

THE
COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON
AND HER CIRCLE

SARAH CYLER

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The Countess of Huntingdon, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1689.

Countess of Huntingdon.



The
Countess of Huntingdon
And her Circle

By

Sarah Tytler

Author of "Modern Painters and their Paintings"; "The Old
Masters and their Works"; "Musical Composers and
their Works"; etc., etc.

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The Countess of Huntingdon

And her Circle

CHAPTER I

THE Moral and Religious State of England in the Eighteenth Century—The Oxford Revival—The Woman who was the Comrade of John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield—Lady Selina Shirley Born in the Reign of Queen Anne in the Year of the Union of the English and Scotch Parliaments—The Tradition of the Early Impression made upon her by a Village Child's Funeral—The Engraving which represents her as Lady Huntingdon when well advanced in years—Her two Sisters Co-heiresses with her of her Father, Earl Ferrers' Fortune—The Elder Sister, Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, one of Roubilliac's famous Group in Westminster Abbey—The younger, Mary Lady Kilmorey—Lady Selina Shirley's Marriage in 1728 to Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon—His High Character and Fine Intellect—Her Visits to Town and Entrance into Court Circles and into Literary Society with her Aunt, Lady Fanny Shirley, the Friend of Horace Walpole, Pope, Chesterfield, and Doctor Hervey of the "Meditations Among the Tombs"—Lady Huntingdon's presence among the Party of Ladies in the Gallery of the House of Lords sarcastically described by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

THROUGH much of the eighteenth century it may be said that in England vice was rampant in high places and gross darkness covered the people.

In addition, a wave of infidelity—the cynical, blighting infidelity of Voltaire—was sweeping over the more intellectual and cultured classes, while the lower ranks were sunk in ignorance and brutality of every kind.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

It almost seemed as if, in spite of the honest endeavours of George the III and Queen Charlotte to maintain a pure Court and to rule over a virtuous and religious nation, notwithstanding the honourable exceptions to the laxity and corruption of the times, Christianity, which St. Augustine had taught and saints innumerable had illustrated by holy lives, and martyrs many had sealed by their devoted deaths, was about to be submerged to make room for the atheism and heathenism which were to reign in the future.

It was then that a cluster of young men at Oxford, awakened, by the grace of God, to higher thoughts and loftier aspirations, stimulated by each other's companionship and example, came forth into the great world with almost unparalleled self-sacrifice. These champions of the truth and rescuers of the lapsed gave themselves to a noble work, and spent themselves in its prosecution. Before they ended their days they redeemed the situation and changed the whole aspect of Christian England. They leavened the Church which ejected them with their genuine Christianity. They even salted with their spirituality the supercilious sneering circles and fierce unreasoning crowds that had most subtly and most violently opposed them.

The acts of John and Charles Wesley, George

AN ENGLISH DEBORAH

Whitefield and their fellows, have been fully commemorated; but the woman who worked along with them from youth to age, who gave her time, her influence, her substance, and the remarkable organising and ruling power which rendered her the English Deborah of her church and generation, has been less fortunate in her biographers. The chief, her collateral descendant, full of reverent enthusiasm for his ancestress, and in entire sympathy with her aims, has written the story of her life in two volumes. But while these contain much that is profitable, interesting and quaint, they are rather the history of Methodism than the record of one woman's blessings and trials, and the style of the writer is so discursive that to find—in anything like sequence the incidents which concern the central figure, resembles the proverbial difficulty of seeking for a needle in a hay-stack. It seems therefore desirable, lest a name deserving of honour should be forgotten by the many who run as they read, that a more concise and individual study of a great and good woman should be offered to the public.

Selina Countess of Huntingdon was born (probably at her father's house of Stanton in Leicestershire) in the reign of Queen Anne, in the year of the union of the English and Scotch Parliaments, two hundred years ago, 1707. She was the

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

second of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Washington Shirley, second Earl Ferrers and Mary Levinge, daughter of Sir Richard Levinge, Solicitor-General for Ireland and Speaker of the House of Commons. By both father and mother Lady Selina was of ancient and honourable descent.

The tradition survives that when a little girl of nine years she was much impressed by coming in contact with the funeral of a child of her own age. She joined in the procession and prayed on the spot that when her time came God would deliver her from her fears. With more tenacity than is usually found in so youthful a penitent, she was in the habit for some time of repairing to a closet in her father's house where she could pray unobserved. She persuaded her elder and younger sisters to accompany her for the same purpose. She repeatedly visited the dead child's grave, and she retained through life a vivid recollection of the pathetic scene which had produced so strong an impression upon her.

If the child is mother to the woman, Lady Selina Shirley was likely to grow up a girl at once impulsive and thoughtful. The engraving which is given of her in her kinsman's book represents her when well up in years. She wears the cumbersome but not altogether unbecoming widow's

LADY SELINA SHIRLEY

dress of the period. The voluminous cap which frames her head, the loose black dress which shows the ample white neckerchief, and the ruffles ending the elbow sleeves, leaving bare the still fine arms and hands, all belonged to the costume of the period. She leans with one hand against her cheek, the elbow resting on a pile of books; another book—surely her well-beloved Bible—she holds in the other hand. The attitude is full of dignity and repose, while the face is infinitely pathetic, because of the lines of sorrow and care written there for one who in addition to the burden of years and the trials of life, took upon her woman's shoulders the anxieties and responsibilities of widely extended works of beneficence, and the cares of all her churches.

She was tall, and looks as if she might have been in her earlier days graceful or "elegant," according to the word much in use in her generation. In spite of the wide, low brow, and the deep dark eyes, with their tale of keen observation, and interest in all that was passing around her, she had not, judging from the likeness, any great claim to personal beauty. The nose is decidedly too long and the mouth is at once too wide and too tightly compressed, though the last defect may have been exaggerated by age. It might have been said of her that while beauty is deceitful and

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favour is vain, the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

When Lady Selina was grown up she is said to have been strict and precise in the performance of her duties, striving to work out her salvation by her good deeds, without the knowledge and comprehension of the fulness and freeness of Gospel grace. After she had entered into society she still retained so much of her earnestness and thoughtfulness that her prayer was that she might marry into a serious family, a prayer which was certainly granted.

Lady Selina's elder sister, Lady Elizabeth, married two years before her, and died young, after the birth of two children. If Roubilliac the sculptor's work enters into the anguish of the parting between husband and wife, the marriage must have been a happy one, for she was the Lady Elizabeth Nightingale whose famous monument in Westminster Abbey represents the young pair, he striving in despair to shield her from the dart which Death is aiming at her shrinking form.

The younger sister, Lady Mary, married at a later date an Irish peer, Lord Kilmorey.

Lady Selina, the ruling spirit of the little group, made the best marriage, in a worldly sense, of the three girls. In every other sense no union of

A NOBLE PAIR

hearts could have been more perfect, where imperfect humanity is in question, no wedlock more blessing and blessed, in this world of sin and sorrow, than that which tied the knot in June, 1728, between Lady Selina Shirley and Theophilus Hastings, ninth Earl of Huntingdon.

She was twenty-one, and he was thirty-two years of age. She survived him forty-five years, and to the last, in extreme old age, she could not mention his name without tears of affection and regret for their long separation in this world. All those who knew them, both her friends and the men and women widely different in principle and practice, join in recording his tender attachment to her, and her loving appreciation of his talents and virtues.

In birth, rank, and wealth, his claims exceeded hers. He could boast royal descent through a long line of noble ancestors, for the family sprang from a Plantagenet Prince, that Duke of Clarence who was brother to Edward IV. Lord Huntingdon's standing among his peers was such that the year before his marriage, he was selected to carry the Sword of State at the Coronation of George II. The dignity and bounty of his establishment of Donnington Park surpassed the advantages of Stanton, but these were the least of its master's merits.

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He was a man of high character, superior intellect and liberal and generous temper. After he had completed his studies at Oxford he made the Grand Tour, which in his case extended to Italy and Spain. His intimate associates and friends—among them Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield—were the most gifted and accomplished men of the day, though, in other respects, the two mentioned were unlike Lord Huntingdon—the sane, mentally and morally, modest English gentleman, the model of the domestic virtues.

In her husband's house the young Countess's talents were cultured, not only by constant intercourse with a man of fine judgment, wide knowledge and upright conduct, but by contact with distinguished statesmen and brilliant wits.

Neither did she remain apart from town society and Court circles. In her visits to London she mixed freely with both, while it is not difficult to believe that she was largely indifferent to the monotonous round of what were then high-bred entertainments, the foolish masquerades, the noisy routs, the morning auctions, the free-and-easy company of the public Gardens, especially the gambling which formed the staple attraction in the gaieties of the hour.

Her educated taste, as well as her serious principles had spoiled her for such amusements. She



THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON

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POPE AT TWICKENHAM

greatly preferred what literary society she could command, and that she was fortunate in procuring at the house of a near and dear relation and a lifelong friend, her father's sister, Lady Fanny Shirley.

Lady Fanny had a villa at Twickenham in the immediate vicinity of Pope's villa. With the great poet and little crabbed man, the lady, who was a host in herself, was on most friendly terms. Did she not present him on his birthday with the appropriate gift of a stand-dish and a couple of pens? And did he not acknowledge the tribute in immortal verse beginning—

“ Yes, I behold the Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms.”

Neither was Pope's the only poetic and literary offering laid at Lady Fanny's feet. Lord Chesterfield was supposed to have had her in his mind in the protest—

“ So the first man from Paradise was driven,”

and Hervey, of the solemnly sentimental “*Meditations Among the Tombs*,” dedicated to her his dialogues between Theron and Aspasia.

Lady Fanny was not unworthy of such compliments, for she had been a beauty, a belle, and a *bas bleu* at the Courts of George I, and George II, a rival of Lady Wortley Montagu, and a friend of Horace Walpole's. She lived to show herself

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

a good and brave woman, who could, when necessary, defy the prejudices of her set, and face their incredulous jeers and mockery.

It is an evidence of Lady Huntingdon's inclination even in those early years to think and act for herself, that she was on intimate terms with Lady Townshend, the most outrageously eccentric woman of all the eccentric women of the time who rose up to stir the stagnation of high life, Under her oddities she had quick penetration and shrewd observation.

It might have been under Lady Townshend's auspices, when infected with a desire to surprise her companions by carrying into action some fancy of the moment, that young Countess Selina indulged in certain caprices of her own in the matter of dress, for which she never seems to have really cared, much beyond what was becoming in her station and at her years. The trifling absurdity was long remembered, and was brought forward against her in later days (by the many among her companions who were hostile to her) as the first symptom of the Shirley madness, breaking out eventually in religious mania.

A witness against the offender, whose own nature in its amiable harmoniousness and moderation was incapable of startling the public, even as she was incapable of a great woman's

A REMARKABLE DRESS

self-sacrifice in the service of her Maker and her kind, has described one of the singular dresses worn by Lady Huntingdon at a Drawing-room held by Augusta Princess of Wales, the mother of George III.

“ Her petticoat was of black velvet embroidered with chenille, the pattern a large stone vase filled with rampant flowers that spread over almost a breadth of the petticoat from the bottom to the top ; between each vase of flowers was a pattern of gold shells and foliage, embossed and most heavily rich. The gown was of white satin, embroidered also with chenille, mixed with gold, no vase on the sleeve, but two or three on the tail. It was a most laboured piece of finery, the pattern much properer for a stucco staircase than the apparel of a lady.”

So wrote somewhat scornfully Mrs. Pendarvis, one of the most attractive women of her time, whose nature had not the smallest affinity to that of Lady Huntingdon. Yet with her and with her sister, Ann Granville, John Wesley in the early days of Methodism, engaged for a brief space in one of those half-sentimental half-religious correspondences, in which the writers signed themselves by fantastically classical names. The practice was so much in fashion that even the most earnest men and women took it up.

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Another Court-dress of Lady Huntingdon's, of which a note was made, was even more *outré*. For painted and embroidered flowers there were animals of every description. One is almost tempted to suspect a satirical allegory in the representation of beasts ramping over the petticoat and train, beasts ranging from the lordly lion to the loathly serpent.

It sounds far more in keeping with Lady Huntingdon's character and sympathies to find that she was occupied with the politics in which her husband played a part at this period.

She was fain to hear him and his friends speak in a debate in the House of Lords. On account of the interest excited in a question of Spanish encroachments and depredations on English property, the crowd in the Strangers' Gallery was so great that not an inch of space was left of which the wives of privileged members could avail themselves.

On this occasion Lady Huntingdon is found one of a group of women of rank on whose conduct Lady Mary Wortley Montagu employed her caustic pen unsparingly. Here were the Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's "Charming Kitty," no longer young or particularly charming, the Duchess of Ancaster, and other ladies of title. And here again was the young widow, Mary Pendarvis, the Duchess of Portland's "Fair Penny," whom Lord

“ FAIR PENNY ”

Baltimore jilted shamefully about this time, Dean Delany's future wife, and finally the dear, dainty, venerable dame, the privileged pensioner of George III and Queen Charlotte, the writer of the delightful letters to which later generations are indebted for an intimate acquaintance with her familiars. Mary Granville, Pendarvis, Delany was only less gifted than her wonderful predecessor across the Channel, Madame de Sévigné, who has preserved the records of the Courts of the great Louis and his successor, and at the same time vouchsafed a glimpse of the throbbing, warm, tender heart of a woman of genius.

The adventure of the cluster of ladies, which would doubtless have been given very differently by one of themselves—Mary Pendarvis—was written with biting satire by a woman of talent, not of genius, of cool worldly wisdom, insolent brilliance, and sphinx-like history.

Lady Mary began, after her fashion, by carefully chronicling the names of the actors in the comedy on the pretence that she looked upon the owners of the names as “ the boldest asserters and most resigned sufferers for liberty of whom she had ever read.”

“ They presented themselves at the door of the House of Lords at nine o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Sanderson respectfully informed

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them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance.

“The Duchess of Queensberry, piqued at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, desired Sir William to let them upstairs privately.

“After some modest refusals, he swore he would not admit them ; her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House.

“This reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out ; an order was made that the doors should not be open till they had raised the siege.

“These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty of foot soldiers ; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then plying volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, with so much violence against the door that the speakers in the House were scarce heard.

“When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses—very well apprised of the use of stratagem in war—commanded a silence of half-an-hour ; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being impatient to enter), gave orders for the opening of the door.

“Upon which they (the ladies) all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery.

A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM

“ They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose ; and during the debate gave applause and showed marked signs of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughter and apparent contempt, which is supposed to be the reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke so miserably.”

CHAPTER II

LORD Huntingdon's Five Sisters—Countess Selina's Chief Friend, Lady Margaret, who had been "as happy as an angel" from the time she had adopted the Methodist views—Lady Huntingdon's Hesitation—Her Dangerous Illness and Decision—The Message she sent to the Wesleys—Lord Huntingdon's Fair-mindedness and Kindness—The Marriages of two of his Sisters to English Clergymen holding Methodist opinions—Lord Huntingdon's Advice to his Wife to consult his old Tutor, "Good Bishop Benson"—Her Arguments—The Bishop's Conviction that she Owed them to Whitefield, with his Regret that he had Ordained the Ardent Reformer—Her Answer—The Fascination Whitefield had for the Fine Ladies of the Day—The Persecution suffered by the Methodists—Some of the Salt of the Earth against them—Hannah More Thankful that she had never attended their Conventicles or entered their Tabernacles—Countess Selina's Sense of Accountability for her own Class.

As Lady Selina Shirley, the young Countess had longed and prayed to enter on her marriage into a "serious family," and she was not baulked of her wish. Lord Huntingdon's five sisters and half-sisters—Lady Betty, Lady Margaret, Lady Fanny, Lady Catherine, and Lady Ann—were all good women, two of them, Lady Betty—much the senior of some of the others—and Lady Margaret being the most conspicuous for their good deeds.

The Countess was a kindred spirit at Donnington Park, Ashby Place, and my Lord's other seats. She was a great dame indeed, and in all the obligations of her station she was as commendable as she had been in her girlhood. She was particular in

LIFE AT DONNINGTON PARK

the fulfilment of every task which devolved upon her. These ranged from the dignity and blamelessness with which she ruled her household and entertained the distinguished company which gathered round her husband—to the careful consideration of what was due to the sacred offices of the chaplain at Donnington Park and to the vicar of the parish. To the prayers of the one she listened reverently, while she required the same respectful attention to his lessons from the rest of the household. To the other she gave ungrudging support by her unfailing attendance at church and by her liberal charities, which as often as she could she administered personally.

With her sisters-in-law Lady Huntingdon lived on intimate and affectionate terms, the two families being frequently together at Donnington Park and Ashby. She was not the style of woman to be jealous of her husband's relatives or to keep up long bickering quarrels with them on their mutual rights. Both she and they knew her place as the wife of the head of the house, the woman who in her prime could organise and control with admirable judgment and justice a great religious system and community to which the diocese of an ordinary bishop was a trifle. She experienced no trouble in recognising and claiming her own position, and in relegating the members of her circle

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to the positions which they were qualified and entitled to fill.

Of her excellent sisters-in-law, Lady Margaret came the nearest to the Countess, but even with Lady Margaret there was a crow to pluck in the first stages of their close alliance more than once. The Ladies Hastings, and especially Lady Margaret, had come betimes under the influence of the Methodist followers of the group of enthusiastic young men at Oxford who had read a new meaning into the title-deeds of religion.

These reformers, amidst violent opposition and the utmost obloquy, expressed frequently by the very clergymen who were their brethren in the ministry, were spreading their astonishing tenets far and wide. The crusade extended from rural England to the new far western colony of Georgia, with its slave-owners and slaves.

Lady Huntingdon was still in doubt of these Methodists, whose fiery zeal seemed to outrun all prudence and propriety, while their eccentricities, said to be subversive of law and order, were keeping the country in a state of constant commotion.

Lady Huntingdon's was a complex temperament. On one side she was original, with much self-resource, even with a touch of what was racy and *bizarre* as well as warmly impulsive ; on the other hand she was the born aristocrat, with a strong

SPIRITUAL PERPLEXITY

regard for law and order, and an aversion to tumult and turmoil of any kind. The overthrow of existing standards and institutions was naturally repugnant to her.

She was perplexed by Lady Margaret's assertion that ever since she had known some of these Methodist preachers and had believed in their doctrines, she had been "as happy as an angel."

Was Countess Selina as happy as an angel—with an angel's or a child's fearless trust and perfect peace? She had all a woman could ask to make her happy; the husband of her choice, true and kind, fine children, faithful friends, rank, wealth, and deserved honour and esteem; neither was she without the "thankful heart" which Joseph Addison had quoted as doubling all other blessings.

But she had not the implicit trust and unclouded peace any more than she had the devouring absorption in their work, which caused those Methodists to throw up every worldly advantage, to leave behind them safe and happy homes, to relinquish the sweet affection of wife and child, mother and sister, in order to face gross insult and brutal injury, from which they barely escaped with their lives, because they held their Master's commission and would save souls.

She could not act up to her ideals. She had many worries and mortifications. She was often

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dissatisfied and restless. She could not "rest in the Lord," for her Lord was a jealous God, and when she thought how inadequate to his unutterable majesty and holiness were the offerings which she made to him of her poor, paltry service, the terror of His righteous condemnation would come over her, and she would abase herself in the dust and cower before the fear of Death and the Judgment as when in her childhood she was brought face to face with a child's funeral.

While Lady Huntingdon hesitated, she was stricken with a sudden, sharp illness, from which her life was in danger, and the matter was decided for her. She remembered the words of Lady Margaret, felt an ardent desire to cast herself and her sins on her Saviour, yielded herself to the Gospel call, renounced every other hope, and for the first time knew the rest and joy of believing. From the date of this change she began to recover, and was restored to health once more.

As it happened, John and Charles Wesley were then preaching in the neighbourhood, in private houses, court-yards, barns, etc. Lady Huntingdon sent them a message that she was one with them in heart. She wished them good speed in the name of the Lord, and ended by assuring them of her determined purpose to live for Him who had died for her.

METHODISM AND PERSECUTION

This was to a certain extent casting in her lot with the despised, derided Methodists, and it aroused a storm of amazement and condemnation. She immediately received her share of the rudeness and abuse with which they were loaded.

Lord Huntingdon would not interpose his authority to withdraw her from her new friends and their pursuits, like other husbands in similar case.

The most notorious of these indignant and intolerant gentlemen was Frederick Frankland, Esq., member for Thirsk, in Yorkshire. He had taken for his second wife a partner no longer young, Lady Anne Lumley, a daughter of the Earl of Scarborough, and a friend of Lady Huntingdon's. The quarrel began three weeks after their marriage, when he found that with two of her sisters she had attended several Methodist meetings and agreed with what she had heard preached. He proceeded to treat her with the utmost harshness. She made no complaint till he insisted on her leaving the house. When she begged of him not to force her to do this, and told him that, provided he would allow her to have the sanction of living under his roof, she would submit to anything, his answer was that if she continued there he would murder either her or himself. Her brother, Lord Scarborough, pled for her in vain. Forced to go within

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a few months from the date of her marriage, the poor woman, humiliated and broken-hearted, only survived the indignity eight months.

Lord Huntingdon was no Frankland ; he lent his wife kind and constant support, while it is clear he had not her absolute conviction with regard to the Methodist tenets, though he respected the men who held them for their honest devotion. He received them into his house, where they were from this period frequent guests, with the utmost courtesy and friendliness. In London he accompanied Lady Huntingdon in her attendance at the Methodist meeting-house in Fetter Lane.

When two of his sisters, Lady Margaret and Lady Catherine, who were old enough to judge for themselves, married two English clergymen strongly imbued with Methodist opinions, Mr. Ingham, of Queen's College, one of the old Oxford set, the founder of Methodism in Yorkshire, and Mr. Wheeler, not only did my lord make no objection, but Lady Margaret at least was married from her brother's house in town, and Lord and Lady Huntingdon soon afterwards visited her and her parson in Yorkshire.

At the same time, when Lady Huntingdon asked her husband's advice while she was still undecided in the adoption of all the Methodist doctrines, he counselled her to consult his old tutor Benson, the

BISHOP BENSON

good Bishop of Gloucester, who had ordained the great Methodist leader, George Whitefield, when Whitefield was only twenty-one years of age, and had assisted the lad with money and with sympathy.

But that was not to say that the excellent Bishop was not considerably scandalised by the young preacher's subsequent doings, by his disregard for authority, and by the zest with which, like a young war horse, he snuffed the battle from afar and flung himself into the thick of it, finally by the lack of discretion and moderation, in accordance with which he neither spared himself nor his multitude of disciples. He never turned aside to "rest awhile," but worked himself and them into ecstasies of devotion, till he was tempted to believe that he and they had special revelations. When sitting up all night in high conference, he and they beheld the glory of God shining round about them.

For women of Lady Huntingdon's fine nature, as for all the noblest and best of women, self-denial has a charm, and the danger of martyrdom, in contrast to their own soft interests and delicate, dainty practices, presents a powerful fascination.

The Countess's own life was singularly safe, worthy of all respect, touched with the highest happiness that mortals can enjoy on earth. But

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she knew well that many lives, the mass of those around her, differed greatly from hers and her Earl's. She was acquainted with evil passions in high places, with the lust, the greed, the violence with which the England of her day was groaning, so that the rallying cry of the Methodists, "Flee from the wrath to come," seemed only too well founded.

Such wickedness permeated the classes—from Court circles to those miners of Kingswood—not so far beyond her ken, wild, half-naked savages and serfs, toiling in darkness, set apart, as it were, for works of darkness, for whom no man or woman had cared till, as she had heard, George Whitefield preached to them from Kingswood Hill—the first memorable field service held by a Methodist clergyman of the Church of England.

Did she not owe something—her time, her abilities, her influence as a lady of quality, to such miserable people in gratitude for her privileges and blessings?

So she urged, when Bishop Benson attempted to convince her of the unnecessary strictness of her sentiments and conduct. What were any small breaches of conventionality? What were even transports of enthusiasm, when weighed in the balance with the saving of souls?

If God Almighty came near to Abraham and

INTERVIEW WITH THE BISHOP

Moses, why should He not come near to His servants in these latter days ?

Why should not the light which blazed on Sinai, shone on the Mount of Transfiguration, and fell with such dazzling effect upon Saul on his way to Damascus, that it blinded him for the time—why should it not be vouchsafed, by Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, to the men they knew ? Why should He not manifest Himself in like manner to His faithful servants who were giving up their all and risking their very lives as His Christ had done before them ? Had my Lord Bishop not heard of the like white light—whiter than snow and more radiant than the sun—which had appalled and awakened Colonel Gardiner ? The story was had from one who had it direct from Lady Frances Gardiner.

Was this the time—when the torch of the Reformation was fast being extinguished, and the nation—the people—were as if drugged, heavy, blind, and torpid, on the brink of perdition—to stand out upon trifles, to hold back because everything could not be done after formal precedents ?

Did not David and his men eat of the consecrated shewbread, and the Lord's disciples pluck the ears of corn and swallow the grains, which the Jews' law forbade them ? Was it not the Pharisees

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who cried out when a poor sick man or woman was healed on the Sabbath day ?

Bishop Benson, who had come to Donnington Park to confute the errors which Lady Huntingdon was believed to be acquiring from the Methodists, found his temper ruffled by her ladyship's eloquence, and took his departure openly lamenting that he had ever laid hands on George Whitefield, to whom he attributed the change wrought on her.

“ My lord,” said the Countess, “ mark my words ; when you are on your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations which you will reflect upon with complacence.”

Possibly when the time came Bishop Benson reflected that none of all the other candidates he had ordained had brought such sheaves of souls into the heavenly garner.

Lady Huntingdon might approve of liberty, but it was in her character to detest license, yet a conspicuous offender on the very points to which the Bishop of Gloucester was most opposed was the man to whom Lady Huntingdon and many like her were most attracted. This was the golden-mouthed young Whitefield, the tall, slight slip of a lad, little over twenty, with his fair face and delicate features, his wonderful blue eyes scarcely marred by the cast in one of them, which won for



Photo by Emery Walker

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

From the National Portrait Gallery

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

him from his enemies and traducers the mocking title of Doctor Squintum.

It appeared little short of marvellous that at no distant date Whitefield had worn the blue apron of a "drawer" or pot-boy, and had served with ale his mother's customers at the Bell Inn in Worcester. It was a marvel of which he was in no way ashamed, any more than of having been a "servitor" at Pembroke College, Oxford, in succession to Doctor Johnson. Whitefield wrote short notices of his early life and experience, and caused them to be printed and circulated among his followers, that they might bless God on his account and take courage on their own.

The contrast between the Drawer and the Preacher was so amazing that in place of injuring his popularity in aristocratic quarters, it simply increased the sensation which made it the fashion for fine ladies to go and hear the eloquent Methodist address an overflowing audience, just as they flocked to the opera to listen to a new singer, or to the theatre to hail a fresh player. It was still more like the ardour with which they crowded the court in which a notorious criminal was to be tried, and like the assiduity displayed by the fine gentlemen of their set in copying the example of exquisite George Selwyn in waiting upon public hangings.

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But it was from no determination to be in the fashion, no craving for sensationalism, that Lady Huntingdon was constrained to admire and encourage her chaplain, Mr. Romaine's friend, Whitefield, and to appoint him in turn her chaplain in spite of what were accounted his vagaries.

The Methodists were still under the ban of the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical. A great proportion of the churches continued closed against them. Such of the Bishops as had a leaning towards the new doctrines supported their advocates only lukewarmly, being damped and disheartened by what was reported of them—even by some of the salt of the earth on the other side of the question, and by what was declared to be the tendency of the supporters of the new creed to fanaticism and extravagance.

The Methodist leaders were driven more than ever to the highways and hedges; the men had to conduct the sacred ordinances of their religion in private houses and to deliver their sermons at market-places and in the open fields under the canopy of heaven. John Wesley preached standing on his father's gravestone in the churchyard of Epworth, while the church, in which his father had spoken long and faithfully, was shut against the son.

This freedom to which the men were compelled

THE METHODISTS

was in itself an offence, bringing in its exercise conflict with the unrepealed Parliamentary Act against conventicles. Huge crowds were brought together by these unusual proceedings. People came either to sympathise with the speakers or in violent antipathy to them. The result was wild riots, for which the Methodists got the blame, though they were the chief sufferers. They were hooted and stoned, thrown into ponds and pits, and had to resist even to blood.

The hostile Bishops issued letters against the Reformers, warned the clergy of each diocese to have nothing to do with these disturbers of the public peace, these subverters of reverence, decency and order. There were even those among the vicars and curates who openly egged on their parishioners to acts of insolence and persecution.

Hannah More, one of the chief exponents of the Clapham sect, recorded with satisfaction that she had never been present at a conventicle or entered one of the "tabernacles" like that at Moorfields where the Methodists conducted their services.

Notwithstanding Lady Huntingdon's attachment to the Church of England, she made common cause from the time her religious convictions became intensified, with the Nonconformists, who were on friendly terms with the clergy, holding the views of the Methodists as of men who loved

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the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Among the dissenters with whom she corresponded freely were Isaac Watts and Philip Doddridge. These men esteemed the Wesleys, Whitefield, etc., and occasionally exchanged pulpits with them, yet they too were a little doubtful of the Methodists' opinions and behaviour, and were somewhat chary of holding ministerial communion with the party, which, like that of the early Christians, "was everywhere spoken against."

Lady Huntingdon stood firm. She judged for herself and arrived at her own conclusion, while adhering to the last to the Church of England, but when adherence was impossible, consenting to found a new church. She saw the advisability of the church's expansion. She hailed the advent of lay workers within its bounds, the very measure which so many of its most influential members regarded as well enough for dissenters, but beneath the dignity of, and prejudicial to, the orthodoxy of the Church of England.

Some time before John Wesley could bring his mind to it, Lady Huntingdon wrote her approval of the step and mentioned the profit she had derived not only from the laymen's prayers, but from their preaching also.

Countess Selina had always sought earnestly to relieve and instruct the poor and ignorant. Now

LADY HUNTINGDON'S CHARITY

her kitchen was open to them on every lawful day so that they might come there for help and advice. She visited the sick in their own homes and read and prayed with them, nay, in that awful necessity of fleeing from the wrath to come which was always present with her, she addressed the work-people in her service, and urged upon them to repent and to be renewed in spirit.

She began to interest herself greatly in the education of the children on Lord Huntingdon's estates, and in all likelihood she added to the unwearied solicitations with which she besought her friends and acquaintances to try the effects of Methodist preaching by accompanying her to hear one or other of her favourite preachers. She laid the foundation of those famous Sunday evening gatherings in her house in town, where aristocratic congregations met to listen to Whitefield or to one of the Wesleys, to Romaine, or to Venn.

She seems to have felt herself especially accountable for her own class. This peculiarity is visible all through her remarkable career, and is in striking contrast to the modern choice of the poor of the slums as the proper recipients—not to say of philanthropic charity—but of religious missions, and of private and personal influence and teaching.

Another motive was present and potent with her as with the clergy of her persuasion in their

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day. The Quality were then a force in the land. Whitefield after addressing them writes of having appealed to the "great and mighty." The same impression was felt by the Reformers in general and by Lady Huntingdon in particular. The terms in which the Methodist preachers dealt with the nobility in their congregations have ceased to prevail. In the innumerable letters from Whitefield and others, which still exist, the tone, while faithful and stopping short of sycophancy, is not only respectful, it is reverent. The "Honoured Sir or Honoured Madam" with which each epistle begins supplies the key to the style of the contents. The conviction that to persuade and change any of these important personages would be to engage a deep and far-reaching influence on the side of Christianity was very generally entertained.

The Countess was actuated by both these motives—sympathy with and responsibility for her class, and her rooted conviction that if they would but be willing to exert their illustrious examples, with God's blessing upon them, they would be shining lights set on high places which would flood the country and give new hope for the religion of England.

CHAPTER III

DAYS of Trial—The Family as Trial found them—Francis Lord Hastings—Lady Elizabeth Hastings—The two Boy Brothers—The Children in the Nursery—The Visitation of Smallpox—Lord Huntingdon's Dream and its Fulfilment—A Widow Indeed—Wealth and Independence—A Missionary Tour in Wales—A *Grande Dame's* Duty to her Children—The Auspices under which Francis Earl of Huntingdon made the Grand Tour—The Honours heaped upon him—Lady Elizabeth Hastings' Appointment at Court—Her Marriage to Lord Rawdon, afterwards Earl Moira—A Different Sphere—The Engraving known as the "Beatific Print"—Lady Huntingdon's Precarious Health forming no obstacle to her efforts.

THE impetus given to Lady Huntingdon's convictions, which sent her finally across the barrier which divided her from public life, never to retrace her steps, did not originate with herself, it was none of her seeking. How could it be? It was a summons to leave behind her the peace and gladness of her matronhood and motherhood, in order to tread thenceforth the bleak, unshaded, uphill road, thorn-strewn, watered with tears, alone in the midst of a baffling crowd, the road which no man, and still less no woman, could climb steadfastly, unless upheld by more than human strength.

The stately and beautiful home which struck spectators as so safe and enduring was entered again and again by one to whom none can deny himself, was robbed first of its sweetness, next of its glory, and then was speedily left behind.

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Lady Huntingdon had borne seven children, one of whom—a baby, Lady Selina—died in infancy. In addition to his own family, Lord Huntingdon had caused to be educated along with his eldest son, Theophilus and George Hastings, the sons of his younger brother, who had been known in his youth by what was, in his case, the courtesy title of Lord Hastings.

Lord and Lady Huntingdon's son and heir, Francis Lord Hastings, was considered an "elegant youth" of much promise. He outstripped his companions in their studies, and drew from the poet Akenside—a medical man in the neighbourhood who might be regarded as a retainer of the family—a set of verses in the lad's honour predicting his future greatness. The elder daughter, Lady Elizabeth, has been described as a bright, far forward girl. Then came two young boys of thirteen and eleven years, the Honourable George and the Honourable Ferdinando, no doubt trials to their tutors striving to keep them in order and idols of old keepers and grooms. The family was wound up by two still small children, a second sweet little Lady Selina, and a bold bantling of an Honourable Henry.

There came an evening when the pair of half-grown boys crept into the drawing-room, went stumbling to their mother's side, and leant against

A GREAT BEREAVEMENT

her, muttering unwonted complaints of their tired bones and aching heads. She looked into their flushed faces and heavy eyes and pronounced with a sinking heart that they must have a Dover's sweating powder that night and be blooded next morning, while she strove to tell herself that nothing more would be needed.

When the morning came there was hot haste and the speeding away of all who had any title as outsiders, for it was known beyond question that the scourge of the century was there—the boys had been stricken with smallpox. In a short time the most dreaded of malignant diseases had done its work—George and Ferdinando Hastings, disfigured, almost beyond recognition by the mother who bore them, lay in their coffins.

It was a crushing bereavement, but so far as the Countess was concerned there still remained an earthly as well as a heavenly consoler, who stilled the ache of his own heart and hid how he missed the light steps and merry voices of his boys in the stillness of the great house, in order to remind her that they were the children of many prayers, of the covenant which had been made for them with the God who had taken them in love, surely not in anger, from evil days to come. Her husband was there to bid her look around her and count the mercies spared to her. And for his sake and in

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loyalty to the supreme Governor of all, she was willing to meet Lord Huntingdon on his own unselfish ground. She was ready to comply with his entreaties and resolve that her heart should not break, nor be divided between her two dead and gone sons.

But the sky still held another and more deadly bolt which, with the suddenness of lightning, descended before two more years had gone on the woman once so highly favoured, a heathen Greek might have said of her, with bent head and bated breath, that the gods would take their revenge for the undue portion of prosperity and happiness which a mere mortal possessed.

Lord Huntingdon was still in his fiftieth year, his Countess in her thirty-ninth year. They were not beyond the early autumn of their days. They might with reason have reckoned on many more long, happy years to be spent together in faithful discharge of their duties, and in growing devotion and charity. But their Master had not so willed it. One morning my lord—shrinking a little from repeating the foolish tale which it would hurt his wife to hear, and yet somehow impelled to warn her of what might be coming upon her—even while he laughed at his own superstition, reminded the Countess that he was not in the habit of dreaming, indeed, he believed he had never dreamt in his life

LORD HUNTINGDON DIES

before, which might account for his nerves being so struck by the vision which had confronted him. He had seen in his sleep a skeleton creep up and settle down between her and him.

Lady Huntingdon listened—one may be sure with widening eyes and whitening cheeks—and then joined him in laughing more loudly than was her habit at the folly of minding a dream.

In the course of the month he had the stroke of apoplexy from which he never rallied. He died in November, 1746.

It is vain to speak of what passes the comprehension of so many, the desolation which only the love of her God and her kind could change so that the desert of her life should bud and blossom again with the flowers and fruit of Paradise.

