only faint traces remained of her once unrivalled beauty. Still with her lived her faithful old servant Henrietta Johnson, who throughout the many changes of Mary's life must have represented to her the one tangible link with her far-away childhood and the distant home in Baltimore, which she never again visited. While she had lived in St James's Palace, indeed, it was a common sight to see Lady Wellesley driving to church with the tall, slim form of Henrietta seated beside her, a gaudy turban adorning the servant's dark locks, and a smile of proud satisfaction upon her placid face. And when, at length, the first of the three sisters to pass away, Mary died peacefully on the 17th of December 1853, after an illness of only a few days' duration, Henrietta was present to soothe her last moments; afterwards attending with a breaking heart the funeral of her beloved mistress. On Friday, December 23rd,

the remains of the once-beautiful Mary were conveyed to Costessy, the home of Lady Stafford. There, in the presence of her two sisters, they were received in the chapel with the rites of that church to which she had ever been faithful, and after the prayers had been chanted and the *Miserere* sung they were left before the Altar in the silence of the sacred building till the following morning. "At 8.30 on Saturday, the funeral took place privately, the Office for the Dead, the Mass of Requiem with solemn music, and the final absolution or Burial Service, after which the remains of the Marchioness were finally laid to rest, and in accordance with an old charitable practice at Costessy, a dole of bread was given to the poor upon the estate."

Thus ended the career of the most fascinating of the three sisters—that woman of a once unrivalled beauty, whose strange destiny it had been to become allied to the two great antagonists of her generation, by her first marriage to be related to Napoleon and by her second to the Conqueror of Napoleon. After her death the humble companion of her fortunes, her faithful old servant Henrietta Johnson, went to live at the Bittoms, Kingston-on-Thames, where she survived till 1905, stating that she was then 109 years old, although the lawyers who had management of her affairs maintained that she could not be less than 111 or 112. To the last her memory was unimpaired, her appetite excellent, her eyesight scarcely affected by age. She was never tired of talking about her "three ladies," and maintained stoutly that if she did not get to heaven it would

at least not be their fault. She boasted that she had never touched medicine for half a century, and always rose at 5 A.M. Her reminiscences of the past were curious and interesting. Her devotion to the family of Richard Caton was unbounded ; but if the name of Napoleon was mentioned she never failed to express in vehement terms her detestation of the man who had persecuted the hapless young wife of Jerome Bonaparte. And as she talked it was with difficulty that her hearers could persuade themselves that they were listening to a history which the narrator had received from the lips of its victim, at the date of its happening, a century before.

Henrietta Johnson thus outlived all those with whom her early years had been passed. In 1862 died Lady Stafford at the Convent, Eastbourne. In 1874 died the Duchess of Leeds, after a lingering illness, at St Leonards-on-Sea. None of the three beautiful sisters left any children.

And what of Emily, the sister who had remained with her parents in Baltimore ? She married the British Consul there, Mr John Lovat MacTavish, and she alone of all her family left descendants, into whose possession came certain relics curiously illustrative of the remarkable family history of their predecessors.

One is a very large solid gold medal presented to the aged Charles Carroll of Carrollton as the last survivor of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence ; another is the camp bedstead of the Duke of Wellington, on which he slept upon the



field of Waterloo ; a third was the gold coronet and jewelled robes worn by Mary when wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, the crown later being presented to a Jesuit Church in Maryland.

The last is the miniature of George the Fourth given by that King to the Iron Duke, and afterwards worn and prized by his brother's widow. It is set round with rubies and diamonds, and one fancies that as Mary Wellesley gazed on it during those last quiet years of her life, she may have seen in the illusive brightness of its jewels something typical of the brilliant meteoric career of the three American Graces.

## VI

### A PAINTER OF REALITIES

#### THE STORY OF THE WHIP AND THE BRUSH

**I**N 1795—a year long remembered in England for the ill-omened marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, with Caroline of Brunswick—there came into existence, in different spheres of life, two men, one of whom was destined afterwards largely to influence the fate of the other. To a Yorkshire squire, Walter Spencer-Stanhope, of Cannon Hall, there was born a fifth son, who was named Charles ; to Mr Herring, a man in humble circumstances, residing in Surrey, there was born a son whom he named John Frederick. An American by birth, although of Dutch extraction, Mr Herring likewise carried on the business of a small trader in the City of London, and in this profession he doubtless imagined that his newly-born babe would one day succeed him.

As the years passed the son of the Yorkshire squire became first a scholar at the then fashionable school of Westminster, next an undergraduate at Oxford, and finally, with a family living in prospect, he decided to enter the Church. The son of the trader, on the contrary, could boast a less praiseworthy

record. All too soon his father became alive to the fact that the temperament of the lad did not promise success in the career that had been mapped out for him. From his earliest boyhood young Herring's attention appeared to be divided between two objects—a whip or a paint-brush, one of which invariably was to be found in his hand. He developed a passionate love of horses, and would spend hours beside a blacksmith's forge or near the inns at which the coaches stopped, in order to watch these animals, thus idling away the time in which he should have been learning and working, or else—it seemed to his relations with equal fatuity—struggling to transfer to paper crude representations of the scenes which he witnessed. Apparently on this account Mr Herring early came to the conclusion that his son was a ne'er-do-weel, little likely ever to be a credit to him, and consequently he did not attempt to apprentice the lad to any useful trade. At length, after eighteen years of this desultory existence, John Frederick himself awoke to the fact that, in the event of his father's death, without the requisite training he would be totally unable to procure work in any other business, and might thus find himself destitute. What first brought this home to him it is impossible to say—whether the representations of his parents or his own common sense—but the conviction once accepted would not be effaced, and he ere long determined to seek his fortune away from the little shop which was all that he had hitherto known of life.

The resolution, once taken, was promptly acted

upon, and his natural bent decided his first move. Morning after morning for many years he had seen a coach, "The Royal Leeds Union," pass his father's door. Daily through his boyhood he had eagerly awaited its coming and regretfully eyed its departure. He had marked every movement of the foaming horses as they clattered past; he had viewed enviously the passengers—so little alive to their own good fortune—while they were borne away swiftly through the sunshine of summer or the whistling wind of winter; and he had read and re-read one enticing goal of their destination—Doncaster. Doncaster, the unknown city, the sporting centre of the North, became the El Dorado of his desire. To Doncaster in his plight he determined to go. He had neither work awaiting him nor friends to appeal to at the end of his long journey, but with the buoyancy of youth he felt confident of finding both. So it came to pass that one day in the year 1814 young Herring, with a beating heart, mounted the coach which he had so often watched and—at last become one of the passengers whose lot he had so often envied—he, too, was borne away to that city of his dreams.

Fate proverbially favours the daring, and of this the experiment of the young adventurer was to prove a curious instance. By an unpremeditated chance he arrived in Doncaster at the time of the races, and was naturally drawn whither the multitude was then wending. For the first time he found himself upon a race-course, and the experience to him was a revelation. He witnessed the Duke of

Hamilton's "William" win the St Leger, and, while the shouts of the crowd and the mad excitement of the moment stirred his impressionable nature in a manner which was to leave its mark upon his whole life, the gay scene appealed to his artistic sense. "The silken coats and satin jackets of the jockeys gave him a pleasure in contemplating them he had never before experienced," and back he flew to his dim lodging while the whip and the brush called to him as they had never called before. With happy confidence he set to work to reproduce a faithful picture of the vivid scene which had so moved him; but the visions which glowed and the thoughts which spun through his eager brain refused to materialise. He soon found that even genius, unassisted by instruction, was not equal to such a task. The power which had enabled him to achieve simple pictures of men and animals failed before the intricacies of a more elaborate undertaking; till, baffled and disillusioned, he flung down his brush, overwhelmed with a profound distrust of his own ability and misgivings with regard to his future.

His self-confidence, however, was restored by an incident which happened a few days later. Wandering, aimless and forlorn, about the streets of the town, his steps turned instinctively towards the shop of a coachbuilder. There, through the widely opened door, he espied a young man endeavouring to give the final decoration to a new coach. The name, "Commander-in-Chief," was written in bright lettering upon the vehicle, and on the panel beneath the artist was striving to illustrate the title by a picture

of Wellington upon horseback, after one of Alken's sketches. The portrait of the great Duke, indeed, was recognisable, but the animal which he bestrode defied all the attempts of the draughtsman to make it assume the semblance of nature. With growing satisfaction young Herring watched the futile attempts of the distracted limner. Merit, after all, exists but by comparison, and in the recognition of the superiority of his own work to that of the incompetent painter before him Herring's faith in his talent revived. Fascinated, he returned the following day to note the progress of the picture, and, finding the craftsman further than ever from attaining a satisfactory result, Herring entered into conversation with him, and finally proffered his aid. The man, who confessed that he had never drawn a horse before, gladly agreed to avail himself of such an offer, and, passing a pencil to his unknown friend, watched in amazement while the latter, with sure, deft strokes, drew the outline of the hitherto elusive animal. So delighted was he with the sketch that he implored Herring to complete the necessary colouring of it, and Herring, nothing loth, was busily at work with his brush when the coachbuilder himself entered and eyed his achievement with similar admiration.

Quick to recognise the value of such an opportunity, the builder speedily begged Herring to undertake the insignia of another coach then in process of construction, "The Royal Forester," which he explained, required a white lion upon one door and a reindeer upon the other. This task Herring

also executed to the complete satisfaction of his new patron, who, in consequence, introduced him to the proprietor of the coach, Mr Wood, and this fresh acquaintance invited the successful youth to accompany him upon the trial trip of the finely decorated vehicle, when, as he termed it, he and some companions were going to "christen" the conveyance and "prove" its springs. Needless to say, Herring accepted with alacrity, and as a result of this expedition was further invited to pay a visit to the coach-office—an invitation of which he did not fail to take advantage before many days had elapsed. It was on this occasion, while talking to his new friend, that he chanced to learn that one of the drivers upon the Wakefield coach was about to give up that post. This news suggested a means of livelihood to the penniless youth, and he eagerly applied for the vacant situation; but Mr Wood, not unnaturally, laughed heartily at the idea of a painter fancying he could manage a four-in-hand.

"You will find," he assured Herring, "that it is a very different matter handling the ribbons to handling a brush!"

"If I could not handle both I should not have made the suggestion!" replied Herring decisively. "Give me a trial, and you shall see!"

Mr Wood, impressed by the confidence of the lad, at last consented to grant him one day's test upon the "Highflyer," which plied between York and London, informing him, however, that the result of this experiment must depend entirely upon the verdict which he gained from the "up and down"

coachmen travelling upon that road. Doubtless Herring with his previous love of horses and his propensity for frequenting all the stables and inns in the neighbourhood of his old home, had had many an opportunity of practising his skill as a driver ; he therefore soon proved that he could steer a coach in as masterly a manner as he could decorate it, and he was informed that he might have the coveted post.

Thus by a chain of unexpected events did Herring, at the age of nineteen, find himself established in a reputable situation, in which it then seemed probable that he would pass the remainder of his days. True, it was not a very brilliant El Dorado to which he had attained, but it represented an assured position and immunity from want ; therefore it was with considerable satisfaction that he donned the frock coat, top boots, and low-crowned hat of the coachman of that date, to enter upon this fresh phase of his existence as driver of the Wakefield and Lincoln " Nelson " coach. Within the next two years he was transferred to an entirely new line of route, and was deputed to drive the coach which ran daily between Doncaster and Halifax *viâ* Barnsley and Huddersfield ; while his adherence to his new profession was further clenched by the fact that he had fallen in love and somewhat imprudently burdened himself with a wife to support upon his scanty earnings. Yet, although the brush, in consequence, had become subservient to the whip, it was not abandoned. His work left him many hours of leisure in which to resort to his favourite recreation, and



soon along the roads which he traversed daily there were few inns which did not show a signboard of his painting, and few coaches which had not been decorated by his busy hand. Nevertheless, his clever sketches elicited but little adequate appreciation from his associates, who regarded his talent more in the light of a harmless idiosyncrasy; while profoundly conscious of his own shortcomings, Herring himself did not court publicity. Much which he painted for his own pleasure he destroyed in disgust at its imperfection, or else painted over and over again, in a vain endeavour to improve it, till the freshness of its spontaneity was lost. In one instance, however, his talent obtained recognition, and the occasion is reminiscent of a somewhat similar incident in the life of Morland, when the latter discharged a bill by painting the signboard of the "Black Horse" for his landlord—a work which, later, the London dealers were clamouring to purchase.

It appears that the coach which Herring drove put up daily at the "Doncaster Arms," an inn that, by and by, passed into the hands of a new proprietor. This fresh landlord had previously been a keeper of cows, and, having been unusually successful in that business, he gratefully determined to adopt as a sign the animal by means of which his fortune had been made. This purpose Herring was called upon to effect, and soon an excellent painting by him of a brown cow swung in front of the former "Doncaster Arms," while the hostelry was renamed in accordance with its new sign.

This clever drawing, before long, attracted the attention of a gentleman who was journeying in his private coach-and-four to the North, and such an impression did it make upon him that he determined to get possession of it. Upon his return, therefore, he directed his postilions to stop at the inn where the sign-board hung, in order that they might arrange with the landlord for its purchase. As the coach drew up in front of the "Brown Cow," however, the landlady appeared to announce that her husband was from home. "But I keep no post-horses," she added, "so you mun drive on t' 'Angel.'"

"But we have not come for post-horses," explained the postilion. "Our master wishes to buy your signboard of the 'Brown Cow,' and you are in luck's way, for he says he will give you double what you gave for it, or, indeed, what price you choose to name."

The bargain, however, was not so easily to be concluded with a shrewd old Yorkshire woman. "Eh, Measter," she responded drily, "I be rare an' glad my husband's from home, for maybe he'd 'a let you ha' it; but I wain't, *for what it's worth to thee it's worth to me*, so gang on t' 'Angel,' boys!" and the discomfited bargainer was forced to continue his journey, leaving the brown cow still swinging merrily in the breeze.

Such encouragement, however, was but rare in Herring's life, if, indeed, this particular incident ever came to his knowledge; but Fate had not forgotten him, and it was an apparently still more trivial and

unforeseen event which was destined ultimately to change the whole trend of his career.

Five miles from Barnsley lay the home of that Yorkshire squire to whom a son had been born in the same year which had witnessed the birth of young Herring in far-away Surrey. It was, perhaps, a peculiar chain of events which had transferred the Surrey lad to distant Yorkshire; it was surely but a natural sequence that one day a seat should be occupied upon the mail coach by young Mr Charles Stanhope, who was travelling from Barnsley to Doncaster. Whether Herring knew the identity of his pleasant companion is not on record; but the two young men—both twenty-one years of age—indulged in desultory conversation as they went along, till at length, as they passed some fields, Mr Stanhope casually pointed out the cattle grazing there upon the scanty grass, with the remark, “Well, those cows certainly belong to the lean kine!”

