


THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL
BY RALPH NEVILL

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LADY DOROTHY NEVILL AT HOME

THE LIFE & LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

BY
HER SON
RALPH NEVILL

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NOTE

MR. RALPH NEVILL wishes to express his gratitude to His Majesty the King for having graciously permitted the publication of letters written by his illustrious father when Prince of Wales.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
A lucky portrait—Horace Walpole's house—Letter from Lord Beaconsfield—A strange Jacobite—Wolterton Hall—Country life in old days—Early Victorian education—Mr. Spencer Walpole—Old-world Dorset—Puddletown church—Pierre Lombard—The Fawkener family—A friend of Voltaire—Social changes—The advent of steam—The old aristocracy—A Tory Peer and his uncompromising ways—Disapproval of Queen Victoria's marriage—The decay of elocution—Blue coats and brass buttons	I

CHAPTER II

Continental travel in the forties—Anecdotes—Florence—Watts as a young man—The Villa Mathilde—Rome under Papal rule—Cardinal Giuseppe Zacchia—The charm of Venice—The late Lord Lovelace—Letters—Lord Hertford—Sir Richard Wallace—Lady Rachel Walpole—Introduction of the Polka—Fashionable amusements of the past—Dwarkanauth Tagore—His letter—A country marriage in 1848—Strange pets—Samuel Rogers and his breakfasts—The Exhibition of 1851—The vanished glories of Hyde Park	24
--	----

CHAPTER III

A Hampshire home—Country house-parties of the past—Sir William Harcourt—Sir Charles Butt—Sir Alexander Cockburn—Mrs. Sartoris and Tennyson—Bishop Wilberforce—Anecdotes—Archdeacon Wilberforce—Delane—Mr. Calcrafft—Darwin—Professor Mivart—Church restoration—Old Lady Featherstonhaugh—Sir William Hooker—Frank Buckland and silkworm culture—Green wood—Muscology—Life in the country—Book illumination	47
--	----

CHAPTER IV

Tour abroad—Einsiedel—Collecting—A relic of Horace Walpole—The Miss Berrys—Pope—Mrs. Oldfield—Nelson and the Walpoles—Burnham Thorpe Church letters—Mr. H. N.	
---	--

Moseley—Letters—Life in East Sussex—A rustic centenarian	PAGE
—Mormonism—Old ironwork—An interesting letter—	
Sunday observance—The "Unco Guid"—Letter from	
Lord Northcliffe—Visit to Norfolk	76

CHAPTER V

Social life in the eighties—Lady St. Helier—Sunday lunches—	
The Fourth Party—Sir John Gorst—Sir Henry Drummond-	
Wolff—Lord Randolph Churchill—Letter from John Bright	
—Lord Glenesk—Lady Bathurst—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain	
—Letters—Lord Wolseley—Letters—Sir Henry Brackenbury	
—The Duke of Cambridge—His resignation—Sir Henry	
Irving—Mr. Choate—Roast guinea-pig—Mr. George Russell	107

CHAPTER VI

Society in Victorian days—Miss Mary Anderson—Anecdote—An	
unpresentable millionaire—Lord Palmerston—Anecdotes—	
Lord Ellenborough—Lord Beaconsfield—His career—Anec-	
dotes—At Strathfieldsaye—Ecclesiastical <i>flair</i> —His life by	
Mr. Monypenny—Mr. Gladstone—Anecdotes—Lord Sher-	
brooke—Lord Salisbury—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—	
Lady Warwick—Socialism—Modern politicians and their	
ways	141

CHAPTER VII

Associations of Mayfair—Charles Street and Berkeley Square—	
Great ladies of Victorian days—Their social power—Lady	
Chesterfield—Her daughter, Lady Carnarvon—A unique	
succession of friendships—Lady Bathurst—Bernal Osborne	
—Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill—Lady Cork—The	
late Lord Clanricarde—His eccentricities and ways—	
Anecdotes—Lady Cardigan and her Memoirs—Anecdotes—	
The sins of society	175