On the monument erected to Lord Huntingdon and his family, to which Lord Bolingbroke contributed the epitaph, Lady Huntingdon had her bust placed as a token of that union of the wedded couple which Death could not sever entirely, while she survived her husband for nearly half-a-century.

With entire trust in his Countess, Lord Huntingdon left to her, without conditions, the bulk of his large fortune and the control of the family affairs. As a matter of course, his elder son succeeded to the Earldom of Huntingdon and the Barony of Hastings and the estates which went with the title.

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Quite independent and perfectly free to adopt the course on which she could trust that her husband would look down, if he might—

“ With larger, other eyes than ours,”

two years after her husband's death Lady Huntingdon took a more pronounced step than she had hitherto attempted, she went on what may be called a crusade or missionary tour in Wales. She was accompanied by her elder daughter at the age of seventeen and her little girl just turned ten. There was a bevy of clergymen and a cavalcade of carriages and horses ; with these she accomplished by her clergymen in attendance, fifteen days' preaching through the Principality. The picturesque train wended their way, the members of her escort preaching as often as five times a day in the larger towns, and in the remote villages.

It is said that the leader of this party was greatly struck by what she heard then for the first time, the groans and sobs of an emotional, unconventional congregation.

All the while the Countess was strictly mindful of what was due, in a worldly sense, to the late Earl's children and her own, and of what she felt herself bound to procure for them. Her loyalty to her class and her fidelity to her friends, however much they might differ from her in tastes and

THE COUNTESS IN SOCIETY

habits, even in principles and creeds, were peculiarly characteristic of her. It seems a testimony to all that is best in her that while such a man as Horace Walpole never mentioned Lady Huntingdon's name without a cynical scoff, other men of the world—to wit, Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, her own and her husband's old friends, with women of fashion, if not so intellectual as the men, as much opposed to whatever was beyond the mere round of ambitions and pleasures of this earth earthy, continued to treat her with the greatest respect and regard. They sought her society and relied on her goodwill, while she, on her part, never lost her hope that they would turn to better things, and was only concerned, so far as she had to do with them, that they should not miss the opportunities which might be blessed at last. None could tell when the Spirit might not open the eyes of the blind, or waken the sleepers, and raise the dead to newness of life.

As soon as the new Lord Huntingdon was twenty-one years his mother, to whom he was always politely attentive in his behaviour with suave deference, whether or not any remnant of genuine kindness lingered behind, vacated Donnington Park in order that he might form his own establishment there. She agreed willingly to his making the Grand Tour, though he made it under

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the auspices of his godfather, Lord Chesterfield, of whom Francis Hastings appears a smaller, less brilliant reflection.

Chesterfield had been the late Earl's friend, and he continued to the last the intimate friend of the family. And was he not the finest, best-bred nobleman of his day, with the most distinguished circle of acquaintances at home and abroad to whom he could introduce the young man? Could the elder man not be trusted to refrain from instilling his heartless sophistries and his confirmed unbelief into the son of the friend who had thought so differently?

Even if Chesterfield could be guilty of taking advantage of his position to betray the confidence reposed in him in relation to religion and morals, should not Francis Hastings' godly upbringing have rendered him proof against insidious attacks? He could not be kept from the knowledge of the license and free thinking abounding in the world around him, else how was he rightly and intelligently to stand up for the truth and give a reason for the faith that was in him?

Whether Lady Huntingdon was too careless or too yielding, or whether she could not help herself, and the choice was taken out of her hands, it is impossible at this distance of time to tell. Certainly it was playing with fire, and the result was

THE YOUNG EARL

she was burned to the bone and marrow in the end.

On Lady Huntingdon's son's return from abroad he was found to have the grace of a "foreign courtier" (of a *petit maître* in fact), but though he was bland and plausible, as might have been expected from the adopted son of the worldling of worldlings, Chesterfield, the young Earl lacked his father's solid worth and virtue as he lacked the elder man's wisdom and judgment. The son found no fault with his mother's views and actions, while he was absolutely without sympathy where they were concerned.

But the pronounced infidelity which distinguished Francis Earl of Huntingdon in later years, with regard to which Lady Huntingdon hoped against hope that he would live to learn that the finite cannot measure the infinite, and that religion is not a growth of the reason (though rightly understood reason and religion cannot be in opposition), but belongs to the conscience and the heart, and to that higher spirit of man which is in communion with the spirit of God who made him, was now only nascent.

The Earl's unbelief and his indifference to the questions which were dear as life itself to his mother could hardly have been in active hostility as yet. It was only a cloud hanging threateningly

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on the horizon, and it must have been with natural gratification that she learned the honours heaped upon him as a tribute to his father's memory and his own scholarly attainments. He was named Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, and a member of the Privy Council. He carried the Sword of State at the Coronation of George III as his father had carried it at the Coronation of George II. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of one of the Yorkshire Ridings and of the city of York. He held also the office of Groom of the Stole in the Royal Household.

Lady Elizabeth Hastings, the Countess's elder daughter, resembled her mother in so far that she was not beautiful, but was full of spirit and ability. At eighteen the Countess sought and found for her a place at Court to act as Lady of the Bedchamber, while yet a girl herself, to two of the younger princesses, girls in their early teens, daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales and sisters of George III.

No doubt times and manners were improving. The household of the widowed Princess of Wales was decidedly more decorous and better cared for than the Countess had known the Court of George II and Queen Caroline to be, not to say than the still more unseemly and disorderly Court of George I, presided over by the Duchess of Kendal and

HORACE WALPOLE'S PHRASE

her rival, at which Lady Fanny Shirley had figured.

Still a Court was a highly charged atmosphere beset with snares and pitfalls for a lively girl of eighteen. But Lady Elizabeth's place was there as a young lady of quality, and she was bound to fill it, to bear its trials and resist its temptations. After all she did not hold the post long ; it was not many months before she resigned it and retired into private life. In the absence of any other reason for her withdrawal which has survived, one is thrown out on the light assertion of Horace Walpole, " The Queen of the Methodists got her daughter named for Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princesses, but it is all off again as she will not let her play cards on Sundays."

There may be a grain of truth in the careless statement, for, strong as was Lady Huntingdon's sense of the rights which belonged to her daughter's station in life and of the corresponding duties which devolved upon her, the mother may have regarded the advantage of a place at Court outweighed and its obligations annulled by arrangements which she could not consider consistent with a young Christian gentlewoman's walk and conversation.

A year after Lady Elizabeth's retirement the calamitous marriage of the elder of her charge, a

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thoughtless girl of sixteen, to the half-witted King of Denmark, was duly celebrated at St. James's Palace, the Princess's brother, the Duke of York, acting as proxy for the King.

When Lady Elizabeth was twenty-one years of age, six or seven years after her father's death, about 1752, she married Lord Rawdon, afterwards created Earl Moira. He was a full cousin of her mother's and her contemporary, being a man of forty-five years of age. We are told that with this marriage Lady Huntingdon "was extremely happy and contented," so that we are free to give his Lordship credit for various merits, including the sedateness to be expected from his time of life.

From the date of her marriage the daughter had an orbit of her own, the ambitious orbit of a social leader. She passed out of her mother's sphere; she, too, does not seem to have had much sympathy with her mother, though Lady Moira was accustomed to treat Lady Huntingdon with the utmost respect, very much as if the Countess were a great personage who was a law unto herself, whose life and example stood apart from those of ordinary individuals.

Lady Moira when an old woman is said to have spoken with interest of the engraving of Lady Huntingdon entitled by Horace Walpole "The beatific print." It represented her with her foot

THE COUNTESS AND HER MISSION

on her coronet. What did it mean? That she had done with such vain baubles? or was it not rather that giving them their proper value, as privileges and distinctions of her class, she yet held them as utterly worthless in comparison with a higher order of nobility.

With the elder members of the family thus launched on the world, and taking their course independent of her, and the younger members still in the schoolroom, the Countess of Huntingdon saw herself at liberty to carry out her mission. The precariousness of her health did not interfere with the obligations she had taken upon herself. She was liable in her prime and in the latter part of her life to severe attacks of illness, from which her recovery was often doubtful. She was accustomed to speak of them as very much a matter of course, and a chastisement which was appointed for her. On one occasion she quoted Luther's testimony as applicable to herself, that "he was never employed about any fresh work but he was either visited with a fit of sickness, or violent temptation."

CHAPTER IV

AN English Deborah—Her Rebuffs from High Quarters—Letter of the Duchess of Buckingham—Lady Huntingdon's Sunday Evenings in Town—The Company Assembled—No Irreconcilables—Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield—No Castaways—Lady Suffolk and Lady Betty Germaine—Lady Suffolk takes Guilt to herself—The Necessity for the Establishment of Lady Huntingdon's Connexion—Her many Churches and Chapels in London and throughout the Country—John Wesley's Objections with the Difficulty of Two Suns Shining in One Sky—Founding the College at Trevecca with Fletcher of Madeley as its Superintendent—Countess Selina's Attendance at its Opening on her Fiftieth Birthday, and at many of its Anniversaries—The Opposition of Lady Huntingdon's Son to the Trevecca Students—The Different Action on the Part of her Daughter, Lady Moira—The Fate of Trevecca—Lady Huntingdon's Goodwill to the Settlers and Slaves of Georgia and the Red Indians in the Backwoods of America.

THE rebuffs, the unreasonable resentment, the lack of gratitude, which were frequently Lady Huntingdon's portion in return for her efforts to induce her friends and acquaintances to listen to what she held was Divine Truth, might have wearied and overcome a less dauntless and large-hearted woman, but here was one who could not be humiliated in a good cause, and did not count on gratitude from those she sought to benefit.

A letter from the Duchess of Buckingham, the illegitimate daughter of James II, married first to the Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced, and secondly to Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, though very civil to the Countess herself, is an instance of the light in which her preachers and

A SHOCKED DUCHESS

their creed were viewed by many of those whom she tried to bring under their influence.

“I thank your Ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preaching; these doctrines are most repulsive and strongly tinged with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and do away with all distinction, as it is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your Ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding.

“Your Ladyship does me infinite honour by your obliging enquiries after my health. I shall be most happy to accept your kind offer of accompanying me to hear your favourite preacher, and shall await your arrival. The Duchess of Queensberry insists on my patronising her on the occasion, consequently she will be an addition to our party.

“I have the honour to be,

“My dear Lady Huntingdon,

“Your Ladyship’s most
faithful and obliged,

“C. BUCKINGHAM.”

Lady Huntingdon’s Sunday evening assemblies, like the Gospel net, gathered in good and bad indiscriminately. They included her circle and far beyond her circle of the fashionable and intellectual, and also the riotously vicious and

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

notoriously unbelieving sets which made up the exclusive world to which she belonged. The attendance which curiosity, the fashion of the day, love of novelty and of a sensation, together with more honest interests converted into a throng, did not fail. It numbered many men and women who, for any other cause, would have been out of her ken, or if known to her would have excited her reprobation.

But in the double sense of sin and salvation, there were no irredeemable castaways among the great, any more than among the small.

It was as if in that wonderful volcanic period of English history the eternal truths of the world to come were suddenly, by an overthrow of all conventionalities, brought face to face with the lying vanities of the time ; and men and women were suddenly called upon to choose between them. The presiding genius of the situation made all welcome. As she listened with all her heart to the eloquent sermons, enlightened lectures, and passionate appeals of her army of peace, she could not despair of the conversion of her old familiar friends—Bolingbroke and Chesterfield—who were present on various occasions at these meetings at her house. Chesterfield even went so far as sometimes to attend, for the gratification of his love of oratory, Whitefield in other quarters.

A BOW AT A VENTURE

Neither did Lady Huntingdon venture to condemn offenders of her own sex of less intellect but with more scandalous reputations. Might not Lady Suffolk and Lady Betty Germaine be brought to see what had been the error of their ways? All were sinners in God's sight; none had a right to judge his or her neighbour, far less to bar the bridge which spanned the gulf between the saved and the lost.

Lady Suffolk's conduct after one of Lady Huntingdon's Sunday evenings furnishes an example of a sinner taking guilt to herself. It exhibited in addition the chief actor in the scene carried out of herself by rage, for she has been generally represented as a placid woman of an even temper.

"Lady Rockingham prevailed on Lady Huntingdon to admit the beauty to hear her chaplain" (at this time Whitefield). "He, however, knew nothing of her presence; he drew his bow at a venture, but every arrow seemed aimed at her. She just managed to sit out the service in silence, and when Mr. Whitefield retired, she flew into a violent passion, abused Lady Huntingdon to her face, and denounced the service as a deliberate attack upon herself. In vain her sister-in-law, Lady Betty Germaine, tried to appease the beautiful fury, or to explain her mistake. In

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vain old Lady Ellinor Bertie and the Duchess Dowager of Ancaster, both relatives, commanded her silence ; she maintained that she had been insulted. She was compelled, however, by her relatives who were present to apologise to Lady Huntingdon with a bad grace, and then the mortified beauty left the place to return no more."

Lady Huntingdon was more successful with other ladies of rank, of whom she wrote cheerfully to Doctor Doddridge that among their Christian converts she trusted there would be found of "honourable women not a few."

But the time had come for Countess Selina to do more than to attend on the sermons of the Methodist preachers, to reckon the preachers among her best and dearest friends, to receive them into her house, and to bring select crowds to be edified by them. She was now practically independent and in possession of a large fortune, while the desire of her heart was that her English people, notably her class in society, should be saved, when the recovery of the other lapsed classes—by no means neglected by her—would follow. Lady Huntingdon withstood the divisions and controversies which were beginning to arise among the Methodists—sore trials to many and sources of bitterness to all. To sweeten these sources required long years, and the honest trust and regard

THE MORAVIANS

which, though they had sometimes been stretched to the uttermost, flowed again at last in the old channels.

Grace and works were brought into conflict as of old, John Wesley, in spite of his denial, was accused of setting too much store on works.

Whitefield, the apostle of free grace, was assailed as a "predestinarian" and a Calvinist.

The Moravians, headed by Count Zinzendorf, were supported by Whitefield, Ingham, and Charles Wesley, who were enchanted by the sect's simplicity and piety. These Moravians established colonies in England and joined the Methodists to a considerable extent.

But the Moravian speculations and what struck the religious public as their dangerous lack of standards and creeds, and their indifference to orthodoxy, soon repelled the great body of the serious-minded English, and brought upon those Methodists who had fraternised with the Moravians a similar charge of grave heresy. These accusations distracted and divided whole circuits, and dispersed entire congregations of the faithful.

It was high time that greater order and harmony should be restored. It was clear to the interested and thoughtful that field-preaching could only be a temporary resource. More than that, it left out, unless on exceptional occasions, the Quality,

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those fine ladies and gentlemen to whom Lady Huntingdon by all her antecedents was bound, on whose power, dignity, wit, and influence, she counted for benefits to all. If the existing churches were largely withheld from the Methodist clergymen of the Church of England, substitutes must be found for the churches, and Lady Huntingdon and her fortune were at the service of her world, to take the chief part in providing these substitutes.

Thus originated the "Connexion" with which her name is linked. She had already promoted various schools and one well-known orphanage—Kingswood. Later she was to found a college for Methodist students at Trevecca, near Talworth, in South Wales. Now she began to build, repair and maintain, for the most part at her own expense, many chapels in different parts of England. Among the most noted were those at York and Huddersfield in the north, in the midlands those at Gloucester and Worcester, in the south at Lewes and Brighton, in the east at Norwich and Margate, and in the west at Swansea.

Even a large fortune could only stand such drains with difficulty, and Lady Huntingdon disposed of part of her jewels in order to build the chapel at Brighton.

THE "CONNEXION"

The special resorts of real or supposed invalids of the upper classes and their friends at Bath, Bristol, Tunbridge Wells, and Cheltenham, were not forgotten in a provision for their spiritual needs.

In London the chapels or tabernacles with which the Countess was most concerned, which she helped to sustain, were Whitefield's Tabernacle at Moorfields, the Tottenham Court Chapel, Long Acre Chapel (notorious for the street riots which disturbed its services), and Spa Fields Chapel.

Lady Huntingdon placed in charge of the chapels, for which she was the sole or principal subscriber, clergymen who were Calvinistic Methodists, of whom Whitefield was the representative. It is easy to understand how the lofty sternness of Calvinism with its utter self-surrender appealed to such a woman, and rather than abjure its doctrines she resigned herself, when only one of two courses was left to her, to be ejected from the Church of England.

Lady Huntingdon's "Connexion" as it was called numbered as many as sixty clergymen with a host of lay workers. Some of the clergymen were settled in their spheres of work, but the greater number, connected with the larger towns and chapels, preached in rotation, having rounds or circuits, which they followed, much in accordance

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

with John Wesley's system. Lady Huntingdon accepted the responsibility of appointing and placing the men whom she chose at their posts, and of dismissing or of transferring them if they did not answer her expectations, or if she believed they would do better in other quarters.

These clergymen were sent out and employed by her when and where she thought it desirable on courses of preaching throughout England and in Scotland and Ireland.

As the tremendous burden of the care of the early Christian churches devolved upon St. Paul, so the seeing to the welfare, integrity and efficiency of her "Connexion" rested on the Countess's bent and bereft woman's shoulders. Her organising power must have been marvellous; her fidelity to her self-imposed duties prevailed to the last stage of mortal weakness. She did the work of a bishop, and amidst all the taunts and sneers heaped upon her for unwomanly presumption and rank fanaticism, not one accusation survives of caprice, injustice, or of weak incapacity.

As a proof that even among the best and truest of their Master's servants there can with difficulty be two leaders in the same cause, as there cannot be two suns in the same sky, Lady Huntingdon's old friend, John Wesley, lost conceit of her at this time, and declared that she had grown

WESLEY CRITICISES HER LADYSHIP

arrogant and despotic, that her constant talk was of "*my schools*," "*my orphanage*," or, as it might be, "*my churches*." But this was a momentary outburst on the part of a great and good man, who was nevertheless fallible, and had grown nettled and restive, unaccustomed as he was to have his authority disputed, or to encounter a rival.

And arrogance and despotism, however much they are to be deprecated, are something widely different from unfairness, untrustworthiness, and folly.

Neither is there sufficient evidence for this accusation of arrogance and despotism. Lady Huntingdon's letters, written in the Scriptural language and stereotyped phraseology of the religious world of her day, which lend a certain air of artificiality to what was written in all earnestness and good faith, while they express the strength and confidence of a woman who knew herself equal to her position and her task, do not betray under the strained words more than natural self-reliance. There is no sign of imperiousness or tyranny.

As for the few personal references preserved of the Countess, they have the simple modesty and genuineness which might have been looked for from a woman so gifted and godly.

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Both before and after the establishment of her Connexion, Lady Huntingdon was in the habit of travelling accompanied by one or other of her chaplains, or by other clergymen to the districts where there was an urgent call for a chapel, or after the chapel was given, to inspect its working and decide on its requirements. But she does not seem to have made another progress so imposing as that which she conducted in Wales two years after her husband's death.

The Conferences of Methodists which met from time to time at different centres, where the leaders discussed the tenets and the policy of the body, were matters of keen interest to Lady Huntingdon, and she attended one of them at Leeds. But there is no mention of her having come forward in any pronounced way, or of her having let her voice be heard in the assembly.

In her own home she occasionally addressed her household and prayed with them. An anecdote is told of her in relation to this practice. Two comparative strangers, an uncle and a niece, were availing themselves of the hospitality of the great house for a night. The niece, a bold, giddy girl of the world—worldly, prepared to witness the performance with idle indifference and supercilious abstraction. The custom was for the members of the household and the guests to stand behind

A BREACH OF MANNERS

their chairs, forming a circle around the tall, slightly swaying figure at the reading desk.

Her Ladyship's elocution, in course of time and of much intercourse with any number of Methodist public speakers, had inadvertently borrowed from them—not the wonderfully flexible and melodious tones of Whitefield, or of the sinner Dodd, not the trumpet tones of John Wesley, but the drawl—not so much plaintive as well-nigh whimpering—of the more illiterate orators.

The girl, who had been introduced into a scene altogether foreign to her, had not even the slender amount of modesty and reverence which would have made her restrain herself, she burst into an audible titter, to the horror of her uncle, a well-bred man of the world.

Lady Huntingdon had a large acquaintance among girls. She had daughters of her own, the younger of whom was fast growing up. Her niece, Miss Nightingale—Lady Elizabeth's daughter—and especially another niece and namesake, Miss Selina Margareta Wheeler, were in the habit of paying her long visits. But they were all gentlewomen in more than in name, and were accustomed to treat their hostess not only with affection, but with the deference which was in her generation paid to all women of her age and rank, and was due to her above all.

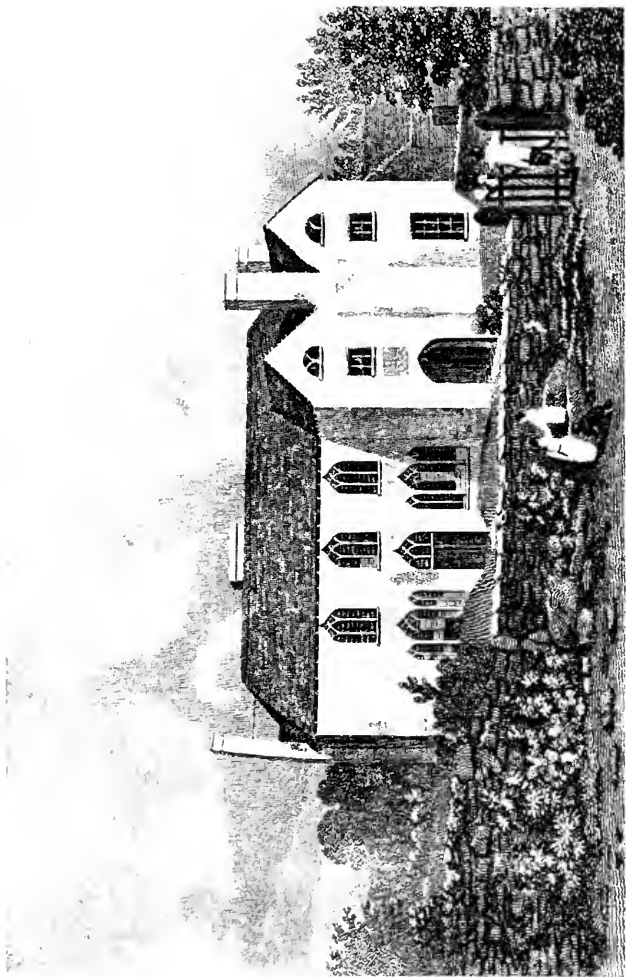
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Lady Huntingdon, who must have been aware of the outrage, did not so much as open her eyes, and neither then nor afterwards when she entertained her two visitors with the utmost politeness did she give the smallest sign of having been sensible of the unseemly barn-door behaviour.

The Countess certainly preferred to avail herself at prayers of the services of a clergyman, even of a lay worker, or of one of her Trevecca students. Her determination to make the last play their part was sometimes enforced in an informal, almost comical, manner. She would thrust a Bible into their hands, and point them to the door of their private sitting-room, bidding them do their duty and trust in God.

It was in the winter of 1767 that Lady Huntingdon, then living at Bath, sought the advice of her great friend Fletcher—incumbent of the parish of Madeley, one of the most popular and beloved of all the Methodist clergymen. He was French by extraction, and to his other gifts and graces he added the most kindly, single-hearted disposition, and the most open-hearted, open-handed charity, which caused him and his like-minded wife to convert the vicarage at Madeley into an open house for all the poor, ignorant and afflicted in the neighbourhood.

The Countess wished to consult her friend on



TREVECCA HOUSE

By permission of the Governors of Chestnut College, Cambridge

TREVECCA HOUSE

the plans she was forming for her College at Trevecca. She proposed to admit Christian young men resolved to devote themselves to God's service. They were at liberty to stay in the college three years, during that time they were to have their education gratis, with every necessary of life, and a suit of clothes once a year. Afterwards those who desired it might enter the Ministry, either of the established Church of England, or as Protestants of any other denomination. With the discrimination which was one of her endowments she invited Fletcher to undertake the superintendence of her College. This applied to the appointment of masters, the admission and exclusion of students, the supervision of their studies and conduct, to aiding them in their pious efforts and to judging of their fitness for the Ministry while he still continued the devoted parish priest of Madeley.

This invitation Fletcher accepted, taking no fee or reward for his services. Trevecca House, used for the College, was a massive old building, believed to be part of a castle which had existed in the reign of Henry II. The date over the entrance was 1176.

The College was opened for religious and literary education, and the Chapel dedicated, Whitefield and various clergymen officiating, on the 24th of

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August, 1768, Lady Huntingdon's fiftieth birthday. Fletcher of Madeley was president, while a gentleman named Easterbrook was assistant-president and headmaster. An early student named Glazebrook was a parishioner of Fletcher's, a collier and iron worker in Madeley Wood. He proved to be a man of decided ability and worth, reflecting credit on the College, and on the Church in which he was afterwards an ordained clergyman. His fellow-students, when sufficiently instructed, went out either as lay workers in the nearest villages and towns, or after a more complete education, became pastors of one or other of the dissenting churches, or were, with increasing difficulty, received as deacons and priests in the Church of England.

Lady Huntingdon, accompanied by various friends of her sex and set, was present at the opening, and at many of the anniversaries, staying for the time in the College, in the prosperity of which she took great delight. Crowds came from far and near on these days. Among the numerous well-known clergymen who preached and administered the Communion, was her cousin, Mr. Shirley, brother of the unhappy Lawrence, Earl Ferrers.

It would have been impossible for the Countess, burdened as she was with the expenses of her

HELP FOR THE COLLEGE

churches, to have kept up by her sole efforts the growing College, had it not been that she was liberally assisted by those who shared her views, more or less. Twice she received a contribution of five hundred pounds from John Newton's patron, the philanthropic banker, Thornton; another thousand was given to her and gathered for her by her Scotch friend, the woman whose career was most like that of Lady Huntingdon's in a generation which they both graced, Lady Glenorchy.

Not only the absence of the slightest sympathy, but the positive hostility of Francis Earl of Huntingdon, to the cherished views and projects of his mother, whom he treated personally with the elaborate courtesy of the school of Chesterfield, was shown in connection with a student of the College of which she was so proud and fond. The same early student, Glazebrook, who had struggled honourably and faithfully against many obstacles and thwartings from Oxford tutors and dignitaries of the Church of England, of which he had become an ordained clergyman, in his difficulties with his Bishop and his Archdeacon, wrote to his first benefactress begging her to use her influence with her son to name him for one of the livings of which the Earl was patron. Glazebrook's father-in-law, an old friend of the Countess, the chief medical

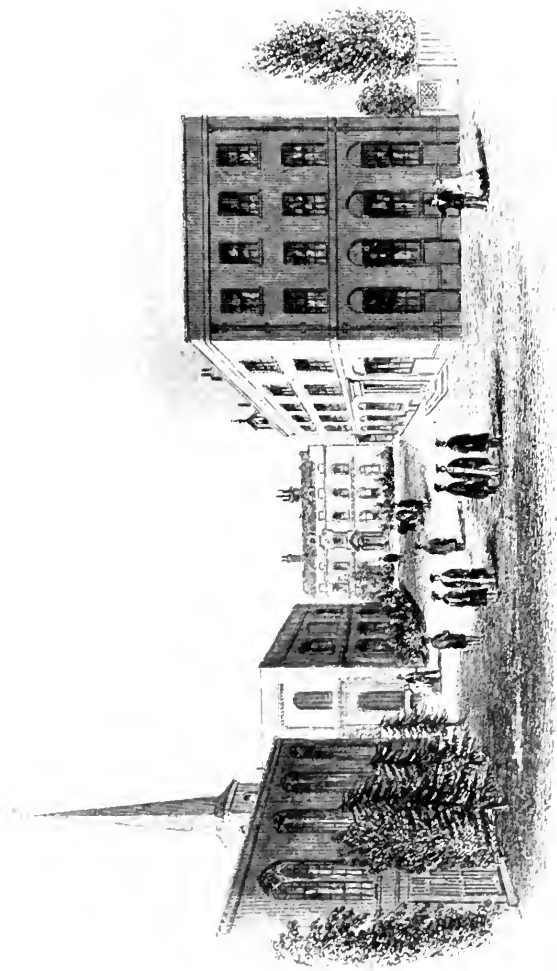
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man in Ashby-de-la-Zouch, supported the application.

To both requests she had to make the same sorrowful reply. It would have been a great pleasure to her to do as they wished, if she had not certainly known that the petition would never be obtained by her. For more than thirty years her son's "most implacable dislike" had proved to her that he would never be entreated on the subject.

To do Lady Huntingdon's daughter, Countess Moira, justice, her attitude to a student of her mother's institution, himself an able and excellent man, was very different. On the death of her brother without lawful heirs, she succeeded him in the Barony of Hastings and the lands connected with it; when the same application was made to her, she befriended the former Trevecca student readily and kindly, presenting him to the living of Belton, in Leicestershire, where he spent the rest of his useful life.

On the expiry of the lease on which Trevecca House was held, soon after the death of Lady Huntingdon in 1791, the College, in accordance with the wish of its foundress, merged into Cheshunt College, the well-known institution for Nonconformist theological students in Hertfordshire, which was opened in August, 1792, on the



OLD CHESHUNT COLLEGE

By permission of the Governors of Cheshunt College, Cambridge

REMOVAL TO CHESHUNT

anniversary of the opening of Trevecca and the birthday of Lady Huntingdon. It had already been arranged that it should be supported by subscription, and its affairs managed by seven trustees appointed for the purpose.

To Cheshunt went the Communion Plate and the Library which had been Lady Huntingdon's original gift at Trevecca.

Great as were these benefactions of chapels, college, etc., etc., and the aid rendered by the Countess to such hospitals and reformatories as were then in existence, they were by no means the limit of Lady Huntingdon's schemes for the good of human kind. Her enthusiasm knew no bounds. Her zeal extended to all who were in her estimation benighted, to Jews, Turks, and infidels wherever they were to be found. It need hardly be said that, shrewd as she showed herself, and surrounded as she was by wise as well as eager coadjutors, she was sometimes deceived and made the victim of imposture.

But neither mortification nor disappointment availed to cool her passion for her Christian work or wear out her love for her brethren and sisters. She had from the first subsidized Whitefield's labours in Georgia, especially in connection with his orphanage of Bethesda. One of the far-reaching schemes, born of a boundless faith fit to move

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mountains, was imparted in two letters still extant which she addressed to George Washington. She proposed, with his concurrence, to devote the income of her estates in the time to come to a great mission to the Red Indians.

CHAPTER V

THE Shirley Tragedy—Strange Character of Lawrence Earl Ferrers—His Marriage—His Excesses and well-nigh Incredible Ill-treatment of his Wife—Their Separation by Act of Parliament—The Appointment of Earl Ferrers' Steward, Johnson, with the Earl's Consent, as one of the Receivers of his Master's Rents—The Fury of the Earl at Johnson's Transmitting to the Countess Fifty Pounds Unknown to her Husband—Johnson summoned to Attend at Stanton—The Men Servants sent out of the way—The Women Servants on the Watch hear threatening Words and the Report of a Pistol—Johnson found Fatally Wounded—The Earl's Arrest and Sensational Journey to London and the Tower—Lady Huntingdon's Compassion for her Unfortunate Cousin—Lord Ferrers' Trial—The Company Present—The Sentence—The Earl's Last Requests—Lady Huntingdon takes his Children to Bid him Farewell—He Wears his Wedding Suit for his Execution—The Cavalcade from the Tower to Tyburn—Lord Ferrers' Death.

It is impossible to write even a short life of Lady Huntingdon and omit what touched her and hers so nearly as the calamity of the ghastly end of her cousin, her father's heir, Lawrence Shirley Earl Ferrers. He was, next to her sons, her nearest male relative, the successor to her father's title and estates ; his place, where his crime was committed, was her own early home of Stanton. In her youth he was a familiar companion.

His character presented so strange a blend of a kind of cleverness, and the extreme of folly dominated by frenzies of passion, for which he hardly seemed accountable, that looking back on the man and his miserable story at this distance of time, one arrives at the conclusion that some degree of the insanity which was present in his branch of the

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Shirleys, and was pled by his brothers in an effort to save him at his trial, was at the root of the evil, and that he was little other than a dangerous lunatic. Whatever balance there might have been originally between reason and unreason was destroyed by the fact that, according to the practice of the day, Earl Ferrers was a hard drinker.

He had married a pretty, simple girl without fortune, but not much beneath him in rank, since she was the sister of a squire and baronet, Sir William Meredith. It seems that poor Countess Ferrers, who had rashly undertaken a desperate venture, enticed to it by girlish infatuation over the wreck of a young nobleman, and by the gratification to girlish vanity in being entitled to wear such a coronet as that which graced the head of Selina Countess of Huntingdon and other grand dames, alas! found herself totally unable to check the downward path of her lord.

In fact, Lord Ferrers' excesses had increased in recklessness and violence. They were, in spite of a certain fitful, passionate fondness for his wife, directed against her till she lived in terror of her life. His constant taunt to her was that he was drunk when she was first introduced to him, and that she and her relatives kept him in a constant state of intoxication, till the marriage was accomplished.

THE SHIRLEY TRAGEDY

Lady Ferrers was childless, and partly to punish her for that and for her weak tears and complaints and her frightened shrinking from him, partly because of the revival of an old illicit attachment to a poor woman who had lived with him and borne him children before his marriage, he took this woman again as his mistress, openly flaunting his infidelity in the face of his wife. He was seldom sober, would beat the unfortunate Countess when the fancy took him, always carried pistols about his person and brought them to bed with him, threatening to kill his Countess before morning. And he was not unlikely to fulfil the threat, particularly as it was said that he had cruelly struck a groom till the lad died from the consequences.

It was high time that Lady Ferrers' relations and friends should interfere for her protection, and they did it to such purpose that, by an Act of the two Houses of Parliament, with the consent of the King, the Countess was granted a separation from the Earl, who was bound over by the House of Lords to keep the peace and to furnish his wife with a provision for her maintenance in the style of her rank.

That the Acts might take effect, receivers were appointed to draw his Lordship's rents, and though he was furious at the whole arrangement, he so far agreed to it that he appointed as one of the

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receivers his land-steward, Mr. Johnson, who resided at a farm-house half-a-mile distant from Stanton.

This Johnson had been brought up from boyhood in the Shirley family, and its head, it might have been supposed, would have had some friendly associations with the steward, but the circumstance that he had sent Lady Ferrers a remittance of fifty pounds without his Lordship's knowledge awoke in him one of the paroxysms of rage which had grown upon him till they completely mastered him.

Lord Ferrers required Johnson's attendance at Stanton at three o'clock on an afternoon in January, 1760. The master of the house in which riot and disorder had long reigned, found no difficulty in sending the men-servants out of the way, thus leaving only women-servants within call.

On Johnson's arrival, in the gloom of a winter afternoon, the Earl locked the door of the room and commanded his steward to sign a paper confessing that he was a villain. The unhappy man refused, when Ferrers ordered him to kneel. Johnson complied, possibly regarding the scene as a fantastic pantomime, and seeking to appease his master by apparent submission in one of the fits of passion to which the steward, who had known

A GRUESOME CRIME

the Earl from his youth, must have been well accustomed.

The women-servants were more suspicious, and apprehended something beyond the bounds of Ferrers' wonted violence, because of the cunning with which he had planned the interview and provided against interruption. These maid-servants, watching and listening, heard their master shout, "Down on your other knee. Declare that you have acted against Lord Ferrers. Your time is come—you must die." Then the crack of a pistol-shot followed.

On the alarmed women rushing to the spot, the Earl unlocked the door and made no objection to assistance being procured in the shape of the nearest doctor, and of the daughter of poor Johnson, who was desperately wounded in the side.

But, as night and darkness came on, the drink to which the murderer had recourse still further excited him. He returned again and again to the room, loaded the dying man with abuse, and was with difficulty kept from striking him and from tearing off his bandages. The last outrage was to tweak him by the wig. The doctor was forced to remove his patient in the middle of the night to his own house, where he died in the course of a few hours. When told of the death, Lord

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Ferrers declared that he gloried in the deed he had committed.

The crime was so atrociously unprovoked, cold-blooded, and done in the face of day, that no rank, and not even the well-founded defence of craziness, could shield the impenitent perpetrator. The law was not to be so openly defied. Lord Ferrers was arrested without making any resistance, though he was armed with several pistols and a dagger. He was removed from Ashby-de-la-Zouch to Leicester Gaol, and from Leicester Gaol in the course of a fortnight to the Tower of London.

With the curious, punctilious deference to his class which belonged to the time, he was allowed, while securely guarded on his journey, to travel in his own landau, drawn by six horses, he himself wearing a jockey's jacket, cap and boots.