Unwittingly he had stumbled upon a topic which roused the enthusiasm of the wielder of the brush. “Oh, Sir,” remonstrated Herring, “but they are so picturesque!”

“Picturesque!” repeated Mr Stanhope, surprised at such an unexpected comment from the driver of a public coach. “That is an odd word for you to use. What do you know about the picturesque?”

“Well, something, Sir,” replied Herring diffidently. “I use the brush as well as the whip, and when we get to Doncaster I wish you would come to see me, and I will show you some of my drawings.”

Interested in the unexpected turn which the

conversation had taken, young Stanhope, on arriving at Doncaster, did not fail to comply with the driver's request, especially as Herring's house stood opposite to the inn where the coach drew up. No sooner had he inspected the drawings of the coachman-artist than, struck by the man's surprising talent, he exclaimed, "What a pity to waste your time driving a coach!" The untutored accuracy of the innumerable sketches, the spirited appearance of the pictured animals, the natural gloss of their coats, as well as the lifelike representation of certain gay jockeys in their bright satins, appeared to him all equally admirable; and, with the enthusiasm of his years, he warmly urged Herring to take immediate steps to perfect such remarkable ability. Moreover, ever ready with sympathy and assistance where it was deserved, he did not allow his discovery to pass from his memory. Soon after his return home he wrote a letter to Herring, urgently advising the latter to devote himself solely to the profession of the brush, and with this missive he despatched some practical encouragement in the form of a commission to paint a chestnut horse belonging to his brother, Edward Collingwood. Long years afterwards, in 1861, when Mr Stanhope was apparently thinking of publishing a short life of Herring, he wrote to his brother for some particulars of this event, and was informed:

You rather tax my memory wanting to know about things which happened forty-five years ago, but I can tell you that the horse Herring painted for me I called "George," and bought him of Marshall of Dean Hill. He was a fine horse, but



DRAWING DONE BY JOHN FREDERICK HERRING WHEN A COACHMAN ETAT. 20, AND GIVEN BY HIM  
TO THE REV. CHARLES SPENCER STANHOPE  
*Now in the possession of Philip Spencer Stanhope, Esq.*



tender in his feet. Herring must have taken his portrait in the early spring of 1816, as I parted with him in March 1817.

This dates with certainty the painting of the picture on which so much of Herring's after-life was to depend, and shows that at the time when he attracted Mr Stanhope's attention he was but a youth with little more experience than the youth, two months his junior, who befriended him. Needless to say, the manner in which this commission was executed further convinced Mr Stanhope of the genius of his *protégé*, and, by exhibiting it among his acquaintances he soon induced them to share his opinion. Orders for sketches of favourite horses and hounds belonging to neighbouring country squires forthwith poured in upon Herring, and rapidly the fame of the artist-coachman grew. Finally, Mr Hawkesworth, whose interest Mr Stanhope had enlisted, offered in the name of several Yorkshire gentlemen to ensure to the embryo artist one year's constant employment and remuneration if he would definitely abandon the whip for the brush; at the end of that year, it was predicted, Herring would no longer be in need of financial assistance. But Herring hesitated. He had tasted the bitterness of poverty, and, always diffident with regard to his own capabilities, now that he had achieved an assured position, however humble, he recognised that to throw it away on the merits of a few sketches might be to discover too late that he had renounced the substance for the shadow. Possibly also his decision was affected by the fact that he was offered

the post of driver of the "Highflyer," the coach on which he had made his experimental trip, a situation which afforded certain advantages in that its then proprietor, Mr Clarke, viewed him more in the light of a friend than a dependent. But whatever the ruling motive, Herring declined Mr Hawkesworth's offer, receiving however with gratitude the assurance that at any future date, if he desired to avail himself of it, it would be renewed.

So Herring pursued his occupation as a coachman in all throughout a period of seven years, since, apparently, it was not till 1821, according to the "Druid" (Scott and Sebright), that he "fairly cast in his lot with the mahl-stick." Previous to that date, nevertheless, he had acquired a wider fame than mere local celebrity. In 1818, two years before he actually abandoned the whip for ever, he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and that same year began to contribute to *The London Gentleman*, while the following year he sent to the *Sporting Magazine* a sketch which excited general attention. Lord Derby owned a bay horse named Spartan, which, according to the "Druid," had one of the small bones near the pastern, "completely pulverised" in an accident. Herring drew the animal in this condition and portrayed its fractured leg in a manner which it was universally recognised betokened a masterly knowledge of anatomy.

Only the fact that his employer, Mr Clarke, the coach proprietor, was about to retire from business appears at last to have induced Herring to take the momentous resolution of finally renouncing his con-





DRAWINGS DONE BY JOHN FREDERICK HERRING WHEN A COACHMAN  
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nection with the whip. From this date his life underwent a considerable change. Mr Hawkesworth, faithful to his promise, procured him work among his friends, so that Herring journeyed from one country house to another executing commissions and acquiring fame. Favourite retrievers, fox-hounds, and hunters innumerable did he paint, till his name as an animal artist was established. At length, after having lived eleven years at Doncaster, he betook himself first to Fulborne, near Newmarket, where he remained for three years, after which he removed to Camberwell in order to study under Abraham Cooper, R.A. Still painfully sensitive with regard to his own shortcomings, he indeed sought instruction from the foremost animal painters of the day, and, among others, established a friendship with his famous contemporary, Landseer, who from 1826 was an Associate of the Royal Academy. Before many years had passed Herring was pronounced to be "second only to Landseer"; and great as was the growing fame of the latter, in one particular it was soon agreed that he was surpassed by Herring. That ruling of Chance which had sealed the bent of the lad's early genius remained uneffaced. The first vivid impression stamped upon his mind by the sight of the Doncaster race-course still served to make the delineation of a race-horse his favourite and most successful achievement. It was soon recognised that no one could immortalise a winner like Herring, or like him depict the silken sheen of the beautiful animal's coat, the brilliance of its eye, the delicate, sensitive nostrils, the clean-cut, graceful

limbs, the general air of a creature highly strung, highly bred, highly groomed. Thus it came about that the lad who had wandered friendless and unknown to witness the St Leger in 1814 early became irrevocably associated in the mind of the public with that event, since for thirty-three years in succession he painted the winner of that race, while for eighteen he also painted the winner of the Derby. Landseer, on the contrary, only once painted a race-horse of note, Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, winner of the Derby and St Leger in 1850, and this it is said he was induced to do solely on account of his delight at the friendship which existed between Voltigeur and a tortoise-shell cat. Perhaps all the more friendly in that no rivalry thus existed between them, the opinions of Landseer and of Herring appear to have coincided in one particular. "I have little news to communicate," wrote Herring to Mr Charles Stanhope in 1849, "as I mix up very little with Art or artists. And why? you would ask. Both myself and Landseer find it will not do to let artists visit your studio, for as sure as you do, when you have about half finished a picture, to your great annoyance you find that there are two or three of the same subject in the field with you. Such was the case with Landseer's *Lady Godiva*, in consequence of which he has not finished the picture."

It is however remarkable that, among twenty-two pictures which Herring sent to the Academy, few actual portraits of horses and only one of a winner were there exhibited by him. Still more has it formed a subject of surprise that despite his

early and prolonged connection with the whip he seldom portrayed coaching scenes. Possibly, as will appear later, the remembrance of that bygone period of struggle and probation was painful to him, and in the growing sunshine of his hardly earned prosperity he shrank from reviving even in fancy the sufferings of the past. Whatever the cause, when catering for the appreciation of the general public he apparently preferred to show rural scenes in which horses were introduced as mere accessories. Indeed, a critic at length complained bitterly that "Herring grows more and more of an agriculturist"; while another noticeable feature of much which came from his brush was likewise commented upon—the strange sense of quietude which his pictures usually conveyed. His horses, though from their breeding and conditions, obviously capable of fire, were generally represented by him in a mood which was placid and friendly; still more his pictures of country scenes seemed to exhale the very atmosphere of that placid, homely existence which they were intended to portray.

Nevertheless, Herring was devoted to one spirited animal, Imaum, a beautiful white Arab horse which had belonged to Queen Victoria. Having been given by the Queen to the Clerk of the Royal Stables, the latter sold the animal at Tattersall's, where it was purchased by Herring, to whom, being as intelligent as it was handsome, it forthwith became a most valuable property horse. When Herring required a model for some dead horses which he was painting in his picture of the Battle of Waterloo he

sent for a black trainer, Pedro, from Batty's Circus, who in a few hours taught the Arab to lie down and remain motionless so long as its master required. Indeed, as the result of so brief a training, Imaum became such an adept at all manner of tricks that Pedro bitterly lamented its absence from the circus, where he predicted it would drive every other animal off the boards.

In the picture which Herring painted of Mazeppa the clever Arab figures even more prominently. The moment depicted is that in which the terrified steed on which Mazeppa had been bound has reached its native wilds of the Ukraine, only to fall spent and dying as a result of its long and agonised flight. In visible gasps the hot breath pours from its dilated nostrils, its eye has lost lustre, its limbs fail to support it; but of exquisite grace even in its dire distress it sinks to the earth with a pathos which accentuates its beauty. Scarcely less admirable is the form of its unwilling burden who, still securely bound to its back, nevertheless, with a hint of returning hope, is holding aloft one arm which has become freed from the confining rope, even while with sinister intent the birds of prey may be seen already hurrying through the air. And meanwhile, all around, a vast herd of wild horses, matchless in grace and action, have swept down from the hills attracted by the unwonted plight of their dying companion. In countless numbers they are gathering as far as the eye can reach. Their long tails and manes are floating in the breeze, their bright eyes are startled and inquisitive, their attitude is restive

—uncertain, yet cleverly indicative of curiosity rather than fear. Inaum may here be seen in every conceivable attitude and expressing every phase of emotion, till, looking at the wonderful grouping of that innumerable herd, one can picture Herring persuading his beautiful model to assume each required pose and feign each varying mood thus with unexampled skill immortalised upon the canvas. Herring, however, did not merely use his favourite for artistic purposes, for it is on record that on one occasion he drove the Arab, then no longer young, seventy-five miles in the same day from Cambridge to Stevenage and back, when he was painting a picture, "Steeplechase Cracks," for Lord Strathmore.

As the years passed the annual output of Herring testifies to the assiduity with which he worked, and his fame was augmented by the number and popularity of the engravings made from his pictures. He respectively executed commissions for George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Queen Victoria, while he received the official title of Animal Painter to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. He even went over to Paris to paint the portraits of five race-horses for the Duc d'Orléans. Yet that the circumstances of his early struggle were not erased from his mind, nor the debt of gratitude which he owed to those who had befriended him in his need, is evinced by a letter of exceptional interest which has survived.

It appears that his early patron, Mr Charles Stanhope, about the year 1847 wrote to Herring expressing a desire to see him once more ; but point-

ing out that some resentment had been betrayed by Herring in the past with regard to his most friendly criticism, followed—so it seemed to Mr Stanhope—by a subsequent marked avoidance of the critic. To this Herring replied at length :

COTTAGE GREEN,  
CAMBERWELL, *Feb. 28th*, 1848.

There are many men who are free from crime, but few free from Error. I was, I can assure you, delighted to receive a letter from you, the whole of which I read with delight, *except* the part where you say you could see I did not like you because you did not praise me.

Before you made this observation, having so good a recollection of all circumstances connected with my extremely uphill beginning, you might have borne in mind at the time you allude to, you were considered one, if not the best, judge in the Neighbourhood, and moving in the best society for patronage, and every syllable you might utter derogatory to my then small ability, although not ill meant, was like the Fable of the boys and the frogs, *death to me*—but I will not do you the injustice to say—*sport to you*.

Forgive my using a familiar expression, viz. : “As it was in the beginning,” etc.

I don't think either praise or censure had anything at the time you speak of, to do with what you think was—dislike towards you. [It] was (I am now ready to acknowledge) *actual fear*. I then had a wife and an increasing family. I frequently heard “Mr Charles Stanhope had said this,” “Mr Charles Stanhope had said that.” I could not help myself ; your judgment was con-



sulted and you gave it frequently against me. Therefore, instead of dislike, mine was *dread*. I dreaded your seeing what I was doing, feeling you might speak against it the first time Art was mentioned where you might chance to be of the party.

Years have roll'd on since we last met, and therefore I don't mind giving you a true version of what I formerly felt. And if you will have the goodness to look coolly on what is called a critic, I am sure your sound good sense will tell you they are the most dangerous of all persons who may enter a Young Artist's studio. Their talent for criticism is often over-rated, & they go from one Artist's house to another chilling every attempt that thought and industry dictates; and with their harsh remarks, throw such a check, that the Artist's spirits become depressed, and what might, perhaps, with a little encouragement, have been a work, when finished, of considerable skill, is put down with disgust, never more to be look'd upon. I am now, I am happy to say, completely out of the pale of this sort of thing, and am happy to say that my pictures are no sooner seen than purchased. I sold a picture last year for which I received £157-10, it was re-sold for 250 guineas, and since for 500 guineas. Certainly a price far beyond my most sanguine expectations when I was labouring at Doncaster.

I have quite given up painting simple portraits of Horses unless allow'd to make them into subjects. I produced a painting a short time since in 15 hours which I refused 150 guineas for. I'll tell you why—I did not chuse to let the copy-right go with it. It is now in the British Institution. You will see Mr Vernon is a purchaser of

one of my pictures, and which is chosen for the National Gallery. I have now a stable which I have built wherein I paint all my animals, and I have 3 very clever horses in it, 2 I use in double harness, and the other one of my sons uses as a hack. The carriage horses are both white, one of them [is] one of the 4 the Imaum of Muscat sent over as a present to our Queen. He is a pure Arab & one of the most elegant animals *in action* I ever saw. The hack is a black one.

I met Mr Collingwood some years ago at Brighton, and he spent at least a couple of hours with me talking over old times.

I am quite convinced to be an artist of any note, good models and a good light are most essential auxiliaries. As soon as I came to London I got both, and immediately went ahead.

What I have written, I hope you will not take in other light than a letter written from one friend to another. Had I thought otherwise, I should not have said what I did in the short account of my Early Life.<sup>1</sup>

I shall conclude by saying I shall be most happy to see you at my house whenever agreeable to you to favour me with a call, but should like to know a few hours beforehand in order to be at home to receive you.