CHAPTER VIII

Literary friends—Venables—Lord Houghton—Frederick Locker	
—An original poem—Mr. Justin McCarthy—Some modern	
writers—Mr. Stead and spiritualism—Sir Harry Johnson—	
Stanley—Alfred Austin—Anecdote—Artistic friends—	
Whistler—Miss Kate Greenaway—Letters—Sir Henry	
Thompson—Letters—Miss Maxwell (Miss Braddon)—Letters	
—Mr. Edmund Gosse—Madame Duclaux—Letters—Blanche	
Countess of Airlie	197

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
LADY DOROTHY AND LADY RACHEL WALPOLE	FACE PAGE 8
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL AS A GIRL, HER SISTER, LADY POLLINGTON, AND CHILD	38
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN HER COTTAGE AT HASLEMERE	102
FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., P.C., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.M.G.	130
(From a photograph by W. and D. Downey)	
"DISRAELI"	152
(From an etching)	
LETTER FROM MISS KATE GREENAWAY	204
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN OLD AGE	286
(From a silhouette executed about 1907)	

THE LIFE & LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

CHAPTER I

A lucky portrait—Horace Walpole's house—Letter from Lord Beaconsfield—A strange Jacobite—Wolterton Hall—Country life in old days—Early Victorian education—Mr. Spencer Walpole—Old-World Dorset—Puddletown church—Pierre Lombard—The Fawkener family—A friend of Voltaire—Social changes—The advent of steam—The old aristocracy—A Tory Peer and his uncompromising ways—Disapproval of Queen Victoria's marriage—The decay of elocution—Blue coats and brass buttons.

MY mother received the name of Dorothy in remembrance of her ancestress, Dorothy Townshend, sister of Sir Robert Walpole, whose memory, owing to her sweetness and intelligence, endured in Norfolk long after her death. According to a charming legend Dorothy Townshend's portrait at Rainham was wont on certain nights to step out of its frame, bringing good luck to anyone whom it might encounter on its spectral rounds.

Be this as it may, the name of Dorothy certainly brought good luck to my mother who cherished the cult of her beautiful ancestress all through the long and happy life which, four years before the death of George IV, began at No. 11 Berkeley Square—the eighteenth-century mansion in which had lived her kinsman, Horace Walpole.

The next year, 1827, it passed out of her father's—Lord Orford's—possession, owing, she used to declare, to one night's heavy losses at the gaming table

Though it was impossible that she can have remembered much about this old house, she always had an extraordinary fondness for everything connected with its history.

Among her papers, for instance, was found a list of former owners up to 1892.

Sir Cecil Bishop	.	.	1741-1778
Horace Walpole	.	.	1779-1797
The Ladies Waldegrave	.	.	1798-1816
Lord Walpole	.	.	1817-1820
Hon. R. Clive	.	.	1821-1822
Earl of Orford	.	.	1824-1827
Henry Baring	.	.	1828-1848
Mrs. Baring	.	.	1849-1874
Empty	.	.	1875-1876
Oliver Gourley Miller	.	.	1877-1878
Earl of Clarendon	.	.	1879-1891
Vernon Watney	.	.	1892-

An appended footnote says : " This, the east side of the square, was first built in 1735-1740."

As a child, my mother passed much of her time at Wolterton Hall, in Norfolk, a mansion built by the first Lord Walpole, Ambassador to Louis XV (1723-1730), and brother to Sir Robert Walpole. Houghton and Wolterton were built simultaneously in different parts of the county, and the same artists, from Italy and elsewhere, journeyed to and fro to complete the two magnificent mansions.

Wolterton is a sort of smaller Houghton and contains state-rooms of fine proportions, with mantel-pieces of extraordinary beauty. The furniture, pictures—in fact, practically the whole of the dining-room—were presented to Lord Walpole by Caroline, wife of George II. For the pictures—portraits of herself and her family—she gave some finely carved frames. Certain portions of this woodwork which were falling into decay during the days when the

house was abandoned, were rescued by my mother and set up in her drawing-room at Charles Street, Berkeley Square. They are now, however, once again at Wolterton, which has been restored and refitted by the present Lord Orford after having been for many years left to desolation and decay by his predecessor, the late earl.