Lord Ferrers was first taken before the House of Lords, when the report of the Coroner's inquest on Johnson was read, and the Earl was escorted by Black Rod to the Tower, where he lay for two months before his trial came on.

All through Ferrers' imprisonment, both before and after his trial, his kinswoman, Lady Huntingdon, visited him constantly with his consent, though he probably guessed that it was in consequence of her representations that the Governor of the Tower lessened the prisoner's allowance of

A HARDENED PRISONER.

wine, and after he was condemned, withdrew the playing-cards with which he had solaced himself.

But Ferrers not only continued to receive Lady Huntingdon ; he even sent for her, " for the sake of company," he said. But he paid no heed to her efforts to bring him to a better frame of mind. According to Horace Walpole, Lord Ferrers was at least " not mad enough to listen to my lady's sermons." In her despair on his account, she persuaded him to allow Whitefield to visit him twice. But, thought he Earl behaved to the Methodist preacher with the utmost politeness, as if he had taken a leaf from Lord Chesterfield's and Francis Earl of Huntingdon's book, he was unmoved by the voice which swayed multitudes. And the public prayers which Whitefield put up for the transgressor, in the Methodist fashion of the day, were in human judgment unanswered. Horace Walpole called Whitefield an " impertinent fellow," because the preacher, in his free, fearless way, stated the transparent fact that his Lordship's heart was as hard as a stone.

The Earl complained that his cousin, Lady Huntingdon, would provoke a saint, but he had her admitted to him to the last, after he had refused to see his nearer relations, and he yielded to her persuasions, in more than one instance. when he

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was bent upon conduct still more defiant than that he succeeded in committing.

Lord Ferrers' trial took place on the 16th of April, 1760, and lasted three days. It was held in Westminster Hall, and was attended by various members of the Royal Family, by a crowd of peers and peeresses, and by numbers of people of every degree who could, by hook or by crook, obtain admittance.

Horace Walpole was there, dropping his heartless, caustic remarks into the ears of the dying beauty, Lady Coventry, one of the famous Gunnings, who sat next to him. He was greatly entertained with the fine show of the young peers in their new and splendid robes, and he was diverted by the pride of others, among them Francis Earl of Huntingdon (come to give his vote for or against his mother's cousin and early playmate). These peers, of whom Lord Huntingdon was one, preferred the ragged robes which testified to the antiquity of their titles, for it was said some of the robes had been worn at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. Charles Wesley was present, with George Whitefield and his wife, interested in the behalf of their Countess.

Lord Ferrers refused to plead guilty, but was induced, much against his will, to consent to the

SENTENCE OF DEATH

plea of family insanity, to which his brothers came forward and gave testimony.

But the coolness of the prisoner, and the apparent rationality with which he could speak and write when his fits of drink and passion did not overcome him, contradicted the only evidence which could be brought forward in his defence.

Ferrers was condemned to be hanged at Tyburn, the sentence being pronounced by the Earl of Nottingham, who acted as High Steward. Then for an instant the prisoner made an effort to save himself—his voice was heard asking his brother peers to recommend him to mercy.

But the act for which he suffered was too flagrant and horrible, the verdict was too unanimous to admit of its being set aside by the utmost exertions on the part of the Earl's family and friends.

During the three weeks granted before the execution took place, three different petitions were presented to the old King, George II. One from the doomed man's mother, another from the remaining members of his family, and a third from the Lord Keeper. The King could not grant them.

Throughout these last weeks Lord Ferrers remained unchanged—calm, scornful and stolid. His cousin, Lady Huntingdon, and his brother-in-law, Sir William Meredith, those who knew him

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best, had the idea that his highly-strung, sorely shattered nerves would give way in the end, as they had collapsed more than once before in the course of his life, but it was not so.

He is said to have made two requests, that in consideration of his rank he should be beheaded and not hung, and that not at Tyburn, but on the spot where his ancestor, Robert Devereux Earl of Essex, perished. But high treason is counted one thing, and common vulgar murder another.

The second petition, that he should be hanged with a silken rope, is said to have been complied with.

Lord Ferrers concluded his requests by begging Lord Cornwallis, the Governor of the Tower, to pay no heed to the wishes of his family, with regard to him, as he thought them very absurd.

Earl Ferrers had formed the wild purpose of taking leave of his children on the scaffold, and of improving the occasion by reading to them, and to the assembled crowd, a paper he had drawn up against his wife's family, and against the House of Lords, for granting the separation between husband and wife. (Lady Ferrers does not seem to have made any attempt to see her husband for the last time, to exchange forgivenesses with him, and to bid him farewell).

Lady Huntingdon got Ferrers to give up his

THE EXECUTION

intention, and, though she was rigid in opposing his desire that the Governor might permit him to see the miserable woman who had been his mistress, the Countess herself, on the day before his death, took the four poor girls who were his children to his apartments in the Tower, where he parted from them, seemingly with little feeling.

Before going to bed on that last night he had "Hamlet" read to him by a keeper.

On the day of his execution, the 5th of May, he dressed in the suit he had worn at his wedding, "of a light colour embroidered in silver," saying in explanation that he thought this at least as good an occasion for putting the clothes on as that for which they were made. He paid his bills with punctuality and unconcern. His last act was to correct some verses which he had written while in the Tower. In the lines he declared himself a questioner and a doubter of what was true in life and death.

At nine the Sheriffs of London and of Middlesex arrived at the gates of the Tower to claim his body. His fantastic haughtiness reasserted itself in requesting that he might go to the gallows in his landau with the six horses, instead of in a mourning coach, and his wish was granted.

If it was any gratification to him, and one cannot help thinking that it must have been, the pomp

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of that dismal procession was as striking as was its lamentable sadness. It could hardly have been outdone by all the ghastly cavalcades which have traversed similar routes. When the pageant started it consisted of constables, horse and foot, soldiers, the Sheriff who did not ride with him in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons, the central landau with its occupants guarded on each side by soldiers, the empty chariot and six of the Sheriff who rode with Lord Ferrers, a mourning coach with his friends, and a hearse and six to convey the corpse to Surgeons' Hall.

The procession took nearly three hours to reach its destination, Lord Ferrers continuing quite composed and behaving with great courtesy to all the officials with whom he came into contact. He wished the journey over, and said the details and the tremendous crowd through which the *cortège* passed were worse than death itself. But he excused the morbid curiosity which brought the concourse as to a gala show by the ironical observation that they had never seen a lord hanged before, and perhaps would never see another. He expressed sympathy with one of the dragoons who was thrown from his horse, and trusted there would be no death that day save his.

The Chaplain endeavoured to engage Lord Ferrers in a profitable conversation, and sought

SCENE ON THE SCAFFOLD

to ascertain what were his Lordship's religious opinions—a proceeding which he resented somewhat, and little was got from him, except that he believed there was a God, the Maker of all things.

When the Chaplain, in what sounds like an apology, reminded Lord Ferrers that a prayer was usual at an execution, and asked his consent to say the Lord's Prayer, he answered that he had always thought that a good prayer, and the Chaplain might use it if he pleased.

The scaffold had been hung with black at the expense of Lord Ferrers' relations. The only emotion he showed on mounting it was a movement of distaste at the sight of the gallows.

He was pinioned with a black sash. At first he had objected to having his hands tied or his face covered, but he submitted when the necessity was represented to him. He knelt at the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, and, before rising, said with solemn emphasis, "Oh God, forgive me all my errors. Pardon all my sin." In a few seconds he was dead.

Horace Walpole, having stigmatised in no measured terms "the horrid lunatic," was constrained to add that in the matter in which he met his death he shamed heroes.

The light-minded gossip wound up with something like a congratulation: "The Methodists

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have nothing to brag of in his conversion . . . though Whitefield prayed for him and preached about him. I have not heard that Lady Fanny (Lady Fanny Shirley, Lord Ferrers' aunt) dabbled with his soul."

There was no foundation for the tradition, which long survived in the mouths of the sensation-loving public, that Lord Ferrers on the scaffold cursed his wife for her share in his death, and prophesied that she would die by fire. The legend went on to tell that she lived for many years in dread of the fulfilment of the prophecy which proved true in the end. By an accident which befell her, she spent a night in a house which was partially burned down, the fire destroying the room in which she had slept, and in which she perished.

CHAPTER VI

LADY Huntingdon's Friends—Sarah Duchess of Marlborough—Two of her Letters—Doctor Young's "Narcissa"—The Chesterfield Family—The Earl and Countess—Lord Chesterfield's Sister, Lady Gertrude Hotham—Lord Chesterfield's Winning Manners—His "Leap in the Dark"—Triumphant Deaths of Miss Hotham and her Mother—Friends among the Wives of her Clergymen, Mrs. Venn, Fletcher of Madeley's Wife—The Peculiarities of the Wives of John Wesley and Whitefield—Lady Huntingdon's Affection for Mrs. Charles Wesley—Nursing her through Smallpox—Lady Huntingdon's Contemporary, "Grace Murray"—Her Last Meeting with John Wesley—The Humourist Berridge of Everton among Lady Huntingdon's Men Friends.

IN Lady Huntingdon's youth she numbered among her friends that most masterful of dames, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Queen Anne's saucy Mrs. Freeman, the beautiful vixen who cut off her chestnut curls in order to spite her lord and master and found them later in the cabinet in which he had kept his treasures ; the same Sarah, the dauntless invalid who told her doctor that she would not put on a blister, and she would not die, the vindictive grannie who had the pictured face of her grand-daughter daubed black that it might correspond with the colour of her heart. Even she was susceptible to Countess Selina's influence. Two letters from the great Sarah, wonderfully sensible and modest, yet characteristic withal, are still in existence. In these she records her regard for Lady Huntingdon, and her willingness to accompany her to hear Whitefield and to derive

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the good which the Duchess believed she got from his preaching.

“ My dear Lady Huntingdon is always so very good to me, and I really do feel so very sensibly all your kindness and attention, that I must accept your very obliging invitation to accompany you to hear Mr. Whitefield, though I am still suffering from the effects of a severe cold. Your concern for my improvement and religious knowledge is very obliging, and I do hope that I shall be the better for all your excellent advice.

“ God knows we all need mending, and none more than myself. I have lived to see great changes in the world,—have acted a conspicuous part myself—and now hope in my old days to obtain mercy from God, as I never expect any at the hands of my fellow-creatures.

“ The Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Townshend and Lady Cobham were exceedingly pleased with many observations in Mr. Whitefield’s sermon at St. Sepulchre’s Church, which has made me lament ever since that I did not hear it. It might have been the means of doing me some good, for good, alas! I do want; but where among the corrupt sons and daughters of Adam am I to find it?

“ Your ladyship must direct me. You are all goodness and kindness, and I often wish I had a portion of it. Women of wit, beauty and quality cannot bear too many humiliating truths—they shock our pride—but we must die, we must converse with earth and worms.

“ Pray do me the favour to present my humble service to your excellent spouse—a more amiable

A DUCHESS'S CONFESSIONS

man I do not know than Lord Huntingdon. And believe me,

“ My dear Madam,
“ Your most faithful and most humble
servant,
“ S. MARLBOROUGH.”

The second letter is as follows :—

“ Your letter, my dear Madam, was very acceptable. Many thanks to Lady Fanny for her good wishes, being a communication from her and my dear good Lady Huntingdon ; they are always welcome and always in every particular to my satisfaction. I have no comfort in my own family, therefore must look for that pleasure and gratification which others can impart.

“ I hope you will shortly come and see me and give me more of your company than I have had latterly. In truth I always feel more happy and more contented after an hour's conversation with you than after a whole week's round of amusements. When alone my reflections and recollections almost kill me, and I am forced to fly to the society of those I detest and abhor. Now there is Lady Frances Saunderson's great rout to-morrow night, all the world will be there, and I must go. I do hate that woman as much as I do a physician, but I must go if for no other purpose than to mortify and spite her.

“ This is very wicked, I know, but I confess all my little peccadillos to you, for I know your goodness will lead you to be mild and forgiving, and perhaps my wicked heart may get some good from you in the end.

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“ Make my kindest respects to Lord Huntingdon. Lady Fanny has my best wishes for the success of her attack on that crooked, perverse, little wretch at Twickenham (Pope). Assure yourself, my dear good Madam, that I am your most faithful and most obliged humble servant,

“ S. MARLBOROUGH.”

A very different friend of the Countess's in these comparatively early days was young Mrs. Temple, grand-daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and daughter of Lady Elizabeth and Colonel Lee. Lady Elizabeth, on Colonel Lee's death, had married, for the second time, Young, of “ Night Thoughts ” fame. Lady Huntingdon had met him at the Twickenham villa of her aunt, Lady Fanny Shirley, whose favourite divine he was. Miss Lee, Young's cherished step-daughter, married Mr. Temple, son of the Lord Palmerston of that day. She died of consumption a year after her marriage at Montpellier, to which her sorrowing mother and step-father had taken her in hope of her recovery. She was the Narcissa of the “ Night Thoughts.”

A pathetic episode in connection with her death is recorded in the life of Lady Huntingdon.

“ As the Doctor (Young) saw her gradually declining he used frequently to walk backwards and forwards in a place called ‘ The King's

THE CHESTERFIELD FAMILY

Garden' to find the most solitary spot where he might show his last token of affection by having her remains as secure as possible from those savages who would have denied her Christian burial ; for at that time an Englishman in France was looked on as a heretic and infidel or a devil.

The under-gardener, being bribed, pointed out the most solitary place, dug the grave and let him bury his beloved daughter. The man, through a private door, admitted the Doctor at midnight, bringing his daughter wrapped in a sheet upon his shoulders, and laid her in the hole. He sat down and shed a flood of tears over the remains of his dear Narcissa.

“ With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,”

he writes in his “ Night Thoughts.”

With the entire Chesterfield family Lady Huntingdon was intimate for the greater part of her life. Lord Chesterfield's wife and sister were among the Countess's dearest friends. Unlike the husband and brother, they held the faith and were women of high character and of decided benevolence and piety, working willingly in connection with Lady Huntingdon, and contributing liberally to Trevecca College, and other philanthropic institutions.

Lady Chesterfield was the daughter of George I

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and the Duchess of Kendal, and had been created in her own right Countess of Walsingham and Baroness of Aldburgh. She was a cultivated and accomplished woman in her generation. She was, of course, a kinswoman of George III, and a *persona grata* at Court, filling a high position honourably and blamelessly. Unequally yoked in marriage, while faithfully discharging a wife's duties, she could only count on receiving from Lord Chesterfield perfectly well-bred, courteous politeness.

An anecdote exists which shows that his lordship's complaisance extended to selecting and procuring from the Continent at some trouble and expense the dress which Lady Chesterfield wore on her last appearance at Court—a tasteful, suitable gown of sober brown, “relieved by silver flowers thrown up on the brocade.” It attracted the attention of George III, who, with his usual brusqueness and inconsequence, hailed his cousin two or three times removed: “I know who chose that gown for you—Mr. Whitefield; and I hear you have attended on him this year-and-a-half.”

Her candid answer was, “Yes, I have, and like him very well.”

Lord Chesterfield's lack of heart and truth, in the middle of his exquisite affectation, seems neither to have alienated his friends' affection nor to have

“ A LEAP IN THE DARK ”

altogether extinguished the trust that he might yet change his views. His influence over such women as Lady Huntingdon and his wife resembled that won by the royal reprobate Charles II over his good citizens of London, sheerly through the grace and pleasantness of his perennial good-temper. In writing of Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Whitefield, in the vain hope of his final conversion, the Countess refers to the man so unlike herself as “ dear Lord Chesterfield.”

As for the Countess of Chesterfield, she refused to quit for a moment his lordship’s melancholy death-bed, which the dying man designated “ A leap in the dark.” In her last desperate effort, she is said to have sent for Rowland Hill, to whom Lord Chesterfield might listen, because Hill was Sir Rowland Hill’s son, in addition to being a Methodist divine and a famous preacher. It need not be said the sick man refused to comply with his wife’s request, and would neither see nor hear the ghostly counsellor.

Lord Chesterfield’s sister, Lady Gertrude Hotham, was a still dearer friend of Lady Huntingdon’s, one in relation to whose family the Countess had her last hold on her son, the Earl, and a faint trust, on the verge of extinction, that he might yet be reclaimed from the error of his opinions as a notorious free-thinker. Lady Gertrude’s son, Sir

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Charles Hotham, an amiable, well-disposed young man, though not then taking a definite side on the religious question, which bulked largely—even among the young and gay in the exclusive circles of the day—was for a time Lord Huntingdon's chosen companion. Nay, fashionable rumour had it that the Earl admired greatly, and was fast becoming attached to, one of Sir Charles's sisters, the special friend of Lord Huntingdon's own sister, Lady Selina Hastings, in spite of the fact that both young girls were true daughters of their mothers and ardent Methodists.

Was human love to be the divine instrument for breaking down the hard, cold barrier which his worship of reason had erected between mother and son? It was so in the case of Sir Charles Hotham. It failed when it had to do with Lord Huntingdon.

His friend's sister gradually declined in health, and died in such a "calm splendour" of faith and hope, that Whitefield, who was present, commemorated the triumph over death in a funeral sermon which he preached.

Shortly after Miss Hotham's death, her brother, Sir Charles, married much to his mother's mind, but in two more years his young wife was attacked by fever and died in the course of a few days. From that time he made an open profession of his

WHITEFIELD AND THE PRESBYTERIANS

religion, even in the trying atmosphere of a Court, as he had been appointed, through his uncle Lord Chesterfield's influence, a gentleman-of-the-bed-chamber to George III. Sir Charles survived his wife eight years, and died when still in his prime, near Spa, where he had been ordered for his health.

The evening after his mother, Lady Gertrude, had received the sad tidings of her son's death, she accidentally set fire to her ruffles when sitting alone reading, and was severely burned about her neck and head. She showed great patience under her sufferings during the fortnight which elapsed before death ended them. With well-nigh her last breath she ejaculated "happy, happy."

Lady Huntingdon had many valued friends in Scotland, the Buchan Erskines, the Maxwells, etc., etc., whom she visited, who were ready to welcome Whitefield for her sake. But, though he preached to great crowds and left a deep impression behind him, his Calvinism did not weigh sufficiently with the authorities of the Scotch Church to justify what they regarded as the irregular license of some of his views and actions. In the country where Presbyterianism followed the strict lines laid down by John Knox, the Melvilles, etc., etc., even those who had diverged from the Church of Scotland, led by the famous brothers Ralph and Ebenezer

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Erskine, to whom Whitefield went by invitation, could not agree with his opinions on discipline and Church government, and in the end the Erskines withdrew from a proposed alliance with him.

Lady Huntingdon's innumerable friends, for she elected to be the friend of everyone who, as she would have quoted, "loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," were the religious leaders of the day, whether Church of England or Nonconformists, and she was in frequent correspondence with many of them.

Naturally for a woman engaged in so much public work, Lady Huntingdon's friends and correspondents were largely men. Her women friends were to be found mostly among women of her own class. Circumstances forbade anything else. On intimate terms as she was at one time with John Wesley, and always with Whitefield, there is no mention of any dealing with their wives nor indeed with the wives of many clergymen unless where they had intermarried with the upper classes, as happened not infrequently. These alliances or *mésalliances*, were brought home to the Countess in the case of her two sisters-in-law, Lady Margaret Ingham and Lady Catherine Wheeler, and of Lady Huntingdon's niece and namesake, who became the wife of the Rev. —. Wills.

THE COUNTESS & HER PASTORS' WIVES

The wives of her friends—the clergymen or pastors, who were in their husband's rank—were not at leisure, and many of them were hardly suited for the intercourse which the husbands enjoyed. These matrons were more or less engrossed with their family duties and affairs ; often they had not received such an education as would have fitted them to enter the upper ranks, and to appear in them with advantage. Men constantly rise socially, and are often quite equal to the ascent, while they do it and themselves credit in the process. Women, in spite of their power of accommodating themselves to circumstances, accomplish the transfer more rarely than men, and, so far as success is concerned, less effectually. This was still more true a century ago, when the lines of demarcation between the classes were stronger.

There were exceptions to the usually slight relations between Lady Huntingdon and the wives of the clergymen of her connexion. It does not seem to have been altogether so in the case of Mrs. Pentycross, to whom Lady Huntingdon is said to have been partial for her great good-humour as well as for her seriousness of mind, to whom her ladyship on one occasion wrote a very gracious letter, so gracious that it is not without a flavour of a great lady's condescension as well as

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of her dignity, and she accompanied the letter by the considerate gift of a silver teapot.

But certainly the barriers of caste and breeding were over-leaped with Mrs. Venn, whose early death was earnestly lamented by the Countess as by her other friends. There was still another lady who could not fail to come under the notice of Lady Huntingdon, and to be regarded by her with lively approval. This was the wife of the much-loved Fletcher of Madeley, who, in addition to his other burdens, took upon him the office of the presidency of Lady Huntingdon's College of Trevecca from sheer love of her and the work. He had married a congenial partner, a Miss Bosanquet, whose worldly position and means were the least of her gifts and graces. She worked with him heart and soul, during the not very long time their union lasted, when they made of Madeley Vicarage the refuge of all the weary and heavy-laden, the sick and the sorrowful, the poor and the needy in the parish, so that the memory of their blessed life lingered for generations, like the crushed sweetness of perished flowers, in the place where they had dwelt for a season.

In the domestic relations with John Wesley and Whitefield, with whom Lady Huntingdon was long closely allied, there were reasons why the esteem which she entertained for the husbands did not

MRS. JOHN WESLEY & MRS. WHITEFIELD

extend to the wives. Neither man was happily married, both were unfortunate in their choice of the two widows who became their partners, who might already have had sufficient experience of matrimony to know that they were unsuited for it, especially in reference to men who were engrossed with their Master's work, to which all else, including their wives' claims, must be subordinate. Without being guilty of worse offences, Mrs. John Wesley and Mrs. Whitefield belonged to that troublesome order of women who are full of whims and moods of tempers, discontents and suspicions, such as tend to drive ordinary men, who have not higher things to think of, beside themselves, and to tempt them to pay the women back in their own coin.

The wives were jealous because they could never be first with their husbands, but had to wait for the men's notice, and to be set aside and left behind when the Lord's work called.

It is not argued that the women had no provocation, only that they should have counted the cost before they married such men. John Wesley, in his goodness, was a man of adamant alike to himself and to all connected with him. Whitefield, much more impressionable, thought nothing of making four voyages to Georgia after the date of his marriage, in none of which did Mrs. Whitefield

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

accompany him. His absences lasted for years at a time, and every penny he collected went to his orphanage.

Mrs. Whitefield showed herself occasionally not incapable of rising to his level. He would call her his "right hand ;" he missed her sorely when she died. He was fond of quoting an anecdote of her. In a brutal crowd, when even his heart began to faint, and he was on the point of being stoned, Mrs. Whitefield standing behind him plucked him by the cloak and charged him : " George, play the man for your God," when his waning courage returned in a twinkling.

But, unfortunately, she was not always of this mind, and Whitefield's impulsive generosity was not enough to bridge the gulf between them. And in neither of the two shifting households were there children to serve as a bond which could not be broken. No child was born to John Wesley, and Whitefield's single descendant, the son on whom he formed so many ardent hopes, died in infancy.

It was far otherwise in the marriage of Charles Wesley. Mrs. Charles Wesley, unlike her sister-in-law, was a happy wife and mother. She was Sarah Gwynne, a daughter of Gwynne of Garth, a squire of long descent and considerable property in Brecknockshire. In her own person she was



CHARLES WESLEY

MRS. CHARLES WESLEY

not only a good woman, she was a well-bred and amiable lady. Lady Huntingdon and she were intimate and attached friends from the beginning of their acquaintance.

About 1752, Charles Wesley was settled, so far as he was suffered to be settled, with his wife and child in a house in Bristol, and in Bristol was one of the Countess's tabernacles.

Further, in connection with its Hot Wells, the town stood next to Bath in the estimation of the real or fancied invalids of the time, to whom mineral waters offered a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Lady Huntingdon, like the rest of her generation, with more reason than most of the visitors in her indifferent and often failing health, was after her widowhood a frequent resident at one or other of these watering-places. When she had the additional attraction of one of her chapels to superintend, her presence for longer or shorter intervals could be still more counted upon.

But, apart from either benefit to her health or advantage to her chapel, there were imperative reasons for her journeying to Bristol at this time. The Wesley family were in distressing circumstances, and she could do nothing else than hasten to their assistance and do her best to relieve them at whatever risk or discomfort to herself.

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John Wesley's iron constitution had broken down for a time under the tremendous strain put upon it. He was at Lewisham, sent there by his doctors to the quaint house with the semblance of rams' horns as ornaments on each side of the gate. Rest and refreshment from the country air of the village were thought his last chance for recovery. He was so ill that his death was freely anticipated, and his brother Charles was summoned from Bristol to take the ordering of the churches, and to receive John's last instructions.

As if this were not calamity enough to his growing societies and the multitude looking to him for heavenly guidance, and to the family of which he was the ostensible head, down in Bristol Mrs. Charles Wesley was stricken with smallpox, and lay in great suffering and danger for many days, while her husband could not come to her without deserting his post and abandoning his public duties.

One can imagine how the word "Smallpox" sounded in Lady Huntingdon's ears, how it recalled her two fine boys, George and Ferdinando, cut down in their fresh, blooming youth, what had been their pleasant comeliness rendered loathsome to look upon, and dying within little more than a day of each other.

But their mother did not hesitate a moment. She set out instantly from Bath, where she had been

A BRAVE NURSE

staying, when she heard the grievous news; one can guess, forbidding her young daughter, Lady Selina, to accompany her or follow her, she made her way to the infected house in Bristol, where she could be a pillar of strength to the scared inmates, assuming the responsibility of chief nurse, so that everything which could be done was tried for the patient, cheering and strengthening her by Lady Huntingdon's unshaken faith in the Father of us all doing His best for His helpless creatures. She communicated daily bulletins to the husband in the anguish of his absence and suspense.

She did more; she sent for Whitefield and commissioned him to go to London and relieve Charles Wesley, so that he might come to Bristol once again and see his wife—before, what seemed more than probable, she should be called from his side—while this life lasted.

There had been disputes, rivalry, and something of hostility between Whitefield and the Wesleys, upholding as they did different conceptions of the glory and the will of the same divine Master. But there could be no abiding gall in these good and honest hearts. What were the differences of interpretation which had arisen between them, in one of these seasons of adversity for which brothers are born, when humanity thinks only of what alleviation it can afford?

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Whitefield put all his big heart into his mission—not the less so that between two of the flying visits which his presence in London enabled Charles Wesley to pay to Bristol, Wesley's first-born child, a promising little boy of not yet two years, sickened of the same disease under which his mother appeared to be lying in extremity, and died—as Baby John Whitefield had died—in the absence of his father, and in Wesley's case he had not even the comfort of helping to lay his son with words of prayer in the churchyard which is God's Garden.

Whitefield, in the middle of his press of work, penned letter after letter of tender sympathy to his fellow-sufferer: "I cannot remember anything now but dear Mrs. Wesley," Whitefield wrote to Charles Wesley in his warm friendliness. "Night and day you are remembered by me."

At last Lady Huntingdon had the joy of communicating the glad intelligence, after Mrs. Charles Wesley had lain twenty-two days in great danger, that the peril was past, and there was every prospect of the loved and loving wife's recovery. Whitefield immediately returned a public thanksgiving in his tabernacle for the mercy which had been shown his friends.

Mrs. Charles Wesley was not only restored to health, she lived a long life, survived her husband,

GRACE MURRAY

and died at the great age of ninety-six, thirty-one years after her old friend Lady Huntingdon had passed away.

Man proposes but God disposes. Surely John Wesley's experience of matrimony would have been very different had he married the gifted woman his heart desired. She was another widow, but a widow with qualities widely removed from those of the lady who became Mrs. John Wesley.

Lady Huntingdon could only have been acquainted with Grace Murray—as she was best known—when she was the wife, not of John Wesley, alas! but of another of the Countess's friends, Mr. Bennett, of Derbyshire.

Bennett had early cast in his lot with the Oxford reformers. He had shown a keen personal interest in their work, had been invited by Lady Huntingdon to pay a visit to Donnington Park, and had been urged by her to become one of the army of preachers—in accordance with his views and his powers, instead of carrying his abilities and his superior education into another profession. Finally she introduced him to John Wesley and to Whitefield. Bennett started work under the first, though his leanings were to Whitefield and Calvinism. But it was not till the Bennetts—both husband and wife—had broken off from

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Wesley and joined the Calvinistic Methodists that they came repeatedly into the old familiar neighbourhood of Donnington Park.

Grace Murray had begun life as Grace Norman. She was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1715, and was the daughter of parents, members of the Church of England, in affluent circumstances, and belonging to an upper class of society. They were able to give their children the best education of the time, and to introduce them into what were reckoned the polite circles of the day.

A precocious, susceptible child, even as she was an animated, sympathetic woman, little Grace seems to have undergone religious experiences and worldly reactions at an extraordinarily early age. The reactionary forces reached their height in her early girlhood, when she developed a passion for dancing which she declared "had nearly cost her her life" (her spiritual life).

The rebound from this very volatile mood of mind came soon, and with such violence, that though she went through other reactions from Methodism, she would never again indulge in the amusement.

While still Grace Norman, she became so convinced a young Methodist that her father, who held other opinions, told her he could not permit her to remain a member of his household unless she

GRACE MURRAY'S CONVERSION

promised not to influence her brothers in the religious controversies which were raging throughout the country. She could not give the promise, therefore while still a girl not out of her teens she had to leave her family, and live in lodgings not far from her home, doubtless that the parental eye might still be upon her, while her firmness was subjected to the severe test imposed upon it.

The narrative of this experience implies either that her father, who had by no means cast her off, supplied her with an allowance, or that she was already in possession of an independent income from other sources.

She was in the habit of going home at intervals for part of the day, but had always to go back to her lodgings before evening. In recalling the occurrence, she remarks on the pain and mortification with which she got up to quit the rest of the family like somebody in disgrace paying a penalty.

The experiment surely had the effect the astute father desired. At least, by the time Grace at twenty-one years of age married, with her parents' consent, a sailor named Murray, she had re-entered society, "returned to the world," in the accepted phrase, in which her intelligence, sprightliness and musical gifts, in the shape of an exceedingly melodious voice, rendered her a favourite.

Of the great attachment of her husband there

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could not be two thoughts ; his existence when on shore seemed to be bound up in hers, while she, in the thoughtlessness of the moment, in the spoiling of her naturally fine disposition caused by the flattering preference given her by the giddy, unreflecting company she frequented, returned the affection by little more than the obliging complaisance of a petted, gay young wife.

Grace was reminded of her earlier higher aspirations by the time she had become a mother, when an illness of Mr. Murray's called her to Portsmouth, where she and her child of fourteen months joined him and stayed with him for six weeks.

“ We boarded with a widow lady who had two daughters,” she wrote afterwards. “ Thrice every day she passed by my room with her books under her arm and her daughters with her to retire into her room for prayers. This struck me in such a manner that I wished to do as she did. Oh ! the goodness of God ; it shamed me that I should have had to be brought thither to learn to pray. Yes, I believe I began to pray in the spirit in that house. The Lord fastened something in my mind there which I could never shake off.”

After she went to London with her husband, her mind was further wrought on. “ When we returned to London,” she noted, “ all the place rang with the fame of Mr. Whitefield, who had

A FIELD-PREACHER

introduced the practice of field-preaching. 'Poor gentleman! he is out of his mind,' was the general comment. He continued to blow the Gospel trumpet all over London. I wished to hear him, but Mr. Murray would not consent."

When her husband went to sea again, her child sickened and died. "Near to the end," was the mother's description of the scene, "I, having a book of prayer, sought a prayer in it for a departing soul. I was constrained to kneel down and give up the soul of my child into the hands of God.

"This amazed my sister. . . . After the funeral I was brought into such lowness of spirits I could rest nowhere. . . . I ran to my sister saying, 'I do not know what is the matter with me, but I think it is my soul.'

"'Your soul!' she replied, 'you are good enough for yourself and me too.'

"A young person in our neighbourhood, having heard of my distress, sent me word she was going to Blackheath to hear Mr. Whitefield, and would be glad of my company. Accordingly I went with her, and before we reached the place heard the people singing hymns. The very sound set all my passions afloat, which showed how the affections may be moved while the understanding is dark."

The spot where Whitefield stood when he spoke

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is still pointed out. It is a rising ground about the centre of the Heath, bearing two or three old Scotch fir trees. It is situated nearly opposite the gate of Greenwich Park.

“ Mr. Whitefield drove up in a chaise,” Grace Murray remembered, and she was at once struck by his appearance and still more impressed by his eloquent sermon.

Her views grew more and more decided. She was no longer a girl in her teens to be turned aside from her convictions by the disapproval of her friends. Not only was she unmoved by the lack of sympathy in her sister, who complained that she no longer cared to go into company with Grace, because in the room of the old vivacity which had charmed her friends she now sat silent and cold like a stone ; she was prepared to resist the passionate remonstrances of her husband. When told by his sister-in-law that Grace had gone melancholy with attending Methodist meetings, he forbade her to go to them any more. She might repair to church when and where she chose, but she must forsake the Methodist assemblies.

When the young wife—only accustomed to praise and indulgence from him—resisted his authority, he threatened as what appeared to him the only resource left, to put her into a madhouse. He even named the person to whose custody he

GRACE MURRAY'S METHODISTIC WORK

would send her, ending with the really pathetic appeal : What should he do—he to whom she was so much ?

An illness on her part broke him down. He first told her to send for the clergyman of the parish, and then yielded entirely, “ My dear, send for anyone you like.”

The death of poor Murray at sea, on one of his next voyages, while it would awaken his widow, being the woman she was, to the value of the regard she had held but lightly, and smite her with tender regrets, was also calculated to confirm her most serious convictions. She became from that time resolute in her profession and a conspicuous figure among the Wesleyans. Whether her father was no longer alive or had given up in despair any further efforts to control her, she now acted for herself, and took a prominent part in the organisation of the church John Wesley was founding.

He entrusted her with the forming of his female societies, and for this purpose she journeyed through different parts of England and Ireland. In connection with these societies, and with the circuits he was arranging, he had houses in various quarters to which Wesleyan members and ministers retired, when it was advisable, for rest and refreshment. Grace Murray presided over

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a succession of these houses, a position which she was eminently qualified to fill.

She was at once devout and social, imaginative and practical. She was decidedly intellectual, as well as religious, loving reading of all kinds, of history and poetry, as well as of books of devotion, and she was musical withal. She was very attractive in conversation, made to guide it, and to open up stores of interest for others—a clever, bright, genial woman, not less than a good one, with a heart in its right place, so as to render her friendly to all with whom she came in contact. There is no doubt that John Wesley admired her and held her in high esteem. The impression among their contemporaries must have been strong to have spread so widely and survived so long that he had hoped to have made her his wife.

But either his affection was kept too hidden from its object, or else, while she honoured and revered him as a leader, the idea of the man so sternly unbending in his principles and practice, was repellent to her as a lover and husband.

The story goes that John Wesley received an unexpected blow when he read in a newspaper the announcement of her marriage in 1749, to Bennett, of Derby, one of his own young preachers, to whom he had been induced by Lady Huntingdon to lend his support, and to give some employment.

GRACE MURRAY'S MARRIAGE

It is said that Bennett and Grace Murray first met and were afterwards thrown together in singular and striking circumstances. One of these was the incident of her having been called upon to nurse him through a severe illness—and he was worthy. He was one of the most enthusiastic and self-sacrificing of these reforming preachers, counting no toil too great, no exhausting effort beyond his bestowal, so that it was made to gain souls. In the end he shortened his life by his Christian heroism.

Grace Murray was in her thirty-fifth year at the date of her second marriage, four years after the second Scotch Rebellion, when she had been in one of the Wesleyan houses in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Charles Wesley, who had been paying the house a visit, warned them on his departure: "You will see the man on the red horse, and the man on the pale horse" (war and death) "before we meet again." And so it was: civil war with much loss of life had been at their doors, but the storm had blown over, and there was marrying and giving in marriage again.

John Wesley behaved with the magnanimity which might have been expected from him. He promoted Bennett's usefulness and success by all the means in his power, until the fortunate rival, having been always more under the influence of

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Whitefield than of Wesley, publicly separated from Wesley at Bolton and joined the ranks of the Calvinistic Methodists, carrying his wife with him. This was another stab to John Wesley, the weapon which dealt it being made of blended metal.

The itinerating service of the Wesleyans was also in force with Whitefield and his followers, and after his marriage Bennett was in the habit of continuing circuits so extensive in distance as to include two hundred miles in the fortnight. He was accompanied by his wife, who led the women's classes until the cares of her increasing family (she bore him five sons) rendered it impossible for her either to leave the little flock or to take them with her.