My wife, you know, died in 1838. I am again married to a woman of the same age, for they were both born May 12th, 1795.

This letter gives an exceptionally interesting, if not a unique, glimpse into the life and character of

<sup>1</sup> Herring wrote a short account of his early life and struggles at the request of Mr Stanhope. This MS. has unfortunately been lost.

Herring. Although the original, written in a legible and clerkly hand, is grammatically correct save for erratic punctuation and the casual omission of words, it is none the less evident that the writer lacked that fluency which education alone can bestow. It is necessary, therefore, into the somewhat crude rendering of his thoughts, to read the sum of what he failed to convey; so only one becomes aware of the intolerable sting of that past self-mistrust which had tormented him, of that morbid sensitiveness with regard to his own incapacity which for so long had crippled his output and withheld him from fame, of the absolute terror with which he had shunned that criticism by which he recognised his struggling talent might be slain. Too well had he probed the profound humility of genius, with its dire capacity for exaggerating its own limitations. Too well had he gauged the value of that self-faith of genius—truly but as a grain of mustard-seed—which may so readily be blighted ere fruition by the critic who not only prejudices the verdict of the public, but paralyses that sincerity of inspiration which is the divine heritage of the striver. Reading between the lines in this letter of Herring, there is a lifetime of hope and despair contained in the halting phrases in which he laboriously reviews the history of his past, while in the mingled diffidence and pride of his tone, in his anxiety to impress his former dreaded patron with the fact that he has now become impervious to all that was once so feared, and in his frank complacency at his changed circumstances, there is a *naïveté*

which makes of the simple letter a very human document.

So Mr Stanhope went to see his former *protégé*, who welcomed him warmly, and while bestowing upon him some proof-prints of his most famous pictures, referred with profound gratitude to their momentous meeting upon the Doncaster coach. "You," said Herring, "were my first friend—the first person who said a word of real encouragement to me ; to you I owe every success in life ! " Nevertheless, the visit must have been a strange one. During the thirty-three years which had elapsed since their first acquaintance, for Mr Stanhope, who was now vicar of a living in Cheshire, life had held no startling upheavals ; for Herring, on the contrary, existence had become transformed. The bright eyes and genial air of the ex-coachman alone survived to convince Mr Stanhope of the identity of the penniless lad whom he had once befriended with the man before him—a man so consciously the possessor of ample means, the associate of the foremost men of his day, the employé of Royalty, and whose greeting was less that of one friend to another than of a superior to an inferior ; till, possibly anxious further to emphasise the gulf between his former status and his present, Herring insisted that Mr Stanhope should make use of his carriage and servants upon returning to town.

From that time forward a desultory correspondence was sustained between the two men, often accompanied on Mr Stanhope's part by the present of a Cheshire cheese. " I shall esteem your offering

'no less as coming from You," Herring writes with regard to this gift on one occasion; "we *do* now and then like a *Toast*, with a glass of Burton and Welsh ale"—by which he apparently acknowledges one link surviving between his luxurious present and the homely past. When, moreover, in 1847, Mr Stanhope wrote to enlist his assistance for another struggling animal painter, a local artist of considerable talent, Abel Hold, Herring replied with some condescension:

I received yours duly and am much obliged by your kind remembrance of former acquaintance. And shall at all times be happy to attend to any of your prodigys, Especially as I know you do not like to be long without one, 'tis a benevolent feeling well worthy of a grateful return.

This from the man to whom the expression of that "benevolent feeling" had once been tantamount to a verdict of life or death! None the less, although Herring in his correspondence with Mr Stanhope did not again unburden himself of intimate thoughts and emotions, his account of his work contained in those letters is of considerable interest. On the 17th of February 1849 he wrote with regard to the engravings then being made from his pictures:

There are two new ones in Mezzotint just out call'd *The Society of Friends* & the other *Pharoah's Chariot horses*, both circulars, the latter's the best that has appear'd from any of my productions, it is 3 heads of White Horses & was exhibited in the British Institution last year.

On the 5th of March 1850 he related how he had been induced to accept a novel commission :

Ere this you must imagine I am the most ungrateful person you have for some time met with, but if so, perhaps a few lines will explain that away. I had accomplished the whole of my Exhibition pictures, viz. : 3 for the British Institution & 10 for the Society of British Artists of which I am a Member.

There is now far advanced a Panorama or Diorama, entitled the Gallery of Illustration, *i.e.* any subject is to be illustrated through the means of paintings *in distemper*, with occasional transparent and moving effects, & the subject now in hand is the overland route to India. As a matter of course, there are a considerable number of Animals introduced, & I was selected as the most popular artist for the purpose. Stanfield & Roberts promised their aid & names, but up to this day have not got one step further. I promised & have *perform'd*. I have painted about 15 horses, nearly the size of life, as many camels, sheep, fowls, vultures & pigeons, but from not have (*sic*) been used to standing on planks, etc., & no setting (*sic*) down, have quite knocked myself up & have been from home to recruit. That is why your kind present has not before been acknowledged. My folk did not like to write for me, so it has been left undone. I have no less than 27 letters to answer.

You ask if Graves' print is finished. *No*, but very nearly. It look'd beautiful when last I saw a proof. I find I have sold 2 out of 3 of the pictures I sent to the British Institution. I sold one this Nov. for 80 guineas—a farmyard—(snow).

I am glad to hear your Barnsley man gets on so well, I did not quite like his notions of grouping in his Game pictures last year ; however it had redeeming qualities about it, & shall expect to see something better this season. I have an invitation to go to Sheffield and should I go shall perhaps see him & his work.

With the kindest regards from my family and Self, etc., etc.

The moving panorama was a great success, and all London flocked to see it, though bestowing upon others a meed of the praise which, according to Herring, was due to himself alone.

“ By far the best of all these panoramic shows,” relates a contemporary writer, “ was the series exhibited at the Old Gallery of Illustration in Waterloo Place, called “ The Overland Route,” and representing all the principal places between Southampton and Calcutta. This was the work of those admirable scene-painters, Thomas Grieve and William Telbin, and was executed in their painting-rooms in Charles Street, Drury Lane, a notorious thieves’ quarter. The human figures were by Absolon, the animals by Herring and Harrison Weir. Such a combination of excellence had never been seen, and a clear, concise, and most pleasantly delivered descriptive comment on the passing scene by Mr Stocqueler, an author and journalist of the day, enhanced the success, which was tremendous.”<sup>1</sup>

An oasis of eleven years occurs between Herring’s

<sup>1</sup> *Edmund Yates, His Recollections and Experiences*, Ed. 1884, vol. i., page 145.

letter to Mr Stanhope respecting this work, and the next note which has survived, during which interval he had moved to a more pretentious dwelling, Meopham Park, Tonbridge. His health was less robust and the burden of his sixty-six years was apparently in his mind when he wrote to his old friend on the 9th of June 1861, heading his letter with the significant sentence, "*Born 14th August, 1795.*"

It is really quite refreshing to see a letter from so old and respected a friend as yourself.

I am sorry to say that I am totally unable, though thoroughly willing, to pay my compliments to you in London. I am still too much an invalid to venture from home. I have not been in London for nearly six years, and since last August have not had on a shoe or a boot. I was rather suddenly attacked with influenza which brought on bronchitis and then erysipelas which settled in my ancles. Just at the gartering place, below the knee it was  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches round—I thought the skin must have given way. . . .

If you can make it convenient to call at Mr S. Jennings, 16 Duke St., Manchester Square, you will see two of my recent productions, 'Market Day' & 'A Village Horse Fair.' Indeed I should much like your opinion on them.

I have about 20 pictures here, *all* of which I think you would like. There is a short account of them in the Sporting Magazine for the present month, in a paper called the *Omnibus*, the first article in the number.

I have all my faculties yet unimpaired; my hands are steady as when first you knew me.



It would be too much, I fear, to ask you to run down here. Could you do so, by sending me word by what train you would leave London Bridge, my carriage should meet you at Tonbridge Station, as I live three miles on the London side of Tonbridge. If you should feel inclined to pass a night here, I have a bed at your service.

My children are all married, two of the daughters have families, the 3rd has not.

I have one small picture in the British Institution of an old white horse—by the bye, one of the two who took you to town from Camberwell, an "Arabian." He never does anything, being sadly broken-winded, but he still makes a good model & I am very fond of him. . . . I have a pony only 37 inches high.

So Imaum, the beautiful Arab, was afflicted with the burden of years like its master, but the affection of the latter for his favourite model had apparently reached the ears of its former Royal mistress. Queen Victoria, who always took great interest in the work of Herring, hearing that he was suffering from bad health which rendered him unable to travel, and cognisant of his affection for Arab horses, sent down three of these animals to stand for their portraits—Bagdad and Krosaid, the latter a charger that had belonged to the Prince Consort, also Said, the horse on which the Royal children had been taught to ride. The portrait of the last, painted in an Eastern landscape, was subsequently placed in the Royal collection at Osborne.

A few months later Herring wrote again to Stanhope :

10th October, 1861.

Revd. Sir,—I never make a promise or an appointment I do not intend to keep. A friend who was down here so much liked my "Lord have Mercy," that he promised to have it printed if I would let him take it to London. I waited till I was tired, but heard no tidings of it.

When your letter came to Mrs Herring I determined on waiting no longer, or you would have had a dozen copies. I hope the one I wrote myself arrived, together with Mr Collingwood's sketch of Nimrod, safely. I said I would explain this on the next day, but I have had my house full ever since & really have neither touched pen or pencil since last Saturday, until this day. You must therefore please to forgive my seeming but unintentional negligence.

I have, since I last saw you, been engaged on an interior, a small  $\frac{1}{2}$  length, 44 inches by 34. It represents a stable, a white horse, a goat, two white ducks, two brown do., a coloured drake, eleven ducklings, and a black cat; two truses of straw, a basket, horse-cloths or rugs, a wide-awake hat, and a stable lanthorn, two pans & a broom; and so well rusticated (*sic*) that I am sure it is just what you would like. Mr Robertson of Long Acre, my colourman, has seen it & complimented me on my management of *white*, at all times a difficult colour to treat without appearing dirty.

I am much obliged by the very kind expression used in your letter, it was quite refreshing. I delight in old associations. It is about 51 (*sic*) years since we first became acquainted. I hope to hear from you at your convenience. Mrs

Herring and my daughter Jenny Warner desire to join in kindest wishes, &c., &c.

The multiplicity of objects which, as stated above, Herring introduced into his picture at this date shows that, despite failing health, he did not stint the time or labour bestowed upon the creations of his brain. And in this may be found the dominant characteristic of his career. "Whatever I do in life, I shall do to the best of my ability," Herring was wont to state: and this simple code, wherein lies the foundation of all true greatness, was the keynote to his success. The spirit of the lad who had early been pronounced a ne'er-do-well while blindly perfecting his unrecognised genius, and of the youth who, for seven long years, had ignored the beckonings of Fame in order to do his duty in a humble calling, survived unsullied in the man who in after-life considered nothing too trivial for his heartwhole endeavour. Noticeable, indeed, is the extreme delicacy and fulness with which he treated all minor subjects upon his canvas. As in a sporting scene each strap, each buckle in the trappings of a horse was portrayed by him with minute and painstaking accuracy, so in his more elaborate compositions the objects introduced, and which, as shown by his letter, he was apt to multiply unhesitatingly—each bird or beast which found a place, however insignificant in the general scheme—was delineated with the same skilful, unsparing, unerring care. Thus his work, even while it retained all its original spontaneity, was never slovenly, and with each item

perfected "to the best of his ability," the whole did not suffer in consequence. Herring's outlook upon art, indeed, presents an interesting, if not an instructive, contrast to the ideals of a later date. "The world wants amazing, let us amaze it!" pronounced Oscar Wilde,—the cynic than whom none knew better how to play upon the foibles of his species; and the aim of decadent art, to startle the ignorant, or to produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of labour, was wholly absent from the honest striving of the coachman-artist. Herring undoubtedly held that he who would join the immortals must be the interpreter of one of two themes—that of Beauty or of Truth; and although latter-day degenerates may scoff at the homely aim and output of so simple a devotee, yet if Herring from his very circumstances was incapable of the idealism which would make of each picture a crystallised poem, he was none the less the faithful exponent of a realism which had its root in a genius that would not be denied, and in a profound, all-mastering sincerity.

But the time was approaching when the days of his well-earned prosperity were drawing to a close. In his far-away vicarage Charles Stanhope, with nine years of life still before him, dwelt hale and contented at the age of seventy; but Herring, less robust in physique than his benefactor, was visibly failing. Still he fought against physical weakness; still he struggled to continue the work which had been the lodestar of his existence; but at length the end came, and in 1865, the whip and the brush for ever abandoned, John Frederick Herring breathed his last.

## VII

### A PAINTER OF DREAMS

#### THE LIFE OF RODDAM SPENCER STANHOPE PRE-RAPHAELITE

**I**N August 1908, amid the romantic scenery of his beautiful villa on the hills of Bellosguardo, overlooking Florence, there passed away in his eightieth year Roddam Spencer Stanhope, a man who, in accordance with a modern acceptance of the term, has been called one of the last of the pre-Raphaelites. In the March following a small but representative collection of his pictures was exhibited in London, and there appeared in the Press comments, appreciative or unsympathetic as the case might be, on the life-work of the man thus commemorated.

Yet looking thus at the sum of his striving, perhaps coldly appraising the measure of his success, there were possibly few in a position to read the personality of the worker in the consummation of his work. Let us glance briefly at his life.

Born on a bleak January day in the year 1829, in an old house in Yorkshire where his ancestors had lived for many generations, Roddam Spencer Stanhope was the second son and one of the six children of John Spencer Stanhope<sup>1</sup> of Cannon

<sup>1</sup> Son of Walter Spencer Stanhope mentioned in the previous biography, and brother of Charles Spencer Stanhope the patron of Herring.

Hall, Yorkshire. His father, a man of exceptional intellectual endowments, was a fine classical scholar, a celebrated antiquarian, and an explorer, in his youth, of the then almost unexplored land of Greece. He was, however, a man who disliked and had little stamina for the fret of public life, and who thus never occupied the position either in the literary or the political world to which his mental capacity entitled him. His wife, the youngest daughter of the famous "Coke of Norfolk," first Earl of Leicester of the second creation, came of a race which, through the generations, had exhibited an appreciation of Art that has rendered its house and its possessions one of the treasures of England. She and her sisters in their girlhood had been pupils of Gainsborough, and in certain of their work it has been hinted that it was difficult to distinguish the brush of the master from that of the pupil. Be that as it may, Roddam Spencer Stanhope from his maternal parentage was entitled to an inherent love of the beautiful, while from his father and grandfather he inherited an originality of outlook, and an indifference to preconceived opinion, which, throughout his life, remained his strongest characteristics.