The latter by general consent gifted with very brilliant abilities was in his younger days expected to do great things.

Lord Beaconsfield, who as a young man was very intimate with him, wrote in 1840 :

“Walpole¹ went to dine yesterday with the Miss Berrys, who now live at Richmond; the party consisting of Miss Montague, Guizot, and Pollington—very *recherché* and Strawberry Hillish? The old ladies a little in love with the Horace Walpole of the nineteenth century, who, by the by, is more elegant, fantastical, and interesting than ever, and talks of changing his name and retiring to Parma or Cremona or some city equally decayed and unvisited. Venice too vulgar, with Monckton Milnes writing sonnets in every gondola, and making every bridge ‘a bridge of sighs.’ I breakfasted with him to-day, and he really was divine. I never met anything like him—such a stream of humour, fancy, philosophy, and quotation, in every language.”

This description, though flowery, was in the main accurate. At the same time if the 4th Earl of Orford had many of his ancestor’s merits he also had some of his failings.

Like Horace Walpole’s his mind was a bundle of curious inconsistencies which well deserved Disraeli’s epithet of “fantastical.”

A descendant of Sir Robert Walpole, that staunch supporter of the Hanoverians and of the Protestant

¹ *Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.* John Murray. Vol. II (1837-1846), p. 94.

succession, my uncle became a Roman Catholic and ardent Jacobite, collecting many valuable relics of the old and young Pretender and of Cardinal York.

Like Horace Walpole's affected aversion to kings and admiration for rebels his Jacobite propensities were really of a very academic and harmless kind, he kept them indeed (as his ancestor did old spears and helmets at Strawberry Hill) merely for show, and though quite ready to pass his glass over the water decanter and drink Prince Charlie's health, would have as soon have thought of trying to rouse a real agitation as his ancestor of taking down the arms of the ancient Templars and setting off on a crusade to the Holy Land.

A bibliophile and a man of scholarly tastes, he never put his undoubtedly brilliant abilities to any serious use, but was content, during the latter part of his life, to lead a hermit-like existence at his home in London and at Mannington Hall, Norfolk. Here forty years before his demise he erected a tomb for himself inscribed with a Latin epitaph of his own composition. He chose a pretty grove enclosing the walls of a ruined chapel overgrown with ivy where he now lies beneath the open sky, around are crumbling memorials of vanished families, while not very far away stands a pillar inscribed: "Matri dulcissimae Horatius filius," which he set up in memory of his mother.

For Wolterton my mother always had an abiding affection, and it was with great pleasure that she saw the house and grounds restored to something of their pristine state.

In September, 1907, she wrote from Ascot: "I went to my nephew's wonderful house in Norfolk after fifty years of being allowed (the poor dear house) to go to the bats and the ravens—he has restored it and it really is one of the grandest houses I ever saw—seven reception-rooms *en suite*—the bedrooms above, I had to take sixty stairs to my bedroom—they have made it most modernly comfortable. I missed nothing

but the pen-wiper. We were three Lady Dorothys together at Wolterton, my niece Lady D. married the duca del Balzo, my great-niece Lady D. W., and myself—most interesting. Do tell me how your Paris interview ended. Now as well as trippers you will have all Gladstone's convicts coming to you."

The phrase "Gladstone's convicts" was highly characteristic of her whimsical bent of mind. Though she had been the intimate friend of Cobden, Lowe, and many other even more advanced Liberals it was her habit to indulge in comically violent denunciations of Radicalism and Radicals, and by "Gladstone's convicts" she referred to certain devoted adherents of the Grand Old Man who had recently settled in the neighbourhood.

A feature of the grounds at Wolterton is the number of fine trees of specially selected varieties. It is perhaps to be regretted that at the back of the house a stretch of lawn—the *tapis vert*—which, as Lord Walpole wrote to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Milling, "rejoiced the eye," has been replaced by flower-beds.

The fine expanse of grass in question was originally no doubt laid down by Lord Walpole in imitation of the parterres of Fontainebleau and Versailles, where he had so often strolled with his friend, Cardinal Fleury.