Then a settled charge was found and a chapel erected for him at Warburton, in Cheshire, but he went on preaching tours to the last. Ten years went by ; the eldest of Grace's five boys was not eight years of age, she herself was in her forty-fifth year in 1759, when Bennett, who had been attacked with jaundice, in addition to loss of blood from an accidental wound in the leg, after thirty-six weeks of suffering, lay dying. She asked him if his faith supported him and if God's promises to His servants were being fulfilled. He answered her in the affirmative, joyfully, triumphantly.

GRACE BENNETT'S WIDOWHOOD

They kissed each other, and his last words were "Sing, sing."

She stayed on in the quiet country house for some time. She had enough left of her worldly possessions to rear her children and to dispense the hospitality which was natural to her. The preachers who came to officiate in her late husband's stead were entertained by her, while the neighbours were invited to meet them, to profit by their discourse.

For the sake of her children she quitted the country, and settled in the little town of Chapel-en-le-Frith. She still had her class every week and her meeting of the neighbours for prayer and improving conversation.

But she was certainly not a rich woman. She was accustomed to do everything for her children, several of whom died in early youth ; indeed, so far as can be gathered, only one son remained to her in her declining years.

With the advance of age she became partially blind, a great deprivation to her, though she was never without those who loved her, and would fain have helped her by reading to her, as by rendering her other service. But she, who had so long and faithfully searched the familiar Scriptures, mourned at being reduced to memory where they were concerned, or to receiving them from the lips

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of others. She would rejoice when a brighter day or a less dim vision would let her have a glimmering sense of the contents of the pages, as she turned them over.

In connection with her son she desired to see John Wesley again when he should be in her vicinity. He came readily in response to her request in the company of a friend who knew them both, who believed that he was acquainted with the depth of disappointment which Grace Murray's marriage to Bennett had been to John Wesley.

But all these things, with any trace of surviving emotion, were long past on the part of the old couple—the woman, aged and blind, advancing with uncertain steps—the sight gone from the once bright eyes, so that she could no longer look on the face of the great man who had loved her in vain, who was still splendid in the retention to his last breath of the noble faculties—supreme self-control not the least of them, which had stirred all England.

The interview was short, its purport apparently unknown to the single witness, and it was never afterwards alluded to by John Wesley. But one is certain that, if compliance with any solicitation of Grace Bennett's were within his power, it was freely granted.

Grace outlived Bennett by forty-five years,

BERRIDGE OF EVERTON

dying after a short illness at the age of eighty-nine in 1803, when she had made her good confession in the final words, "Glory be to Thee, my God, peace Thou givest me."

Among the men who held Lady Huntingdon's tenets, whom she assisted in every possible way, Countess Selina had many tried and trusted friends, whose biographies, sermons, letters, etc., etc., have been preserved by like-minded and competent chroniclers for the public to study in later generations. This is the fact where such household names as those of the Wesleys, Whitefield, Fletcher of Madeley, etc., etc., are in question. Even lesser lights like Romaine, Venn, Rowland Hill, etc., have been similarly treated in their own persons and in their works, so that they are well known, and there is nothing more to say of them.

There is only one quaint, highly original figure who seems to have received less than his due in the prejudiced eyes of Southey and in the records of his time. This is Berridge of Everton, one of the most confided in and relied upon of Lady Huntingdon's allies, to whom she turned readily for counsel, one who did not hesitate to express his disapproval and argue against the probable prospects of her favourite schemes when they did not commend themselves to his judgment. On the other hand,

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he was a man who could handsomely take back his word and strongly uphold her enterprises when the result proved that his estimates had been wrong.

Among the many good and godly men who surrounded her, worked at her instigation, and brought her projects to a triumphant conclusion, Berridge, like Glazebrook, the first collier-student at her college of Trevecca, possessed in a high degree the saving grace of humour.

In the correspondence of the time, so heavily weighed with solemn, stereotyped language, his letters stand out in their spontaneity and raciness, and call forth a smile even when they deal with the most serious subjects. It is characteristic of the religious crisis during which he lived that such a temper, with its burlesque sarcasm, was looked upon in the light of a perilous gift abounding in snares and pitfalls. Berridge gravely warned Glazebrook of the danger which he himself ought to have known well to the cause of evangelical truth of indulging in enemy-making in the practice of such wit, but nature was too strong for the man. His comparison of his parishioners to a hive of bees is an illustration to the point.

“As for myself, I am now determined not to quit my charge again in a hurry,” he wrote in declining an invitation from Lady Huntingdon to

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER

take the service in one of her chapels. "Never do I leave my bees, though for a short space only, but at my return I find them either casting a colony or fighting and robbing each other; not gathering honey from every flower in God's garden, but filling the air with their buzzing, and darting out the venom of their little hearts in their fiery stings. Nay, so inflamed they often are, and a mighty little thing disturbs them, that three months' tinkering afterwards with a warming-pan will scarce hive them at last and make them settle to work again."

Still more like Berridge is a letter written by him to Lady Huntingdon on the occasion of one of her sore bereavements:—

"My Lady,—I received your letter from Bright-helmstone, and hope you will soon learn to bless your Redeemer for snatching away your daughter so speedily. . . . Oh! what is she snatched from? Why, truly from the plague of an evil heart, a wicked world, and a crafty devil—snatched from all such bitter grief as now overwhelms you, snatched from everything which might wound her, afflict her eye, or pain her heart. And what is she snatched to? To a land of everlasting peace, where the voice of the turtle is ever heard, where every inhabitant can say, 'I am no more sick.' No more whim in the head, no more plague in the heart. . . . Madam, what would you have? Is it not better to sing in heaven, "Worthy is the

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Lamb that was slain,' than crying at Oathall, ' Oh ! wretched woman that I am.' Is it not better for her to go before than to stay after you, and then to be lamenting, ' Oh ! my mother,' as you now lament, ' Oh ! my daughter ?' Is it not better to have your Selina taken to heaven than to have your heart divided between Christ and Selina ? If she was a silver idol before, might she not have proved a golden one afterwards ?

" She is gone to pay a most blessed visit, and will see you again by and bye, never to part more. Had she crossed the sea and gone to Ireland," (to her sister, Countess Moira) " you could have borne it ; but now she is gone to heaven 'tis almost unbearable.

" Wonderful strange love this ! Such behaviour in others would not surprise me, but I could almost beat you for it ; and I am sure Selina would beat you too, if she was called back for one moment from heaven to gratify your fond desire. I cannot soothe you, and I must not flatter you. I am glad the dear creature is gone to heaven before you. Lament if you please, but glory, glory, glory be to God, say I—

"JOHN BERRIDGE."

Berridge was strongly opposed to the marriage of the young Methodist clergy. He declared that those who would try it had been punished for their folly. He maintained that Charles Wesley had been spoilt for his work by his happy marriage, and that as for Charles's brother John, and George Whitefield, they were only saved from making

BERRIDGE ON CELIBACY

shipwreck of the cause by God's sending them " a pair of ferrets " for wives.

Berridge's account of the warnings which he himself received against entering the holy state of matrimony, to which he was tempted by " Jezebels of housekeepers," who drove him to seek to penetrate into the future by inserting his finger at random into the Scriptures and accepting as a token of the Almighty's will the verse which he touched, is whimsical in the extreme.

In spite of Berridge's great regard for Lady Huntingdon and hearty attachment to her, women in general were his *bêtes noires*, and his chief wish and hope for promising young divines were that they should be kept from " petticoats."

CHAPTER VII

LADY Huntingdon's Three Famous Interviews—With Garrick in the Green Room of Drury Lane to Remonstrate on the Gross Libel of Whitefield as " Doctor Squintum " in the Play of the Minor—Garrick's Courtesy—Her Interview with Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Cornwallis, in their Palace of Lambeth—The Scandal of their Dissipation—Rude Rebuff and Dismissal—Lady Huntingdon's Interview with King George and Queen Charlotte in their Palace of Kew—Gracious Reception and Attention to her Protest—The Honest Old King—" Good Queen Charlotte "—The King's Indignant Letter of Rebuke to the Archbishop.

THE first interview was that between the Queen of the Methodists and the King of the Stage, David Garrick. Imagine Lady Huntingdon in the green room at Drury Lane! Yet she went there to appeal to Garrick on behalf of Whitefield, who had been grossly lampooned in a play called " The Minor," the work of the great mimic Foote, who himself sustained the principal part, " Doctor Squintum " (Whitefield), whose gestures, tones, etc., the actor gave to the life, a *rôle* in which the famous preacher was defamed as a religious quack and adventurer, and a rogue of the basest description. The whole play, in its unfair and scandalous attack on Whitefield and the Methodists generally, was so irreverent and immoral that it was indignantly condemned as an outrage on public decency by authorities who had neither connection with the victims nor sympathy with their opinions. But in the meantime it had been put on the stage

THE COUNTESS AND GARRICK

of Drury Lane, was drawing great houses, and making much money for the theatre funds.

Lady Huntingdon had already appealed to the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, who declared that he had not known the nature of the play when a license was granted for it, but the license having been given he could do nothing.

The Countess then addressed herself to Garrick, going to Drury Lane to get speech with him.

The actor, in his blue coat and scratch wig, received her like the gentleman he was, treating her with the greatest honour and courtesy.

She pled with temperance and moderation the injury which was being done to his own profession and to those who supported it by such low and scurrilous plays as "The Minor." He would degrade the drama which she did not deny many respectable people approved of, and from which they declared they derived profit, as well as pleasure, the drama which his fine acting had helped to render illustrious. It would be doing it an ill service to let it sink till it became the vehicle of the vilest aspersions against an innocent man, and a set of persons who were, to say the least, peaceful citizens, and, if they offended their neighbours, did so under the impression that it was in order to confer upon them an inestimable service.

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Garrick acknowledged that the comedy was offensive, and inflicted a gratuitous injury on fellow-Christians and fellow-countrymen, who, setting aside their views, from which many differed, were honourable and worthy individuals. Had he known the character of the play, it should never have been acted there, and she might rely upon it that it would be withdrawn.

But, whether there were difficulties with the author and chief performer, Foote, which Garrick could not at once overcome, or whether the temptation to replenish the theatre coffers was too strong for him, the obnoxious comedy continued to be played for some time longer, though it was eventually abandoned and never resumed.

Lady Huntingdon's second interview, while doubtless it also was conducted with delicacy and tact, bore on the face of it such an air of invidious intolerance and interference that only the strongest sense of duty could have induced a woman of the Countess's good judgment and fine breeding to undertake the thankless task. In association with her Connexion she had been accustomed to rule on account of her rank, ability, and experience, and she had naturally come to look upon herself as a privileged adviser and arbiter. In addition she was deeply attached to the Church of England

A WORLDLY PRIMATE

from which she, like Wesley and Whitefield, was finally compelled to secede.

The Archbishop of Canterbury at this time was Archbishop Cornwallis, brother of Earl Cornwallis. The Archbishop and his wife were a scandal, not only to the Methodists, but to all sober-minded, right-thinking people of whatever sect, because of their unseemly worldly dissipation and extravagance, their great routs and receptions held at their Palace on Sundays as well as on week-days.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Archbishop's household and Lady Huntingdon's were not in the same circle, so that she was not personally acquainted with the Cornwallises, but the two families had relations in common, who could supply her with introductions.

It is a sign of the extent to which the scandal had gone that one of these connections by marriage not only supported her ladyship, and attended her to the Palace in what was intended to be an earnest private protest, but joined his remonstrances to hers against what was becoming a reproach to the Church and a source of malicious triumph to unbelievers.

This fearless gentleman was the Marquis of Townshend, son of Lady Huntingdon's early friend, Lady Townshend, and brother of Charles Townshend, the greatest wit of his generation.

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The Archbishop received his visitors with great *hauteur* and impatience, and Mrs. Cornwallis was not less frigid and scornful.

There need have been no great difficulty in broaching the subject ; there was sufficient room for introducing it in referring to the grievous vices of gambling and debauchery, senseless extravagance and folly of every kind, then prevalent in the upper classes of society. The deduction followed that those who were the Lord's servants were bound to show an example of godly living in all simplicity, purity and righteous self-denial, so that they might have the means to relieve the poor and needy, and to help in all good works. It would not have been much harder to add the hint that gossip, which was always busy with mischief, had been very busy making unpleasant remarks on the number and nature of the Archbishop's and Mrs. Cornwallis's entertainments, and on the times and seasons when they had taken place. The host and hostess on these occasions had been only too lavishly hospitable, and their friends had believed that they might do the couple a service by reporting the hostile talk which was flying about in all quarters.

But the Archbishop declined to listen to the voice of the charmer, let him charm ever so wisely. It would have been useless for Lady

LAMBETH HOUSE GAIETIES

Huntingdon to beg him to forgive what might seem the presumption of a poor foolish woman who was very sensible of her own miserable errors and sins, but whose whole heart was keenly alive to the honour of her Master and the credit of the Church of England.

It would have been sheer folly on Lady Huntingdon's part for her to attempt to plead, with any hope of success, that though there might be something to be said (at the same time she apprehended there was but little) for balls, racecourses, card parties, and suppers lasting far into the small hours, still in the Archbishop's Palace and on the Lord's Day, as well as on the six lawful days, was there not a stringent necessity to consider the evil consequences of the example thus set before the people ?

His Grace would take no lesson on his house-keeping from a set of ranters and canters, and said as much.

Very likely there were other and more cruel home thrusts dealt by the Archbishop and Mrs. Cornwallis—recommendations for Lady Huntingdon to let charity begin at home, with insinuations that it was much needed there, drawn from the notorious infidelity and want of principle of her son, the Earl.

The interview ended, Mrs. Cornwallis carried the

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story round to the dissipated set whose friendship she affected, and wherever she told her tale, she loaded Lady Huntingdon with ridicule and abuse for taking upon herself the insolent performance of preaching to the Archbishop in his own Palace.

In self-defence, and in something like despair at her failure, the Countess sought to obtain another interview with the Archbishop, to no purpose. Then her courage rose still higher, and she was induced to carry her protest into still more august regions. She craved an audience from King George himself, and was granted it without delay.

She was accompanied on her mission by the Earl of Dartmouth, a nobleman who held Lady Huntingdon's views and had agreed, in case of her death, which was often seriously threatened, of accepting the responsibility and assuming the control of her Connexion. The Duchess of Ancaster was also with her—the Duchess who, in the days of the youth of both, had been with Lady Huntingdon in the party of ladies of rank and fashion whom Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had caricatured in what she described as the storming of the “strangers' gallery” in the House of Lords.

Attention has been already called to the significant fact of Lady Huntingdon's unswerving fidelity to her early friends, whether they agreed with her

THE COUNTESS NO MERE FANATIC

or widely differed from her, in her strongly expressed principles. So far from repudiating the old friends, whether Bolingbroke or Chesterfield, or this Duchess or that Countess, she stood by them and they stood by her to the end. She compelled their respect, and they could not renounce their liking for one who was not only full of generosity and goodwill, but was herself so loyal to old ties.

It appears as if this light on Lady Huntingdon's character should be more taken into account by those who will look upon her, after Southey's fashion, as a fanatic and enthusiast, simply swept away by a religious current, incapable of realising any other obligations, and forgetting or regarding with indifference whatever crossed the ruling passion. Surely her contemporaries—other than those who existed only to make a mock of all that was true, honest, lovely and of good report—must have known the woman better than later-day critics can compass.

The sympathy and encouragement given by Lady Huntingdon's companions were also proofs of the justice of her cause, with the degree to which the Cornwallises had outraged public opinion in the correct perceptions of all the more serious and decorous in their class.

The days were long past the time when the young King and Queen had delighted in making Kew

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their quiet country home, where they practised all the domestic virtues and indulged their simple, homely tastes. The Royal couple were a middle-aged Darby and Joan, already suffering a foretaste of the many sore troubles and heavy cares which were to be their portion in later life. Not the least of them were occasioned by the wildness and undutifulness of the grown-up sons who had formed part of the great troop of merry boys and girls, princes and princesses, then the pride and delight of the parents' hearts.

The pair were still upright and true to their worthy antecedents, amidst whatever political mistakes and social blunders, still honestly seeking to do their best in the exalted station to which they had been called, still the friends of goodness wherever they realised it.

The King and Queen received Lady Huntingdon in one of the simply furnished Kew drawing-rooms, about which he moved continually, a comely, stout elderly gentleman in his snuff-brown coat with the blue ribbon of the noblest English order of chivalry across his breast.

The little woman with the large mouth, the beautiful hands, and the rich, sober dress, sat very upright in the corner of her settee, but her manner we are told was graciousness itself.

She could not have dreamt that the time would

A CHARACTER MISUNDERSTOOD

come when her very virtues would be used against her, because of the shadows which wait on the lustre of such virtues—the intolerance of weakness, folly and vice, which is apt to accompany staunch courage and uprightness—the rigidity which will attend on a rooted love of order, propriety and discipline—the clinging to the privileges, yes, and it may be to the perquisites, of supreme rank, simply as a matter of right which cannot be abandoned without a loss of dignity, not less than of power, in her who abandons them, and that not without injury to her successors.

And so, because a generation has arisen in which there are volatile, rebellious spirits to whom careless disorder, recklessness and self-indulgence present infinitely more attractions than do their opposites—wise prudence, noble self-denial, and loyal submission to authority—“good Queen Charlotte’s” memory is undervalued, nay, assailed. Her sterling qualities, her devotion to her husband and children, her unremitting efforts to preserve a pure Court in a dissolute age, her thoughtful, liberal charities, her hospital, her orphanage for young gentlewomen, founded and maintained out of her private purse—the lightest purse of any of the later queen consorts, the most freely opened for the benefit of the needy in whatever class of life they might be found—are all

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forgotten. Who could have imagined that "good Queen Charlotte's" portrait would be painted and held up to the readers of the twentieth century as that of the hard, grasping, inscrutable "sphinx of Mecklenburg Strelitz?"

The interview was a lengthened one, lasting till refreshments were pressed on the visitors, for their Majesties had heard much of Lady Huntingdon's good works, and had desired to see her.

The King, in his rambling way, referred to what he had been told of the eloquence of her preachers of whom his bishops were jealous. He chuckled over an anecdote of one of his bishops, who had complained to His Majesty of the disturbances caused by some of Lady Huntingdon's students and pastors. The Royal reply had contained the substance of the advice given by George II when the same complaint had been urged against Whitefield and his companions. The old King had suggested as a sovereign remedy for gagging the offenders, "Make bishops of 'em! Make bishops of 'em!"

The King listened attentively to Lady Huntingdon's tale of the matter and manner of her interview with the Archbishop. His Majesty declared that her feelings and the expression of them were highly creditable to her. He had heard something of the Archbishop's proceedings, and now that he

THE KING INTERVENES

was certain of them and of his most ungracious conduct towards her Ladyship, after her trouble in remonstrating with them, he should interpose his authority and see what that would do towards reforming those indecent practices.

So King George, in all good faith, wrote his admonitory letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury :

“ My good Lord Prelate,—I would not delay giving you a notification of the great concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your Palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on the subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence ; I add in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed to adorn.

“ From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties—not to speak in harsher terms—and on still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately ; so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your Grace into His Almighty protection.

“ I remain, my Lord Primate,

“ Your gracious friend,

“ G.R.”

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The Royal letter ended the scandal, with what indignation on the part of the recipient is not reported.

From that date King George and Queen Charlotte never failed to speak of Lady Huntingdon with the warmest praise. They dismissed as too absurd to notice the idle malice which called her as mad as her cousin, Earl Ferrers. When someone said at Court that she took too much upon her and usurped the office of a bishop, the King was quick to reply that he wished he had more bishops like her.

Had the incident of the appeal to the King against the worldly frivolity of the Archbishop and his belongings occurred in the twentieth instead of at the close of the eighteenth century, one is tempted to think there would have been much talk of precedents and of constitutional and unconstitutional methods, but under the more primitive *régime* the honest old King thought only of the right and the wrong of the affair, and acted as his conscience told him.

CHAPTER VIII

DEATH of Lord Henry Hastings at the Age of Eighteen—Lady Huntingdon's Distress—The Eagerness with which she Listened to the Suggestion offered by the late Earl's Godson—The Sickening of Lady Huntingdon's Younger and Home Daughter, with her Happy Prospects of Marriage to her Cousin—The Future Heir to the Huntingdon Earldom—The Pathos of the Mother's Lamentation, and of her Reminiscences of her Daughter's Peaceful Death-bed—Berridge's Rousing Letter Rebuking the Countess's Excessive Grief.

WITHIN the year before Lord Ferrers' death, a sad year for Lady Huntingdon, she was summoned in the month of September, 1759, to Brighton to watch by the death-bed of her younger son Henry, a lad of eighteen. While he does not seem to have had the intellectual promise and culture of his brother, Earl Francis, he was like him in his rejection of his mother's religion. The unmistakable inference to be drawn from the tone of the letters addressed to her on his death is that, young as he was, he had already made himself conspicuous for atheistical opinions, and it would seem for the excuses so commonly indulged in at the period.

As an indication of how the mother's heart was wrung by the hostility of her sons, alike to Christianity and to virtue, she is said in the midst of her strict Calvinism to have derived comfort from the milder views of a divine, a godson of her late husband's and a *protégé* of the Hastings family. He held that "possibly the state of future

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punishment might be only a process of severe discipline, and that the greatest sinners might ultimately find mercy." We are told "these words sank deep into her heart."

An end had come with the death of Miss Hotham to the intimacy which had subsisted for a time between her brother, Sir Charles Hotham, and Lord Huntingdon, from which the Earl's friends, and surely his mother most of all, had hoped much. Humanly speaking, there seemed little likelihood of his views and habits undergoing a change.

Lady Moira, Lady Huntingdon's elder daughter, with her own circle and her own family, was settled in Ireland, where she resided for the last fifty years of her life. But the Countess had one more remaining child, her younger and her home daughter, for whom she does not seem to have sought a place at Court. This was the second Selina, Miss Hotham's friend, good, kind and dear, her mother's constant companion and sympathetic helper in all her work, who was now called away, of whom Lady Huntingdon wrote in the anguish which her friend Mr. Berridge sought to assuage by his frank rebuke: "My dearest, most altogether lovely child and daughter . . . the desire of my eyes, and continual pleasure of my heart."

Lady Selina Hastings was twenty-six years of age, with a happy future, to all appearance, in store

LADY SELINA HASTINGS' DEATH

for her. She was engaged in marriage, with the consent of her brother, the head of the house, and the entire approval of her mother, to her cousin, Colonel George Hastings, two years her senior. He had been brought up along with his elder brother Theophilus, and her elder brother Francis, under her father's care at Donnington Park, so that she must have known him well from her childhood.

As Francis Earl of Huntingdon was not likely to marry, as poor young Henry was dead, and as the intended bridegroom's elder brother, the Rev. Theophilus Hastings, was childless, the great probability was that Colonel Hastings would succeed to the Earldom of Huntingdon and that Lady Selina would live to be Countess—another Selina Countess of Huntingdon, a worthy successor of her mother. But hers was a higher promotion.

Between three and four years after her brother Henry's death, towards the close of April, 1763, Lady Selina was seized with one of the fevers which were so common and so deadly in that generation. It raged for seventeen days till her death on the twelfth of May.

The bereft mother, who had been buoyed up during her daughter's illness by the hopes which the doctors gave her of Lady Selina's recovery, was left in an empty house. But here she had the consolations which she most prized. Lady Selina

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was content to die when God willed. She had even a premonition of the end, for when she went to bed she was heard to say that she would never rise from it more, and that she did not begin then to think of death.

The communion between mother and daughter during the last days was very near in its pathos.

“At one time,” writes Lady Huntingdon, “she called me and said, ‘My dearest mother, come and lie down by me and let my heart be laid close to yours, and then I shall get rest.’”

The dying girl told those around her that she saw two angels beckoning her, and she must go, but she could not get up the ladder.

“The day before her death,” wrote her mother again, “I came to her and asked if she knew me. She answered, ‘My dearest mother.’”

“I asked if her heart was happy. She replied, ‘I now well understand you,’ and raising her head from the pillow, added her testimony (like her dear friends the Hothams), ‘I am happy, very happy,’ and then put out her lips to kiss me.”

If anyone had asked Lady Huntingdon whether the wrench of parting on earth from her dearest child—sore as it must have been—was to be compared with the grief of the alienation of her sons, one cannot doubt what her answer would have been.

CHAPTER IX

A Venerable Saint—Countess Moira the Sole Survivor of Lady Huntingdon's Seven Children—The End of Francis Earl of Huntingdon—Old Friends Gone Before—Methodism Vindicated—Lady Anne Erskine Playing a Daughter's Part—Lady Huntingdon's Zeal to the very End—Her Work Finished—Death on the 17th of June 117 Years Ago—Buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire—Her Great-Great-Grandson an Ardent Roman Catholic, the late Marquis of Bute.

LADY HUNTINGDON had reached the last stage of human existence, the fourscore years on which the sentence has gone forth, that they are but labour and sorrow, so soon are they over and gone.

Of the Countess's seven children, only one survived, Lady Moira. From the time of her brother's death she was Baroness Hastings, a great lady of quality, with her own wide circle, her imperative family interests, and the numerous claims on her time and attention. She herself was up in years, while her husband, her mother's contemporary, was an aged man. They had lived for upwards of half-a-century in Ireland, which was not then a next-door neighbour as it is to-day. Mother and daughter were practically cut off from personal intercourse.

Lady Huntingdon's firstborn son, Francis Earl of Huntingdon, once the centre of so much hope and promise, was gone, the hope blasted, the promise unfulfilled. He died in 1789, two years

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before his mother, seemingly without renouncing either his hostility to her religion or his well-bred vices.

At a comparatively early age he had retired from Court, piqued by some fancied slight, and renounced further Royal favour. In spite of what had been reckoned his fine parts and accomplishments, he ended his days in obscurity. With some of his father's disinclination for politics, he had none of what Bolingbroke eulogised as the elder Lord Huntingdon's patriotism in the estimable manner in which he performed every duty of a great nobleman, husband and father. The verdict pronounced on the son—the graceful scholar, traveller and man of the world, whose "elegance" was such that it could not be accorded an English origin—was, alas! weighed in the balance and found wanting in all solid virtues.

The Evangelical leaders whom Lady Huntingdon followed so eagerly and faithfully had nearly all crossed the bar before her. Whitefield had long slept his last sleep beyond the Atlantic, in the land dear to him, where he had been privileged to work mighty marvels of grace. He died—as he had lived—in harness, travelling and preaching to the last day of his life.

Of the Wesleys, Charles, the younger, the sweet singer of Methodism, whose happy marriage the

METHODISM SECURE

redoubtable Berridge had quoted as spoiling him for the commission he held, was dead in 1788, working steadfastly to the end. The elder brother, John, whose natural strength had remained long unabated, who had hardly known the meaning of infirmity, he, too, passed within the veil in 1791. Lady Glenorchy had gone to her rest in 1786. Five years after her, and four months later than John Wesley, Lady Huntingdon departed by the same well-trodden road.

Methodism had triumphed over its enemies and was at last allowed to run its course unmolested, save by the mockery of the unthinking and the prejudiced. It had vindicated its existence, not only by the founding, disciplining, and maintaining of the great religious bodies which rose from it, but also by leaving the Church of England, which had repudiated it, and in doing so rejected the noblest of her sons, because of their Methodist doctrines, leavened with the very tenets for which the reformers had struggled and suffered.

Lady Huntingdon's "Connexion" continued to flourish, while her rule over it and interest in it only ceased with her last breath.

The great human comfort and stay of the Countess in her later years was the friendship, always growing closer and warmer, which had existed for a long period with a kindred spirit,

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though much her junior in age, Lady Anne Erskine.

Lady Anne had removed to England, settled there permanently, and ended by sharing Lady Huntingdon's home and her every pursuit, watching over her declining years as an attached daughter might have watched. So entire was Lady Huntingdon's trust in the wisdom and goodness of her friend, who was still in middle life, that she appointed her the chief trustee who was to preside over the affairs of the Connexion after Lady Huntingdon's death. The elder woman's confidence was justified, as it had been in so many instances. Lady Anne Erskine, in spite of delicate health, discharged the onerous obligation of the position with devotion and discretion, till her own death, thirty years after that of Lady Huntingdon.

In Lady Huntingdon's eighty-fourth year, when she was so weakened by illness as to be bedridden, the indomitable Christian woman was full of a project for sending the Gospel to Otaheite. She was no less keenly anxious about the supply of service in one of her chapels, Spa Fields, next door to the house in which she was dwelling.

Full of faith and full of peace, her only lamentation was for the fatigue she was occasioning Lady Anne and another faithful friend who was staying



ALLEGORICAL PORTRAIT OF LADY HUNTINGDON

A DYING MESSAGE

by her day and night. "I fear I shall be the death of you both ; it will be but a few days more," she said in regretful apology. "I long to be at home. Oh ! I long to be at home," she often cried. Her final message to the world in which she had laboured untiringly was, "My work is done ; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

Lady Huntingdon died on the 17th of June, 1791, and was buried in the family vault at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire.

Among the Countess of Huntingdon's lineal descendants through her great grand-daughter, a namesake, another Lady Selina Hastings, her great-great-grandson was the late Marquis of Bute, not unlike her in singleness of heart and absorption in his faith, though his energies were given to another branch of the Christian Church.

It is worth while to study how the same principle acted with equal effect and with singular likeness in detail on two women totally different in character, the one in England, the other in Scotland—countries then in broad contrast.

Lady Huntingdon, who exerted so powerful and transforming an influence over Lady Glenorchy, was a woman of strong intellect, in circumstances and among companions that developed it to its full extent. She was a woman of a fearless and independent mind, judging for herself, able to

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stand alone when necessary—a woman born to rule—and in her passionate regard for the honour of her Master and the welfare of her neighbour, was bound to act for her fellow-creatures, for the ignorant, the indifferent, and the erring. She is the same in all her doings, with the lowest as with the highest, from the servants and workpeople whom she must instruct, to the Archbishop with whom she remonstrates, and the King to whom she appeals.

Lady Glenorchy was *spirituelle*, in the French sense of the word. She had the winning gifts of a gracious personality, intelligence, and a bright vivacity which were quite compatible with being in dead earnest where her beliefs and feelings were concerned. She was constitutionally timid, full of unaffected self-depreciation, with no confidence in herself, but prone to rely without question on those she loved and trusted. Hers was a sweet and lovable nature.

Lady Huntingdon, a brave, clear-headed, strenuously good woman, had the corresponding faults of such a character—unconscious self-assertion, and scant tolerance of the weakness of others.

Lady Glenorchy had the failings of her disposition, she was not fickle—indeed hers was a very constant temper, and her feet were on a

ECCLESIASTICISM

rock,—but she was inclined to despondency, austerity, and occasional impetuous revolts in opposition to her habitual meekness.

It was the national churches with which the couple had to do. In the English Church the Bishops were fighting to maintain their temporal dignity, and to stem the tide of Methodist innovation. Their dignity was defied, and the tide was unchecked, and penetrated in all directions.

In the democratic Scotch Church, which governed itself, where brothers ruled brothers, the republican spiritual dignity of the ministers with the certainty of their divine commission was unassailed and seemed unassailable, and in spite of the cold blast of Moderatism the ministers' power over the members of their congregations was undiminished. Contrast the letters which Lady Huntingdon writes to the clergy of her Connexion, issuing her wise commands, and the deferential replies given by the recipients, with the correspondence between Lady Glenorchy and her minister, Mr. Robert Walker, in which she humbly asks his advice and opinion, and the directions he gives her with fatherly tenderness. Note also the extremely independent and rather harsh treatment she meets with in her presbytery and synod.

The English Churchman who approached nearest to the Scotch ministers in the tone adopted to their

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people were John Wesley in his unapproachable superiority, his dogmatism and his benevolence, Berridge in his homely heartiness and drollery, and Rowland Hill in his irrepressible humour and that abounding concern for the bodies as well as the souls of his followers, which caused him to travel on his missions provided with large supplies of lymph, so that he personally vaccinated many thousands of patients, emphasizing the great specific of the day against the scourge of his time.

The moral of the difference between the two women and between the two churches a Christian advocate would explain by saying that all are the creatures of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, and that it is the will of Him who, while essential in unity, is infinite in operation, to take His saints of all kinds, and from all quarters, to work His will.

CHAPTER X

LADY Glenorchy the Immediate Follower of Lady Huntingdon—Willielma Maxwell—The Future Lady Glenorchy Born, in 1741, the Posthumous Child of a Cadet of the Maxwells of Nithsdale—Maxwell of Preston's Co-heiresses—his two Baby Girls Mary and Willielma—Second Marriage of their Mother, when the Daughters were Fourteen and Thirteen Years of Age, to the Scotch Judge, Lord Alva—Character of Lady Alva—Edinburgh Society of the Time—Lady Alva's Ambition for her Daughters—The Maxwell Sisters' Great Marriages, the Elder to the Earl of Sutherland, the Younger to Viscount Glenorchy, Son and Heir of the Earl of Breadalbane—The Characters of Lord Sutherland and Lord Glenorchy—The Cloud that Hung from the First over Lady Glenorchy's Married Life.

OF all Lady Huntingdon's circle, Lady Glenorchy adopted her friend's example most nearly and was, in fact, her disciple. The two ladies were divided in age, they were largely separated by what was distance in their day, they were even unlike in mental scope and natural disposition. The resemblance between them lay in their rank, their worldly circumstances, and in the single-minded devotion with which they consecrated all to their Master's service and to the good of their fellow-creatures. The one became the prototype of the other. The story of Lady Huntingdon is hardly complete without the story of Lady Glenorchy.

Lady Huntingdon's circle created a parallel circle. Lady Huntingdon's friends and contemporaries were very much the originals of Lady Glenorchy's friends and contemporaries, sometimes

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the circles blended and became one. Many of the members of the two sets were well known to each other, while to Lady Huntingdon the distinction was due of being the foundress of the movement.

Lady Glenorchy began in Scotland to do what Lady Huntingdon had done in England, but there was not a like need for the work in Scotland. From Reformation times the Scotch had been taught in their parish schools not less than from their Presbyterian pulpits. If the people (in the Lowlands especially) were passing through an era of moderatism cooling down into indifferentism, there was still a wide gulf between such a decline and the dense ignorance and fierce turbulence which prevailed among the masses in the remoter districts of the sister country.

The difficulty of having been forced into contention with an established church, which was as much the church of the people as it was the church of the upper classes, turned Lady Glenorchy's energies in another direction, and led her to tread still more closely in the footsteps of her old friend and model, bestowing on England the benefits—more wanted there—which she had destined for Scotland. Thus her later good deeds were almost altogether after the fashion of those of Lady Huntingdon.

In September, 1741, four years before the

THE PRESTON HOUSEHOLD

second Jacobite rebellion, Willielma Maxwell, the posthumous daughter of William Maxwell, in Kirkcudbrightshire, was born at her late father's seat of Preston.

William Maxwell seems to have married late in life, as he had practised the profession of medicine and accumulated a large fortune when he died—four years after his marriage. His wife, Elizabeth Hairstanes, of Craig, was the daughter of a neighbouring Kirkcudbrightshire laird.

Maxwell of Preston is said to have belonged to a branch of the Nithsdale family. If he shared their political opinions and their adherence to the house of Stuart, his death four years before the rebellion of the '45 saved him and his family from ruin. Lord Nithsdale, the head of the house, like another south country peer, Lord Kenmure, the representative of the Lowland Gordons, had played his part in the previous rebellion. The romantic story of Nithsdale's escape from the Tower of London by his faithful wife's ingenuity and courage is well known, and must have been a household word with his cousins at Preston.

The Preston household consisted of the widow of the laird, a woman still in her first youth, and two baby girls, Mary and Willielma, with only a year between them in age, the co-heiresses of their late father's fortune.

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Thirteen years after her husband's death, Mrs. Maxwell married again Charles Erskine, of Tine-wold and Alva, a Judge on the Scotch Bench, with the title of Lord Alva, which enabled his wife by the courtesy of the time to be called Lady Alva.

It was a privilege which Lady Alva was likely to value, for her reputation was that of an ambitious, worldly-minded woman. Lord Alva was appointed Lord Justice Clerk, which placed him at the head of the legal circles in Edinburgh. Under his roof in the Scotch capital his young step-daughters, to whom he was kind and fatherly, enjoyed exceptional educational and social advantages.

It was the fairly intellectual generation of Alan Ramsay and David Hume. The star of Robert Burns was rising above the horizon. Alison, Cockburn and the Duchess of Gordon were leaders in the society which included the musical Earl of Kelly and many more of the Scotch nobility. They still clung to their old capital, though their palace was vacant of a king, and the Parliament House had become the promenade of sprightly, audacious young advocates.