One other quality was his, perhaps equally a heritage from his immediate forbears. This was a frankness of speech and aim to which any subterfuge was incomprehensible. This trait was apparent from his earliest years, and at that date, it must be admitted, occasionally manifested itself in a manner exceedingly inconvenient to his less

veracious elders. In illustration of this two anecdotes of his boyhood have survived.

It happened once that Lady Elizabeth was staying at Holkham with her two small sons when the time arrived for the latter to return to school. Before taking their departure they were instructed to go to their grandfather's room in order to bid him good-bye, and as this was an event which invariably produced from Lord Leicester a welcome tip, Lady Elizabeth, knowing the outspoken candour of her younger son and his complete inability to conceal his thoughts, admonished him carefully beforehand that on no account was he to mention the subject of the expected gift. The two boys then proceeded dutifully to make their farewell visit, when unfortunately “Coke of Norfolk,” on seeing them enter, remarked benevolently to his younger grandson: “Well, my little man, and what have you come for?” To her unspeakable dismay Lady Elizabeth heard the prompt and truthful rejoinder—“*Money please, Grandpapa!*”

On another occasion, young Stanhope was suffering agonies from toothache, and his father gave him a guinea to have the offending molar removed. The sympathetic parent afterwards inquired how the operation had gone off. “Oh, *that* was all right,” replied young Stanhope naïvely. “It seemed a pity to waste good money on a snuffy dentist, so I just tied a string to my tooth, fastened the end of the string to an iron gate, and slammed the gate. The tooth came out at once, and I spent the guinea!”

Slight as are these stories they serve to indicate the character of the man to whom, throughout his life, any pandering to pretence was impossible. Yet despite that inherent love both of truth and of beauty which may be said to have been his portion, the age and the surroundings into which Stanhope was born were scarcely conducive to the development of strong individuality. The home of his early years was perhaps typical of the social atmosphere of that date—an old-fashioned country house of unpretentious antiquity and good solid comfort, but, save for the few antiques which his father had brought back from his explorations in Greece, containing no treasures of Art, and devoid even of the straining after effect which, whether meretricious or otherwise, forms a prominent note in modern houses. For in that early Victorian era the cult of the Beautiful in daily surroundings was more often the toy of the *nouveau riche*, originality in men or methods was apt to be looked at askance, Bohemianism was a thing apart from good society, and genius, though an excellent asset for the needy, was superfluous, nay, inconvenient for a gentleman. It is perhaps difficult at this date to realise the different social atmosphere which prevailed in days when, besides politics, there were but four careers open to the man who wished to retain the magic *entrée* into a small social clique who held themselves rigidly apart from their fellows. The Church, the Army, the Navy, or the Bar were the professions for a gentleman. Save in rare instances, all beyond these were beyond the pale.



As a younger son, it might have been expected of Stanhope to select which of these careers he was prepared to follow; but the force of inheritance was stronger than that of association, and the passion for Art which was in him would not be repressed. He was little more than a school boy when he first showed the bent of his inclinations. "He is full of his Art!" wrote his mother apprehensively. "I am afraid it is a sad waste of time, but he is at least happy." And when he was twenty-one, she wrote again:—"I never saw anything so crazy as Roddy is on pictures. If he perseveres, he must surely make something of it, as it is his sole thought and object, *thank God a harmless one!*" That was the tone rapidly adopted by those who surrounded him; he was disposed to fritter away valuable time on a hobby, but it was at least "harmless" so they let him be.

From Rugby he went to Oxford, and there he gradually drifted into a sense of his destiny. Yet, as his work became more consecutive and his aim more definite, he was filled with a tormenting misgiving of his own capacity. The force within him would not be denied, but he had the humility of the man who worships the unattainable. More and more conscious of his own limitations, he was handicapped by that knowledge.

"I begin to be afraid," he wrote to his father from Christ Church, "that I am doomed to swell the large army of that portion of the world who, with a desire to do something or another in their generation, somehow or another *don't.*" But with

the torture of doubt came the decision that if he could not give adequate expression to that which obsessed him, he would recognise and accept failure without flinching.

Whether I am destined to be an artist or not cannot be determined, till I have perfected my education in painting and drawing, and if not, good-bye to the Arts, for I aim at more than the actual power of being able to represent Nature.

And still through his alternations of hope and distrust there recurs the complaint of the man who is forced by the stress of custom away from his natural bent, and who finds himself expending the most priceless portion of his life in work which is uncongenial, and, to him, an irretrievable waste of time.

The enticing allurements of drawing seduce me from the dull, useless, and unsatisfactory pursuit of University studies. What a pity it is that a man is not allowed to follow that which his natural inclinations prompt him to, but is forced against his will, by a senseless pot-bellied set of old Dons, who consider men who make grammatical mistakes no better than heathens, to pretend to study the course of education established by the monks of the olden times in order to be more able easily to cheat our simple ancestors, who preferred remaining in blissful ignorance to studying what seemed to their contemplative minds an absurdity, but what to us is the chief boast and glory of our lives. I do not wish utterly to condemn classics, but in these times of railroads and sciences a man ought to

be allowed to study that which he has the greatest inclination for—making all other studies subservient to that one; by which means Horace, Homer, and Virgil would still be equally appreciated by the lovers of the beautiful, and there would not be half the number of pale students nodding over their literal translations of the *Poetae Scenici* the night before the Collections, smoking cigars and drinking strong beer.

As I have at last come to a full stop, I will not venture to begin again, but will tell you the reason of this philippic against the University, or rather its system of education. It is owing to some satires I read in verse upon the subject which are excessively clever, I should like to get a copy of them for you, but as there have only been a limited number of copies published, they are difficult to get. Mr Winter describes them as being—

A glorious error and a grand delight,  
Grotesquely Gothic, blunderingly bright.

His description of education is capital :

Yes, this is all their sons are taught to do,  
In school at six—in school at twenty-two,  
Happy and proud if having passed their time  
They know at least a reason from a rhyme,  
If having learnt Greek trimeters to scan,  
That first grand glory for which God made man.

. . . My pictures look very well, and my rooms are considered the most brilliant in College. It is very amusing to hear the remarks men make upon the pictures. They have no notion of Art, and I think honestly prefer oleographs to Old Masters. In fact, the greater number of them

seem more attracted by the frames than anything else.

It was amid such discouraging surroundings that he first developed the knowledge of his aim in life, and with that knowledge developed too the spirit of perseverance which was likewise part of his inheritance. This, however, can perhaps be better illustrated by his attitude towards a question apart from Art. He was at that time afflicted with a loss of nerve when riding, and in a letter to his father, which is dated only by the boyish tone in which it is written, he speaks with *naïveté* of this timidity, and of his method of conquering it.

Whenever I am particularly afraid of a big leap, I mean to go at it *at once*. I always think of some French general at the time of the last Revolution, who, in his first engagement, made a determination (and kept to it) that if ever he felt a disinclination, from natural timidity, of facing a hot fire, he would go into a part of the battle where there was most danger to force himself into it. He did this till he obtained an unflinching moral courage, so superior to natural brute courage. He expressed himself as always particularly satisfied whenever he conquered his nervousness, and I always felt the same if I forced myself to go over a leap that I funk'd. I suppose the Duke of Wellington gained a complete mastery over himself in the same manner, and he was a fine specimen of the superiority of moral over natural courage, if ever a man was.

And it was in this spirit in which, throughout life,

Stanhope faced endeavour. That which in his boyish phrase he "funked" at once became for him that which he must conquer; that which was laborious of attainment was that which must be grasped, even if this could only be accomplished by the slow patience of the devotee. Yet it is impossible to dwell on this trait without touching on that which made every effort harder for him than for the average man. For Stanhope did not set out on his quest quite as do men who are ably equipped for the struggle before them. Very early in his career, even in the days of his boyhood, he had to accept the knowledge that all his days would be darkened by a handicap against which neither patience nor courage could avail. Those who have suffered from asthma alone can know how it saps the spirit of a man, how its depressing influence stultifies energy and hope. And the form of this complaint with which Stanhope was fated all his days to grapple was of a peculiarly virulent kind. It may be said to have darkened his whole existence, it forced him from place to place in hope of relief, it perpetually blighted enjoyment, it made work and even life itself an uncertainty. Naturally of a joyous temperament, full of irrepressible humour and of a very quaint wit, in which to the end of his life his friends delighted, the shadow of that eternal struggle with suffering is apparent even in his earliest correspondence. "It is hard," he wrote to his father when, as a youth, his health had condemned him to leave Oxford for an exile among the Welsh hills, "that the two places where I most want to live—are

the two places where I never can live—Oxford and Cannon Hall.” Again and again one is forced to read the tragedy underlying the casual mention of a night of sleepless suffering, after which he found himself incapable of work or of effort—even of connected thought.

I had a bad time of it again last night (he writes to his father at the age of twenty-one), and to-day I am good for nothing. It is all such a loss of time. . . . You ask me why I was depressed in my last letter. There is no particular reason, but I suppose, like all people of a buoyant temperament, when I do go down, I do it thoroughly. Never fear, I shall bob up again fast enough when I get to work. It is the idleness which I find so depressing.

And this was in the fulness of his young strength and enthusiasm, when it was purgatory to know that days must be wrested from his life-work in that profitless fight with an ill which, even then, he recognised with dismay might never leave him but with life itself. Yet, throughout his existence “most things at which other men grumbled made him laugh,”<sup>1</sup> we are told; and if it is but just to weigh the odds against which he fought, it is worthy of note that the morbid element inseparable from his complaint never marred the evenness of his temper in daily life, any more than it dimmed the glad fantasy of his work.

It was in the midst of these early struggles with alternate enthusiasm and despondency that he first,

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones* (1904), vol. ii. p. 295.

as his mother relates, decided "to go to Oxford during the Vacation to study drawing under Watts, the famous Cartoon painter, who only takes pupils by a great favour." In the summer of 1850 Stanhope was introduced to G. F. Watts by Dr, afterwards Sir Henry, Acland who, in making the two men known to each other, wrote respecting Stanhope—"He is the Commoner of Christchurch of whom Newton spoke to you as an aspirant amateur draftsman. You will be pleased with his simplicity and *bonhomie*." But although Watts consented to the proposed plan, it seems probable that he viewed the relationship between himself and that "amateur draftsman" less as that of master and pupil than in the light of fellow-students, the elder merely undertaking to aid the younger by the advantage of his experience;—"I never had a pupil in the true sense of the word," he often stated. Indeed, although senior to Stanhope by a dozen years, the comradeship of Watts with the youth of one-and-twenty often resembled that of two merry schoolboys who, apart from an enthusiasm for work, were both bent on extracting from existence any harmless entertainment which suggested itself to their lively fancy.

The novel influence thus brought to bear upon Stanhope's life, however, involved one of possibly even greater moment, since it entailed his introduction to the circle at Little Holland House where Watts had at that time established a joint *ménage* with his friends Mr and Mrs Thoby Prinsep. Shortly afterwards we find Stanhope writing with boyish amusement:—

On Thursday evening, I went with a huge party of Pattles<sup>1</sup> to see a Diorama of Calcutta.<sup>2</sup> There was Lord and Lady Eastnor,<sup>3</sup> Mr and Mrs Prinsep, Mrs Dalrymple and Mrs Jackson<sup>4</sup> with a daughter and Watts and myself completing the party. We had very good fun, the chief amusement of the ladies being to bully poor Watts, who was in a very High Art mood at the time. We finished up with tea at the Eastnors. She is certainly A.I. for beauty.

To realise, however, the complete change which his new surroundings effected in Stanhope's life, it is necessary to contrast the social conditions which prevailed among his new acquaintance with those which then found favour elsewhere.

Mr Thoby Prinsep, then a member of Council at the India Office, had previously lived for about thirty-five years in India, and there his wife, witty, fascinating, and popular, had been in the habit of entertaining upon an extensive scale. On acquiring the lease of Little Holland House some time after her return to England, she introduced into her new home a cosmopolitan and liberal spirit to which people of that date were little accustomed. Few facts, indeed, mark more strongly the divergence

<sup>1</sup> The five daughters of James Pattle, Esq. (Bengal Civil Service), of whom Mrs Thoby Prinsep was one.

<sup>2</sup> A moving panorama of India, painted by the artists Stanfield and Herring. See pages 280-281.

<sup>3</sup> Virginia, daughter of James Pattle, Esq., who was singularly beautiful, and in October 1850 married Charles Somers, Viscount Eastnor, who succeeded his father as third Earl Somers in 1852 and died in 1883.

<sup>4</sup> Sisters to Mrs Thoby Prinsep.



between that past and the present than the recognition that conditions which would now rouse no comment were then unique. In the delightful garden of Little Holland House, amid surroundings planned to enhance its natural attractiveness, she received her guests on Sunday afternoons; and something of the atmosphere which had once animated Holland House in the days of its pre-eminence, revived in its beautiful Dower House, shorn of the narrowness of that bygone age. At a time when, it cannot again be too strongly emphasised, genius was tolerated as an eccentricity rather than courted as a divine asset, when an *artist* and a *gentleman* were terms held to be antipodean, men met there on a footing which had the attraction of novelty. Statesmen, men of letters, painters, poets, strivers who had not yet blossomed into achievement, there found themselves in a society where each was received upon his individual merit and intellect was the only rank. A breezy Bohemianism prevailed. That time of dread, the conventional Sunday of the early Victorian era, was exchanged for the wit of cynics, the dreams of the inspired, the thoughts of the profoundest thinkers of the age. Throughout the sunny summer afternoons, under the shade of the fine old trees were placed big sofas and seats, picturesque in their gay coverings, and the desultory talk round the tea table was varied by games of bowls and croquet on the lawn beyond. But by and by, as the daylight faded and all who were mere visitors departed, those who belonged to the more intimate coterie of friends remained on to

an impromptu dinner-party. The seats were carried indoors, the lights within gleamed out in rosy cheerfulness, and conversation flowed into fresh and delightful channels. "They talked," we are told, of things that belonged to no date, their subjects would have interested men of any age." For while those without that charmed circle spoke sneeringly of "Mrs Prinsep's tea-gardens," of the parties where she and her husband—her "dog Toby" as he was facetiously termed—entertained a medley of cranks, among the *habitues* of Little Holland House were Carlyle with his rugged genius, Tennyson with his dainty fantasies, Thackeray with his mighty imagination, Dickens, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Browning, and a score of others whose names now enrich the sum of England's greatness.