Life passed very peacefully at Wolterton in my mother's childhood. Among the gifts which a fairy godmother had bestowed upon her was that of a keen and abiding interest in most things which throughout her long life ever prevented her from being bored. There were then few "games" for young people, but she and her sister were satisfied to lead a quiet existence which varied little from day to day. Certain hours were set apart for walks, the children being always warmly welcomed in the villages round Wolterton. Murder and peppermints, she always said, were inseparably associated in her mind, owing to the fact that, as a child, she had often been presented with

sweetmeats by Rush the murderer who kept a little general shop in the village near Wolterton.

A good deal of time was passed in study under the supervision of her governess, or rather friend, Miss Redgrave, a very talented artist in water-colour and a most clever woman, whom she loved all her life. This lady acted as a sort of female Roger Ascham. Her school of education, my mother used to say, was conducted on much the same lines as adopted for Lady Jane Grey. With Miss Redgrave she read *Les Oraisons Funèbres de Bossuet*, the works of Fénelon, *L'Histoire des Français*, by Sismondi and La Harpe.

Unlike many young ladies of that day she liked her lessons and took a great interest in these serious works which she remembered with pleasure in her old age.

Writing at the age of eighty-five to a friend (Miss Elizabeth Haldane) she said :

“ Madame Duclaux has sent me her new book about Fénelon. It is so all-absorbing. When we were children my father made us read *Les Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet and Fénelon, and I ever had a most fascinating recollection of these delightful men and I feel as if all the pleasures of my childhood had been resuscitated once more.”

Besides the studies described above many modern languages were taught—the little girl learnt French, German, and Italian, all three of which she read with ease.

In this manner, varied by a little painting and a very little music (for which my mother frankly confessed she had no aptitude), the days passed peacefully and pleasantly away. The monotony of life in winter was broken by walks and drives, while in summer there were delightful rambles about the lawns and parterres bright with old-fashioned flowers or peaceful reveries in the fragrant silence of the old-world garden.

Occasionally Wolterton was enlivened by the visits of youthful cousins—the Wests (of whom the only

living survivor is Sir Algernon) or young Drummond-Wolff, afterwards a member of the Fourth Party and distinguished diplomatist.

The children took a keen interest in local excitements. One of the chief of these was a Norfolk election at which little Lady Dorothy and her sister Rachel, afterwards Lady Pollington, riding on their ponies, headed their father's tenantry to the poll. My mother's eldest brother, then Lord Walpole (a most reluctant candidate, who only stood because his father made him), being triumphantly returned.

This was the old type of election which has been aptly described as concluding with a bonfire, a riot, and other demonstrations of enjoyment.

In those days of transition when "the Prize Ring still flourished at the Keepsake's Side," a certain amount of freedom of tongue, fist, and stick was not merely allowed, but deemed absolutely necessary. The charring of the successful candidate was always a great feature, and the Hon. Spencer Walpole who fought the election by proxy for Lord Walpole (at the time in Italy whence he refused to return) underwent this and other customary ordeals.

Mr. Spencer Walpole remained a great friend of my mother throughout his life. He was a tall solemn-looking man who wore a high choker and black clothes in consequence of which Bernal Osborne nicknamed him the "High Stepping Hearse Horse."

Though possessed of considerable ability he came to sad grief in 1866 when as Home Secretary he unwisely ordered the gates of Hyde Park to be shut against the Reform League. As a result the railings were broken down and the mob surged in amidst wild disorder.

Concerning this unfortunate affair the 2nd Lord Ellenborough wrote to my mother :

"Poor Mr. Walpole has been subjected to a severer test than he was equal to. In ordinary times his office is an easy one and therefore Sir R. Peel pre-

ferred it to any other, but in times of difficulty and danger the Home Secretary should not, except in a case requiring sudden action, even move a step without consulting the Prime Minister."

In spite of this unfortunate affair Mr. Walpole, though he ceased to be Home Secretary, retained a seat in Lord Derby's Cabinet and was generally respected. His son, the late Sir Spencer Walpole, held several offices under Government and was an historian of considerable ability.