It was said that from her daughters' childhood their mother, Lady Alva, had made up her mind that they should make the great marriages to which, in her estimation, their birth, their fortunes,

YOUNG LADIES' EDUCATION

and their personal and mental attractions entitled them. They seem to have been pretty and pleasing girls, well versed in the not too profound but eminently agreeable accomplishments of their day.

Such accomplishments enabled them to play "lessons" on the spinet, to sing with sweet, fresh voices, which indulged in not a few beguiling shakes and twirls, Alan Ramsay's newest song and the Italian ditties of their music-master. The young ladies' useful smattering of modern languages, French and Italian, fitted them to pronounce and express the language and sentiments of such songs with propriety and feeling.

The list of educational acquirements was completed by the power of doing a little stiff pencil drawing and crude water-colour painting, in addition to the embroidery so essential for the embellishment of ruffles, caps and aprons, with the carpet woolwork to cover chairs and footstools when the eyes were growing dim, to fill up the odds and ends of time, and to soothe and entertain the not too exacting brains.

Lady Alva had her wish. Her two daughters married in the same year when Mary was in her twenty-first and Willielma in her twentieth year. The two young men whom they married might be reckoned the first matches in Scotland.

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Mary was wedded to the twentieth Earl of Sutherland, the head of a great clan, the premier earl of Scotland, and the possessor of many a mile of deer forest and sheep pasture, as well as of the noble ancestral home of Dunrobin.

Willielma became the wife of John Viscount Glenorchy, the only son and heir of the third Earl of Breadalbane, the owner of the Campbells' broad lands in Perthshire and the master of Taymouth, one of the most beautifully situated and stately houses in Scotland, on the shores of its lovely loch, surmounted by its wild mountains, the monarchs of all they survey.

Truly Lady Alva was successful. Two other establishments like those of Dunrobin and Taymouth were hardly to be found in Scotland. And for her daughters to be their mistresses might have satisfied the pride of the most match-making mother between John o' Groats and the Cheviots.

Without doubt there were qualifications to the perfection of the alliances—perhaps scarcely so in the case of the Earl of Sutherland, who seems to have been a young nobleman of much promise and many winning qualities, of whom it could not have been foreseen that his sun would go down in darkness at noon.

But of Lord Glenorchy, whose twenty-three years did not much surpass his bride's nineteen

LADY GLENORCHY'S TRIALS

summers, it is broadly stated that his qualities were the reverse of Lord Sutherland's, and that his character could not have been known to Lady Alva—the moving spirit in the matter, or even she would not have been so blinded by his rank and wealth as to have conspired to shut the eyes of her young daughter to all save the glamour of her promotion.

Alas! poor young Willielma! gentle and sensitive, who never knew a father's protecting care, with a mother (of whom the daughter seems to have always stood greatly in awe), hard and irresponsible, while the girl was soon to part from her young sister, her only other near relation with whom she had hitherto shared every pleasure and trouble of her life.

From the beginning of Lady Glenorchy's married life her biographer* refers to her heavy and continuous domestic trials, although he does not once mention their nature, leaving the inferences to be drawn from the simple declaration of Lord Glenorchy's unworthiness.

Readers of a future generation are left to conjecture if the excessive drinking and gambling with the open profligacy of the time had to do with the rarely-lifted cloud which rested on all the years of Lady Glenorchy's married life. One

* T. S. Jones.

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is tempted to the conclusion from the fact that the couple, though they had other residences assigned to them, lived for the most part with the husband's father, a powerful, masterful Scotch nobleman—because his mere presence might serve as a shield to his daughter-in-law from the consequences of his son's vices.

CHAPTER XI

LORD Glenorchy's Half-sister—Death of his Mother in the Year of her Son's Marriage—Lord Breadalbane's Accompanying his Son and Daughter-in-law for the Grand Tour—Ca led Back from Nice by the Death of his Sister—The Young Couple's Unsatisfactory *tête-à-tête* for the Remainder of their Two Years' Absence—A Separation between the Pair never dreamt of—Former Rarity of Divorces or Separate Establishments—Uncompromising Requirement of the Fulfilment of Duty in Difficult Circumstances—Lord and Lady Glenorchy's Return to England and Stay at his own House of Sugnall—Near Neighbourhood of Hawkstone the Home of Sir Rowland Hill and his Family—Intimacy of Lady Glenorchy with Miss Hill.

LORD GLENORCHY was not his father's only child. He had an elder half-sister, Lady Jemima Campbell, who, in right of her mother, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Henry Duke of Kent, and in succession to an infant brother, whose death followed closely on that of his mother, succeeded to the titles of Baroness Lucas of Crudwell and Marchioness de Grey. When a middle-aged woman she married the Earl of Hardwick.

Lord Glenorchy's mother, the Earl of Breadalbane's second wife, died at Bath in 1762, the year of her son's marriage, when Lord Breadalbane deliberately put the management and control of what were called "his magnificent apartments in Holyrood," which constituted his Edinburgh residence, and his castle of Taymouth, where the household consisted on occasions of as many as forty servants, under Lord and Lady Glenorchy,

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the Earl dwelling usually under their roof. Even when he occupied his house in London, where he was in the habit of staying for the winter, he had Lady Glenorchy with him presiding as the lady of the house.

Lord Glenorchy had a house of his own in England, the old manor house of Great Sugnall in Staffordshire, which came to him through his mother.

On Lady Breadalbane's death at Bath, the Earl, his son and daughter-in-law went abroad travelling *en famille en grand seigneur*.

But after they had made some stay in France and had reached Nice, Lord Breadalbane was called home by the death of a sister, and the young couple proceeded by themselves to Rome, remaining abroad for the two years usually devoted to the Grand Tour. This appears to have been the longest time Lord and Lady Glenorchy passed *tête-à-tête* away from other friends and from the crowd of company around the Earl, especially when he kept open house at Taymouth.

The season of comparative solitude may have been the period of disillusion, if, indeed, any illusion had ever existed on the part of the wife, as to the life she and her husband would lead together. For, in addition to poor Lord Glenorchy's graver failings, he is said to have had

LADY GLENORCHY'S APPEARANCE

one of those peculiarly trying and unpleasant tempers in which contradiction for contradiction's sake was prominent, with the wrangling so foreign and so wearing and detestable to an originally pliant and sympathetic character, drawn into what it hates by main force, as it were. Another feature of such a temper was a coarse-natured satisfaction in sheer unmitigated teasing which, like the baiting of the lower animals, becomes in harsh reckless hands positive cruelty to more highly-strung, susceptible natures.

One of the trophies of foreign travel brought back from that by no means serene and sunshiny period was a portrait—at one time supposed to have been the only portrait of herself in which Lady Glenorchy indulged, so little did she care latterly for these personal vanities. The picture had been painted in Italy, and she is represented as playing on a lute. Whoever the artist may have been, it was not considered to possess any great resemblance to its subject. That she never lost altogether her youthful comeliness is attested by her chaplain's sedate reference to her "agreeable person" as one of the womanly attractions which survived in her to the last.

Lady Glenorchy herself tells later that the relief which she sought on her return to England was in the realisation of the compensations to her lot

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afforded by its dignity and splendour, and in courting forgetfulness by plunging afresh into the whirlpool of dissipation in which she declared, before long, the first twenty years of her life were spent.

But her words must be taken with reservation, prompted as they were by the self-abasement and the austerity of the religious views of her generation, which she soon adopted and held with a tenacity that was life-long.

It is worthy of remark that neither then nor at any other time, when the uncongeniality of her partner in life was most oppressive and exasperating, threatening seriously to impede if not to destroy the spiritual progress on which she set such store, was there ever the smallest hint dropped of a purposed separation between the wedded pair.

The divorces, different establishments, and separate maintenances—the results of infidelity to marriage vows, incompatibility of temper and sheer fickleness and restlessness—which are so numerous in the present day, were by comparison rarely heard of a century-and-a-half ago. With the serious-minded and devout they were only resorted to when the extremity of license and violence compelled the step.

What rendered so much of the religion of the

A FINE SENSE OF DUTY

time fine and noble in its sincerity, in spite of the mysticism and the morbidness which sometimes distinguished it, was the uncompromising recognition and the faithful fulfilment of duty in the most difficult circumstances. It was of the very essence of Lady Glenorchy's goodness that she should be true to her duty as a wife and a daughter-in-law where it was concerned with the husband who was so little deserving of her regard, and the great man, the father-in-law who, while he supported her rights, had no sympathy with her convictions, and even treated them with as scornful an intolerance as was consistent with the respect and consideration he felt bound to show his son's wife.

These professing Christians of the eighteenth century, who were in dead earnest in their profession, instead of flying from domestic crosses and family trials and indignantly repudiating them, accepted them with more or less meekness, well-nigh welcomed them, as the saints of the Roman Catholic Church welcomed their hair shirts and scourges, treating them as tests of their sincerity, as God's disciples to bring His children nearer to Himself.

When Lord and Lady Glenorchy came back from the Continent in 1795—she was twenty-three and he was twenty-six years of age—they stayed for a little time at his English seat of Great

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Sugnall, which happened to be in the near neighbourhood of Hawkestone, the well-known family mansion of Sir Rowland Hill and the rallying ground of the younger members of the Hill family and those who were like-minded, and took a marked side in the religious controversy of the day. And hereby hangs a tale which formed the turning point of Lady Glenorchy's life.

The two families became acquainted, and an intimacy sprang up between Lady Glenorchy and the eldest Miss Hill, her ladyship's contemporary, soon to be her close, confidential friend.

In what Lady Glenorchy esteemed as her unregenerate days, she had never been entirely without serious moments and passing desires to lead a better, more useful, and more God-fearing life.

Coming in contact with the young Hills at a crisis in her history, when disenchanted with her prospects and satiated with the worldly pomp and grandeur which had been coveted for her, of which she had obtained no small measure, she was struck by the superior peace and contentment of her new friends. Their serious-mindedness—in more than one instance not without brilliant sparkles of the humour which had a charm for her—in broad contrast to the frivolity and heartless hard-headedness to which she had been accustomed,

LADY GLENORCHY'S CHARACTER

instead of repelling, attracted her. As Lady Huntingdon had felt before her, Lady Glenorchy wished she were like these thoughtful, happy Hills.

It is clear enough that Lady Glenorchy had not Lady Huntingdon's mental power, her capacity for forming independent conclusions, though the younger woman had many counterbalancing gifts as potent for good in their way.

Lady Glenorchy was intelligent, modest, gracious, endowed in the beginning with a sweet gaiety of spirit, and what her biographer called a "pleasantry"—which may be interpreted as an innocent sense of fun and drollery—over the habitual suppression of which in the days which followed he could not help looking back, though he had been reared in the strict school of Trevecca, with mild regret.

While prudent for her years, Lady Glenorchy's was not a strong and self-sufficing, rather a clinging, submissive nature, dependent more or less now on one, now on another friend, confiding in them and trusting in them. She was also, in spite of her sense and modesty, liable to sudden impulses and fits of enthusiasm, carrying her out of herself for the time being.

Withal she was a young woman of delicate constitution, subjected to frequent prostrating

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attacks of illness ; above all she was deprived of the support which would have been afforded to her by a wise and worthy husband.

A little jaded and sick of her worldly rank and riches in this her early prime, she fell readily under the influence of Miss Hill, Rowland Hill's sister.

Miss Hill was like, yet she was most unlike, her famous brother. She was an excellent young woman, ardent in those reforming Christian doctrines which her father, Sir Rowland Hill, and her mother had begun by dreading for their son, the Cambridge undergraduate, which they long opposed.

She was without hesitation in the advocacy of her principles. She could see no other way of salvation than to come out from the world and live as much apart from it, and as engrossed with the concerns of her soul, as any cloistered nun had ever sought to be.

In the long letters which Miss Hill wrote to Lady Glenorchy she constantly urged this attitude. Her one fear for her convert was that she should forget it for a moment, and comply, however guardedly, with the customs of the society around her.

Lest Lady Glenorchy should fail to understand, Miss Hill wrote pages and pages of explanation and illustration as to what were the veritable

A LACK OF HUMOUR

Christian facts and doctrines, beseeching the new disciple to accept them, and stand by them, casting behind her every other inducement which could withdraw her from the one consideration of moment to sinful, perishing human beings.

The writer never tired of these earnest discourses. She occasionally broke off in passionate ecstasies over the sublime beauty and condescension of the work of redemption, and what in the end would be its glorious triumph. All was transcendent, nothing was simply human.

There was no pause, no question, no perplexity, no pitiful turning of the earthly to the earthly, no yearning over it in the mystery of the union of matter and spirit, body and soul.

There is not a scrap, not a grain of that saving grace of humour which was unquenchable in Berridge's quips and cranks, while he gravely warned young men against the dangerous propensity.

Neither was it absent in Whitefield nor in Charles Wesley when, unable to escape from the unwarrantable reproaches of his sister-in-law, he delivered himself and his brother John from the infliction by lifting up his voice and quoting his favourite Virgil in the original, till he silenced his antagonist.

And it was for his inexhaustible wit no less than

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for his burning eloquence that Rowland Hill was widely known. Had he first learnt the practice in the home circle, as a defence against the over-much solemnity of his excellent sister? At the same time, Rowland Hill was much attached to his elder sister—a second mother. He cherished the letters she wrote to him when he was a schoolboy to the end of his days.

The acquaintance and friendship between Lady Glenorchy and Lady Huntingdon began about this time, when it was manifest that the younger woman was giving in her adherence to the Methodist interpretation of Christianity, as expounded by Miss Hill.

The young wife was beginning to alarm her more worldly-minded friends by ordering her life and conversation anew in accordance with her altered conviction, though she herself did not look upon her conversion as having been yet accomplished.

The usual charge of an unhinged mind and of melancholy madness was being brought against her. Lord Glenorchy was proposing, on the advice of his friends, to hurry her away from her dangerous associates, the Hills, and from the dulness of the country, to Bath and to London, where her attention would be diverted to the amusements and gaieties natural to her years and station, in which she had formerly taken a lively interest.

CONFLICTING INFLUENCES

She might be persuaded to resume the habits, within limitations, of a young woman of the world which she had perfunctorily abandoned.

Lady Huntingdon was certain to encourage by every means in her power a young woman of her own rank in Lady Glenorchy's circumstances, exposed to the mingled ridicule and the qualified persecution employed in such cases.

But, devoted as the Countess was in her high place to the tenets which underlay Methodism, and much as she did to promote their extension, it is not likely that the woman who, from youth to age, retained a large circle of friends of all shades of opinion, would, with a broader mind and wider outlook, have desired to impose on the novice the stringent and conventional ideas which Miss Hill sought to impart to her.

There is something to be said on both sides of the question—on the side of the nun-like, shrinking abstinence from the world which contained so much evil, whose beguiling power had already been felt, and on the other side something for the easy-minded and thoughtless votaries of pleasure. Their protest was against the self-absorption, or at least the absorption in one topic, which looked and sounded like the "gloom which saddens heaven and earth," and defies all the anxious artifices of kindred affection to lighten it.

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It was too apt to take the form of sour self-righteousness and carping fault-finding. It threw a shadow over social enjoyment, weakened many a sincere friendship, and ruptured even nearer and more sacred ties.

It is hard to say of different periods of society after the Christian era that the men and women who have figured in them have been worse or better than at other epochs. Vice may be more rampant in one century than in another. Men may have sinned with a cart-rope then, who offend with a silken thread to-day; irreverence and heartlessness may have been more blatant and more brutal in that generation, and more polite and plausible in this.

But who are we to judge—to arrogate to ourselves the knowledge of human hearts, to measure their sympathies or their struggles?

All one can say is that when levity, sensuality, and crime are in flagrant ascendancy, the line between those that fear God and those who fear Him not is not only drawn, as it must always be, it is marked with no faint, shadowy stroke to human observation, but with a hard, deep score which has often something to do with horror on the one hand and hatred on the other.

A century-and-a-half ago the outward signs of reprobate lives and of the misery which they

FANATICISM AND INSENSIBILITY

caused were painted in the strongest colours, and the recoil from such iniquity was great in proportion.

If there was to be such a condition as fanaticism was it not likely to succeed to the callous insensibility to all save the merest materialism, which had led to such hideous results, if it were but to purge away the ugly accumulations and to break up the stony hardness and deadness of hearts and consciences which had antedated them ?

The wretchedness which followed from the excessive drinking, gambling and profligacy which prevailed was displayed in characters that no eye could overlook, and ended occasionally in ghastly crime.

The example of Lawrence Earl Ferrers was a case in point ; another had to do with the sins of a whole family of high estate and raged round the devoted head of one of the most "honourable women" of Methodistic records, so prized for her piety and virtue that a monument was erected to her memory in John Wesley's own church. Lady Mary Fitzgerald was born Lady Mary Hervey. She was the daughter of the first Earl of Bristol. She married an Irish gentleman of the name of Fitzgerald, whose outrageous treatment of her forced her to adopt the rare course of claiming a separate maintenance.

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The fierce quarrels and wild misconduct of her three brothers, who were each in turn Earl of Bristol, were a public scandal.

The second Earl—the sailor Earl—married privately the notorious Miss Chudleigh, one of Queen Charlotte's first maids of honour. The Duke of Kingston, unaware of her marriage, paid his addresses to her, when she travelled down to the country church in which her marriage had been celebrated, obtained access to the parish register, boldly tore out the incriminating page with her own hands, and returned to London and married her Duke. The sequel was her trial for bigamy before the House of Lords.

The third brother, the clerical Earl, was Bishop of Derry for thirty years, during which he so disgraced his mitre and crozier that he was constrained to surrender them and retire to Naples, where, keeping up the evil traditions of his race, he was for some time in prison as a just punishment for his offences.

Poor Lady Mary's eldest son, George Robert Fitzgerald, said to have been one of the most elegant and accomplished men of his day, had to appear at the assizes of the county Mayo, when he was found guilty of subjecting his father to an assault and to illegal imprisonment, for which the son was heavily fined and sent to jail for three

A RARE FRIENDSHIP

years. Impenitent and untamed by the ignominy of the sentence, the same elegant and accomplished gentleman in a fit of passion shot his coachman. For this crime he was again tried, found guilty, and publicly executed.

Is it to be wondered at that the hapless victim of such a savage crew should seek a refuge and find rest and peace in being one of the most zealous and pious of Wesley's women converts ?

The friendship between Lady Glenorchy and Lady Huntingdon had something of the character of the regard described by Wordsworth as existing between the " boy " and " Matthew seventy-two." For there were more than thirty years of difference between the ages of the women. Lady Huntingdon's threescore was far in advance of Lady Glenorchy's twenty-four years.

Accordingly, in one of the letters which passed between them, Lady Glenorchy gratefully acknowledges the motherly tenderness and affection which Lady Huntingdon had frequently shown her. In what was probably the first letter on Lady Glenorchy's part, written about 1765, the expression of her admiration and esteem amounts to reverence :—

" My dear Madam,—

" How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness ? It is impossible in words. But my

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comfort is that the Lord knows the grateful thoughts of my heart, and He will amply reward you for the kindness you have shown a poor unworthy creature whom blindness and ignorance render an object of pity. When you say your heart is attached to me I tremble lest I should prove an additional cross to you in the end, and the pain I suffer in the apprehension is unspeakable. I hope the Lord permits it as a spur to me to be watchful and to keep near to Him, who alone is able to keep me from falling. I can truly say that next to the favour of God my utmost ambition is to be found worthy of the regard which your ladyship is pleased to honour me with, and to be one of those who shall make up the crown of rejoicing for you in the Day of our Lord. I am sorry to take up more of your precious time than is needful to express my gratitude for the obligations your ladyship favoured me with. I will only add that I ever am with the greatest respect and affection, my dear and much honoured Madam,

“Your most obedient servant,

“W. GLENORCHY.”

CHAPTER XII

THE Retirement of Taymouth—Lady Glenorchy's Insensibility to Scenery—Her Conversion in 1765—The First Question of the Assembly's Catechism—The Answer in the Bible and Prayer—A Creature Dwelling Apart while Seeking to Minister to all in Trouble—No Talent for Preaching without Confidence in Herself—A Shadow over her Spiritual Life—Her Sacred Songs—Her Gentle Unreasonableness—The Sacrament at Dull—Her Preciousness to her Unsympathetic People—The Terrible Sutherland Bereavement—Lady Alva's Strange Encounter—The Little Countess afterwards Duchess Countess of Sutherland—Lady Glenorchy's Diaries.

LADY GLENORCHY spent the most of the summers and autumns of her not very long life at Taymouth. She has often recorded her fondness for the place on account of its quiet and retirement, in spite of the Highland hospitality dispensed in the style of the great man of the country-side. It made the few unpretending inns almost uncalled for in the wilds where the Quality were concerned. Had they not as a matter of course free quarters under the roof of their chief, the head of their branch of the clan Campbell? Were not his friends, gentle and simple of every degree, who had the slightest claim to his acquaintance, entitled at least to the three days, "the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day" of Scotch visiting.

But, while Lady Glenorchy was attached to the spot on other grounds, there is not the slightest evidence that the grand scenery of mountain and flood, loch and river, majestic crags where the eagles built their nests, deep-riven corries where

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the snow of December still lingered in June, and helped to form the rushing torrents of which the red deer drank their fill, made any strong or abiding impression on her mind.

True, Doctor Johnson's verdict on the Highlands, with the "horrors" of yesterday standing for the "sublimities" of to-day, was a thing of the near past.

The very language which Lady Glenorchy applies to the landscape, among whose striking features she went out like Isaac of old to meditate, confirms the idea that her regard for Nature was of the kind which is best pleased with the smiling Lowlands.

She writes of "the fields" where she walks. A century-and-a-half ago the fields proper near Taymouth, the patches of golden oats and pale bear, were few and far between, swallowed up by the great stretches of heather-clad moor, the woods of sombre fir and feathery birch, the spreading green "haughs," the frowning "bens" among which they were set.

The reason above all reasons which sealed Lady Glenorchy's eyes to the natural world around her was that another world had come between and engrossed her whole attention. The crisis of her life, which ruled its every hour henceforth, had arrived and taken possession of her.

LADY GLENORCHY'S CONVERSION

The work which Miss Hill's example began in the soft rural surroundings of Sugnall and Hawkestone reached its fruition at Taymouth, which Lady Glenorchy always viewed as the scene of her conversion. She has left an account in her own words of the event which she believed to be the turning-point in her history, the new birth which stood beside the earthly birth, as equalling, nay surpassing it in importance.

After writing of the fleeting religious effect made upon her during what she held to have been the misspent twenty years of her first youth, when she had been ignorant of God's righteousness and Christ's redemption, she dwells on the pride and vain glory with which she contemplated her own patience under the crosses and trials which had been sent to her after her marriage. She describes her acquaintance with the family at Hawkestone, and the influence they had over her in making her desire to be like them.

She records the struggles with which she gave up the pleasures of the world (its balls, theatres, etc., etc.), when, though appearing firm and cheerful, she often broke down and was at the point of giving up the contest. She arrives at the one of her many illnesses which turned the scale.

In the course of the fever, she says : " The first

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question of the Assembly's Catechism, 'What is the chief end of man?' rose up in my mind as if someone had asked it. And the answer, 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever,' which had been so far from my experience, filled me with shame and confusion.

"In the low state of sickness in which I lay, the prospect of Death and Judgment filled me with remorse and terror."

She had no friend to whom to appeal. What were styled "the means of grace" were scant at Taymouth. At the Parish Church the principal sermons were in Gaelic, which Lady Glenorchy did not understand. It was only occasionally that an English sermon was preached, while she did not seem to be on her usual friendly terms with the minister.

Miss Hill wrote opportunely, and her friend eagerly replied, asking advice and faithfully responding to the counsel she received—to search the Scriptures and be instant in prayer.

One day in particular Lady Glenorchy writes again: "I took the Bible in my hand and fell upon my knees, beseeching Him with much importunity to reveal His will to me by His own Word. . . . After this prayer was finished, I opened the Bible then in my hands and read part of the Epistle to the Romans, where our state by

A TRANSFORMATION

nature and the way of redemption through a propitiatory sacrifice are set clearly forth.

“The eyes of my understanding were opened and saw wisdom and beauty in the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. . . .”

This was in the summer of 1765, and Lady Glenorchy goes on to state: “Since that time I have had many ups and downs in my Christian course, but I have never lost sight of Jesus as the Saviour of His world, though I have often had doubts of my own interest in Him.”

Dating from these days, there was a creature in that high and mighty world of Taymouth, but not of it; among her fellow-creatures at home and abroad, yet practically quite apart. No vestal virgin, no cloistered nun, while dwelling in the centre of a full and complicated life with its compelling claims, could have kept herself more asunder in spirit—except for such intercourse as could not be avoided in the company over which she presided. Her biographer thus relates her practice:

“Unattended she traversed the fields, walked with God, recounted His kindnesses and His grace, and with faith unfeigned offered up fervent prayer and praises. . . . In her wanderings she often communicated sacred instruction to the poor. . . . She generously and sympathetically distributed

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alms to the necessitous she met by the way, and then returned to her closet to record in her diary how unworthy and how sinful and how unprofitable she felt herself to be."

Looking back through the long vista of years one can see her who has so long ago joined the great majority, as if she were already a spirit, gliding as often as she could get away from the throng of ordinary men and women—let their talk be ever so resounding in the common speech of a lower sphere, with thoughts and words which fell with rude incongruity on ears which had been touched to divine harmonies.

Yonder she is in her old quaint dress of mantua or pelisse, and little hat, or of mob cap and sacque, her slender, still girlish figure and refined face, with the rapt expression which so often held it absolutely distinct from the faces around her.

Her head has no aureole betokening her saintliness, but had she belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, steps would have been taken ere now so that there might have been in due time a "Saint Willielma" in their calendar.

A very sweet, humble and somewhat sad saint, for her gentle, modest spirit was such that she was always distrusting—not her Lord and her God—but her weak and worthless self. She was always straining her energies and mortifying her

A SAD SAINT

inclinations in order to take up some task which she was persuaded was to the honour of her Master, but which went against the grain with her.

She had no talent for preaching and teaching such as her friend Miss Hill could claim. To rebuke or even to surprise and startle her worldly neighbours, by calling upon them to consider their ways and prepare for their latter end, was a tremendous task from which she shrank, and of which she was tempted to think herself, in whom she saw so little good, incapable.

She could never arrive at that assurance of acceptance with her Maker after which she craved with a sick longing.

Her biographer has explained the failure in two ways. She did not trust all in all to the finished work of her Saviour. She was beset with a haunting sense of her own insufficiency—her ceaseless sins (though she did not believe in that attainment of perfection in this world which Mr. Wesley, as distinct from Mr. Whitefield and her own Church of Scotland, proclaimed).

The other and more mystical explanation was that, while her spirit was right with God, the assurance of faith was the gift of God's Spirit, which might or might not be vouchsafed in God's free grace, even to the most sincere and exemplary of believers. Be that as it may, the deprivation, to

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which she submitted meekly, as she did to the denial of other blessings, served more than anything else to cast a cloud over her spiritual life—that life which was well-nigh all in all to her, and it was the most powerful weapon in subduing the original gaiety and vivacity of her temper.

You can still see her, if you look long enough and strenuously enough, stealing away to engage in the religious exercises to which she was so devoted. In order that they might be in less danger of interruption, she had a retreat out of doors known only to herself, where she went to meditate and pray.

One of her natural gifts was the tuneful voice which had been carefully cultivated. But from the time of her conversion she rarely sang any save sacred songs, chiefly the metrical version of those Psalms of David in which the Church of Scotland conducted for the most part its service of praise. The version is primitive—sometimes rough and uncouth—but it is always distinguished by manly strength in its pleading, and it has many a gush of tenderness and pathos.

When Lady Glenorchy's gentle, fluttering spirit was at peace, or when it burst its bonds and rose in fitful triumph and blissful gladness, she delighted, she tells us, in singing aloud those Psalms in the solitude of her walks, where no mortal ears, and

SCOTTISH PSALMODY

only the innocent air—charged, alas! so often with discords far removed from these humble, holy strains—could bear them on its wings.

Surely in that pastoral, mountainous land, the confiding cry of “The Lord’s my Shepherd,” and the steadfast assertion, “I to the hills will lift my eyes,” were in her repertory.

And to those who know and have pondered over her story, so long as Taymouth Castle stands in its ancient state and bounty, so long as the infinitely grander works of God’s hands in the nature around bring strangers from afar to look upon them with admiration and awe, a supernatural element will enter into the scene.

It will be in connection with the presence of the tender young being, forlorn in the middle of her earthly rank and riches, because she had not yet reached the heaven where she fain would be, and because she was so full of its spirit—while still in the middle of human surroundings—she who was constantly reproaching herself for looking back, and setting her heart upon them, though in reality they had become strange and distasteful to her.

She was not always reasonable in her religious duties, as she regarded them. She vindicated her right to be recognised as a daughter of Eve—no less than a saint—by the provocation she could not restrain herself from giving her unregenerate

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relatives by actions out of proportion to her health and strength. She would rise as early as half-past five in the morning that she might have more time for private devotion. She was fain to fast till her weak body cried out in protest. Each birthday was kept as a day of special fasting and prayer.

She was fond of attending the dispensing of the neighbouring sacraments, and in town they were fairly within her reach, but in the country it was different. She writes on one occasion when she had an impulse that she *must* join in the sacrament at Dull, and Dull could only be got at on horse-back, while the weather threatened rain. She would not be deterred, and she refers to her gratitude for the rain having passed off, and for the fact that she had been greeted on her return by nothing worse than laughter at her expedition. The inference was that the opposition received was apt to be of a less cheerful and of a stormier character.

For it came in course of time to be proved beyond doubt that the fragile, spiritually-minded wife and daughter-in-law was a precious possession to the unsatisfactory, tyrannical husband, and the lordly, common-sense father-in-law.

Like many sensitive, imaginative people, she was not without a tendency to regard as signs (who dare say they might not have been ?) seeming

COINCIDENCES OR SIGNS ?

coincidences such as texts of sermons happening to be the very words of Scripture to which she had just been turning for consolation. This is an instance in point—"Being much dejected (at communion) I said to myself: 'Will the Lord hide Himself for ever? Will He be favourable no more?' At that instant Doctor Webster began to serve a table with these words: 'Perhaps someone is saying: 'Will the Lord hide Himself for ever? Will He be favourable no more?' Let such take comfort. The Lord is nigh, though you perceive Him not. He will yet come, though not now.' At this moment I felt that the Lord was nigh—that He gave a persuasion that He would visit me in His own time. My heart replied: 'It is well; let the Lord come in His own time. I will still wait on Him, and put my trust in Him.'"

In the summer of 1766 Lady Glenorchy was presiding over her father-in-law's great household when the even tenor of her way at Taymouth was interrupted by news which affected her deeply. The account came of the last stages in the terrible tragedy which had begun at Dunrobin in the previous winter.

Neither of the biographers of Lady Huntingdon and Lady Glenorchy gives the particulars of the death of the little child which serve as the keynote

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to the sad domestic drama. Doubtless consideration for the feelings of the surviving relatives caused the reticence in the first place. But the details of the piteous story have not been forgotten in Scotland.

Young Lord and Lady Sutherland were a peculiarly attractive couple. Lady Huntingdon, who saw them first under the heavy cloud which was destined to crush them, thus describes them : " Never have I seen a more lovely couple. They may, indeed, with justice be called the Flower of Scotland, and such amiability of disposition—so teachable, so mild ! They have indeed been cast in Nature's finest mould. Bowed down to the earth by grief, then almost inconsolable for the loss of their daughter, the good Providence has, I hope, directed them to this place, in order to divert their attention from their recent loss and lead them to the fountain of living waters from which to draw all the consolation and comfort they stand in need of. May the word of the Lord be powerfully applied to their hearts in this season of trial ! Dear Lady Glenorchy is exceedingly anxious on their account."

Lord and Lady Sutherland were deeply attached to each other—a congenial pair who formed a matrimonial contrast that must have struck home to Lady Glenorchy's gentle, affectionate heart—

THE SUTHERLANDS

made for all domestic happiness. The couple were equally devoted to their little daughter of nearly two years of age, then their only child.

Lord Sutherland was considered a model of all that was good in his class, but he was not independent of the customs of his generation, or wholly unaffected by them. On the third of January, 1766, he rose from his dinner table, flushed with wine, and joined Lady Sutherland in the drawing-room where she had her little daughter with her. Taking the child in his arms and tossing her in the air for his pleasure and hers, his unsteady hand slipped, failed to catch her, and she fell with violence, her head striking the oaken floor. Concussion of the brain and death ensued, either on the spot or within a few hours.

The anguish of the young parents with the remorse of the hapless father may be conceived.

Three months later, as if to replace her dead sister, a second daughter was born to Lord and Lady Sutherland on the birthday of the first, but the relatives of the couple, seeing how grief still weighed on their spirits, thought that change of air and scene was desirable for them, and urged on them a visit to Bath.

Lady Glenorchy recommended her sister and brother to the kind offices of Lady Huntingdon, who showed her goodwill characteristically by

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carrying them to hear Mr. Whitefield at her chapel.

But soon after Lord and Lady Sutherland's arrival in Bath he was struck down with fever, under which he lay for a period of fifty-four days. For twenty-one days and nights his young wife never left his room. Neither Lady Huntingdon nor any other friend could induce her to quit her post. Overcome by exhaustion and sorrow, she herself sank and died seventeen days before the death of Lord Sutherland. He was in his thirty-first and she in her twenty-fifth year.

Lady Huntingdon mentions the extraordinary interest and concern which the tragedy excited in the gay watering-place.

With what sorrow must the tidings have been received when they had travelled as far as the mountain shades of Taymouth, and been read by her, who had thus lost her nearest and dearest, the companion of her childhood and youth!

A singular instance of the terrible intervals of suspense caused by the slow communication of news in those days, occurred in connection with the death of Lady Sutherland.

Her mother, Lady Alva, had by some strange accident, failed to be made acquainted with the death of her daughter, while she had been apprised of the death of her son-in-law. Hard woman of

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

the world as she was known to have been, she was hurrying with what speed the times afforded to the help of the bereaved woman who had already been dead for three weeks. Alighting from her carriage at an inn on the road to Bath, Lady Alva saw two hearses with a train of mourners preparing to set out. On asking an explanation, she was told that the hearses contained the bodies of Lord and Lady Sutherland on their way to Scotland for interment in the Royal Chapel at Holyrood. Poor mother! in what awful circumstances she met midway the daughter to whom she was hastening.

The baby daughter of the late Earl and Countess was in her own right Countess of Sutherland and heiress of the great Sutherland estates. She was the joint charge of Lady Glenorchy and Lady Alva. She grew up and married the Marquis of Stafford, and through him, on his creation as Duke of Sutherland, acquired the title of Duchess, in addition to the inherited Countess. She was the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland—a much respected power in the North, living to an honourable old age.

It was at Taymouth that Lady Glenorchy began the diary of her soul's welfare, which she did not even write in an ordinary room, but in the closet in the Castle sacred to prayer, or in that other retreat in the grounds to which she resorted for the

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same purpose. The diary hardly contains a direct word or allusion to the ordinary events of the family. Indeed, with only two exceptions, there is not an incident given with mundane details. The one incident is quoted in the first page, when she bemoans her loss of temper in an argument on faith indulged in with Auchalladair, the agent of Lord Breadalbane, and the familiar friend of the house. The second incident occurred later.

The journal—the entries in which end generally with a prayer—is a record of the Lord's dealings with the spirit He had created, and that spirit's obedience or resistance—whether the light of God's countenance had shone on the inner woman, or whether with that light withdrawn for her offences, there were only darkness and deadness, danger and tribulation.

Such diaries were not uncommon in Lady Glenorchy's day. They were highly approved of by the salt of the earth of the period. They were believed to be decidedly conducive to growth in grace in individual cases as they may have been in ensuring watchfulness against besetting sins.

Lady Glenorchy adopted the practice and continued it to the end of her days, till the diaries filled numerous volumes.

To a later generation the objection to keeping such a record is not so much that it tends to foster

THE OBJECTION TO DIARIES

self-righteousness—a result which was conspicuous by its absence in Lady Glenorchy's experience—it is that a diary of the kind is a continual feeling of the spiritual pulse. If the effect bears any resemblance to the frequent feeling of the bodily pulse and the taking of the bodily temperature, a symptom which is apt to be found among chronic invalids, or sufferers from hypochondria, the end is not cheering, and hardly justifies the means. The physical sequel does not produce soundness of constitution or vigour of frame.