To young Stanhope, fresh from the University, ripe to receive impressions, and suffering, perhaps unconsciously, from the restrictions of a conventionalism with which he was out of harmony, the atmosphere of that magic circle came as a revelation. For the first time he found himself in surroundings which were congenial with his aspiration and which roused in him a new spirit of emulation. Here Art was no longer a senseless hobby; it was the lodestar of ambition, the goal of endeavour. Here he made friends with Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Woolner, Holman Hunt, and others who were to influence and to complete his life. Subtly, and at first unrecognised, light as froth on the restless flow of those idle fancies and interchange of young ideas, there was yet forming amongst those eager spirits a move-

ment which was to broaden the outlook of society and to revolutionise modern Art.

The young painters who now drifted together, and who were to form that celebrated pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, were all nearly of an age. Men of an origin which was diverse, of a youth which, in the case of each, had been subjected to dissimilar conditions, it is remarkable that they met thus early in life, to become linked by a bond which the years could not slacken. From the first they gravitated to each other as kindred souls; laughter-loving spirits, schemers of the unattainable, modern knights of the Round Table who were to regenerate the social and mental outlook of their generation.

But as yet the movement was in its infancy. The striving of Art came before its fruition; and a letter from Stanhope to his father at this date giving an account of the system pursued by Watts, his new master, is full of interest:—

As I thought you might like to know that I have nothing to tell you I write with that intention! I am undergoing what Watts terms the discipline of drawing, which I ought and should have done at first starting had Bridges impressed me with the importance. I am at work now upon a towel, scattered in a picturesque way upon the floor, and which Watts has enjoined me to draw with as hard a pencil as I can get, and shade with the finest lines possible in order to study and imitate everything upon it, even to the blacks. He says the first object is to acquire power and facility in representing any object whatsoever upon paper in black and white, and this is the

surest and quickest way of arriving at that facility. After that has been obtained, the rest is comparatively easy, anatomy, study of form, etc., being most necessary ; and painting may follow close upon that. He recommends me to draw lots of outlines as well, carefully and decidedly, and without rubbing out ; but to avoid drawing even from the antiques indiscriminately, as he says it is a sure way of spoiling one's taste for form. He seems to me to approve of but few besides the Elgin Marbles as lessons to study from.

I find this accurate drawing has improved my eye immensely in seeing forms, and I am sure, had I studied the same way sooner, I should by this time have acquired a tolerable facility in drawing.

Again he wrote :—

Watts utterly condemns all conventionality and mannerisms, and says that *nothing* ought to be studied (the Elgin marbles excepted) but nature ; in studying anybody's style you lose all originality and become a mannerist, which after all is nothing but copying, thereby lowering yourself to the ranks of copy-writers, door-painters etc.

Those were, in short, golden days when everything which fell from the lips of the master was greedily absorbed by the pupil. Daily he went to Little Holland House, leading otherwise a solitary life in his father's town house in Harley Street :—

I have to go to the Prinseps' every day to work in the afternoon with Watts ; and as it is three miles off, it comes expensive both in time and money. . . .

I will tell you how I spend the day. I breakfast at a quarter past seven and get to Watts' studio soon after eight, where I spend the morning in drawing, resting myself by taking an occasional lounge into Cozens' room. About one, I find myself at Little Holland House, where I do a little in the way of luncheon, and after that is cleared away, Watts and I set to work, which we carry on till nearly dark, when I make my way home to dinner; after which I indulge in the varieties of sleeping, walking, drawing, going to the theatres half-price, or eating a dozen oysters at an oyster shop, or sometimes doing a mixture of all. I enjoy myself very much. Watts, now I know him, is a glorious companion, and the Prinseps are very jolly people.

Watts has some grand projects in view, and, if all goes well, in the course of a few years he will be tolerably well known. He was telling me that he had made several propositions to the heads of the Academy with a view to encourage *real Art* (High Art), that they would not take his advice, and since then he has determined to bring forward his opinions himself, and he is now preparing to do it. He is anxious to get one or two who will steadily assist him, and he will put *low art* to the blush.

I suppose that the drawing-rooms (in Harley Street) are to be left dismantled till you come? If you will leave them unpapered for another year I shall be able to try my hand on them, and, if I should not succeed, they will then be none the worse for papering. Watts is very much pleased with the idea of my painting the Elgin Marbles on the library walls, and says I must work very hard with that view. He has taken up a crusade

against bare walls, and intends painting everything that comes in his way.

In his next letter he again refers to his anxiety to try his hand at this new scheme of decoration :—

As to the boudoirs which want fitting up here, there is a great tongue of paper hanging down the wall. I have not studied the premises closely, having only just seen the tongue of paper *en passant*, and thought it looked decidedly what young ladies would call picturesque, which, in that acceptance of the phrase, means ruins and rags. If I had my way, paperhangers should hang in their own papers, and all other corrupters of public morals should be treated in the same way. The reason of these observations will be more apparent when I tell you what I have been doing at Little Holland House.

Perhaps you have never seen Flaxman's illustrations of Dante? They are simple outlines, figures with no light and shadows, but first rate in every respect. Watts, as an experiment, for an amusement, practice, &c., &c., is decorating the walls of one of the rooms at the Prinseps with a series of these designs. He is carrying the principle throughout, making the painting quite flat and the outline the principle feature. The ghosts, of course, are no end transparent. I have the drawing of the figures on the wall and the easiest part of the painting, which I enjoy, and also find excellent practice, as it opens my mind very much. The effect, I think, will be excellent, as the spirit of the poem has been caught in Flaxman's designs and in the colouring. Watts has kept to it most carefully. When this is done he will set

to work at Little Holland House, where are a good many bare walls, and I shall get plenty of work there.

After that I hope to do a little in that way on the walls of the staircase, attics, &c., here. Why I mentioned about the drawing-room in my last letter was that I am sure by the winter time I could decorate the rooms in a more satisfactory way than any paperhanger would, for by that time I shall have had lots of practice, and should probably get Watts to assist me in doing them. But *ça m'est égal*, for I feel confident that if I live I shall do them sometime or another and prove that houses decorated like the Prinseps' are more satisfactory than white-washed ceilings and chintz-covered walls.

Upholsterers at present are the directors of taste with respect to the decoration of houses, and they prove themselves worthy of their intellects and education. Alas! poor Snobs! If some energetic house miscreant were to white-wash heaven and hang the walls of it with red-flock paper you might have an opportunity of judging whether the alteration of colour improved it or not. Mind, I am only speaking with regard to colour . . . (I have just gone and dipped my pen in the coffee which has improved the flavour very much). I had another ride with Watts to-day and lots of jumping, some of it rather stiff. . . . By the way Watts wishes me to keep secret his paintings in illustration of Dante at present. So please don't mention it.

His letters are all undated, which makes their sequence difficult to ascertain, but he appears about

this time to have paid a visit to Yorkshire, for after his return to London he writes :

I saw Watts yesterday on my arrival in town and he has been kinder than ever, as he has undertaken me more regularly than he has ever done before. I showed him one or two of those fine pencil brick drawings, for which I got patted on the back no end. If I can only get on, he will find me plenty of work, for he talks of my working with him at Oxford and other places ; but he has more confidence in me than I have in myself. He has just finished a drawing of Lord John Russell for the Duke of Bedford, preparatory to making a painting of him. It has been much admired, and several people came in to see it to-day, amongst others Lord Eastnor, who seems a very nice fellow.

To his mother he wrote about this same date :

Watts is not going to Liverpool this year, for he has to fresco the House of Lords. He has taken much more notice of me lately, which I flatter myself is owing to my rising in his opinion. He is going to fresco the Governesses' Institution in Harley Street this week, and he has invited me to go there and make drawings of the Elgin Marbles, of which he has casts there, promising to give me all the assistance in his power—a proposal I have gladly closed with, as I expect to get a good deal of good from it.

I am more and more convinced every day of his great powers, so my father must never venture to say again before me that we have not talent in England, for we have an artist of the highest order, and this I am confident time will prove. His



works when they get spread about will place him high amongst the masters of Art; and in the meantime it is a satisfaction to feel that I have got as a master the first artist in England.

But Lady Elizabeth was not to be beguiled by the enthusiasm of her son :

Roddy (she writes about this date) is bent on studying under Watts. I hear he is clever, and a man likely to make his mark, but I mean to satisfy myself when I go to town what is his influence, *moral as well as artistic*.

And the first result of this investigation she describes with perhaps unconscious humour after her arrival in town, in a letter dated the 16th of April, 1852 :

I found Roddy at his High Art this morning before breakfast. He is crazy about Flaxman, and has been riding in the park with Mr W. Russell, Lord William Russell's son, who is as crazy as himself. Walter<sup>1</sup> thought Watts' things at the studio splendid. I mean to judge of them myself by walking down there with Roddy to-morrow . . . I questioned him closely about Watts last night. He thinks most highly of his *character* and I do not think there can be much harm in him. When we arrived from Yorkshire yesterday he had made an illumination ready for us, on the mantel-piece, of five hand-candles and two others, and was as pleased with it as any schoolboy. Obviously *he has nothing on his conscience!* I hear there is a merry-go-round in the garden at Little Holland

<sup>1</sup> The late Sir Walter Spencer Stanhope, K.C.B., of Cannon Hall, brother to Mr Roddam Spencer Stanhope.

House, and three Prinsep boys and their tutor, with Roddy and Watts, go round and round on it till they are quite exhausted. *Very innocent!*

Reassured by the significance of that impromptu illumination in her honour, and of the merry-go-round at Little Holland House, Lady Elizabeth made no objection when her son suggested a new project :

The front drawing-room (she writes on her next visit to London) is turned into a perfect studio, as Watts is established there painting a fresco ; and, as he has given up his studio and has got nowhere to draw in, Roddy is very anxious he should be here entirely, and after his kindness it cannot be refused. He can sleep in the boudoir, and is very quiet painting all day with Roddy. . . . The latter is getting on, as there is a drawing of his own composition in the drawing-room, 12 feet by 4 : *Light Rising out of Darkness*. Watts much pleased with it.

In another letter she adds :

Watts is as quiet as a mouse, working from morning till night, and not an expensive guest as he drinks nothing but water. He comes *this* evening to a six o'clock dinner with Roddy, but another day he will dine with us at luncheon-time. Though Roddy has done wonders, I have still my doubts, as his drawing is decidedly wrong, and so is Watts', with all his genius. I wish you could see the horrible, naked, mutilated figures from the Elgin Marbles with which he intends to *decorate the Governesses' Institution*. There is one as large as life, I think it is the Theseus—enough

to frighten them all out of their wits. . . . I hope it will not end in poor Roddy, having spent so much of his time, not to succeed at last.

But into the mind of her son there now entered no misgiving. In September of 1852 he wrote :

Watts has got on with the fresco, and will, I expect, soon finish it. I have a faint hope yet that he may go to Oxford, I shall try to persuade him, as it will be an advantage to everybody and myself especially. He has not seen what I have been about lately. . . . You see, what I have done in the way of study has been all original and without the aid of masters. I think Watts is right, he is very fearful of influencing me in any way, and never makes a comment upon anything I show him, but only urges me on and gives me good advice about keeping in the right way. Talking about the right way I have got into it, and I hope that about a year's study more will fix me in it firmly. I am gradually able to understand the principle of Photographs and the Elgin Marbles, and let a man have this principle once fixed in his mind he cannot go far wrong. For one is the actual stamping of Nature *as it is* on a flat surface, where it remains permanently for everybody to peruse. The other is the personification of ideal Nature—*i.e.* Nature as it *ought to be*.

The same letter, however, closes with a boyish anti-climax :

I have seen nothing of the Prinseps lately. I have none the less got on very happily with the assistance of gentle Will Shakespeare, whom I read regularly at breakfast and dinner, when I find it

act as a first-rate digestive pill. Indeed, when I get to the grand parts, I flourish my bread and butter, and ladle the gravy about in a manner that would take your breath away. London is quiet. The Duke (of Wellington's) death has been a perfect Godsend to the trade, and decayed tradesmen are raising their streaming eyes to heaven in an ecstasy of gratitude. A pious and subdued hilarity pervades the world, and Wellington boots are getting quite brisk again, in spite of the defalcation of straps.

Last Saturday I went down to Brighton. What a horrid place it is for extempore preachers. The description I heard of one was, "He is not much of a *Theologian*, but the most *brilliant orator* I ever heard. It is quite an *intellectual treat* to go to hear him!" Heaven preserve me from going to church for an "intellectual treat!" I would sooner stop at home for a raspberry-jam one!

Yet the system which Watts pursued with his pupils may be open to criticism. "He is very fearful of influencing me in any way," wrote Stanhope, and therein lay the keynote both to the merit and the failure of Watts as an instructor. Fearful of bruising ever so slightly the delicacy of an original inspiration, of marking with his own personality the individuality of effort, Watts did not sufficiently insist on the drudgery of Art and the study of classical models. Hence his pupils lacked a knowledge of technique, from which many of them suffered all their lives, and strove to fly ere they had learnt to walk.

It was shortly after this that Stanhope painted his first picture, a small but powerful study, which he called *Thoughts of the Past*. He had at the time of painting it a studio in a block of buildings immediately below the studio of Rossetti, and the influence of his fellow-worker is perhaps traceable in this conception, which differs curiously from his later work. A woman, in a wrapper of dark rich purple stands by the windows of, presumably, a London lodging, brushing out her long auburn hair. Through the torn lace of the casement curtains one sees a glimpse of the busy life without—the river with its boats and barges, the streets, a bridge, the multitudinous buildings of the great city. Within, the half-sordid details of the room are pitilessly reproduced, the cosmetics on the dressing-table, the coral necklace which strikes a bright note of colour hanging out of an untidy drawer, the recently opened letter tucked in the glass, the man's stick fallen upon the floor. The force of a great despair is in the woman's face, even the strenuous grip of her hand upon the brush bespeaks the torment of remembrance. Rich in colouring, realistic in rendering, and powerful in its hint of suppressed tragedy and passion, it has none of the mystic fantasy of Stanhope's later conceptions. The following undated letter appears to have been written after the completion of this work :

I should not be a Stanhope if I had not speculated over, grumbled at, and Castle-built about my future life a great deal more than necessary. I am just coming to a very trying part of my life

when I am to ascertain whether I shall be successful in my profession or not. I do not mean that I expect to succeed with the public at first start ; but I mean that when I bring a finished work of mine, on which my energies and abilities have been actively employed, into the field with other men, whether it will stand the test sufficiently to assure me that I may depend on ultimate success or not ; and to be successful I must rank as a superior artist, for it would not answer to me to carry it on as a profession with all the labour it requires and not take a high position. . . . If I do not succeed I shall try and consider it as best so, for trials and disappointments are the real means for making a man worth something ; and I shall look forward to spending my life partly abroad and partly at home, enjoying to the full the glories of nature and making pictures of those things which have never been done and which I could do well enough to sell at a sufficient price. . . .