CHAPTER XIII

LADY Glenorchy at Holyrood—Indifference to its History—Her General Friendliness—"Means of Grace" in Edinburgh—Weekly Religious Meetings Presided over by the Rev. Robert Walker—The Company Gathered Together—A Glimpse of the Group—Lady Maxwell—Niddry Wynd Chapel—Objections to the Liberal Views with which it was Planned—Doctor Webster's Support—Wesley in Edinburgh—Conference between Wesley and Webster with Lady Glenorchy for Audience—Lady Glenorchy's Separating herself from the Wesleyans and from the Methodists, also Offending both Lady Maxwell and Lady Huntingdon—Lord Glenorchy's Sale of his Estate of Sugna l—Miss Hill permitted to pay Long Visits to Taymouth—Lord Glenorchy's Purchase of Barnton with the Chapel he suffered to be erected there—First Chaplain who officiated in Niddry Wynd Chapel.

IN Edinburgh Lord Breadalbane and his family occupied the rooms designed for Royalty and its Court in Holyrood Palace. But the dimmed and faded splendour and the romantic atmosphere, with the tragedies of kings and queens, no more appealed to Lady Glenorchy's imagination than did the Highland hills with their hoary peaks, their foaming waterfalls, the lonely, still lochans, and "the bonnie blooming heather," which spoke to her with enticing words she did not hear. She could not withdraw that far-away look in her eyes which were constantly fixed on the beauty beyond mortal ken, on the fair hills of heaven and the city of the New Jerusalem, with its gates of pearl and its golden streets, where there was no night and no need of the sun by day, because God and

THE HISTORIC SENSE LACKING

the Lamb of God were there and were the light thereof.

The past was no more to Lady Glenorchy than the present. It was blotted out by the immensely grander future.

What were the Courts of the unhappy Mary, of the Charles whom the Church of England called "the Martyr," and of that other wandering Charles whose visit to the palace of his ancestors was but of yesterday, in comparison with the assemblies which she sometimes succeeded in gathering to hear the Word of Life preached in the "great drawing-room" — the audience-chamber which had witnessed such different doings, fierce brawls and heedless merry-making?

The past was very much a blank to Lady Glenorchy, even the present seemed to escape her. The most singular omission of all in her letters and diary is the name, or indeed any reference—unless in one brief allusion—to the little Countess of Sutherland, Lady Glenorchy's only sister's only child, of whom she was nominal guardian and one of her nearest kindred.

In the single sentence or two in which Lady Glenorchy can be understood to refer to her niece, she writes of a child to whom she wishes to teach something, without success, and she makes the remark that it is difficult for her to deal

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with children. Truly, Willielma Glenorchy was a saint shut up to the one communion—that with her God.

At the same time it would be a grave mistake to imagine she was hostile or even indifferent to kindred and friendly obligations. She was careful to maintain pleasant relations with all connected with her. It is unnecessary to say that she was greatly concerned for their spiritual welfare, in which their views were far removed from hers. She mentions, as with a little gasp which the speaking of the effort occasioned, her thankfulness for having been enabled to talk of religion to her mother. She writes at another time of having prayed for her mother “with strong crying and tears.”

The entire reliance upon her by her husband and his father was abundantly proved. She was careful not to visit England without “waiting” upon Lord Glenorchy’s half-sister, the Marchioness de Gray. To her chosen friends, Miss Hill, Lady Maxwell, Lady Henrietta Hope, her warm affection never wavered. Of her ministers she was the staunchest and most loyal champion.

In Edinburgh, though Lady Glenorchy had to submit to more frequent intrusions from the company for which she cared not at all, while she had the burden of receiving and entertaining the

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

visitors, she had the compensation of the greater command of ordinances and of congenial society. She is not so lonely a figure, with such an air of having descended from the skies in the Canongate and the High Street, and the squares of the new town.

Once a week she attended religious meetings held either at the house of one of the members or at the manse of her minister, the Rev. Robert Walker, senior minister of the High Church, and colleague to Blair, of literary fame. Walker was less a literary man than the gentleman whose sermons were stigmatised by more enthusiastic and evangelical Christians as "mere moral essays," while the name of the Rev. Robert, his brother in the pulpit, has descended fragrant to us for the active piety of the man, as well as for the moderation, good sense and that touch of humour which, like a touch of nature, makes the whole world kin.

Among the women in the little gathering were some of Lady Glenorchy's friends, whose names one loves to chronicle. There were the ladies Leven, Northesk, and Banff, Lady Maxwell, Lady Ross Baillie, and Mrs. Bailie Walker, the wife of one of the city magistrates.

The reader may see the group also, if she or he wishes, in their carriages and sedan chairs, in their

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calèches and mode cloaks, some of them carrying in their roomy pockets, along with their pocket Bibles, their dainty jewelled snuff-boxes, that a pinch of the contents taken in time might ward off an inopportune drowsiness.

Lady Glenorchy was probably the youngest of the party, in which her chief friend was Lady Maxwell, another of the Nithsdale clan. Lady Maxwell was the youngest of the two, neither of whom had reached her twenty-sixth year. She was left a widow in her nineteenth year, and her only child was accidentally killed a few weeks after the death of the father. The hapless girl-widow and childless mother was so stricken to the heart that never again did she breathe the names of husband or child, for the words were written in such woeful letters in the depths of her heart that the sound was far too sacred for casual mention in ordinary intercourse.

Lady Maxwell was a friend and follower of John Wesley, into whose hands she put five hundred pounds for his schools, and on hearing later that they were still in debt, she followed by another offering of three hundred pounds.

Lady Maxwell was clearly a woman of a different nature from Lady Glenorchy, in whose letters to her friend there are constant reminders of the extent of her own confidences, freely imparted, while she

LADY MAXWELL

presses for the return of the confidences which the reserved, self-sufficing woman never seemed able to give. Notwithstanding this, Lady Glenorchy's faith in her friend remained unshaken, though it was not without its tests. As a mark of her implicit trust in Lady Maxwell, when Lady Glenorchy, with a calm consideration of her general delicacy of health and frequent severe illnesses, made her will, while not yet thirty years of age, she unhesitatingly named Lady Maxwell her executrix.

It is plain that Lady Glenorchy's fortune remained under her own control, and that while she required the consent of the two gentlemen of the family for any changes in the household, she was able to spend large sums of her own money on works of religion and charity.

The absence of family worship and a family chaplain in the great houses in which she dwelt was a grief to her. She did indeed make painful attempts to address and to pray in strict privacy with her maid-servants, but she was too conscious of her own deficiencies, which she looked upon not so much in the light of natural disqualification as in the sense of a sinful lack of zeal for God's glory and of concern for the souls of her fellow-creatures. She clung to the resource of a chaplain as solving many difficulties.

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Accordingly it was with corresponding joy that she got from Lord Glenorchy permission to install a chaplain, with the proviso that he was only to officiate in Lord Breadalbane's absence.

A chaplain implied a chapel—not a simple oratory from which he might instruct the family and lead their prayers and praise—but where he might preach in turn along with other ministers on Sundays and other days for the benefit of the neighbourhood.

Lady Glenorchy hired St. Mary's Chapel in Niddry Wynd for her purpose.

The old building had been originally a Roman Catholic Chapel, and was, at the time Lady Glenorchy took it, a hall of some of the City guilds.

Without doubt, Lady Glenorchy and Lady Maxwell—her principal counsellor in the matter—had many consultations on what should be the organisation of the chapel. The two women were amiable, devout, singularly enlightened and liberal for their day, since the conclusion they arrived at was that the chapel, which was not to be occupied in canonical hours and was not for Lady Glenorchy's chaplain alone, should be open to every parson or pastor who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whatever his denomination—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Methodist—only he must be Protestant.

“ BLACK PRELACY ”

The result proved that, with all the two ladies' shining virtues, they were acting with singular simplicity and with a lack of the shrewdness which would have taken popular prejudice and party rancour into consideration.

Very likely in Lady Maxwell's case it was not so much want of worldly perception as indignant defiance of such obstacles.

The undenominational project met with general reprobation in the religious circles of the capital. Lady Glenorchy's friend and minister, Mr. Walker, plainly condemned the arrangement and declined to preach in the chapel under the circumstances. Apparently the introduction of Wesleyan and of Methodist preachers to the pulpit was the innovation most objected to. Yet, according to an authority who had been himself an English dissenter, Nonconformists from the sister kingdom had up to this date been readily admitted to the pulpits of the Established Church. But in the present instance, where Methodists and Wesleyans were pitted against each other, it was said that the one preacher contradicted the other. Neither were they the only outsiders tabooed. There were objectors who refused to join in church services with Episcopalians. The old hatred against “ Black Prelacy ” stirred again in the national breast.

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The single clergyman in the city who was favourable to the flag of truce which the two ladies innocently sought to unfurl and found it suddenly converted into a battle challenge, was Lady Maxwell's minister, Doctor Webster, of the Tolbooth, an accomplished, broad-minded man—so much so that, though himself a declared Calvinist, he was in the habit of accompanying his distinguished parishioner, who inclined strongly to Wesleyanism, on Sunday evenings to wait on the services at one of John Wesley's chapels in Edinburgh.

In the middle of the contest John Wesley himself visited the Scotch capital, where he never made many converts, while Whitefield had nearly taken the place by storm. The presence of the leader caused the contention to wax much hotter. Poor Lady Glenorchy! for any deed of hers to prove a bombshell was hard lines to a meek spirit. But she did not relinquish her design without granting a fair hearing to both parties.

She was introduced to John Wesley, though she had some time before declined to join his Wesleyan Society. She was even present at a conference held at her request between Wesley and Webster.

The scene presented is striking and significant—the two middle-aged men in the seats of the mighty where theology was concerned—the great

SEPARATION FROM WESLEYANISM

Wesleyan divine, as Romney painted him, in his wig, ruffled shirt, and black coat, and his not unworthy antagonist, the popular doctor, in equally imposing costume, gravely discussing high questions of God and His decrees, the slender, fair, entranced woman, whose delicate feet were already treading heaven's threshold, hanging on their words as falling from the lips of oracles.

The worst bit of earth and earthliness comes in after the disputants have parted and have begun to suspect and accuse each other of deterioration into Arminianism or Antinomianism, or any other theological "ism" which came handy to their memories and their lips. Even Lady Glenorchy, the most modest of women, who, if any sermon in the multitude of sermons to which she listened failed to lay hold of her, never dreamt of blaming the preacher, simply bewailed the hardness of her own heart, was so far left to herself under the influence of the opposing arguer as to hope that Mr. Wesley, in the midst of his dangerous errors, still held the essentials of Christianity!

Lady Glenorchy proceeded soon afterwards to separate herself and her chapel from Wesleyan preachers—a step which no more led to peace than the rash proposal which had raised the fray. "Lady Maxwell was very angry," the most placable of the belligerents notes sorrowfully,

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though to the credit of both women the temporary altercation did nothing to break off their cordial and lasting friendship.

Lady Maxwell's good opinion was not the only one risked in the struggle, as Lady Glenorchy, pulled different ways, harassed and worried in a manner peculiarly trying to her, found later in the controversy. To separate herself from the Methodists generally, and to abide solely, as it sounded, by the Church of Scotland, offended Lady Huntingdon also, and a passing coolness arose in that quarter likewise.

However, it did not prevent Lady Glenorchy from forwarding large sums of money given and collected by her to be expended on Lady Huntingdon's schemes.

It was a relief to turn from wrangling jars—were it but to these every-day incidents, for which as a rule the mistress of Taymouth had neither eyes nor ears. One of these incidents was that Lord Glenorchy had disposed of the estate of Sugnall, so that intercourse with Hawkestone was rendered more uncertain.

But, as if in realization of how little effect compulsion produced in that quarter, more indulgence began to be shown to her ladyship's opinions and predilections. Miss Hill was suffered to pay a visit of several months' duration to Taymouth,

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may, when the visit came to an end, my Lord vouchsafed his consent to his Lady's accompanying her friend as far as Edinburgh. And when Lady Glenorchy was in England it seemed an understood thing that part of her time of absence should be spent at Hawkestone.

There was further compensation for the loss of the Staffordshire seat. Lady Glenorchy was anxious to substitute a country-house near Edinburgh where there would be quiet without the remoteness of the Highlands, and where, with much less state, there would not be the same influx of guests.

The husband, whose ways were so unlike her ways, was disposed to grant her wish. This fresh complacency supports the supposition, eventually fulfilled, that, let him be as unlike her as he was, let him contradict and tease her, even affront and disgrace her at times, she was possibly the thing he valued most of all the great inheritance which was in store for him.

He bought the country-house of Barnton, four miles from Edinburgh, and the additions and improvements which were at once made to it included a chapel to which not only the family, but the neighbours all around might resort for spiritual teaching. Neither were the workmen engaged in the work forgotten. Lady Glenorchy

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would have them assembled at intervals in the hall and addressed by the ministers whom she brought with her to deliver their message. Lord Glenorchy certainly permitted, if he did not personally countenance, these addresses—in accordance with the solitary announcement in her diary that his lordship had accompanied her on a particular evening to her Niddry Wynd chapel.

A similar instance of her having won respect for herself and her views was shown later by Lord Breadalbane when he acquiesced in her rendering help to the Reverend James Stewart, Gaelic minister of Killin, in the district of Strathfillan and Glenfalloch with their inhabitants as far as twelve miles distant from any place of Christian worship. Lady Glenorchy, at her own expense, either built or repaired the chapel at Stathfillan, and endowed it, taking care by the experience she had learnt to put it under the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. She also engaged two missionaries of the Church of Scotland to act under the Society, and preach through the Highlands and Islands while she defrayed their expenses.

The first chaplain elected for the Niddry Wynd chapel was a young English clergyman named Middleton, who had been officiating in an Episcopal chapel at Dalkeith. He had been one of the six

MR. DE COURCY

Oxford students who were expelled from the University for attending religious meetings in private houses.

He was a man of good breeding and some private means. But neither his having suffered for conscience sake nor his suitability in other respects could atone for his Church of England ordination and proclivities in the eyes of Scotch hearers. And nothing would have induced Lady Glenorchy to force an unacceptable minister on a congregation. So he withdrew from the candidature.

By an arrangement which we do not quite understand, unless because the new man was recommended by Miss Hill, another Episcopal clergyman was chosen to fill Middleton's place, act as Lady Glenorchy's chaplain, and preach in St. Mary's. He was a young Irishman named De Courcy, and belonged to a branch of the noble house of Kingsale. He was not only of an old family, of gentle nurture, and of very prepossessing address—his preaching had already attracted so much attention and produced such results that imploring letters were sent after him begging that his Scotch appointment might be cancelled, and that he might be permitted to return to England and work for his Master there.

An attempt was made to prejudice Lord Glenorchy against him, which was at first so successful

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that within two days of De Courcy's expected arrival in Edinburgh his lordship told his wife the stranger should not be permitted to enter his house.

In her trouble she retired to her room, and cried for help where she was used to seek it, and never sought it in vain.

"Before I got from my knees," she wrote in her diary of the second incident of which she has given the details, "Lord Glenorchy came to my door and asked admittance. With fear and trembling I opened it. He came in and threw a letter on the table and bade me read it.

"It was an anonymous letter informing him of some circumstances relating to Mr. De Courcy which tended to exasperate him more and seemed written with a view to make dispeace in the family.

"My heart sank within me when I read it. I stood in silent suspense expecting the storm to burst with redoubled violence, when to my unspeakable surprise he said: 'I now see that I have been the tool of Satan when I opposed the coming of Mr. De Courcy—this letter shows it to me—here the cloven foot appears, but the writer of it shall be disappointed. I shall not only receive him into my house, but do everything in my power to encourage him in his work, and will countenance him myself.'"

WESLEY ON DE COURCY

The malicious meddler in the affair had overshoot the mark, and driven the unstable nobleman to the reverse of his previous conduct. Take note of the unconscious arrogance of Lord Glenorchy's last words, "Will countenance him *myself*."

But not all Mr. De Courcy's gifts, even patronised by Lord Glenorchy, sufficed to give him more than a temporary success in Edinburgh, when even John Wesley showed himself human, smarting under Lady Glenorchy's finally declining to have anything to do with his preachers. In writing to Lady Maxwell, he sums up Mr. De Courcy's advantages and comments ironically on the exclamations they would call forth: "Surely such a preacher as this never was in Edinburgh before. Mr. Whitefield himself was not to be compared to him. What an angel of a man!" But John Wesley was mistaken, except in the very beginning. Mr. De Courcy did not, any more than his predecessors, find favour in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XIV

ADVICE to Lady Glenorchy as to an Anonymous Lady—Pearls not to be cast before Swine—A Time to be Silent and a Time to Speak—Further Fatherly Counsel from her own Minister, Mr. Walker—The Mistake of Thinking the First Twenty Years of her Life Wasted—Lady Glenorchy leaving Taymouth for Barnton in the Autumn of 1771 on account of Lord Glenorchy's Health, while no Serious Danger was Anticipated and she was unusually Light-hearted—Alarming Symptoms—Quitting Edinburgh on the Morning of the Sacrament Sunday—The Ministers she Summoned to her Aid—Continual Intercession for the Sick Man—His Desire to Listen and Believe—His Death 12th November, 1771—The Divine Support given to her—Lord Glenorchy's Generous Will, with Lord Breadalbane's Concurrence.

LADY GLENORCHY'S zeal in seeking by a great effort to speak on the subject which was not only near her heart, but of which that heart was full, and her determination to withdraw from the world and its practices, were viewed with larger, other eyes by her worthy ministers than by the women friends, such as Miss Hill, who were apt, as women in all generations are apt, to go to extremes, who had certainly at first inculcated upon her the course which older and wiser Christians were deprecating. One letter written by a well-known Mr. Gillespie had evidently been solicited from him on Lady Glenorchy's behalf, by someone who honoured her and wished her well, but who feared for her well-founded charges of extravagance and eccentricity. The letter is rather directed at her, than addressed to her. It was in fact delicately written to an anonymous lady.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER

A copy of this letter in Lady Glenorchy's handwriting was found among her papers. The gist of it was an earnest recommendation to care and circumspection in approaching others for their good. "Christ appointed that pearls be not laid before swine. The pearls of the things of God are not to be laid before persons in conversation who are known to have the spirit of scorers of these great and glorious things, and to be disposed to make a bad use of what was ever so well intended, however it may be expressed."

"The pearls of reproof and rebuke are not to be cast before swine—those who are daring in sin and obstinate in evil ways—lest they trample them under foot, condemn them, turn against and rend the reprovers, and hurt them in character, or at least wound their spirits in place of profiting by the reproof."

The writer goes on to state that, though persons in public offices must speak, private believers who are prudent—that exercise spiritual prudence—ought to keep silence, because it is an evil time, and persons are become incorrigible. He quotes Amos: "Therefore the prudent shall keep silence in that time, for it is an evil time," and dwells on the virtue and efficacy of "holy silence" on many occasions.

He further reminds his reader that "there is a

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time to be silent and a time to speak," that "a foolish voice is known by the multitude of words," that Christ kept silence when falsely accused, so that His unjust judge marvelled: "Hearst Thou how many things they witness against Thee, and Thou answerest them never a word?"

Another letter written to her by name was from the Rev. Robert Walker. It was full of fatherly kindness and consideration, it dealt tenderly with the wounds she had received in the house of her friends, when those who acknowledged the same Lord and were engaged in the same cause, instead of approving of her intentions and schemes, which appeared to him of the purest, with the most generous and disinterested projects of usefulness, misjudged and opposed them.

When he first knew her, he wrote that he beheld what he had long wished to see, "One who might have been seated as queen in Vanity Fair, and even courted to ascend the throne, nobly preferring the pilgrim's staff to the sceptre, and resolutely setting out on the wilderness road to the celestial city."

But he feared that over-anxiety to shun the dangerous pits on the left hand of the narrow way, had rendered her less attentive than was necessary to some openings on the right hand which ought likewise to have been avoided. He impressed

A FATHERLY EPISTLE

upon her very plainly and candidly to keep to her own sphere of life.

He seemed to think many of her endowments wasted in her dealings with the lower ranks by whom she was not understood. On the other hand, the weapons in her possession, her bloom of youth, and her other graces, if properly applied, would do more execution in a very short time among persons of rank and education than all the ponderous artillery of title and opulence would be able to perform for many long years among those inferior classes to whom her attention was then almost wholly confined.

He combated with much tact and ability what she was apt to deplore and refer to frequently as the first twenty misspent years of her life. Dealing with the acquirements she had then gained, and was subsequently inclined to disdain, he likened them to jewels not one of which she could spare, and not one of which would be lost.

“No, madam,” he had written, “give me leave to tell you they are lawful spoil. You are become the rightful possessor of them, and the great Proprietor who hath put them into your hands, expects and requires that they should be consecrated to His service.”

He recalled the history of Moses with the record that he was “exceeding fair,” that he was learned

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in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in word and deed. He proceeded to ask her if she really supposed that all these natural and acquired advantages—his form, his literature, his devotion, his magnanimity and prowess—were mere superfluous embellishments which contributed nothing to qualify him for the high office he afterwards bore in the church of God?

He concluded his simile and his application by declaring that upon this supposition she must be sensible that the marvellous train of providences which introduced him into the Court of Pharaoh would have neither voice nor meaning. Moses would have been as safe, or rather more safe, because less formidable, under the homely appearance of a clumsy, awkward, common Jew, than with the figure and splendour of an accomplished prince.

This letter was highly prized by Lady Glenorchy. She often spoke of it, and it was carefully preserved among her papers.

In the autumn of 1771 Lady Glenorchy left Taymouth in September, earlier than usual, with Lord Glenorchy, who was suffering from indisposition, and it was thought change of air would benefit him. It was their first occupation of Barnton after the alterations of it were completed, and she was happy and thankful with an unusual

DOMESTIC TROUBLES

return of the gaiety which had been conspicuous in her in her early days.

For the first fortnight all went well, and to her satisfaction on the two Sundays there were prayers and sermons to a company in the hall.

But on the third Sunday the whole situation was changed by Lord Glenorchy's having been suddenly seized with a fit. She was quite stupid with fear, she wrote in her diary, "and could not pray." But when he speedily rallied she was able to write that the Lord had in mercy spared him, and to trust that the warning might be sanctified.

During the following week the illness seemed to be passing off, and she was sufficiently disengaged to have one of her compelling impulses on account of the absence of the chaplain to call the maid-servants together and pray with them. She felt unwilling and unfit and the exercise went so much against her inclinations that she struggled for an hour before she could bring herself to undertake it. "She was very heavy" at the thought of meeting the servants in the evening, when, as she could write, the Lord graciously relieved her by sending a minister in the way, who took the office which was so hard for her.

A month later, the 7th of November, was the fast day before the dispensing of the winter

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Sacrament in Edinburgh, and she was able to drive to town and be at her church, while grieved to quit Lord Glenorchy, who she feared was less well.

On Saturday, the 9th of November, he was worse, and she went to Edinburgh to get a nurse and to ask the prayers of the church for him, leaving him under the care of a medical man. She meant to stay for the Sacrament Sunday and to return to Barnton immediately afterwards, but learning on the Sunday morning that he was still worse, she went home immediately without waiting to attend the ordinance. Finding him as she feared, very ill, she sent for more medical aid.

On Monday he was clearly in great danger, and with pathetic faith in her ministers and in the power of their intercession, she summoned three, her special friend and pastor, Mr. Walker, Mr. Plenderleith, of the Tolbooth, and Mr. Gibson, of St. Cuthbert's, to join with Mr. De Courcy in praying with and for him.

All that sorrowful Monday and Tuesday, in company and separately, the ministers assembled and interceded for Lord Glenorchy's recovery, and for mercy on his soul.

He was aware of his situation and frequently expressed a sense of the evil of sin. He spoke of his inability to believe on Jesus, while he said he

LORD GLENORCHY'S DEATH

had no hope save in the merits of Christ. He wished to believe and attempted to pray—seemed pleased with the prayers of others, desired them to be continued. But to her great distress, as evening drew on, he grew delirious, for she had always entertained a hope that her prayers for him would be heard, and that he would have made “a good confession” at the last.

Not but that what he had said would be a great consolation in the reverent mercifulness and charity with which the mass of those Christians of a century-and-a-half ago, who were so severe on themselves, accepted, nay, caught eagerly at every sign of repentance on dying lips. It paraphrased what the poet Cowper—the most despairing of all Christians for himself—could yet hope might be true for the reckless rider thrown from his horse, and killed in the middle of his wild career :—

“ Between the saddle and the ground
He mercy sought and mercy found.”

At eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 12th of November, 1771, while Mr. De Courcy was ending an importunate prayer for the unconscious man, he died, and his stricken wife, who was in the room, fell motionless on the floor.

She has described her sensations : “ My heart rebelled against God. I inwardly said, ‘ It is hard.’ At that instant the Lord said to my soul, ‘ Be still

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and know that I am God.' These words were accompanied with such power that from that moment an unspeakable calm took place in my mind. Every murmuring thought subsided. I laid my hand on my mouth and held my peace.

"Upon leaving the room these words were impressed upon my heart: 'Thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of Hosts is His Name.' Thus did the Lord comfort, support and refresh my soul during the first days of my widowhood."

But her biographer was right in summing up the melancholy occasion as a great and affecting bereavement which, when the reaction came, she felt deeply.

Both husband and wife were in the prime of life and in the noonday of prosperity. He was no more than thirty-three, she was thirty years.

With all his failings, he was in the near relation of husband, and had been her constant companion for the last ten years. Without question he was attached to her, though he might show his attachment in an undesirable fashion. The last consideration of all to a woman who had already felt and owned that her wealth, rank and influence constituted her greatest burden, was the consideration that with the life of her husband was bound up the continuance and increase of her worldly honours.



REPUTED LIKENESS OF LADY GLENORCHY

By permission of the Governors of Cheshunt College, Cambridge

LORD GLENORCHY'S WILL

Far more overwhelming to a nature such as hers was the forgiving tenderness which forgot and blotted out, with a freeness and fulness akin to the love of God all the errors and shortcomings of the dead, and remembered only with piteous, affectionate regard his acts of kindness.

All that was mortal of Lord Glenorchy was taken north to the family burying-place at Finlarig on Loch Tay, and Lady Glenorchy withdrew with Lord Breadalbane to Holyrood. She had not ceased to be the sorrowing father's cherished daughter because the son who had been the link between them was gone.

Lady Glenorchy of course knew that her jointure was a thousand pounds a year, but she had not been aware, till Lord Glenorchy's repositories were examined, that six months before his death the young man, with something like an intimation of his approaching end, had signed two deeds. By them he left to his widow his whole real and landed estate of the baronies of Barnton and King's Crammond and other lands, with the patronage of the parish of Crammond and all things belonging to him in full right, to her and to her heirs for ever.

He further assigned to her, in legal phrase, "for the favour and affection he bore to her," all his plate, furniture, linen, pictures, prints, books, everything of which he had a disposing power,

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making her his sole executrix and legatee of all which belonged to him in each of the houses of Taymouth, Barnton and Holyrood.

{ What was more—what must have touched her extremely—he gave her full power to convert the estate and effects into money, and to employ it on such work as she should see cause for—encouraging the preaching of the Gospel and promoting the knowledge of the Protestant religion, erecting schools and civilising the inhabitants in Breadalbane, Glenorchy, Nether Lorn and other parts of the Highlands of Scotland—in such a way and manner as she should judge proper and expedient.

Still more: in case of her death before the whole funds to be destined by her should be employed in pious purposes, trustees—Charles Earl of Elgin and David Earl of Leven—were appointed to carry out the original intentions of Lady Glenorchy.

Nothing in the world could have gone to her heart like the extraordinary liberty given her, with its proof not only of his profound esteem for her and faith in her, but of his respect for the objects to which she had dedicated her life.

Whether or not Lord Breadalbane had been privy to his son's will, he was not to be outdone by him in generosity. The whole price of Barnton, which had now passed to his daughter-in-law, had

LORD BREADALBANE'S GENEROSITY

not been paid, but, instead of suffering Lady Glenorchy to supply the remainder of the sum out of her funds, he furnished what was wanted as his gift to his son's widow.

When the melancholy business consequent on Lord Glenorchy's death was over, Lady Glenorchy was prostrated by one of the worst attacks of the fever from which she so often suffered.

CHAPTER XVI

LADY Glenorchy's Income—Mr. Walker's Wise Advice as to its Disposal—Lady Henrietta Hope—The Hopetoun Family—Lady Glenorchy's Edinburgh Church—The Quaint Laying of the Foundation Stone—Accident during the Building—The Countenance of the Edinburgh Presbytery requested for the Church—The Opening of the Church in 1774—Lady Glenorchy's Visit to England—Her Appearance at Pinner's Hall—Her Intention to Nominate her Chaplain, Mr. Grove, to be Minister of her Church—Her Vexation at the Reply of the Presbytery when she applied to them to Confirm her Nomination—The Scandal and Disturbance produced by their Answer—Lady Glenorchy so Hurt and Mortified that she would have quitted Scotland if it had not been for the Remonstrances of Lady Henrietta Hope—Mr. Grove's Withdrawal from the Controversy.

LADY GLENORCHY'S income was reckoned a large one in those days. It now amounted to three thousand pounds a year. She kept her affairs in her own hands and showed herself quite competent to manage them, though her faithful friend, the Rev. Robert Walker, had his fears that here again her zeal would outrun her discretion.

He wrote to her before long, one of his wise, considerate letters, warning her how much better it would be for her to keep her worldly estate intact while distributing freely from her abundance, instead of being tempted to such rash prodigality of charity as would impoverish her betimes and actually leave her without the means of relieving the needy and benefiting all religious and philanthropic enterprises such as it had been her privilege and delight to do.

LADY HENRIETTA HOPE

Lady Glenorchy's great project, probably inspired by the example of Lady Huntingdon, was that a church should be built by her where there was room for one in Edinburgh. She had already opened flourishing schools at Barnton. About this time she made the acquaintance of Lady Henrietta Hope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, who was destined to become the dearest of all Lady Glenorchy's women friends.

It is recorded of Lady Henrietta that it was when crossing the English Channel in one of the passenger boats of the period, and a great storm arose so that the passengers and crew were in prolonged danger, that she was led to think seriously and to resolve by grace to turn to her God and thenceforth to strive to serve Him and to renounce what she saw to be sinful in the life around her. She is said to have been, in addition to her godliness, a woman of natural ability and capacity, a cheerful companion and a wise counsellor.

The family of the Hopes of Hopetoun, like that of the Hills of Hawkestone, included various members who were early disposed to choose the better part in life. Lady Sophia Hope held her elder sister's opinions, and a still younger sister, Lady Mary (who became afterwards Countess of Haddington) when only a girl of fourteen received

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a lasting impression from coming in contact with her sister's friend, Lady Glenorchy.

The site of Lady Glenorchy's church was what was then called Orphan Park, from the near neighbourhood of two orphanages. It was at the east end of the hollow between the old and the new town.

Lady Glenorchy was at Taymouth when the foundation-stone was laid, but she heard with gladness a full account of the very simple ceremony from her friend Mrs. Bailie Walker—how Bailie Walker and Scott Moncrieff of New Hall ran with eagerness to give their strength to help to put the corner-stone in its place—how honest “Deacon Dickson,” a man much respected for his goodness, stood by. When the stone was laid, the little party repaired to one of the orphanages and sang part of the Hundred-and-eighteenth Psalm :—

That stone is made head-corner stone
Which builders did despise ;
This is the doing of the Lord,
And wondrous in our eyes,

read the second chapter of Nehemiah, and finally the Deacon “prayed warmly and with much enlargement.”

The happiness of the founder of the church was sadly marred by an unfortunate accident which happened as the building proceeded in 1773. From

CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD

the fall of a scaffold, the architect and his foreman were thrown from the roof to the floor, and killed on the spot.

To a mystical nature, apt to dwell on portents and omens, this was a great blow and held the danger of signifying the Lord's displeasure and his rejection of her offering. All her minister—Mr. Walker's moderation and tact were wanted, to convince her that the accident, due to the carelessness and indifference of some of the workmen, did not bear such a message to her.

It seemed, however, to arouse in her the disposition to austerity to which she was prone, for she wrote more than one letter to her spiritual adviser pressing him to communicate to her what he thought on the question of conformity to the world as shown by professing Christians.

The reverend Robert did not fail her. He was equal to the occasion, though he declined at first to lay down laws on a matter where each individual Christian enjoying freedom of conscience ought to be a law unto himself or herself. At last he complied with her request in two temperate, judicious letters, in which he made use of a humorous allegory to illustrate his meaning.

He brought forward an imaginary lady at three stages of her history. At the first stage she was surrounded with all the advantages of wealth and

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rank to which she was entitled, which she was using to God's glory and to the widespread benefit of those around her.

At the second stage, impelled by morbid and false humility in the guise of asceticism, she had partially stripped herself, and her influence for good had lessened in proportion.

At the third stage she had seen her error, resumed her rights with their dignity and grace, and was again prospering in the cause of religion and virtue.

More than that, he told her plainly the evil of extremes, and calmly vindicated practices which she had probably heard condemned wholesale by more violent and aggressive Christians.

He pointed out to her how remote in the present instance were these reputable places (the concert hall and the assembly rooms) "dedicated to the improvement of music and graceful motion, where the noble and gentle youth of both sexes were introduced into the polite world, and gradually formed to appear in it with fashionable propriety, was that "profane, opaque, sequestered cell" into which no ray of the sun had access, where, if report might be credited, blasphemy, gaming and foul debauch insulted the First Day of every returning week."

Mr. Walker was understood to refer in this

LADY GLENORCHY'S CHURCH

contrast to a club maintained by the upper classes in Edinburgh. The members met about mid-day on Saturday, and having excluded the light of day, remained together in that condition till Monday.

Lady Glenorchy's church was a grey stone building, destitute of all architectural merit, like many churches of the period, but solid and capable of holding two thousand worshippers. It ranked with what were called chapels-of-ease, with this difference, that while a chapel-of-ease is in connection with a particular church and is under the control of its minister—a church or chapel founded by the liberality of a private donor is only under that donor and the Presbytery in which it is situated.

With a lively remembrance of the trouble which had followed on the undenominational character of her chapel of St. Mary's, in Niddry Wynd, Lady Glenorchy wrote to the Moderator of the Edinburgh Presbytery asking their support for the church—which was to be Presbyterian according to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Scotland—and received a cordial reply.

On May 8th, 1774, the church was opened. The sermon in the morning was delivered by the Rev. Doctor John Erskine, one of the ministers of the old Grey Friars Church and the colleague of Doctor Robertson, the historian and the Principal

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of Edinburgh University. The sermon in the afternoon was given by Lady Glenorchy's minister, Mr. Walker, of the High Church. She was present on the occasion, and so anxious was she to make it an entire day of solemn supplication, that in the interval between the sermons she went to St. Cuthbert's Chapel-of-ease and partook of the Lord's Supper, returning to her own church in the afternoon. She described the season as one of "sweet joy and peace in believing."

In the spring of the next year Lady Glenorchy went to England, visiting in Bedfordshire probably her sister-in-law, the Marchioness De Gray, and in Staffordshire the Hills at Hawkestone. She went to Buxton for the mineral waters. These saline springs, whether at Bath, Bristol, TunbridgeWells, etc., etc., were then at the height of their repute.

In London Lady Glenorchy accompanied a friend to Pinner's Hall, where what were called "the Merchants' Lectures" were delivered every Tuesday morning. The lectures or sermons had been instituted by the merchants of the City of London a hundred years before. Six of the most distinguished ministers in the city and suburbs were appointed by a committee of the subscribers to preach alternately each week. The institution was a survival of the godliness of past generations.

PINNER'S HALL

Pinner's Hall was very small, and the congregation which the old minister of Fetter Lane addressed on this occasion was neither numerous nor distinguished. The presence in the primitive assembly of a young woman of Lady Glenorchy's station in life was certain to be known and noticed. She must have appeared like a vision from another world to a raw Welsh lad, a student of Trevecca, who happened to be one of the little company. He recalled long afterwards that first meeting, for he was destined to find in the lady of quality so unaffectedly devout, his kind and generous patroness, whose biographer he eventually became.

After Lady Glenorchy's usual stay at Taymouth she returned to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1775. There she was fated to find once more that the fulfilment of an earnest and disinterested purpose, which had taken the form of a public benefit, might be a source not of public gratitude, not of tranquil prosperity, but of innumerable crosses, and much anxiety and mortification.

Having committed her church to the Presbytery within whose bounds it was built, and received the assurance of their approval, she had believed all was well. She no longer dreamt of bringing Wesleyans, Methodists and Episcopalians within its Presbyterian walls, but she seemed still to have had a hankering after an English instead of a

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Scotch Presbyterian to be settled as her minister. Her recent visit to England had been with the intention of selecting such a minister. But she had not found one disengaged enough to respond to her advances, or more to her mind, after all, than the gentleman—an English Presbyterian named Grove, who had been in charge of her church for the last three months.

The origin of Lady Glenorchy's great liking for English Presbyterianism may have owed its existence to the fact that it was in England she was first awakened to serious thought. It was to English Calvinism she had at first responded, and in the circumstances, in the somewhat anomalous position of her church among the surrounding parish churches, she possibly felt as if an English orthodox dissenter would be more in place than a full-fledged licentiate of the Church of Scotland.

That church had long ago consented to the system of patronage, but was jealous of its liberty and rigid on questions of organisation and discipline—the very questions which had made the leaders of the United Presbyterians (Presbyterians of the Presbyterians) refuse to receive Whitefield into communion with them.

Mr. Grove, though worthy and with high qualifications as a preacher, which rendered him agreeable to the mass of Lady Glenorchy's

A CHECK

church-members, was opposed by a minority because of his opinions or lack of opinions on church order.

On the other hand, an unsettled element seemed to have got into the congregation, a portion of which withdrew from the church as a church established by the State, and joined various bodies of Scotch dissenters.

But Lady Glenorchy stood by Mr. Grove and made application to the Presbytery on his behalf to confirm her nomination of him as a suitable pastor for her church—well known to the parishioners and generally approved by them.

To her great surprise and annoyance she received the following answer from the Presbytery :—

“ MADAM,—

“ Your ladyship’s letter was laid before us ; and although we continue to approve of your pious intention in establishing the new congregation within our bounds, we cannot give our countenance to any person being admitted minister thereof until we have satisfying evidence of his having been regularly licensed and ordained, of his loyalty to Government, and of his conforming to our standards. We have the honour to be your ladyship’s most obedient and most humble servants,

“ H. MONCRIEFF WELLWOOD,

“ *Moderator.*”

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It was clear that the old offence of her ultra-liberality in the matter of denominationalism—her acceptance of Episcopalians, Wesleyans and Methodists to officiate in St. Mary's Chapel—had not been forgotten. It had so prejudiced the Presbytery—perhaps not without excuse—against her orthodoxy as a daughter of the Establishment, that they distrusted her and her church.

She had certainly given them, in part at least, the security they required of Grove's loyalty to the Government, and his adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation in which the confessions of both churches were agreed.

One wonders a little what her friend, the Rev. Robert Walker, who took such a kindly interest in her affairs and was so wise and moderate in his judgment, thought of the imbroglio. Probably, though he was her firm ally in other respects, he sided with his Presbytery, for he was a minister of the Church of Scotland before any other obligation.

He might consider her leaning to English dissenters as dangerous and well-nigh perverse (if a saint can be perverse). He had already distinctly refused to preach in her Niddry Wynd chapel when she and Lady Maxwell had been so lax as to propose to admit all manner of English dissenters to engage in the service on a level with the

PROPOSAL TO LEAVE BARNTON

ministers of the Church of Scotland, which was not a dissenting church, but was the Church of the nation and of the State, so far as the State had to do with Scotland.

Lady Glenorchy was grievously hurt on account of the treatment dealt out to her by those whom she had regarded as her best friends, her guides, teachers, and the fathers of her church. She would not separate her church from the venerable Establishment in which she had been brought up, of which she was a member, and thereby render it a Scotch dissenting church, and she was so sorely wounded by the strife and scandal which arose on the Presbytery's mandate, that she, pre-eminently a peace lover and in her own person meek and long-suffering, was brought to propose to the great regret of her friends to sell Barnton and quit Scotland.

None combated this hasty resolve with more respectful earnestness and good judgment, than did Lady Glenorchy's friend, Lady Henrietta Hope, and doubtless Lady Henrietta's protest helped to turn the scale, or at least to keep it hanging in abeyance.

Mr. Grove was another of the six Oxford students who got into disgrace with the University for their religious views. Naturally he resented the distrust and suspicion with which he was

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regarded on all hands. He was an able, spirited man, sincere in his convictions, well-educated, well-bred, and possessed of a certain amount of landed property in England. When he found that Lady Glenorchy, however disappointed by the way in which matters had gone, would still abide by the State Church, he determined to return to England with the family he had just brought to Scotland.

But there was no hurry and no asperity shown by the parties on either side of the dispute. As the Grove household could not be transported afresh on the spur of the moment, Mr. Grove continued to preach for two months longer in Lady Glenorchy's church, by her desire, with no opposition on the part of the Presbytery, and it was not till after his departure that various neighbouring ministers took his place in her pulpit.

CHAPTER XVI

LADY Glenorchy's Advisers—An Unexceptionable Candidate—Objections Nevertheless—Her Defence—The Majority of the Presbytery Satisfied—The Minority Refer the Matter to the Synod—Jupiter Carlyle and his Followers—An Injurious Sentence—Lady Glenorchy's Friends in the Synod Appeal to the General Assembly—Her Candidate Retires—She Goes to England, instructing her Agent to Sell Barnton—Lady Glenorchy is Joined by Miss Hill in a Missionary Tour—Lady Glenorchy's Constancy to Old Friends—Meeting at the House of Mr. Holmes, the Welsh Lad who had seen her at Pinner's Hall—The Press-gang Employed against her at Exmouth—Her Reprisal—The Case in the General Assembly Practically Settled in her Favour—Lady Glenorchy's Return to Scotland—Pathetic Episode of Mr. Sheriff—Settlement of the Former Student of Trevecca in "Lady Glenorchy's Church."

LADY GLENORCHY'S advisers in the difficulty in which she found herself were no mean men in the Church of Scotland. They were Mr. Walker, Doctor Webster, Doctor Dick, and Doctor Erksine. Yielding to their suggestions, she chose a minister in the room of Mr. Grove to whom it was thought not even the most captious could find any exception.

He was the Rev. Robert Balfour, already a minister in the Established Church, holding a parish near Stirling. He was a native of Edinburgh and had been educated at Edinburgh schools and University. He was a licentiate of the Edinburgh Presbytery. He bore a high character, was very popular, and would be received with acclamation by the congregation.

He accepted the nomination and all seemed to

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smile on the arrangement. But appearances are deceitful, and where there are malcontents in the assembly they will without fail find grounds for revolt. The neglect of some technicalities which had to do with Mr. Balfour's introduction to his charge by a member of the Presbytery, served on this occasion.

The demand was that there must be what is entitled a "call" from the congregation. There must be legal security for the stipend and a decision which would put the collections made in the church under the administration of the managers of the Charity Workhouse.

No doubt technicalities must be attended to, and the danger of establishing precedents requires careful attention, otherwise the last two stipulations were invidious. When one thought that the church was Lady Glenorchy's, built by her of her own free will, they—the Presbytery—might have safely trusted to her to endow it. She wrote with dignity in reply to their announcement of this conclusion at which the Presbytery had arrived: "It was a matter which properly belonged to me and Mr. Balfour. His acceptance of the post was a proof that he was satisfied."

In the same manner she remarked that she, or rather the trustees she had appointed, might surely be left with the disposal of the collections made

“ JUPITER ” CARLYLE

in the church, which had always been distributed among the poor and needy, while more than once part of them, small as they were, had been sent to the treasurer of the Charity Workhouse.

The bulk of the members of the Presbytery declared themselves satisfied, but one or two brethren dissented from the others, refused to accept Lady Glenorchy's explanation, and the business was carried to a higher court—the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. It is hardly necessary to point out that the majority of the Edinburgh Presbytery were in Lady Glenorchy's favour.

It was not so in the Synod, where a majority of the members—country ministers led by Carlyle of Inveresk, “ Jupiter Carlyle ”—were strongly opposed to her. Jupiter Carlyle was a host in himself, with his imposing personality, his authoritative character, and his literary tastes, which, like those of Blair, were considerably in excess of his evangelical attributes. In all likelihood he was up in arms for the honour, dignity and independence of the Church of Scotland which he might conceive were in danger of being subverted by the fanatical Viscountess with her leanings to Wesleyan Methodism, and her preference for English divines, whether Episcopalians or dissenters.

Carlyle and his party had sufficient power in the

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Synod to cause the passing of an extreme and injurious sentence forbidding all the ministers and probationers within the Synod to preach in Lady Glenorchy's church, and in addition requiring that no member of the Synod should employ a minister of the said church to officiate in his pulpit.

Thus the church for which its foundress had nourished such high hopes, every stone of which might be said to have been cemented with prayer, was boycotted and made in a sense an outcast among State churches, while Lady Glenorchy herself and all she had done for the Church of Scotland and for religion were dismissed cavalierly.

This was a piece of glaring injustice which her friends and advisers would not suffer. Mr. Walker, Dr. Erskine, Dr. Webster, and Mr. Johnston, of North Leath, at once protested on her behalf, and in the name of the Presbytery appealed to the next General Assembly—the highest Scotch Church court.

In the meantime Mr. Balfour, as a preparation for repairing to Edinburgh, had resigned his parish, but in the general excitement and irritation which the whole effort had provoked, his Presbytery, contrary to all custom, refused to accept his resignation, and Balfour, dreading a conflict in the church courts, gave up by preference, his nomination to Lady Glenorchy's church.

LADY GLENORCHY GOES SOUTH

All this was discouraging enough, but so long as the act of the Synod was not known to her, the withdrawal of Mr. Balfour's claim seemed to end the warfare for the time. Lady Glenorchy's delicate health had not been improved by the tussle with the Presbytery, and she was advised by her doctors to go south for the autumn and winter while she felt at liberty to take the course prescribed.

In the middle of October, 1776, she set out with one man and one maid-servant, having previously sold off her cattle and horses, and having left orders with her agent to sell her estate of Barnton when a purchaser should appear.

In the soreness of her heart at the contradictions of men and of ministers, that idea of turning her back on Scotland was present with her. She travelled as far as Hawkestone, where she was refreshed by the constancy and kindness of the Hills, and her own special friend in the family having joined her's, she went on to Bath and to Wells, where Miss Hill's married sister resided. There never seems to have been any diminution of the regard between the pair early attracted to each other. Lady Glenorchy was fidelity personified. The periods of separation had not eclipsed the past. The other friends who had sprung up round her, whom she relied upon with the same

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ingenuous, implicit trust, (one of whom grew dearer even than Miss Hill,) had not, however, superseded that prized first friend and counsellor in Lady Glenorchy's affections. If the old ascendancy of the one over the other was lessened by being shared with others to whom Lady Glenorchy in her lovable humility was prone to look up, or if her sense of Miss Hill's infallibility was in any degree shaken, as the hero and heroine-worship of youth is apt to be affected, by time, there is only one sign of it. The slight inference occurs in a letter in which Lady Glenorchy, when referring to the burden of responsibility on her head, remarks that Miss Hill, who was visiting her, would have helped her with her poor people, but she had found they could not understand Miss Hill.

It was during Lady Glenorchy's stay at Wells with Miss Hill's sister, Mrs. Gudway, that the blow of the decision of the Synod fell upon its victim. She would hear at the same time of the appeal to the Assembly. But what misery to an unassuming, retiring and loyal nature to regard herself and her church as a bone of contention in the Scotch Church Courts!

On the last day of November Lady Glenorchy and Miss Hill journeyed to Essex, where they were hospitably entertained by a Mr. Holmes, a wealthy, retired merchant, a man of great philanthropy

THOMAS SNELL JONES

and piety, whose house was the rallying ground and home of all like-minded persons, especially of the poorer evangelical clergy, toiling at their posts in the neighbourhood.

At the house of Mr. Holmes, the Welsh lad who had been struck by the sight of Lady Glenorchy at the old-world worship of the "Merchants' Lectures" in Pinner's Hall, met her again. The young man was Thomas Snell Jones, grown up, and the pastor of a charge at Plymouth Dock.

After the dinner at which they were both present, she showed the favourable impression he had made upon her by asking him to conduct family worship at her lodgings that evening and next morning.

In the course of a fortnight she visited Plymouth Dock, and during the six weeks she remained there Mr. Jones was her family chaplain morning and evening.

Lady Glenorchy went next to Exmouth, where another clergyman, who had joined her, preached frequently and gathered a congregation—not without opposition. While delivering an address in what was called "the Long Room"—probably of the inn in which Lady Glenorchy was staying—a press-gang sent by a neighbouring justice ordered the landlord to give no more admission to such preachers on pain of losing his license, and dispersed the meeting.

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This was the signal for her ladyship to step into the breach, and that in spite of the recent failures and distress to which she had been exposed in connection with her church in Edinburgh. Notwithstanding the rough and uncivilised population she found in Exmouth, which daunted even the benevolence of Mr. Holmes, she came to the rescue unconquered in her Christianity. She bought a house in the town, had it fitted up as a place of worship, and provided pastors to preach there, which they did with many marks of success.

Lady Glenorchy and Miss Hill continued their progress—a kind of missionary progress—in which they consorted and combined forces with all the serious-minded people in the district, who desired to bring the Gospel within the reach of the poor and ignorant.

At Dartmouth Mr. Jones, who was of the party, preached in a meeting-house belonging to a pious lady, but the people were rude and behaved ill.

At Totnes a fire broke out in the inn and burnt till its proprietors and customers were driven into the street, and exposed to the night air in the middle of the night, but they suffered no harm, though the weather was damp.

At Southampton the travellers were consoled for being badly accommodated, and uncivilly used by the people of the inn where they stopped, in

A COMPROMISE

having reason to believe that the waiter who attended on them had been savingly impressed. In February the travellers crossed to the Isle of Wight, where they feared they would do no good, but at the instigation of Lady Glenorchy they prayed that a door might be opened for them, and next day a meeting-house was offered for their use.

Returning by Portsmouth, her ladyship, according to her habit in seasons of perplexity, halted and set apart a day for "solemn and extraordinary prayer" that God would overrule the deliberations of the General Assembly respecting her church, for His glory.

One of her special petitions was that she should be directed concerning her future place of residence, and led to go wherever she might be of most use in the work of God, and might be kept from all selfish motives whatever in her choice. For she had resolved that, according to the action of the Assembly, she would either remain in England or return to Scotland.

The case was argued in the Assembly for two days, many ministers and elders speaking for and against Lady Glenorchy's side of the question. The result was a compromise, while the Assembly disapproved of the easy and unconventional manner in which Dr. Webster was to

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have introduced Mr. Balfour to his new flock, it reversed the decision of the Synod in which they had as it were, put Lady Glenorchy's church beyond the pale by forbidding any communication between it and the other churches in the Synod.

This entire withdrawal of the stigma which had been cast on her and her church, removed the obstacle to Lady Glenorchy's returning to her native country, and was taken by her as a sign that God had still work for her to do there. She was back in Edinburgh by June, when, though she was relieved on the main point, she was plunged anew into uncertainty on another. The Assembly had vindicated her, but her church did not yet have a settled minister. There was no reluctance on the part of the Established Church ministers to supply the church with temporary preachers, but after Mr. Balfour's experience the most of these were likely to fight shy of accepting a nomination on Lady Glenorchy's part, and having to face further prejudice and antagonism on the part of a strong party of their brethren.

In her renewed difficulty she was thankful to find it apparently solved by what she heard of a Mr. Travers Sheriff, a chaplain in a Scotch regiment in Holland. He had been educated at the University of Edinburgh, and licensed by the Presbytery of Haddington. He could resign his

TRAVERS SHERIFF

position as chaplain free from the intervention of any Church court. He wished to leave the Army and get a charge in Scotland, as his doctors agreed that his health was suffering from the Dutch climate.

Individually he was twenty-seven years of age, accomplished and attractive, with a single-hearted ardour in his calling. Was not this the right man found at last? Lady Glenorchy hoped and trusted so.

But there was a drawback; though the few sermons he preached were much admired by his hearers, though he had the courage to go, of his own accord, to the first meeting of Presbytery after his arrival in Edinburgh, to announce that he had received and accepted Lady Glenorchy's nomination, he was met so coolly and with such murmurs of opposition, that he refrained from offering to sign the confession of faith and other formula, as he had intended to do.

His delicate health proved a grave impediment. It was so evident that Lady Glenorchy, eager not to be foiled once more and always generous and liberal, at once engaged an assistant to render his duties lighter. But his disease—consumption—had too fast hold on him. He barely entered on his office, he preached once more, when Lady Henrietta Hope, in recording her appreciation of

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the sermon, added the sad anticipation that the first time she had heard him would also be the last.

He presided at the dispensing of the Lord's Supper, "fencing the tables" and giving the closing exhortation, and then his work was done and his short life nearing its end. Everybody was ready to sympathise and help. Mr. Balfour, who was to have been Lady Glenorchy's pastor, came and preached on the Monday after the Sacrament Sunday; as it happened he performed the same service in the church for forty years.

Nothing could exceed Lady Glenorchy's kindness to the poor young minister by whom she was baffled again through no fault of his.

She had him removed to Barnton, sent for his mother and with her nursed him day and night, setting herself not only to minister to his bodily comfort, but to cheer his fainting spirit with heavenly consolation. She rejoiced in the faith and peace of his death-bed, and prized deeply every word which fell from his lips in their sacred communings.

Now and then his opinion of his condition fluctuated, and he had hopes of his recovery, when her tender conscience tormented her between the fear of hurting him by telling him what she thought of his state and the belief that it was her duty not to suffer him to continue under a delusion.

SHERIFF DIES

The delusion did not last, for the day but one before he died he spent many hours in praise that was not merely submission, it was triumph, and in a dying man's exhaustion he strove to speak words of cheer to those he was about to leave behind.

To her he said : " Submit, it is the Lord's doing ; we shall live together with him for ever : He has saved me, he will save you, my dear friend." His final words were, " All is well." She stayed with him to the last ; she did not spare herself in anything in which she could be of service to him and his. She was present as a mark of respect and in order to be a support to his mother at his " chesting " (when he was laid in his coffin) and she went into the Barnton vault to see where the coffin was to find its last resting-place.

When all was over she returned to Edinburgh to take up her duties again, chastened but not overwhelmed. One of her first obligations was the one which might well seem hopeless—that of resuming her search for a desirable minister to replace Mr. Sheriff. She made further advances to a parish minister of the Established Church, a Mr. Carmichael, of Carmunnok, but he did not covet the experience of Mr. Balfour, and so declined her overtures.

Indeed a bad odour began to attach itself to the

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church of many prayers and sacrifices. In Scotland no charge was more dreaded by probationers and ministers, or was more fatal to their prospects of credit and usefulness, than the accusation—often more or less vague—of unsoundness in their church's doctrines and discipline, with the risk of the men being drawn into practically endless lawsuits in the Church Courts.

Lady Glenorchy again turned her thoughts to English Presbyterians. She sent a man she relied upon, a Mr. Dickie, to London to approach a Mr. Clayden, whom she hoped to secure. But Mr. Clayden had a flourishing congregation of his own in London, and did not see himself warranted in forsaking it for an Edinburgh church, even with so devoted a patroness. Perhaps some echoes had reached him of the misfortunes which had befallen all the previous efforts to settle a pastor in the church.

Then the dragging, wearing trouble was brought to an end. At last, as a final resource, she applied to her Welsh chaplain, Mr. Jones, invited him to preach for some months in the church, and, if he saw his way and was acceptable, she asked him to accept her nomination to the pastorate. Mr. Jones was respected and liked by the people, and had only to repair to London to be fully ordained and licensed as a Presbyterian minister, and to

CHOICE OF A NEW PASTOR

return and present his credentials to the Presbytery. Probably they were as weary of the not very seemly contention as the others concerned were, or the fate of the last candidate softened them, for when he volunteered, as poor young Sheriff had done, to sign the Confession of Faith, etc., etc., they no longer chilled him with ungracious looks and unpropitious whispers, but received him frankly into their ranks.

It is not easy to see at this distance of time why Lady Glenorchy had not sooner brought forward Mr. Jones as a candidate for her church. The most feasible explanation is to be found in the fact that, though her liking and esteem for him were unquestionable, it had not unnaturally detracted somewhat from his qualifications as her minister that he had been a poor Welsh lad, one of her friend Lady Huntingdon's Trevecca students, maintained at her college by charity. Lady Glenorchy, in her first aspirations, had wished to get a minister more on a level with herself, socially, gently born and bred, with a University training, with whom it would be easier and more agreeable for her to be on intimate terms. All the first men she selected to be her chaplains and ministers who were rejected in turn by the congregation or the Presbytery, or who would not undertake the task proposed to them, Middleton, De Courcy, Grove,

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Balfour, Sheriff, Carmichael, were gentlemen by birth and education, and while she was the last woman to value such an accidental advantage above godliness, yet if the advantage were allied with godliness the preference was simple and natural.

CHAPTER XVII

THE Hills of Hawkestone—Jane Hill and her Little Brother—Richard Hill Carrying his Enquiries to Fletcher of Madeley—Jane Hill's Letters—The Value Lady Glenorchy set upon them—Family Divisions in the Eighteenth Century—Sir Rowland Hill's Merits as a Man and as a Father—Young Rowland Announcing his Brother to Preach—Jane Hill's Inherent Gentleness and Modesty—Rowland Hill's Recollection of the Early Bitterness of the Conflict—Refusal of Six Bishops to Ordain him—Jane Hill's Abundant Tribulation—Her Consolation in the Friendships she shared—A Quaint Quartette at Taymouth—Rowland's Moderate Means—His Marriage Helping him to Independence—No Reason to Regard the Couple as Ill-matched—Sir Rowland's Second Marriage and Death—Sir Richard's Support of the Methodists—One of the Trevecca Anniversaries at which both Rowland and Jane Hill were Present—Sir John Hill's Five Soldier Sons—What would Jane Hill have thought of the great London Illumination and the Transparency set in front of Surrey Chapel illustrating the words "The Tyrant has Fallen?"—The Courage of Rowland the Soldier and Rowland the Preacher—Darcy Brisbane of Brisbane afterwards Lady Maxwell of Pollok, born about 1742—In London at Sixteen to be Presented at Court—At Seventeen Married to Sir Walter Maxwell of Pollok—Death of Husband and Child—Her Unsuccessful Suitors—Her House in Princes Street, Edinburgh—Her Acceptance of Wesleyan Tenets—Her Friendship with Lady Glenorchy—Lady Maxwell's Adopted Daughter, Lady Henrietta Hope—The Blow to Lady Maxwell of Lady Henrietta Hope's Death—Weekly Gathering of Wesleyan Ministers at Lady Maxwell's House—A Day of her Life—Her Signed Covenant with her Maker—Her Assured Faith Alike in her Justification and Sanctification—Her Gifts to John Wesley—Her Schools and Sunday Schools, her Fidelity to Lady Glenorchy's Trust and her Visits to England as Lady Glenorchy's Representative—Lady Maxwell's Premature Infirmary—Her Peaceful Death at the Age of Sixty-eight in 1810.

MISS HILL, of Hawkestone, was the elder daughter of Sir Rowland Hill, the representative of an ancient Shropshire family, one of whom was the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London, a man of great wealth, public spirit and beneficence—a founder of churches and schools, one of the earlier benefactors of Christ's Hospital, so that the element

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of heredity must be reckoned with in summing-up the virtues of a notable English family.

The family in which Jane Hill was born was one of many children, her father, one of the numerous Sir Rowland Hills, having eleven sons and two daughters, thirteen in all, so that the great house in its spacious and beautiful grounds was full of life. Though several of the sons died in infancy, six survived, of whom Rowland, the famous divine and orator, was one of the younger brothers. Two others, the Rev. Robert and the Rev. Brian, were also clergymen without attracting particular notice. Indeed the younger Brian, the friend of Bishop Heber, never took a charge on account of a religious scruple, and was satisfied to be a chaplain. Jane was one of the elder members of the family much in association with the eldest son, Richard. She was so many years in advance of the lively, lovable little Rowland, or "Rowley," that along with their mother she taught him his letters, and carried on his lessons till he was sent to Eton. Her guardianship of the boy did not end there. She and his brother Richard, in both of whom strong religious impressions had already been awakened, wrote to Rowland urgent letters of serious advice, striving to preserve in the boy the devout feelings said to have been aroused in the child by Isaac Watts's hymns for children.

ROWLAND AND JANE HILL

Undoubtedly the sister and brother were successful. Rowland Hill was a Nazarite from his birth, and while still a merry school boy distinguished for fun and frolic, was equally remarkable on that side of him which was already so earnest and so singularly attractive in its devotion, that he gathered around him a group of genuinely religious boys who vindicated the sincerity of their profession—alike then, when the youthful disciples were exposed to the ridicule so overwhelming at their age, and when grown men with men's careers.

The same faithfully pleading letters—pleading for the higher life, from his sister, followed Rowland Hill to Cambridge and continued to stimulate and comfort him when his lines had fallen in less pleasant places than at Eton. So great was the odium attached to his principles that, among all the undergraduates and tutors, he could in after years recall, as the only cordial face he was accustomed to meet, that of the shoeblack at the gate of his college. Eventually he made some way against the bitter prejudices with which he was assailed. He found some congenial spirits in other colleges, and although he did not conquer the hostility of the head of his college, his tutor stood by him generously.

It is impossible to say what influence first impelled Jane to shun the broad path and the

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green, and to choose the narrow, thorny way. It may have been the example of her brother Richard with whom she was ultimately in close alliance.

As quite a young man, surrounded by all the outward advantages which could make youth glad and gay, and being naturally, in place of sombre and morose, on the contrary like young Rowland, lively and witty, Richard Hill could not rest under a sense of sin, degradation and danger, and the necessity for a new life. He had no peace until he had written to Fletcher of Madeley, with whom he had not a previous acquaintance, asking him to meet him at an inn in Shrewsbury, and resolve his doubts. From the date of that interview, though afterwards he differed from Fletcher on various controversial grounds, and even wrote publicly in opposition to his teacher, he became, without any attempt at concealment, a changed man. He immediately set about communicating his views to others as vital to their highest—their eternal interests, speaking on the subject to the servants and the tenants on the estate, and teaching—even preaching to the poor—in the neighbouring villages.

In all these practices Richard Hill's sister Jane is constantly referred to as joining and aiding him. The younger daughter in the family agreed with

JANE HILL'S LETTERS

the two in their opinions, but her marriage and removal to Somersetshire withdrew her from the pair, who were coming forward prominently in asserting their belief, and were making it practical by acting as missionaries to what was little better than the heathen ignorance of masses around them.

It was possibly in thus early filling the post of expositor of the truth to those who were living in spiritual darkness that Jane Hill acquired the habit of entering on those long and elaborate expositions of the Gospel message for which she has been known. And it would be a great mistake to suppose that her letters were not valued by the recipients and much admired by the religious public before which they were destined to come. To a later generation the letters may read simply as endless repetitions of truths known to the ordinary Christian from childhood. But it was not so when the letters were first written and read in the middle of the eighteenth century, which was very different in every description of knowledge—religious knowledge included—from the latter end of the nineteenth or the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

Miss Hill's illuminating statements and exhortations were as refreshing as cold water to the thirsty traveller in the desert when they reached her

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friend, Lady Glenorchy, in her splendid retreat in a Highland wilderness. Not only were the bulky originals treasured, but careful copies of their contents, the labour of love of many patient hours, were found in Lady Glenorchy's handwriting. When the letters were published they were highly prized as clear, flowing statements, fresh with the enthusiasm of a true Christian, of what was wont to be called "the Gospel scheme."

That Jane Hill, of whose personal appearance no record has been found, was a woman of very considerable strength of mind and character is abundantly shown by the fact that she stood up for the truth in her eyes and for the service of her Master in a house which, alas! was divided against itself. For though she had powerful allies in two of her brothers, her father and mother were indignantly opposed to the convictions and conduct of their irrestrainable juniors.

It did not make it much better that the position was not uncommon, for surely never since Christianity was introduced into the British Islands and had to combat the hoary superstition of Druidism—hardly even at the Reformation from Roman Catholicism—were there more divisions in families than occurred in the eighteenth century.

Neither could it have altogether lessened the pain, on the contrary, it must have intensified

FAMILY DIVISIONS

it in some respects, though it minimised the conditions of the strife, that the parents in this case were the "dear parents," honoured in every other relation except in what had to do with the new interpretation of Christian obligations. Sir Rowland might be a despot in desiring to control his children's consciences in what they regarded as binding obligations, but he was by no means—especially as compared to other fathers of his day—radically unjust, or even consistently and habitually harsh, though he might indulge in useless, obstinate prohibitions and in occasional explosions of wrath.

He did not alienate his sons' inheritance, granting that at one time he reduced Rowland's allowance with the idea that it might put his itinerating preaching out of his power, and that on a certain Sunday Sir Rowland positively forbade the lad to leave his family, a direct command which was obeyed.

Still, the head of the house suffered both sons and daughters, while staying under his roof and being well acquainted with his views and wishes, deliberately to transgress them by their ministrations under his very nose, as it were, to their neighbours around them.

A curious instance is given of the inveteracy and audacity of the volunteer preachers in pursuing

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the course which their consciences indicated. Sir Rowland, having succeeded so far in persuading Richard, his heir, to exhibit his Christianity in some other forms than in those of teaching and preaching, ventured to send him after his younger brother to recall him, if possible, from one of his campaigns.

Rowland was preaching in the open air in the market-place of a country town, when his eye caught the approaching figure of Richard Hill, and his quick intelligence guessed the errand on which he had come. Quietly finishing his discourse, he gave out an announcement : “ Richard Hill, Esq., will preach the sermon here at the same time to-morrow.”

And Richard did not fail Rowland, his own convictions and the people hanging wonder-struck on the words of the baronet’s sons turned field-preachers, however he might fail the testy perplexed baronet, his father.

When one considers the state of tutelage in which children—grown men and women—stood to their fathers in that generation, and the degree of respect—well-nigh reverence—and submission which was expected from the younger members of families to their elders, together with the uprightness of conduct and blamelessness of intention on the part of the rebels, there could not have

PARENTAL AUTHORITY

been a more convincing proof of the depth and intensity of their faith in this resistance to lawful authority, this defiance of the sacred patriarchal institution which is the basis and bulwark of all family ties.

On the other hand, however, the innocent, heroic malcontents might be inspired by a vivid conception of the approval of their Divine Master whose cause they believed they were promoting by preferring Him and His command to publish the good tidings which had reached them to the mistaken wishes of their father and mother—however supported by a sense of the highest duty and fortified by the encouragement of friends outside the family—it must have been, in proportion to the very virtues of the actors, inexpressibly painful, unutterably irksome and wearing to maintain for a long period of years the internal warfare with those whom in every other light the offenders loved, honoured, and sought to please.

The heaviest portion of this trial must have fallen on the home daughter, who was exposed to it for a permanency. Neither was she, in spite of her staunchness of principle and readiness of speech and pen, of such a disposition as to render the division in the family a light matter to her.

One who ought to have known her from the testimony of her nearest and dearest, who held her

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to the last in affectionate, grateful regard, reports that she was gentle rather than bold, inclined to withdraw into the background so far as she herself was concerned, with shy, retiring modesty, rather than to put herself forward and claim notice. Her kinsman of a later generation could apply to her without any sense of incongruity the fine word-picture of Jeremy Taylor, "Like a fair light when she shined to all the room, yet round and about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, she shined to everybody but herself."

If Rowland Hill in his honoured age could say to a lady who was walking with him, a witness to the affection and respect with which he was treated by all the members of his family, "In my youth I have paced this terrace bitterly weeping, regarded by most of the inhabitants of that house as a disgrace to the family," it is certain that one of the house's inhabitants who had never so regarded him shared his pain. Nay, that she had special additions to it, of which he—high-spirited well-nigh to recklessness, was not capable.

When six different bishops refused to ordain Rowland Hill and it was only by the influence of his brother-in-law, the member for Wells, that the Bishop of Wells was induced to admit him to deacons' orders, and even then an Archbishop

ROWLAND HILL REFUSED ORDINATION

interposed to keep him from advancing to the higher grade of priest, it is probable that his mortification and disappointment were not equal to hers whose pet pupil and comrade he had been in turn.

When the strange nervousness beset him, alternating with the humorous originality amounting to eccentricity—a conspicuous strain in his temperament—did she not tremble in her woman's timidity lest he should be betrayed into saying or doing anything derogatory to the dignity and solemnity of his office?

When he addressed and roused furious mobs that in return hooted and hunted him, pelted him with filth and stones, did she not quail for his personal safety—she who had mothered him in his bright childhood, stood by him all along, hoped great things for him in his Maker's service, brought herself to offer up him—even him—as a sacrifice to that Maker's cause—lest already in his first youth the completion of the sacrifice should be required?

And all the while she had to struggle against weak health, to endure the recurring fret of their father and mother's displeasure and condemnation. Truly, Jane Hill, as all who have experienced a similar family situation will agree, though she was raised far above ordinary worldly adversity, had

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her portion of the tribulation which is part of the inheritance of the saints.

In the circumstances, the friendship and the occasional sojourns with such women as Lady Huntingdon and Miss Hill's contemporaries, Lady Glenorchy and Lady Anne Erskine, must have been precious to her. Apparently there was a proposal which fell to the ground of her brother Rowland's joining her in a visit to Taymouth. When contrasting how different his experience of the state and magnificence of Lord Breadalbane's establishment would have been from the life of the vagabond preacher, his biographer gives a curious instance of the evenings at the Castle made festal by music, to which neither Lady Glenorchy nor Miss Hill went so far as to object as inadmissible in a Christian household. Lady Glenorchy, the most accomplished of the performers, would play and sing for the gratification of the company to the surprising accompaniment of "two violins and Lord Balgonie on the bagpipes," surely quaintest of all quartettes!

On another occasion, when Jane Hill and Lady Glenorchy made their missionary tour in the south of England and the Isle of Wight, while Lady Glenorchy awaited the Assembly's decision with regard to the obnoxious interdict pronounced by the Synod, Rowland Hill and his wife were to

ROWLAND HILL MARRIES

have been of the party. But his engagements—his parish of Wotton and his Surrey Chapel, together with difficulties in connection with the expenses of the expedition, prevented what would have been a great gratification to the brother and sister.

Rowland Hill's marriage to his married sister's sister-in-law, whose brother, the member for Wells, had proved a friend in need to Rowland in the matter of his ordination, had necessarily served, as marriages will, to separate in a measure the brother and sister. But, beyond the fact of the nearer relation coming between the pair, there was nothing to find fault with in the union. The bride, Mary Tudway, was a near connection of the family, and her portion secured greater independence for the bridegroom.

The annual income of his first parish, Kingston, was not more than forty pounds. The incomes from his next parish, Wotton, and his London chapel never quite paid their expenses. Apart from these sources of living he had his allowance from his father during Sir Rowland's lifetime. Later he had his younger son's patrimony, and on the death of his eldest brother—well acquainted with Rowland's circumstances—he succeeded to a mindfully handsome bequest.

In spite of foolish gossip, there is no reason to suppose that the couple were not well suited to

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each other. Women are, as a rule, more conventional than men, and it is possible that Rowland Hill's absolute unconventionality sometimes grated on his wife's susceptibilities. His freedom of speech in the pulpit—Sheridan characterised it as "coming red-hot from his heart"—which swayed between irresistibly droll illustrations, that moved his hearers not merely to smile, but to the laughter echoing strangely within consecrated walls, and passionately pathetic appeals that swiftly converted the laughter into tears—proved a snare, not simply to the preacher, but to the imagination and the invention of the listener.

What was there too absurd to be alleged of the clergyman who could give the members of his congregation in anticipation of the collection, full liberty to thrust their hands into their pockets so long as they did not pull them out empty? or who could propose to marshal the men and women on the same occasion, in a procession to the church-door, where he would meet them? The leaders of the procession were to be the bestowers of bank-notes, the next in order the givers of gold, the third detachment was to consist of those who had only silver in their palms, while those who had brought but coppers should remain to the last.

Yet none grieved more sincerely than did

HILL'S SENSE OF THE RIDICULOUS

Rowland Hill at the incurable sense of the ridiculous which beset him in season and out of season, while he hotly resented the incredible story that he had in the pulpit mentioned his wife's bonnet, and held it up to public derision. It would have been unworthy of a clergyman and a gentleman, he said; they were making him out a bear.

It is sufficient to recall that on many of his preaching tours, when he and his companions were not unlikely to be received with insult and obloquy and even with personal risk, Mrs. Hill, naturally a timid, punctilious woman, accompanied him, and that after sixty years of wedlock her death filled her aged partner with unfeigned sorrow.

In one striking scene Jane Hill participated with her brother a few years after his marriage, and it is to her that we owe the graphic description of the incidents. It was on the occurrence of one of the earlier summer anniversaries of the founding of Lady Huntingdon's College of Trevecca, which she made a point of attending with a host of preachers and visitors, so that the accommodation of the old Welsh Castle was taxed to the uttermost.

The ceremonies commenced on the eve of the anniversary after supper, when a sermon was preached by an old Welsh clergyman and a Welsh hymn was sung. This was followed by

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an address by a Trevecca student and another sermon.

Next morning at six the great programme began by another Welsh sermon, and by sermons both in Welsh and English. At half-past ten again a sermon in Welsh, succeeded by sermons in Welsh and English preached alternately by the same clergyman.