*Monday Morning.*

We had a whole Pan full of the chief Pre-Raphaelites yesterday and had a very pleasant day of it. There was Hunt, Rossetti, and Collins. I submitted my picture to their inspection and I must confess that their remarks on it were very flattering and that I have evidently taken up quite a position in their eyes. Rossetti has had the painting in fresco of the Oxford Museum entrusted to him. This is really a great mistake on the part of the managers, but I suspect it is the architect's doing. He has a very ill-regulated disposition, as I believe that he has never completed a single thing that he has undertaken, and

has only succeeded in finishing small things which he has managed to complete before he got tired of them ; moreover he is quite unacquainted with fresco, and has never worked upon a large scale, so that I expect that his attempt will prove a failure. Besides this he is decorating the Union Club there in distemper,—this is voluntary. He has asked me to go and do something there, as there are several fellows working, so I shall certainly go and see, and, if it is advisable to do so, I shall take my share in the work. . . .

The Pre-Raphaelites give such accounts of Ruskin. He seems to be the most prejudiced, arbitrary, cantankerous fellow, and I shall keep as clear as I can of him.

Shortly afterwards, in accordance with Rossetti's suggestion, Stanhope went to Oxford to take part in the ceiling decoration of the Union Debating Hall (now the library). This it was intended to cover with frescoes in tempera, illustrative of the romance of King Arthur ; and associated with Rossetti in this enterprise were also Morris, Burne-Jones, Arthur Hughes, Valentine Prinsep and J. Hungerford Pollen. Holman Hunt's name was on one of the spandrils reserved for his work, but owing to various circumstances he was never able to undertake this.

On the space set apart for Stanhope, the latter painted *Sir Gawaine at the Fountain*, and next to him worked Burne-Jones, his acquaintance of Little Holland House, with whom his friendship was thus more firmly cemented. "As time went on," wrote Stanhope, "I found myself more and more attracted to Ned. The spaces we were decorating

were next to each other, and this brought me closely into contact with him. In spite of his high spirits and fun, he devoted himself more thoroughly to his work than any of the others with the exception of Morris; he appeared unable to leave his picture as long as he thought he could improve it, and as I was behindhand with mine we had the place all to ourselves for some weeks after the rest were gone.”<sup>1</sup> But, unfortunately, the technique of fresco painting was then little understood in England, the artists who devoted their energy to this work were all young and inexperienced; the walls on which they painted were new and not properly prepared—not even flattened. The tempera process adopted was little more than water-colour painting, and the pictures ere long flaked off, becoming first a phantom of what they had been, then a mere confused blur of fading colour.

Stanhope’s work withstood the obliteration of time better than the frescoes of his colleagues, but the glory has died from both colour and form, and to-day, trying to trace the all but vanished production of those once eager workers, one cannot help picturing the busy group who worked upon it—Burne-Jones with his mirth-loving nature, Stanhope with his handsome person and ready wit, Rossetti with his gorgeous fancies, and a brilliant young undergraduate who came to watch and to jest with the workers—Algernon Charles Swinburne. And one thinks—the pity of it!—with what com-

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones* (1904), vol. i. p. 164.



pleteness has also vanished the laughter, the dreams, the young enthusiasm which went to the creation of that dead work.

“What fun we had in that Union! What jokes! What roars of laughter!” writes Mr Prinsep. For even the very jests in which they indulged were, in sheer foolishness, but part of the young life in them which would not be denied. Stanhope used to relate how Burne-Jones, posing one day for a colleague at the foot of a ladder, dressed as a medieval knight, arrested the attention of his companions. Something in the heroic attitude of the knight and his complete absorption in the character he was personating stirred their merriment. One of them made a significant gesture to Stanhope; the temptation was irresistible; promptly from Stanhope’s hands there descended upon the romantic model a bucketful of dirty water, drenching his gorgeous clothes and bringing him back with a rude shock to the present. It was typical of Burne-Jones that no one laughed more heartily at his own discomfiture than did he himself.

Bitten with the cult of Medievalism, the workers lived in the life which they were striving to portray. They affected it in their speech, in their mannerisms, when practicable in their dress. On one occasion Morris laboriously and with considerable ingenuity fashioned for himself a complete suit of chain armour. His friends admiringly helped him into it, and with some difficulty induced it to meet round his ample frame. The effect exceeded Morris’s expectations, and for a time he strode about in his new equipment,

exceedingly pleased with it, until, finding it rather tight, he desired to remove it. Then arose a difficulty. Burne-Jones pulled, Stanhope pulled, Rossetti pulled, but without result. The overstrained links had interlaced, and clung obstinately together. The medieval knight panted piteously in his wire cage, while his friends feared it would be necessary to file the metal in order to save him from suffocation. Fortunately, however, the links gave way in time to avoid disaster, and Morris issued from his instrument of torture, minded for the future to be content with the less picturesque but more agreeable raiment of modern days.

This was not the only occasion, however, when Morris's somewhat unwieldy proportions furnished food for merriment to his fellow-workers. It appears that he was exceedingly perturbed at his tendency to grow stout, and was in the habit of constantly measuring himself to ascertain whether he had or had not put on flesh since the last similar investigation. Stanhope and Burne-Jones, aware of this weakness, one night after he had gone to bed stole his waistcoat, and laboriously sewed a big tuck up the back. They then quietly restored it to his room, and in the morning, stationed outside his door, they awaited developments. These were soon apparent, for when Morris discovered that his waistcoat would no longer meet by two inches, and concluded that in *one night* he had increased so alarmingly in size, the vigour of the language in which he indulged far surpassed all the expectations of the delighted conspirators.

Yet the men who with serious work could mingle the spirit of a merry schoolboy were none the less greatly in earnest. That light-hearted fraternity of eager strivers—that so-called Brotherhood, to which it was already recognised that they belonged, was rousing comment. People scoffed at that extravagant new School of Art, incomprehensible, yet compelling. It warred with all the preconceived standards of that age, it was surely ridiculous, yet it held and stirred them—those restful mellow tints, that wealth of strange colour, that haunting grace of form, that mystic blending of Poetry and Art. The pre-Raphaelites were mad, so their contemporaries said, but they were at least arresting. Prophets of a new creed are apt to meet with rough handling, but the early Victorians merely mocked. They were amused, yet they looked; and, looking, by and by they learnt.

Stanhope's connection with the pre-Raphaelite movement was no doubt cemented by his work at the Union; and perhaps to this too, in some measure, may also be due his subsequent preference for painting in tempera, the early Italian system of using as a medium the yolk of eggs, a method laborious in the extreme, in that it requires the most delicate care and patience, but of which he was one of the first pioneers in England, and in which he produced his most striking results of colour. Although he sympathised with, he never associated himself with the designing of artistic furniture or house decoration, which was originated by Holman Hunt and others of the fraternity before Morris

more particularly identified himself with it ; yet he took a keen interest in the attempt, and in one of his early pictures is introduced a chair of quaint design which had been planned by Holman Hunt, from whom it was then borrowed, and in whose possession it subsequently remained.

It was apparently after returning to London from Oxford that Stanhope wrote :—

I am not getting on fast with my work as I am very much bothered about getting models, they seem very scarce and I cannot get hold of those that there are. . . . I have nearly finished the "*Sluggard*." The next design I shall begin on will be the "*Murderer*"; after that probably the "*Death*"—(that is by natural means), and then on to "*the House of Mourning*" and so on, till I have completed a series of light, airy and fantastic compositions—works of one's lighter and more genial moments! . . .

Everybody is flourishing at Kensington. Miss Treherne is still there, enslaving people more than ever. Dickey Doyle<sup>1</sup> or as he calls himself ("Deeky Doyle") has fallen a victim and made her a present of a pocket-handkerchief with a border drawn in pen and ink by himself; and a most wonderful performance it is. I was there yesterday afternoon. Thackery was there amusing himself by drawing Miss T. which he did by holding his drawing-book within three inches of his eye. He is very amusing when he comes out at all.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Doyle, author and illustrator, who was for many years the cleverest and most original contributor to the illustrations of *Punch*, b. 1797, d. 1868.

One of the great secrets that makes Holland House so charming is that there are no books there and everybody has to talk or make an effort to do so ; and that is why those great literary swells go there !

Later, he adds a characteristic postscript—it must be borne in mind that this correspondence all belongs to his early years :—

I have just been writing a letter of condolence to poor little S. I did not find it easy to compose, for one cannot cram an old Tutor with Scripture texts, as it does not seem respectful enough. However, I wrote it before breakfast when I feel more melancholy and sentimental than at any other part of the day, and so got over it pretty well. By the bye, I think the Scripture text dodge is a very unfair one, for with a few promiscuous verses out of the Psalms and two or three blessings, a lazy person shirks all the trouble of really routing out their feelings from the fat folds of a bloated imagination. . . . I read a very good Americanism in a Novel called “ Two Years Ago,” namely that “ there is a deal of human nature in Man.” This to my mind is a simple and witty idea.

On another occasion in answer to his father’s suggestion that he should return home in August he wrote :—

I shall certainly not be home for the 12th, especially as I intend giving up shooting altogether for the present ; I have been troubled with qualms as to the Christian righteousness of putting numbers of unoffending animals to the

most cruel sufferings, (I mean those that are wounded and get away) for an idle whim, and what is I think a very doubtful enjoyment. Hunting is far less barbarous, as only one animal is bullied and that one sometimes gets away ; but in principle it is as bad.

Game is, I consider, necessary and intended for us as we are carnivorous animals, but I do not suppose that in depriving it of life, we are intended to experience deep enjoyment, or that we are to invent a refined and barbarous manner of putting it to death which the saints and the elect of the present age call "thoroughly sportsmanlike." I should like to fight the [illegible], backing my intelligence against their brute force, but there is little pleasure to be derived from breaking the leg of a miserable pheasant—nurtured from its earliest infancy on the white of egg and onions, and educated into a fine fat bird under the admiring eye of a fustian-clad keeper—as it flies heavily along, obese and short-winded on its unused pinions.

I have just had a very nice letter from Lothian asking me to undertake the decorations of Lady Lothian's sitting-room at Blickling. I shall certainly do it if it is at all a feasible thing. He had seen my work at Oxford.

In connection with the above criticism of sport it is interesting to note that at one time Stanhope was both a keen sportsman and an excellent shot. As a youth, in company with his elder brother, he kept a pack of harriers ; and so great was his enthusiasm that it is said on one memorable Ash Wednesday, not wishing to absent himself from

the morning service, he sent his horse to wait for him at the village inn, and the instant he left the church he was seen hurrying off to the "Spencer Arms" whence he galloped away to become a belated follower of the hunt. Ere long, however, chiefly from a question of principle, he renounced all forms of sport, and devoted himself solely to a more elevating occupation. The decorations referred to in the above letter were undertaken by him; and next, in the summer of 1853, he went abroad with Watts to devote himself to the study of the early Florentine painters. From Florence he wrote to his father:—

Power the artist, showed me two casts that he had taken from Michael Angelo's most famous figures of Night and Morning; they are undoubtedly very grand in design, but so carelessly and incorrectly executed that in examining them I was quite astounded. Parts of them are very fine, but the relative proportions of some of the limbs are so outrageously bad, that if I were to begin a statue to-morrow, I think I could do it better in that respect. The half of one of the legs was so big, that, as Power said, the head might easily have been sculptured out of it.

In this conclusion Stanhope was doubtless confirmed by Watts, who, with all his profound reverence for Michael Angelo, did not place him high as a sculptor, and pronounced the world-famous David a "bad statue, the right foot not good, the waist too small and the hands not the hands of a youth."

From Venice later Stanhope wrote :—

I have been studying Tintoret a great deal lately. He is a most extraordinary genius and I think deserves the comparison that a Frenchman made to me the other day at the Table d'Hôte which was that he thought the genius of Tintoret very much resembled that of Shakespeare both in power and quality. I am satisfied that he must be the greatest artist, Phidias always excepted, in the world. Studying him has made me indifferent to all the other Masters here, Titian and all included ; and has also satisfied me that colouring holds a very inferior place in the study of Art. His colouring is first-rate but he has evidently made it quite a secondary consideration, devoting his whole thought and energies to drawing. In his colouring he seems to have worked very much in the same way as Watts recommends. He has impressed on me one great maxim, and that is *to draw. It is the only thing in Art really worth trying to do.*

The interest of this criticism, uttered at the age of twenty-four, lies in the complete antithesis which it presents to Stanhope's attitude towards this same question in later life, when, as we shall see, the glory of his colouring superseded his desire for accuracy of technique, and—according to Burne-Jones—adversely affected the latter.

A couple of years later, Stanhope again wrote from Rome :—

The other day I tried, by way of an experiment, a fresh kind of canvas, which is, in reality, nothing but prepared calico. Watts used it always ; but



I have been afraid to try it as yet, as it is so fine I was frightened of getting into a muddle. However, I find that I can paint ten times better on it than on anything else that I have tried, and I can give what my pictures so much want, finish and delicacy. My other studies look very bad by the things that I have done on this new stuff, so much so, that I shall try to paint fresh ones of some of the finest heads.

The more I see of Art, the more convinced I am that Watts is a very great man, and one of the first of his age. . . .

*Thursday Evening.*—I have not been able to find time to continue my letter, as I have been so busy with the Carnival. It is immense fun, but very expensive. I have, however, been so quiet for a long time that I have what people call gone in for it, especially as I shall probably never see another.

The Corso is a long straight narrow street. There are heaps of balconies occupied by ladies, most of the young fellows going on foot or in carriages. The *canaille* dress up, in all sorts of ways, and the Roman women get up in a variety of costumes. Everybody collects there about 3 o'clock P.M., and the balconies pelt the street and the street pelt the balconies. The bouquets used are of all sizes, from little nosegays, which one buys by thousands, to magnificent bouquets, which in England would cost two or three guineas. Sugar-plums of all kinds and descriptions are used, and also an immense lot of *confetti* which is nothing but grains of wheat rolled up in wet plaster, and which people throw by shovelfuls at each other, so that everybody is obliged to wear wire masks except those who are out of reach in

the balconies ; and all the ladies and gentlemen who go about the streets wear blouses and hoods.

I have got up a tremendous bouquet-flirtation with a couple of young ladies in a balcony, and I find it the most exciting amusement that I ever indulged in. I come home every day with five or six magnificent bouquets, such as you seldom see in England. These are let down to me from the balcony by strings and fishing-rods so that no one else may get them. I, on the other hand, throw up lots into their balcony.

On Monday next (Ward) Hunt and I are going to do it in style. We have ordered a bouquet to be made as large as any ordinary round tea-table ; it is to be composed of an aggregation of small bouquets with a few choice large ones in the centre. We shall have it stuck on a big pole, and we shall then drive down the Corso with it stuck up in the middle of our carriage, and when we have paraded it sufficiently, we shall begin pelting with the smaller bouquets, reserving the best ones for our flirtations. I expect it ought to create a sensation, as I have seen nothing of the kind attempted ; and we have ordered it to be kept a great secret.

I have no time to add more, but I will write again next week when the Carnival is over, and give you a fuller description and tell you how our bouquets answered. The Americans and English are the only people who keep the Carnival going here, and they have it pretty much to themselves, the Italians, with the exception of the lads, for the most part looking on.

Again he wrote from Florence :—

I find it very pleasant here and have such

excellent health that I can work as long as I like. Florence is I think a great deal spoilt since I was here last. It has got much more modernised and thus in some respects more comfortable, otherwise there is less of the simple, happy-go-lucky way of going on than there used to be. . . .

There is a great deal to be done here, what with working in the Churches and making studies in the galleries. I am afraid however that if I stop here long, the influence of the painting here will begin to tell upon me and I shall become quite pre-Raphaelite, which I do not myself much care about, for it seems to me that from what I see here all the great Painters lived before Raphael's time and that that great hero heralded the decadence of Art. I really think this is the case, for I have lately been examining the studies of drawings of the figures and draperies of the different old masters, of which there is a very valuable collection here, and Raphael's drawings and those of all the men of a later date are much inferior in vigour and care, truth, feeling and all those qualities, to the men who lived before him. I am also quite satisfied from what I have seen here that we have some really good artists in England, tho' perhaps they are not all English by birth. Jones, I am confident, is a very great artist and one who ought to rank quite in the first flight amongst what Noodles call the "old masters."

He next appends certain comments on his surroundings :—

Three of the Convents here have been excommunicated by the Pope for administering the Sacrament to the Soldiers, that is the army of the King of Italy, who has deposed the Pope of his

possessions. . . . They do not seem much the worse for it and look fat and jolly. . . . I never saw better appointed men, or finer and more gentlemanlike-looking officers, the latter most magnificently dressed, whoever pays for it, and there must be a peculiar breed of fowls to produce their feathers !

On New Year's Day he writes :—

They make a great fuss here about New Year's Day, which they call the *Capo d'anno*—a good deal of the fuss consists in asking for Xmas boxes which they do with charming readiness and simplicity. . . .

There is football played at the Zoological Gardens three times a week, in the afternoon. I went there the other day to have a turn and enjoyed it very much ; there were not very many as they were all English. They cannot induce the Italians to play, or indeed any other foreigners—they do not like getting their shins kicked. It is a very amusing trait, I think, of the English character,—the field in which football is played is just alongside of the most fashionable part of the public promenade. And along that promenade at 3 o'clock till dusk the Italian Youth march solemnly up and down (I do not believe there is one of them left behind in Florence itself)—elegantly, indeed often gorgeously, attired in the most comical style of dress. Checks are the fashion now, which gives to the descendants of the proud Italian aristocracy the appearance of very slovenly disreputable grooms whom one would be shy about taking into one's service. They are all quite happy I suppose, though they do not look it except when they have an opportunity of

taking their hats off to somebody, which appears to cause them satisfaction. While young Italy is conducting itself in this fashion in the public walk, Perfidious Albion's progeny are close by, frantically engaged in kicking each other's shins with beaming countenances, as if they knew no greater enjoyment on Earth. It is very wonderful how Englishmen have their own customs and fashions wherever they go, and always insist and succeed in doing whatever they have a fancy for. All foreigners, in their general habits, appear to me alike. The men smoke, drink coffee, talk about money, and show themselves on the public promenade with a pious fervour every afternoon, at every town abroad that I have been to, in almost exactly the same way. If they are near the sea or on a river, they never dream of boating, if their town is in the most beautiful country in the world they never go to see it, for nothing can be so beautiful to them as the public walk and they have a perfect hatred of anything like games of any kind. My opinion of them is that they are a very stupid lot!

When Stanhope next went abroad, it was on a journey of a different character. Owing to continued ill-health, Watts had been induced to accept the invitation of Mr, afterwards Sir Charles Newton, to join the staff of the expedition he was directing for the recovery of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus at Budrum in Asia Minor; and in this invitation Stanhope and Val Prinsep—known to his friends as Buzz—were included.

I have unfortunately missed seeing Newton this morning as he has started for Southampton—

I have heard most of the general particulars about the expedition. It seems that he is pretty confident from former researches that there ought to be a good *bouilli* of antiquities in Halicarnassus, and Firmans to dig and carry away what he finds have or are to be obtained from the Sultan easily. So Government have supplied him very liberally with the means. He is to have a party of Sappers and Miners, together with lots of Tin for labourers, and the vessel with its crew are more or less at his disposal. The object of attaching Watts and Val as artists was that they get their food whilst on board as well as their passage out for nothing. Once at the spot it will be more a land affair than anything else. But Mr Prinsep said that I should have no difficulty in being admitted to a share of the establishment, indeed I believe that was understood when I was asked to be of the party, and I daresay that we shall live tolerably cheap. It will be a regular encampment on the same spot, so that perhaps I shall be able to work well at my painting. At any rate I am convinced that it is a good thing to be identified with an expedition of this kind.

The party eventually set sail about the middle of October, in H.M.S. *Gorgon* manned by a crew of 150 men. At Smyrna they picked up Mr Newton and went on to Budrum. The time passed pleasantly, the three friends contributing considerably to the entertainment of the crew who affectionately named Watts "Betty," though for what reason it was never possible to discover. Christmas was kept on board in English fashion with dancing and merry-making, while at an impromptu concert Watts sung "Tom

Bowling " with such success as to reduce the blue-jackets to tears.

Their subsequent sojourn at Constantinople and their initiation into the excitement of excavating were always looked back to by the travellers with pleasure. At length, towards the end of May they re-embarked upon a man-of-war homeward bound, and proceeded to England without misadventure although one incident *en route* created upon their minds a painful impression. Landing at Rhodes, they saw the pathetic sight of that town which shortly before had been shattered by a terrible earthquake. One single wall of a clock-tower stood alone, the hands pointing to the hour of the catastrophe. Even more impressive was the bowed figure of an old woman, who sat day after day on the summit of a high staircase still intact against an otherwise ruined wall, her head bent upon her knees, the very impersonation of ruin, loneliness and despair. The misery had been greatly enhanced by the apathy of the Turkish authorities, who did nothing to rescue, nor later to compensate in any way, the miserable remnant of the population.<sup>1</sup>

It was in the month of June when they reached England, but of the period immediately following Stanhope's return, little correspondence has survived. Nevertheless the fragments of letters which remain afford curious evidence of the mingled fear and admiration with which at this date the rapid development of photography was regarded by the artistic world. The early process of "Calotype" which Fox-

<sup>1</sup> *George Frederic Watts*, by M. S. Watts, vol. i., page 167.

Talbot had protected by a patent in 1841, had already received Stanhope's attention, whom, in an undated letter, we find urging his brother to collaborate with him in this novel means of reproducing Nature.

The subject of my present letter (he wrote on this occasion) is Calotypes. I have been making out more about them lately, and that they are *the* thing is no mistake. . . . I am perfectly convinced the only way to succeed is by sticking to it and devoting one's whole time to it at first, till the difficulties are got over. . . . If you will take the Mechanical and Chemical part of it, I will undertake the arranging the subjects, etc., in fact the Artistic part, and in that way we shall produce great things. Do begin then, directly you get home. (I will send you everything you want, and all the stray information I can get.) We have already succeeded better than any others that I have heard of in the little we have done . . . and when I come home we will arrange a plan for carrying out some splendid projects I have in hand. Lord Eastnor who is a good hand at it has been illustrating a story by means of a series of Photographic drawings, which Watts is uproarious about ; and that is what I want to do, as no picture however beautiful can equal them.

And he proceeds to dwell at length on the conclusion arrived at by Lord Eastnor respecting the superior merit of the older process of Calotype photography over the more recently discovered Collodion process, the perfecting of which during the years from 1850 to 1855 had none the less given



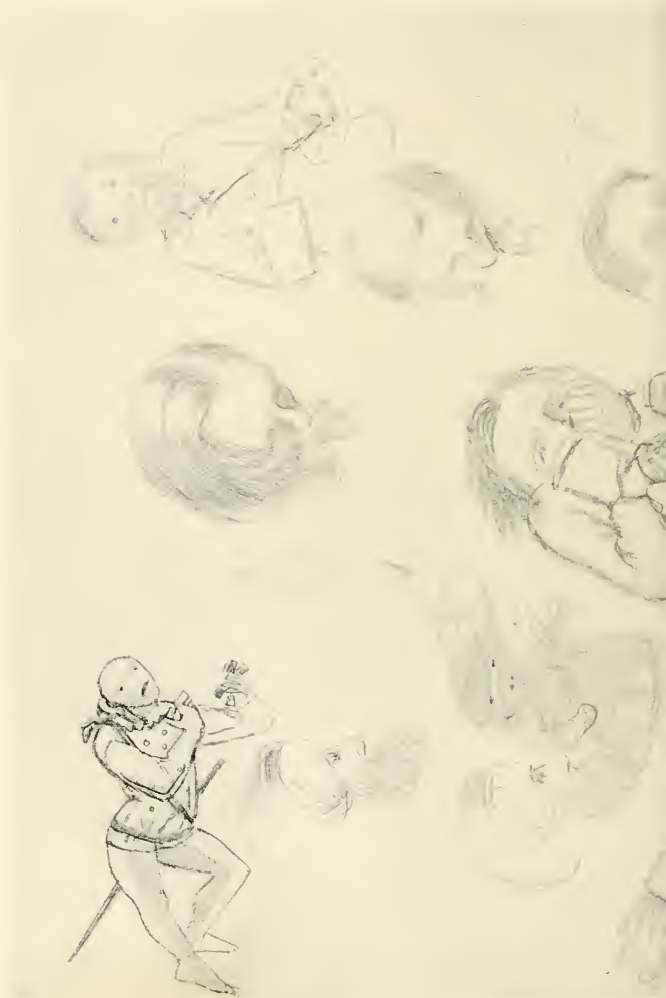
so great an impetus to the development of photography. Meantime, while we smile over that suggestion that "no picture however beautiful" can equal an artistic calotype, we realise still more the genuine alarm with which the progress of the new art was contemplated. On July 31st, 1857, we find Stanhope writing to his father:—

My difficulty in leaving town is about Watts, for he is just like a child, and Val and myself make him do pretty nearly what we like, by himself he would do next to nothing, so that it is rather of importance our being with him. . . . I was at Kensington last night and had a talk with Mrs Prinsep. I do not think that I shall be able to get away from town as Watts is very unwilling to work at Lincoln's Inn, and we are of great use in keeping him up to it. I should be very glad to get into the country as I am sick of town, but I shall soon go and take up my quarters at Kensington which will be far pleasanter than Harley Street. . . . Art is at present at a very low ebb, Cousins told me yesterday that he has had only one commission the whole season, and that is to colour a photograph. All the other artists he says are in the same condition. This is chiefly owing to photography. High Art probably will not suffer from it, but there is no knowing what discoveries may be made in that way yet which will put artists on the shelf.

Nevertheless, with the dread of this innovation still haunting him, Stanhope's attention appears shortly to have been diverted into other channels, since with regard to the year 1859 Holman Hunt used to relate the following story:—

Debarred by their work from taking active exercise during the day, he and Val Prinsep used to go to a boxing-master in the evening to have a little invigorating sparring. One evening Stanhope accompanied them and watched their match with keen interest, criticising their performance meanwhile rather freely and pointing out to them every mistake they made in a manner which rather nettled them. "Why don't you put on the gloves, Sir, and have a turn yourself?" urged the master, and they seconded his suggestion, but Stanhope excused himself firmly saying that that evening he did not want to spar. A second round took place, and again Stanhope expressed his criticisms, till finally Holman Hunt threw down the gloves and told him that, since he knew so well how the thing ought to be done, he had better give them a practical illustration. With obvious reluctance Stanhope accepted the challenge, but before he had had a couple of rounds, Val Prinsep, who had been put upon his mettle, gave him a violent blow in the eye. This swelled up, and Stanhope appeared greatly perturbed at the accident. Holman Hunt and Val Prinsep were that night returning to dine with him in Harley Street, and *en route*, at intervals, the victim of Prinsep's prowess paused under the gas-lamps and begged his friends to examine the damaged eye and tell him if it was likely to swell much, or to turn very black. Arrived at home, he at once consulted the butler anxiously on the same subject, and by advice of the latter put raw meat upon the bruise; but not content with this he sent for a hand-glass,





SKETCHES DONE BY E. BURNE-JONES WHILE WORKING  
*At the top, in the left corner, and in various of the others.*  
*In the possession of Mr. J. P. Morgan.*



IN THE STUDIO WITH RODDAM SPENCER STANHOPE  
*Sketches, may be seen the artist's caricatures of himself  
Roddam Spencer Stanhope*



and throughout the evening kept lifting the raw meat to inspect dolefully the progress of discoloration and swelling.

“Why are you so deadly anxious about your appearance?” questioned Holman Hunt, mystified at such an unwonted display of vanity. “Oh! you see,” replied Stanhope gravely, “the policeman at the corner has till now always looked upon me as the pink of propriety, and at last I shall forfeit his good opinion!” It was not till afterwards that Stanhope’s friends learnt that he had contemplated proposing to his future wife on the morning following that unlucky boxing-match, and that the black eye had been bestowed at a singularly inopportune moment!