Then Mr. Toplady gave out the hymn—

“ Blow ye the trumpet, blow,”

to the crowd of worshippers, who had been standing there since six o'clock in the morning. He had hardly begun his prayer, which followed, when the scaffolding on which he and about forty ministers and students were standing fell with a crash. But almost before the frightened spectators could rush to the rescue of the sufferers, the dauntless voice of the speaker rose again, telling them that as “ nobody was materially hurt ” by the accident they would resume the service, and begin it by returning thanks to God who had given His angels charge over them, and the sermon was preached, the hymn sung, as if nothing untoward had happened.

There was dinner between two and three, afterwards a Welsh clergyman preached both in Welsh and English, and in succession to him the last



AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY

A COLLEGE ANNIVERSARY

sermon of the day was delivered by Mr. Shirley, Lady Huntingdon's cousin, and the brother of the miserable Lord Ferrers.

It has been remarked that the healthy Welsh appetite for spiritual food equals their robust relish of material sustenance.

On the evening of the anniversary an even more impressive spectacle was presented when the Sacrament was administered, with addresses in both languages. If the arrangement had any resemblance to other celebrations of the kind, as was likely, the accompaniments of the Lord's Supper would be long remembered by the witnesses. The practice was, if the Sacrament was in the open air, which was rendered inevitable when large numbers attended, to place a table covered with a white cloth in the centre of any natural amphitheatre. On this were the consecrated bread and wine. The officiating clergyman or clergymen stood on a platform near at hand. Around the table sat the men communicants on the turf. Behind them the women sat on benches, and beyond the benches stood the spectators.

The glow of the setting sun, the pale beams of the rising moon (at seasons chosen for as much light as could be had for the dispersal of the company), fell in succession on the distant mountains, and at Trevecca, on the grey and grim feudal Castle

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converted by one woman's piety and charity into a people's college.

The solemn words, "the echo of the spiritual songs which sounded between the hills, the evident tokens of the Divine Presence—the holy love and harmony which prevailed," might well set a mark on the close of such a day and cause it to stand apart from the end of other days in the memories of those who had engaged in its services.

At the date of this anniversary at Trevecca, Lady Huntingdon had not yet been compelled to separate from the Church of England, and all the preachers present, who spoke in turn to an audience of four thousand, belonged to that denomination. Though Rowland Hill was among the clergy he did not officiate. He had greatly admired Lady Huntingdon and continued to the last grateful for her kindness to him in his early troubles—so much so that he would never speak of the coolness which had arisen on her side, probably from a misunderstanding of some of the pleasantries in which he was apt to indulge. From this date, though there was no break in her friendship with Miss Hill, and though with Lady Huntingdon's customary generosity she subscribed to his Surrey chapel and expressed her gratification at his success, she would no longer have him to preach in her chapels. Even in that day of triumph there

must have been a pang to the faithful sister in the exclusion of the beloved brother from what seemed his right—a prominent place among the officiating clergy.

Lady Hill of Hawkestone died about the time of her son Rowland's marriage. Her husband, Sir Rowland, survived her ten years, and in the interval he married again. There is no mention of what part the second wife, who had been a widow, took in the contention between her step-children and their father, though apparently one of her kindred was an ally of the Rev. Rowland's allies. Judging from ordinary precedents, the advent of a stranger in the family circle was calculated to render Jane's position still more difficult.

But with the succession of Sir Richard Hill the whole aspect of affairs altered. He did not hesitate to avow his sympathy with the Methodists, and his house became their rallying-ground. His reference in the House of Commons to "a nowadays obsolete book called the Bible," was an assertion of his own allegiance, couched in the caustic wit of which Rowland did not hold a monopoly in the family.

When people argue from the text of the healthy constitutions and habits of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, a reservation must be made and a recognition allowed of the survival of the

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fittest. The sedentary lives of the period—the tendency on the part of some to brooding introspection and austere self-denial—had another side to show, and a contradiction to that which is popularly realised. Of the Methodist ladies here chronicled, only Grace Murray seems to have enjoyed good health, and only two of them—she and Lady Huntingdon—attained old age, Darcy Lady Maxwell just approached it, Miss Hill and Lady Glenorchy died not long past their prime, Miss Hill soon after Lady Glenorchy.

Sir John Hill, who succeeded his childless brother Sir Richard in 1808, made the old house ring again with young steps and voices. He was the father of twelve children. Five of his sons, in place of serving in the Church militant like their three uncles, entered the regular Army, fought through the Peninsular War, and were all present at the Battle of Waterloo, out of which they came without serious injury. What would Jane Hill have thought of the soldier hero in the band of nephews—Rowland Lord Hill? How would she have regarded the transparency set on the occasion of a great illumination in the front of Surrey Chapel, bearing the words “The Tyrant has fallen” and the warrant of two verses of Scripture to explain the allegory of the sun setting over the sea and on the shore, at one side a fortress with

DARCY LADY MAXWELL

weapons of war, and at the other side a lamb lying by implements of agriculture ?

Of this at least we may be certain, that if she had been present like her younger brother on the great day when the grateful city of London presented a sword of honour to her gallant nephew and the cheering crowd spared a huzza for "his good old uncle," she would have echoed that shout in the depth of her heart. For what physical courage in Rowland the soldier could match the moral courage of Rowland the preacher when as a lad he faced the sneers and jeers of his University and only the shoeblack at his college gate smiled back at him, when as a young man he wandered from village to village, and from town to town, telling the tale of the tidings of great joy to all mankind, and was answered by the squalid artillery of curses and brickbats ?

Darcy Lady Maxwell of Pollok was the daughter of an Ayrshire laird, Brisbane of Brisbane, in the neighbourhood of Largs. There had been Brisbanes of that ilk as far back as the fourteenth century.

Darcy Brisbane had been born as nearly as could be traced, since there had been carelessness and destruction of the parish register, in 1742. She grew up a bright, high-spirited girl—in looks, her biographer tells us in strong but vexatiously vague

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terms, she was "made in Nature's finest mould." Her parents were members of the Church of Scotland, in whose tenets she was brought up, while her education was completed in the fashion of girls of her class in her day at a boarding-school in Edinburgh.

She came out in her world betimes, for she was not more than sixteen when she went to London to be presented at Court by her aunt, the Marchioness of Lothian, and to have a brief experience of the great world. The death of her aunt brought her visit to an abrupt conclusion.

But she returned to Scotland only to plunge into new interests and excitements, for in the course of another year, in 1759, the girl of seventeen was married to Sir Walter Maxwell of Pollok. The Maxwells of Pollok belonged like Maxwell of Preston, Lady Glenorchy's father, to branches of the great Nithsdale house, so that, through Lady Maxwell's husband, there was a distant connection between Lady Glenorchy and Lady Maxwell, while there was only a year's difference in their age, Lady Glenorchy being the senior.

For the happiness of Lady Maxwell's marriage, and for her delight in the child born to her within the next two years, we have the pathetic reference in her own words, which as a rule were few: "The Lord gave me all I desired in this world" (alas!

LADY MAXWELL'S TRIALS

the sentence is not finished, it goes on), " and then took them all away " (still there is a blessed conclusion to the whole matter), " but immediately afterwards sweetly drew me to Himself." Even for the loss of husband and child God could compensate. Was the gift of her Maker not better than ten husbands or ten children ?

In 1761 Sir Walter Maxwell died, and so terrible was that first blow that Lady Maxwell's health never altogether recovered from the effects. She had been full of life till then, but from that date, though she made little of her ailments, her health was uncertain, and while still in her early prime she remained liable to sharp, disabling attacks of illness.

Six weeks after the first blow, the second stroke fell. Her child was accidentally killed. She had not even the comfort of nursing him through a young child's pathetic illness, of seeing him gradually fade, so as to be brought by degrees to face the grievous fact of his death, and of having him die in her arms. The melancholy news was brought to her with a stunning shock.

She sat in awful silence for a moment and then cried out : " I see that God requires my whole heart, and He shall have it." It was the reverse of the infidel sentiment of Job's wife : " Curse God and die." It was nearer the passionate loyalty of

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the sorely tried believer when he protested :
“ Though He should slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

That the childless girl-widow—who never after husband and child were laid to rest breathed their names unless in her inmost soul, never gave a detail of the spiritual conversion to which she believed their deaths led, because it was part of that terrible time—fully realised that the empty places would not be refilled on this side the grave is evident from a line quoted in her diary long afterwards : “ Fate, drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.”

Anyone who has watched the effect on men’s minds of such domestic tragedies as the two which had befallen Lady Maxwell will have no difficulty in believing that, even retiring from the world as she did, becoming what worldly men would consider a fanatic in one of the Methodist forms of religion—devoting the greater portion of her affluence, which was not wealth, only easy circumstances for her station, to works of charity and piety—she was nevertheless troubled by various offers of marriage from men, some of them considerably above her in rank.

That these aristocratic suitors did not hold her religious opinions is implied by her biographer’s reflection that the inadvisability of Christian

LADY MAXWELL IN EDINBURGH

women yoking themselves with unbelievers was probably one of the deterrents to her lending an ear to the gentlemen's flattering addresses. Only on one occasion did she hesitate, we are told, and that for the briefest season.

We can understand also that moment of heart-sinking loneliness which assailed the young bereaved woman, though we are a little puzzled to know by what channels such private information reached her biographer. Certainly it was not from her own self-respecting lips, so sealed on all which deeply concerned her.

On her widowhood Lady Maxwell came to Edinburgh, taking a house there, and in or near Edinburgh she spent the rest of her life with short exceptions. Her house was in Princes Street, not then a busy thoroughfare given over to shops, offices and hotels, but one of the new streets of the new town. It had been named for the two elder sons of the Royal house on the occasion of a visit they paid to the Scotch capital. It was built on what had been the Burgh Muir, and looked across the recently drained Nor' Loch to the high "Lands" of the old town, crowned by the Castle on its beetling rock, a wonderfully picturesque view.

When Lady Maxwell turned in her desolation to the sole consolation which was left to her, she

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received a vivid and lasting impression of Wesleyanism (then much talked of in Scotland for the effects it was producing in England). It was the organisation which appealed to her as the fittest expression of the will of the Divine Founder of Christianity. It does not seem likely that she had any personal introduction to John Wesley before 1764—later they were on intimate terms, and corresponded regularly. In 1764, when Lady Maxwell was in her twenty-third year, John Wesley paid his most memorable visit to Edinburgh, where he was welcomed by some of the most liberal and evangelical of the Scotch ministers, of whom Lady Maxwell's minister, Dr. Webster, was one. Wesley preached to large crowds on the Calton Hill and in the yard of the High School. In each instance the distinguished figure and face of the young widow in her sombre weeds was surely to be seen standing or sitting on one of the seats provided for the old or the ailing in the congregation.

Though Wesley's system and doctrines made comparatively little mark in Scotland, where other reformers had long before preceded him and sown seed which had yielded fruit for generations and was to sprout afresh and bear its testimony for generations yet to come; and though Whitefield, as coming so much nearer to the creed of the Scotch

LADY MAXWELL ADOPTS WESLEYANISM

reformers, was decidedly preferred to Wesley, yet Wesley's Society, which Lady Maxwell immediately joined, had its adherents. Several Wesleyan chapels were opened in different quarters of the city, the ministers receiving in their own denomination the distinctive title of Preachers.

Lady Maxwell continued for the rest of her life an attached and faithful Wesleyan, which did not prevent her from maintaining a sincere friendship with her large-hearted parish minister, who felt no scruple in accompanying her on various evenings to the services in her chapel.

When Lady Glenorchy and Lady Maxwell first met, whether as girls at their respective boarding-schools, whether after both had borne the yoke of sorrow and care in their youth and had taken up that other yoke which was light by comparison, there is no evidence to tell. But it seems the most natural thing in the world that, even without that slight tie of blood between the Maxwells of Pollok and the Maxwells of Preston, Lady Glenorchy in Holyrood Palace, and Lady Maxwell in her house in Princes' Street should have been chief friends—"friends in the Lord" they would have called themselves. They attended together those weekly meetings of "honourable women" over which Mr. Robert Walker of the High Church worthily presided, they planned, side by side, that unfortunate

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Niddry Wynd chapel, which was to have united the different Christian sects in a holy brotherhood, but was destined to be such a bone of contention as its projectors had never dreamt of.

The friendship stretched beyond the life of one of the friends in accordance with the resolution by which Lady Glenorchy appointed her contemporary her executrix.

The sign of the wisdom of the choice was found in the absolute conscientiousness, in the unwearying fidelity with which for the twenty years during which Lady Maxwell survived Lady Glenorchy she took upon her the burden of the other's good works—not even getting credit for the gratuitous service. She strove with advancing years and abated strength to promote their usefulness, to defend them from abuse, and to bring to an end the lawyer's irksome arguments as to the value of conflicting codicils of conflicting wills which caused much delay and doubled the drudgery involved in the vested authority.

If anything were needed to bind still more indissolubly the union between kindred spirits, the one forming the complement of the other, it was the friend in common younger than either, young enough to be entitled Lady Maxwell's adopted daughter and to be constantly addressed

DEATH OF LADY HENRIETTA HOPE

by her as her "dear daughter," "her daughter in the Lord." Yet this youngest of the three, the adopted daughter, Lady Henrietta Hope, was so gifted with sense and sweetness, so beloved in her own family as by those other friends, that she was fit to be their fellow-worker, in some respects their stay no less than their pupil.

The near neighbourhood of her father's seat of Hopetoun to Edinburgh and to the country-houses where Lady Maxwell sometimes went for the benefit of her health made Lady Henrietta an especially available as well as a very dear companion to Lady Maxwell. Notwithstanding this, though she might have counted on her young friend as likely to be the solace of her age, she gave her up without a grudge to Lady Glenorchy, when it was arranged on Lord Hopetoun's death that the two should make their home together.

It was left for Lady Maxwell to endure the pang of parting when the pair went on their last journey to England, to hear of the rapidly declining health of Lady Henrietta, while her own health was too broken and the season of the year—autumn—too far advanced for her to venture on taking the journey to Bristol. When the tidings of her "daughter's" death reached Lady Maxwell at the country-house near Edinburgh, it was a token of the severity of the loss she had experienced that,

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as with the losses of her early youth, she could not bring herself to speak of it. Even the diary which she kept as punctually as Lady Glenorchy wrote in hers—a practice which Lady Maxwell had pressed Lady Henrietta to adopt—lay unopened, with its pages blank, for weeks after this latest blow.

But if Lady Maxwell led a retired life it was not, strictly speaking, solitary, any more than it was idle. She had often relatives, a sister or a niece, staying under her roof, and she was not without a congenial, if a limited circle of friends. She was too much occupied and too much in earnest to care for mere acquaintances, but if anyone had the slightest claim on her, if he or she were in sickness or sorrow, Lady Maxwell was ready to hasten to their aid.

There are some touching passages in her letters with reference to a Mrs. Hunter—who had lost an infant child—whom Lady Maxwell tenderly commiserated. She alludes to the baby as one whom she had enjoyed the privilege of taking in her arms and blessing, little thinking how short its span of life was to be. Did she see in it her own little child so soon and under such sad circumstances taken from her ?

Her great source of pleasure was in a gathering at her house every Thursday, when all the Preachers

A DAY IN LADY MAXWELL'S LIFE

(Wesleyan) in town, met together, and formed a class in which she, above all others, held high communion.

One is reminded somehow of a similar yet widely removed meeting for worship and spiritual improvement in Charles Simeon's rooms at Cambridge.

Lady Maxwell's biographer has supplied us with an example of how her days were spent. In her earlier years she rose as soon as four o'clock in order to attend the morning service at the nearest Wesleyan Chapel at five o'clock. On her return she continued in her private devotions until her breakfast hour, which was seven. After breakfast she fulfilled the duties of the mistress of a household—always onerous even when the household is small to a mistress who holds herself responsible for the well-being of every member.

She had a good deal of writing to do in connection with her own church-membership and her charities, and when she accepted Lady Glenorchy's legacy—the care of her chapels and schools, and the dispensing of the funds in connection with them—the work became so heavy that Lady Maxwell had to keep a private secretary.

From eleven to twelve she withdrew to her place of privacy, and spent an hour in prayer and meditation. Later, she took exercise and visited

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her friends and her poor. There were periods, if possible, of retirement for communion with the unseen world, before and again after dinner. In the evening she read—mostly Divinity. After an early, light supper, her household met for a short service before going to bed.

On Sunday she went to the Wesleyan Chapel in the morning and evening, and to the Parish Church in the interval. Unlike Lady Glenorchy she could criticise a sermon, and had not only a quick appreciation of its merits, but a keen sense of its demerits.

On Monday evening she was rarely absent from her chapel's prayer-meeting, and she attended the Band meeting where she always spoke ; she did so also at the love-feasts with great freedom and impressiveness.

Again, unlike Lady Glenorchy, Lady Maxwell could give a public address with readiness and ease, as well as with sincerity and power. She did not seem to make allowance in such circumstances for varieties of temperament and talents, since she appears to have attributed her friend's shyness and dumbness to false modesty, reluctance to make an effort, and want of habit, rather than to a lack of a special gift, else there would not have been the sorrowful entry in Lady Glenorchy's diary that Lady Maxwell had asked her to pray

LADY MAXWELL'S CHARACTER

with her, which she could not do, and so was filled with distress and shame.

Friday was a day of special fasting and prayer, a retrospect day in which she revised her doings and her spiritual experience for the week.

In preparation for the line of conduct which she carefully observed, Lady Maxwell drew up a covenant between herself and her God. It was duly dated and signed "Darcy Maxwell." Doubtless there have been multitudes of such covenants between individual Christians and their Maker, though one hears and sees less of them than of national and church leagues and covenants.

In Darcy Maxwell's covenant she craved no temporal blessing, neither health, nor wealth, nor worldly honours, for herself or those who were dear to her, and while she prayed to God to do His part, it was by giving her the faith, courage and steadfastness without which it would be impossible for her to fulfil her share of the contract.

Lady Maxwell was a woman of altogether stronger mental physique than Lady Glenorchy, while she was not less unworldly nor less devoted. Her faith was more assured, her peace more perfect, though her diary bears witness of what she considered conflicts with sin and Satan, and she continually craved more complete salvation, yet

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she was convinced of her justification, even of her sanctification.

Lady Maxwell, from her not too large income, in addition to the deduction from her capital of that free gift of eight hundred pounds to remove the debt from John Wesley's schools, started, maintained and endowed a charity school in Edinburgh, which, according to a computation made before her death, had sent into the world eight hundred trained scholars. She also opened two of the earliest Scotch Sunday Schools, one in the capital and another at some distance in the country.

These and her other charities could only have been carried out by strict self-denial. For instance, not only in town, but in the country; at Saughton Hall and at Coates, she kept no carriage when, in the delicate state of her health, to be reduced to walking for her only exercise must have made her almost a prisoner to the gardens and grounds of the houses. Neither were these private grounds likely to have been choice or extensive, when the accommodation of one of the houses (Saughton Hall) was so restricted, even for Lady Maxwell's small requirements, that she mentions on one occasion, as an obstacle to her repairing to the country-house, that a dying young woman was there. Apparently the best guest-chamber was given up to the invalid, and Lady Maxwell proceeds to

THE HOPE CHAPEL

speculate whether she could get another bedroom or *another bed in the same room*.

In discharge of her office as Lady Glenorchy's executrix, to which she gave much thought and trouble, in 1749, three years after the death of her two friends had touched her nearly, she went to England and Bristol on business connected with the Hope Chapel. She had not crossed the border since the girlish flight to be presented at Court, and get a glimpse of the great world. It was a different errand which took her a grave, middle-aged woman to the scene of her adopted daughter's last sufferings and death to do her best for that monument to friendship, humanity and religion which had been Lady Henrietta Hope's last concern.

It is said with evident truth that Lady Maxwell dreaded the opening afresh of a wound which time's merciful work had served to close, with the revival of emotions which, brave as she was, she shrank from encountering. But when the cause was one of duty, and of the dead friend's heart's desire, there could be no question whether the performance should or should not be accomplished.

In the following year the untravelled, untravelling woman was again at Bristol, and in 1791 she took a third journey south, when she inspected

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the meeting-houses at Carlisle and Worthington, but of all the institutions in her care the Hope Chapel was nearest her heart. It was also the most troublesome obligation, from unexpected contradictions and difficulties.

As time passed and premature infirmity crept on, Lady Maxwell modified a little the severe discipline to which she had accustomed herself—rose at six in the morning instead of four, breakfasted at eight instead of seven, attended only the morning diet of worship on Sunday. But her health slowly and surely declined until entire loss of appetite sapped what strength remained to her. On the second of July, 1810, at the age of sixty-eight, content and at peace, she departed from this life, her spirit committed to God's hands, and if it were His will permitted in the restitution of all things to find once more the lost darlings of her youth.

CHAPTER XVIII

FREQUENT Administration of the Sacrament Introduced in Lady Glenorchy's Church—Her Visits to England—Death of Lord Hopetoun—Lady Henrietta Hope's Home with Lady Glenorchy—Opening of a Meeting-house at Carlisle—Last Visit to Taymouth—Lord Breadalbane's Death at Holyrood—Lady Glenorchy at Barnton—Declining Health—At Moffat, where Visitors Drank Goat's Whey as well as Mineral Water—Her Work among the Sick Poor—Breakdown of Lady Glenorchy's Carriage at Matlock and Founding of a Chapel there—Last Visit to the Hills—Return to Edinburgh—Life Despaired of—A Rally and a Final Stay at Barnton—At Matlock with Lady Henrietta Hope in 1785—Resort to Bristol to try the Hot Springs—Death of Lady Henrietta Hope at Bristol on New Year's Day, 1786—Her Request to Found a Chapel at Bristol carried out by Lady Glenorchy—The Chapel named the Hope Chapel as a Memorial of a Faithful Friendship—One more Visit to her Chapels at Exmouth, Matlock and Carlisle, with the last Chapel she Established at Workington—Barnton Sold—Lady Glenorchy with her Aunt, Miss Hairstanes, in the Countess of Sutherland's House in George Square—Interview with Mr. Jones—Brief Illness—Her Remark to herself, "If this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable"—Her Death on the 17th of July, 1786, in her forty-fifth year—Buried in an Excavation of the Rock on which her Church was built, her head resting under the Communion Table.

So complete was Lady Glenorchy's reconciliation with the Presbytery that in the course of a year or two she and her pastor, Mr. Jones, ventured without reproof or check of any kind, on an innovation which has become general in town churches in Scotland.

The Sacrament was formerly administered at most twice a year, preceded by a fast-day on the Thursday before the Sacrament Sunday, with service and a sermon on Saturday and a thanksgiving sermon and prayers on Monday.

Lady Glenorchy and Mr. Jones established on

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their own responsibility the giving of the Sacrament every second month with evening services on the preceding Saturday and succeeding Monday, but without the Thursday fast-day, and the longer services on Saturday and Monday, except twice a year in conformity with the practice of the neighbouring churches of the city.

After her usual visits to Taymouth and Barnton Lady Glenorchy went again to England, accompanied by Lady Henrietta Hope. Not long after their arrival in London Lady Glenorchy became so alarmingly ill that one of the first physicians of the time was called in. He declared her illness to be gout in the head and stomach, from which it is said she was never again altogether free.

But she was able to go on to Exmouth, where she was rejoiced to find her improvised chapel prospering. Next she visited the Holmes near Exeter. She sought the mineral waters at Bath. She saw her friends at Hawkestone and returned north by the Yorkshire watering-place of Buxton.

In the winter of 1780 she was again at Bath on account of her health. During her stay she joined in the worship at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, and after a scruple, which she overcame, took the Communion.

About this time Lord Hopetoun died, and by a happy arrangement for Lady Glenorchy in her

TWO FRIENDS

solitude, when she was not with Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth or Holyrood, Lady Henrietta Hope came to stay with her. The two ladies were dear friends, one of the least of the things which they had in common being the delicate health of both.

Lady Henrietta joined Lady Glenorchy at Buxton, and on the homeward route they stopped at Carlisle. It was just thirty-six years since "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and his army passed through "Merry Carlisle" in the exuberant joy of their early successes on their way to win a triple crown. After their retreat from Derby and the defeat of Preston, the routed forces came the same way, a dispirited, disordered throng. A little later Carlisle "Yetts" presented the gruesome spectacle of the spiked heads of some of the leaders of the rebels.

There were those among the descendants of these rebels who remembered the executions at Carlisle so long and so passionately that for more than a hundred years no member of the family whose ancestor had suffered there in the "'45" would journey through the ill-omened town on their way to England; they made a considerable *détour* in order to avoid the place.

If in Lady Glenorchy's day any mouldering traces yet lingered of the unhappy fate of her countrymen who had fought in the same desperate

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cause with the Nithsdale Maxwells, it was not of them she thought. No particle of bitterness, not the most distant vain dream of retaliation and vengeance was in that spirit full of love and charity which mourned only over the decay of religion in Carlisle, and finding a deserted, shut-up Presbyterian meeting-house, set about the purchase, provided a minister, and aided an awakened congregation in supplying him with a salary.

This year Lady Glenorchy paid her last visit to Taymouth. For twenty years she had hardly ever failed to spend her late summers and autumns there, with its venerable owner. She loved its retirement if not its state, and if its grand landscape did not impress her, it was full to her of such sweet, sad, sacred associations as made it heaven's own vestibule.

Her connection with the Palace at Holyrood, where in Lord Breadalbane's apartments she had passed many winters, was also about to end, for Lord Breadalbane died there suddenly towards the close of January, 1782. It was a comfort to her that she was with him at the last. He died on a Saturday, and she, having heard of his slight attack of illness, had come in from Barnton on Thursday to attend upon him, and saw him pleased and happy in having her about him. Only ten minutes before his death his doctor said he was

LORD BREADALBANE

much better, and that he would probably be up in his chair in a few days. But his resting-place was to be in far away lone Finlarig, with his children and his ancestors.

It goes without saying that Lady Glenorchy had always been concerned for the old nobleman's soul's welfare, and had done "what propriety allowed" to be of service to him in this respect also. But these were days when younger kindred, however dear, stood at a great distance from their seniors. In addition to the national reserve, men of Lord Breadalbane's stamp, in his position, were not easily approached on such delicate subjects. Years before he had forbidden the presence of a chaplain at the Castle when he was in residence, as committing him to an acknowledgment of his views. It was only from a trustworthy, confidential servant much about his master's person that the Earl's friends had the chance of hearing how frequently in latter days he read his Bible, and engaged in prayer, and that his only hope for a happy eternity was founded on the mercy of God and the merits of Christ Jesus his Saviour.

In the following May Lady Glenorchy and Lady Henrietta Hope again repaired to Buxton, but the much-prized mineral waters to which their generation resorted so frequently were of little avail in the case of Lady Glenorchy, whose health,

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always far from robust, was steadily declining so that she was becoming unable for much intercourse with her friends. "I have not enjoyed a day free from pain for many months," she wrote, but she would not complain. The Lord had wise ends in afflicting His people.

She was only forty-one years of age, and a little improvement occurring in her condition, she cheerfully went to a Scotch watering-place, Moffat, possibly to adopt what had been her friends' practice for years, that of drinking goats' whey. Lady Henrietta Hope and her sister, Lady Jane Hope (afterwards Lady Melville), were already at Moffat when Lady Glenorchy joined them there. Indefatigable in good works when she had any approach to strength, she visited personally and sought to instruct and comfort the sick poor about Moffat.

The winter of 1783 and the early spring of 1784 Lady Glenorchy spent between Barnton and Moffat, where in June she left Lady Henrietta, who was now the greater invalid of the two, and travelled to Carlisle. She was gladdened by the success of her chapel there. On her way to Buxton her carriage broke down on a Saturday at Matlock and she was under the necessity of remaining there over Sunday.

It was a habit of hers when arriving at a village

MATLOCK

or town to enquire into the spiritual state of the inhabitants. The case of Matlock struck her as so bad that she almost immediately made up her mind to buy "a small, neat house" built for the managing partner of a cotton mill. The attraction was a chapel attached to it which could contain three hundred persons.

The provision for the wants of spiritually destitute country people had become a passion with her as with her old friend Lady Huntingdon. Lady Glenorchy had always been simple in her personal habits and economical in her private expenses. She now began to push the economy much further, to grudge herself the little she took, and to talk of selling Barnton in order that she might have more means in her power to do good.

Surely it was time for friends to interfere again and prevent her from rendering herself destitute, but the sacrifice was well-nigh complete.

She paid one more visit to the Hills at Hawkestone. She arrived in Edinburgh in November at Lord Leven's house in Nicholson Square, which she had taken for the winter, to ensure greater comfort and convenience for Lady Henrietta Hope.

In the early spring of 1785 Lady Glenorchy was so ill that her life was despaired of, but she recovered sufficiently to go to Barnton in the course of the spring, leaving it in June, never to return.

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She was seeking to sell it, thinking that to keep it up cost too much money which could be spent to better purpose. Apparently, if she could dispose of Barnton, her intention was to confine herself for the summer months to the small house at Matlock.

She was there in September, 1785, watching over the interests of her chapel. Lady Henrietta Hope had been able to accompany her, and at the end of the month they went to Bristol to try the hot springs for the ailment of the weaker of the two.

Another blow was in store for Lady Glenorchy. Her friend's malady, in place of decreasing, took a fatal turn; dropsy set in, and after several months of great suffering, Lady Henrietta Hope died on New Year's Day, 1786.

The friends had dwelt together in affectionate companionship for four years, but their sympathy and regard had a more distant date. Lady Glenorchy, writing to Lady Mary Fitzgerald of what was her only consolation in the near prospect of Lady Henrietta's death, asserted that she had been to her for years "as her own soul." The expression meant much from the single-hearted, sincere woman who made use of it. Well for the survivor that her heart was with her treasure in heaven where parted souls would be re-united,

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never more to be severed. Well for her also that her winning, unselfish disposition attracted friends to her and retained them for her, wherever she went, whether they were of the world worldly, or like herself of a higher sphere.

Lady Henrietta Hope and Lady Glenorchy had proposed to build a chapel near Bristol Hot Wells, sharing the expenses between them, and she who was called away before the project could be accomplished, bequeathed to the other two thousand five hundred pounds to carry out the scheme. It occupied much of Lady Glenorchy's attention in those sorrowful days. She decided to call this monument to friendship and to the help of her fellow-creatures "Hope Chapel." She fixed on the plan, contracted with the workmen, and saw the work begun. It was to be finished in the course of the year and opened in the following spring, which she did not live to see.

She went with another friend, Miss Morgan of Bristol, into Devonshire, to open a new place of worship there, to see the condition of her chapels at Exmouth and Matlock, and to visit her mother in London. On her journey home she bestowed some care on the purchase of ground for a chapel at Workington, and to ascertain the condition—happily a thriving one—of the meeting-house at Carlisle.

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Arriving in Edinburgh in June, she found her agent completing the sale of Barnton, the price amounting to twenty-seven thousand pounds.

Later Lady Glenorchy was staying in the young Countess of Sutherland's house in George Square. The Countess herself was absent, but an aunt of Lady Glenorchy's, Miss Hairstanes, from Kirkcudbright, was with her niece.

On an evening in July, Mr. Jones, the pastor of her church, "waited upon her," he tells us, to pay his respects and take leave of her before he quitted the town for some weeks. He found her sitting in her dressing-gown, easy and cheerful. They talked for about an hour when her conversation was not only "seasoned with grace," but had the vivacity and pleasantry which often made it so fascinating.

When he rose to go she said to him, by a coincidence which would have been certain to strike herself, "if you are to be away so long I shall not see you again."

In order to turn the speech from a more serious interpretation, he exclaimed: "What! is your ladyship about to leave us so soon?"

Resuming the gaiety of her tone she said: "I am thinking of going south."

"What!" said I, "to the south of France?"

"Why," replied her ladyship, "perhaps I may;

LADY GLENORCHY'S DYING MOMENTS

the physicians say I ought not to winter in Britain. I have written to the Holmes's to ask them if they will go with me, and if they consent, it may be I shall be on my way there before your return." She gave him her hand, and bade him farewell, the last words he heard her say.

Another gentleman, who for love of her and her schools and charitable institutions, looked after them for her, called, and she talked to him with interest.

Later, according to a common medical prescription of the time, she swallowed an emetic. The sickness which was desired continued longer than was necessary, but this also had been a former experience of hers.

However, her aunt, Miss Hairstanes, took the precaution of sending to tell Lady Glenorchy's doctor, and to ask him if she might give her some drops of laudanum which had benefited her on former occasions. He approved of the laudanum, but the sickness was not removed.

The doctor saw her next day and thought she would be better presently.

As she lay quiet and composed her aunt, listening behind the curtain to see if she was asleep, heard her say: "Well, if this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable."

In her early youth she had feared death, but as

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she grew older the fear passed entirely away in the many times she was brought face to face with the last enemy during her frequent dangerous illnesses. She fell asleep on Saturday night and went on sleeping softly, but as she did not awake on Sunday morning, Miss Hairstanes called in further medical advice. Still her doctors thought she would sleep off the illness. But as time passed and there was no change, a third doctor was summoned, but he would not pronounce on the case.

The summer Sunday had worn on to evening, when to the amazement and distress of Mr. Jones he received a note from Lady Glenorchy's manservant to the effect that he feared his lady was at the point of death.

Her minister and chaplain went immediately to her, and saw her lying as she had gone to sleep, her breathing almost imperceptible. So she passed another night, dying on Monday forenoon, the 17th of July, 1786, in her forty-fifth year. Surely, at the last, death gently dealt with her gentle and generous spirit and her spent body.

Lady Glenorchy had wished to be buried in her church in Edinburgh. Accordingly a vault was prepared with some difficulty, as the foundation was discovered to be solid rock in which an excavation was hewn enough to hold her coffin, the head lying under the Communion Table.

LADY GLENORCHY'S BEQUESTS

A sorrowful crowd filled her church for the funeral, which her late father-in-law, the Earl of Breadalbane's kinsman and successor, travelled from London to attend in order to show the dead woman the respect of acting as chief mourner.

On the following Sunday funeral sermons were preached in her church by her minister and by Dr. Hunter, Professor of Divinity, in Edinburgh.

Lady Glenorchy had early made her will which circumstances had forced her to supplement several times. Even then she had memoranda for another will, which was to have been signed on the evening of the day on which she died. She had already executed trust deeds in favour of her Edinburgh church and of her Matlock chapel. In the last case she bequeathed the chapel, house and furniture to the Rev. Jonathan Scott, the pastor, and to his wife after him, absolutely.

The last completed will made at Bristol the year before her death still named Lady Maxwell her executrix. What money remained of what had been Lady Glenorchy's possessions was thirty thousand pounds. This was divided into two halves, one half was left in legacies and annuities to her mother, her aunt, and numerous friends and dependents. The remaining half was disposed of in religious and charitable bequests, including five thousand pounds to the Scotch Society for

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

Propagating Christian Knowledge—preferably (if supported by the land-owners) to maintain schools and for other religious purposes on the estates of Sutherland and Breadalbane, and five thousand pounds to the Rev. Jonathan Scott, of Matlock, for the education of young men for the ministry.

There was also a sealed letter to Lady Maxwell, to be opened after Lady Glenorchy's death, asking the friend (who complied with the greatest care and pains where every behest was in question) to finish Hope Chapel at Bristol Wells, and to aid the chapels at Workington, Carlisle, and elsewhere.

Lady Glenorchy's many friends and debtors would fain have preserved a personal remembrance of her in the shape of picture or engraving, but the only known portrait of her was that done in Italy, in her youth, representing her playing on a lute, to which no one attached value neither as a portrait or as a work of art. An attempt was made by the directors of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, to get a likeness of her by means of description, and the artist Martin was employed for the purpose; but as he had never seen her and relied chiefly on his imagination, the work which hung in the Hall of the Society was far from satisfactory.

So ends the record of one of the saintliest lives

CONCLUSION

ever lived, whether in the world or within convent walls.

Lady Glenorchy outlived her friend Lady Henrietta Hope by only six months. Miss Hill soon followed the two. Lady Glenorchy's revered ally, Lady Huntington, who was on the verge of fourscore when Lady Glenorchy died, had yet five or six years of life, while Lady Alva and Miss Hairstanes survived their daughter and niece for many years.

Since making the study of Lady Glenorchy the writer has seen an engraving of her which may have been taken from some forgotten sketch. It is certainly neither from the Italian portrait, nor from Martin's picture. It represents a sweet, winning personality, a slight figure, the plain dark dress open on a white neckerchief reaching from the throat to the waist, a "pear-shaped face," broad forehead, delicately-arched eyebrows, and straight nose. The wavy hair is rolled back, the delicate contour just shaded by a soft white cap, to which a bow of ribbon fastens a black veil that hangs down on the shoulders—probably as a mark of widowhood.

THE END

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