Despite this *contretemps*, however, that year Stanhope married Elizabeth, the daughter of John James King, Esq., and widow of Captain Dawson. Subsequently he lived for some time at Cobham, in a house built for him by Mr Philip Webb. There, in 1863, Burne-Jones visited him, and the two painters worked together and discussed the future of Art with renewed optimism. The keen sense of humour which characterised each was a link between them which never slackened. “They were always very happy together,” writes Lady Burne-Jones;<sup>1</sup> “and who can forget Mr Stanhope’s laugh who had once heard it? He remained a boy at heart so long as I knew him. He would come into the studio at The Grange sometimes after hours of acute suffering, and with a laugh tell how he had ‘nearly

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to the author.

died in the night,' yet seemingly perfectly happy, working and laughing. . . . My husband, together with many others, considered his gift of colour transcendent, and said that men would be born one after another, who would rejoice in it."

"His colour is beyond anything the finest in Europe," Burne-Jones had stated early in life. "An extraordinary turn for landscape he had too—quite individual. Rossetti was in a perfect state of enthusiasm about it—that was how he got to know him."<sup>1</sup> And Burne-Jones ungrudgingly remarked that that same rare gift developed by Stanhope had influenced his own appreciation for richer and less sombre tints than he was naturally disposed to adopt. Moreover, that verdict which he pronounced at the beginning of his career he confirmed with almost his latest breath. On the last day of his life he had a conversation with Stanhope's niece, Miss Freda Spencer Stanhope, which she immediately transcribed in her diary. In this he dwelt on the fact how a genius for colour and a vivid imagination can only with extreme difficulty be made subordinate to accuracy of detail, and may be crippled in the attempt. "Stanhope," he concluded, "is the greatest colourist of the century. If he had but studied drawing more, what a great artist he would have been! But accuracy of technique never goes together with great colourists and great draughtsmen. I always let the drawing go! You only want an outline to hold your colour."

It is interesting to contrast this verdict, pronounced

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 76.



upon Stanhope, with the criticism uttered by the latter early in life when he wrote that Tintoretto "has also satisfied me *that colouring holds a very inferior place in the study of Art, and that to draw is the only thing in Art really worth trying to do.*" Time had changed the bent of Stanhope's ambition, and that phase of genius in which he excelled, having found ultimate expression, had superseded every other aim.

Meanwhile to the Academy of 1859 he sent *Lynmouth, North Devon*, and his first picture *Thoughts of the Past*. In 1864 he completed his picture, *I have trodden the Winepress alone*, perhaps the finest work he ever executed. This has been compared to Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*, but the resemblance which critics profess to discover between the two was disclaimed by Holman Hunt himself; and Stanhope's picture, though not finished for many years after Holman Hunt's masterpiece, was actually conceived and designed many years previous to it, and at a time when Stanhope was far removed from the influence of its painter. It was during a visit to Varennes in his youth that, watching the treading of the winepress by the French peasants, he evolved this design, which he did not complete till the year of Watts' marriage, when, as he was working at it in Watts' studio, Ellen Terry, the bride, came into the room and placed herself in the attitude represented by the figure in the picture.

Fourteen other works which it is impossible to mention in detail were subsequently executed by Stanhope, who also painted the fine pictures

in the Chapel of Marlborough College, Wiltshire. Every year after the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery he was an exhibitor there. Throughout these years he had various homes, being eventually driven from each by a capricious visitation of his old complaint. At one time he moved from Surrey to Hill House in Yorkshire, near his old home; and to this house, which was little better than a farm when he took it, he soon gave an air of picturesqueness that it had lacked, while a bare field on a sloping hillside before it he ingeniously transformed into a charming medieval garden, intersected by quaint walks between tall box hedges and clipped yews.

There he passed some years, steadily working in a studio attached to the house, and for a time, also, he lived at Campden House and Lancaster Lodge in London, two houses which he made into one delightful whole. At this latter place Burne-Jones, who often worked with him, painted his famous *Love among the Ruins*, and there, too, narrowly escaped sudden death, for, as he was leaving the house one day, a tree fell, crashing across the spot which he had but that instant quitted. In 1880, however, the stress of Stanhope's ailment drove him abroad for relief, and he finally took up his abode on the hills above Florence. Villa Nuti, the ancient and historic house which he purchased there, had formerly belonged to Prince Strozzi; and still, where they had hung for many generations, red-robed Cardinals and old-world Princes made a splash of colour against its grey stone walls. High up on Bellosguardo its windows looked out on Monte



"PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT SMILING AT GRILL"

*Painted by Koddam Spence Stanbury  
In the possession of Mrs. Strick*



Morello and the Vallombrosan hills, faintly purple against an Italian sky. Below lay outstretched the great Vale of the Arno, with the domes and spires of Florence piercing the sunshine, and the music of that city of bells eternally in the air. The nearest villa, slightly higher upon the hill, was that where the Brownings had once lived and worked; and, looking out upon that same view, Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote:—

“ I found a house at Florence on the hill,  
Of Bellosguardo. 'Tis a tower which keeps  
A post of double-observation o'er  
That valley of Arno (holding as a hand  
The outspread city), straight towards Fiesole  
And Mount Morello and the setting sun,  
The Vallombrosan mountains opposite,  
Which sunrise fills as full as crystal cups  
Turned red to the brim because their wine is red.  
No sun could die nor yet be born unseen  
By dwellers at my villa; morn and eve  
Were magnified before us in the pure  
Illimitable space and pause of sky,  
Intense as angels' garments blanched with God,  
Less blue than radiant. From the outer wall  
Of the garden, drops the mystic floating grey  
Of olive-trees (with interruptions green  
From maize and vine) until 'tis caught and torn  
Upon the abrupt black line of cypresses  
Which signs the way to Florence. Beautiful  
The city lies along the ample vale,  
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and street,  
The river trailing like a silver cord  
Through all, and curling loosely, both before  
And after, over the whole stretch of land  
Sown whitely up and down its opposite slopes  
With farms and villas.”

“Yesterday,” wrote Burne-Jones to his little son from Florence in the year 1873, “I walked up a hill to see Mr Stanhope, who has a pretty house that looks all over Florence, and you go up to it by a long wall of roses in full flower showing over the top, and trees that you have never seen the like of all over the country, and there are Apennine mountains at the back.” Villa Nuti, indeed, both within and without, was calculated to appeal to the fancy of an artist. Before long Stanhope bought the *Podere* adjoining it, which with its vineyards and olive-trees furnished wine and oil for his table; and gradually as he became, perhaps, more reconciled to his enforced exile, his Italian home, beneath his supervision, grew transformed. In rooms which, by reason of their height and proportion, lent themselves to artistic decoration, a gorgeous scheme of colour prevailed; stencilled walls, rich brocaded hangings, pictures glowing with vivid tones of the tempera painting which he loved, all combined to produce a whole of rare charm; the most striking items of which were two clocks and a cabinet of his own decorating, masterpieces in colour and design, with their radiant dancing figures and hues of blue and gold.

His villa became the *rendezvous* for all who visited the city or who lived there, amongst the latter being his niece, Evelyn De Morgan, and her husband William De Morgan, whose name as a designer of *faience* wars with his name as a writer of novels. There, too, as guests came many of Stanhope's old friends besides Burne-Jones—Holman Hunt, Morris,

Alfred Austin, C. F. Bodley, the architect, often his coadjutor in ecclesiastical decoration, and others of whom space will not permit a mention, but who again and again visited him, certain of a warm welcome in a house where, according to the best traditions of its owner, each man was received on his own merits.

Meanwhile Stanhope's brush was never idle. Apart from the work which he did voluntarily for the English Church in Florence, supplementing this with a liberality that requires no comment, in his studio, to which he went daily, picture after picture shaped itself and grew from his fertile brain. In a preface to the catalogue of the loan exhibition of his pictures in 1809, Mr De Morgan points out that this range of work extended over a period of nearly sixty years. "Such an untiring devotion," adds Mr De Morgan, "to a laborious and often disappointing occupation, prolonged through so many years, against the discouragement of a terrible physical affliction, and not practised under the stimulus of any necessity, can hardly be accounted for by the catchwords commonly employed in suchlike cases." Stanhope, in truth, was no trifler, no mere *dilettante* in his labour; he strove with Art for Art's sake, and if his love of retirement militated against his celebrity, it never slackened his absorption in an ideal, as disinterested as it was whole-souled.

It is possible that after his life in Italy the influence of the southern atmosphere gave to his work a greater brilliance, a finer translucence. In the grouping, for instance, of his large canvas, *The*

*Waters of Lethe*, with its keen and sombre suggestion of pain and pathos, there is yet a blending of joyous colour which bespeaks the clarity of an Italian clime. In other of his works the contrary is visible—in the dull rich tones of *My Lady of the Water-gate*, with its hint of medieval romance; in the tragic and majestically divine figure of *The Winepress*, before mentioned, and in the dim colouring and restful charm of *The Mill*, beloved by Watts. In these we seem to trace an atmospheric influence apart from his later pictures, where the roses and cypresses of the South replace the russet and green of an English scene; where little pink-winged loves—surely Florentine in their very essence—sport among olive trees grey against an amethyst sky; where Quattrocento angels with passionless faces are defined in a glory of gold and rose. The poetry of Italy had entered into a mind attuned to it, and the clear light of the South blended itself with the radiance of his dreams.

And what of the name which he was meanwhile fashioning for posterity, and which must now stand the searchlight of criticism?

Stanhope must be regarded primarily as a unit of a great whole, a supporter of a movement which was epoch-making in the latter-day history of Art, and far-reaching in its issues. Previous to the formation of that so-called pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as we have seen, the spirit of idealism in England was practically extinct—the ugliness of that early Victorian era has become a byword. Into the lethargy of that age, into its dead idealism



these men brought a glow of their revivifying enthusiasm, the purity of a lofty inspiration. Against its petty conventions they tilted with their buoyant youth. Mentally and socially we owe to them a revolution which has made the world more beautiful, more healthful for us who came after. The men of their day might at first refuse to take seriously the dreams of the Brotherhood ; the men of our day, in a temporary reaction towards a cruder ideal in Art, may strive to minimise the achievements of those pioneers, but to their life-work alone do we owe it that Art is still a living and a beloved force among us, while that influence has extended into channels which, though curiously divergent from their source, yet owe to it their very existence.

Of Stanhope as an individual artist it is more difficult to assign the just status.

He, it must again be emphasised, lived in an age which produced also a Watts, a Rossetti, a Millais, a Holman Hunt, and a Burne-Jones. These men were his associates, his fellow-workers, his fellow-dreamers ; the train of his thought flowed and mingled in the channel where flowed theirs. Partly from choice, partly owing to the handicap of health, he spent his life in a quiet back-water of existence unlike theirs in the full light of publicity. It was perhaps inevitable that as his fame is overshadowed by the fame of these friends, so should the influence of their personality be said to overshadow his work. It is noticeable that wherever there can be traced a similarity of aim and expression in those of a profession, at once the parrot-

cry is raised that he who is less known to fame is but a copyist of him who stands more prominently in the world's ken. "Stanhope was not an originator, he was an imitator," complain certain critics, and because Burne-Jones was Stanhope's life-long friend, and because the same ideal actuated both, in Stanhope's work, wherein these critics have already laboriously traced the influence of all his contemporaries, they finally discover a replica of Burne-Jones.

It may at once be said that men who, for a moment, seriously maintain such a statement, show not only a lack of perception but of knowledge. It is true that a similar ideal appealed to both Burne-Jones and Stanhope, but the work of the former is essentially Greek in character, that of the latter is Florentine. It requires but a superficial knowledge of Art to appreciate the divergence between the two. Equally obvious is it that in Art, as in Literature, throughout the ages the breath of inspiration has resulted in a certain phase of thought obtaining during a certain period, and during that period enfolding all who came within its scope. Those who in a bygone age have breathed the inspiration of their day from some quiet byway of life, have not therefore been accounted a mere reflex of those who stood in the highway. Rather was each man held to be the individual expression of the *Zeitgeist* which obtained during the age wherein he lived.

Against this it may be argued that, in our own times, the same decade has produced men so at variance in achievement as a Millais and a Burne-

Jones. But while again and yet again we may trace how a similar breath of inspiration during a similar epoch swept over and absorbed each member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, we see, all the more strikingly, how its influence, vented diversely by all, was imitative in none.

And to all who can read the man in his Art, Stanhope's work is essentially illustrative of his peculiar individuality. Varying phases of thought may assail him, but, to those who knew him, the rare personality which charmed all who came under its influence when living, breathes still in his glowing canvas. He may echo the music sung by kindred souls, he may be an exponent of the *Zeitgeist*, but the stamp of a unique personality dominates each mood, its expression is full of a witchery all his own. And, above all things, he is sincere. A conscientious striver after an imagery as pure as it is bewitching, to the last he was an interpreter of a lofty ideal. His colouring may have exceeded his accuracy of technique; his faults may have been the faults of a man who expends the force which is within him upon one talent to the detriment of another. But no ephemeral school of decadent art, which, under the seductive guise of novelty, will hoodwink an ignorant public to its hardness of outline, its absence of grace, of poetry—its impertinent flouting of even the rudimentary elements of drawing—this found no part in Stanhope's creed.

Among the criticisms which appeared upon his work in 1809 was an article, the writer of which showed an insight into the mind he reviewed that

bespoke an unusual affinity of outlook. The keynote of his comment was struck in the title with which he headed it—"A Painter of Dreams." In these words was epitomised the essence of Stanhope's work, the trend of his strivings and his hold on the mind of posterity. From that still back-water of life where he dwelt he sent to the world without his voiceless poems. His pictures breathe the quietude of a recluse; there is about them a curious restfulness. They are like music which sings in the silence. Where they meet with a brain attuned to their fantasy, they can grip the imagination with a vigour all their own; but in their strange beauty there is no straining after effect, no appealing to the appreciation of the multitude. The world into which he transports us is the world which the pre-Raphaelites visioned, it has the daintiness of a fairy tale, the mysticism of an idyll, and it has the unfettered originality of a mind saturated with the joy of its own imaginings. "Men will be born one after another who will rejoice in it," pronounced his great contemporary; and no matter what genius may arise out of the mists of futurity, the glory of Stanhope's colouring, the rare magic of his inspiration will remain unique and supreme. From the days of his dawning enthusiasm to that summer morning on Saturday, the 2nd of August, 1908, when he laid down his brush for the last time, he was eternally a Painter of Dreams—and the world is richer for his dreaming.

Thus he lived and worked even to that last day of his life. On that final day of labour he finished



RODDAM SPENCER STANHOPE  
*From a profile in bronze done by Mrs. Percy Harris*



a large canvas, *The Plagues of Egypt*, at which he had been painting for many months. He spent the remainder of the day as usual, but in the evening he complained of being tired and went early to rest. He slept ; and when Sunday morning dawned they knew that his sleep had deepened. His life was closed, as it had been passed, in a world of dreams.





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