A good part of my mother's childhood was passed at another house of her father's—"Ilsington Hall," Dorsetshire—which the eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole had brought into the family by marrying Margaret Rolle—Baroness Clinton and Trefusis in her own right.

To the last day of her life my mother retained a great fondness for this part of England, and her recollections of old-time Wessex rippled as sweetly through her memory as a stream through a pleasant dell.

With pleasure she recalled the clearness of the sky, the sound of the sea, and the grace of the pleasant woods.

Here she went for delightful rides over the lovely wild country with her sister and father, for Lord Orford, in spite of his peculiarities, was warmly attached to his babies as he called his little girls, and, when at home, spent much of his time with them.

She would describe old-world Dorchester and its avenues of trees, and tell how enchanted she and her sister used to be on days when a military band discoursed martial music, while "beautiful officers in still more beautiful uniforms" delighted their youthful eyes. In the cool serenity of the shortening days there were walks to interesting old villages.

The country folk of Dorset were then quite content to spend all their life where they had been born, and



LADY DOROTHY AND LADY RACHEL WALPOLE

as yet only a faint far-off strain of London's syren song had reached their unsophisticated ears.

"Buttony," or the home manufacture of worked buttons after designs of immemorial pattern, was a flourishing industry and many quaint local ways and customs prevailed.

Occasionally there were visits to Weymouth.

Of this watering-place, then sunk in something of an old-world sleep, my mother retained the most pleasant recollections. Some ten years before her death when on a visit in the neighbourhood she was very much upset to find that a famous mulberry tree, renowned in her childhood for its connection with George III, had been wantonly destroyed. Procuring a portion of its wood she had it made into a little footstool upon which she characteristically inscribed how the mulberry tree "was planted about the time of the Edict of Nantes when so many refugees came over from France to escape persecution." "This tree," she added, "was cut down by vandals in 1906 to make way for the new Sailors' Home. Often and often has King George III taken tea under its branches and this stool was made from the wood."

In after life as a true lover of Dorset she warmly appreciated the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy with whom she became great friends. She used to say that the West Country was not half proud enough of having produced such a novelist, and declared that the county families were too stupid to appreciate his genius at its proper worth.

Life at Ilington was now and then enlivened by little social festivities. An old letter speaking of a children's ball in March, 1836, says that my mother, then ten years old, and her sister, wore their hair braided on each side of their faces covered with gold net, which style had a strikingly classical effect. The note adds "that they had white figured silk bodices with laced stomacher fronts, muslin skirts and white satin shoes." Quite an elaborate costume for those

simple days when little money was spent on children's dress.

Close to Ilsington was a beautiful little Gothic manor-house, Athelhampton Hall. In my mother's childhood when it was known as "Admiston" it was deserted and seemingly ruined, the garden a wilderness through which cattle roamed right up to the door. She had been very happy wandering about in the grounds of this old house as a child, and its beauty had impressed her. She was therefore delighted when a friend of hers—M. de Lafontaine—having purchased the property, put the house and grounds in order, while showing excellent taste in preserving everything that was picturesque.

During the last years of her life my mother always looked forward to her autumn visit to this country house, the sight of which always gave her the shadow of a pleasant thought.

In a letter to a friend written a year or two before her death she said :

" I have been very happy, I spent some time in one of my beloved counties—Dorsetshire—very near the neighbourhood of Lady Wimborne who was to have had *our* future King (Redmond) down to speak on Bank Holiday, but of course he could not come, but wrote to say he was sure of reconciling our dear Dorset brethren to Home Rule. We motored everywhere and all was delightful.

" My host has a perfect thirteenth-century house and he has carried out all the restorations perfectly. He was sorely perplexed at having to receive Mr. Lulu Harcourt, but after a time he opened his doors to him and Mr. Harcourt was—being a man of taste—in a word—enchanted."

She was relieved when first revisiting the village near which she had lived as a child to find that the venerable church had escaped restoration, and still retained the three-decker pulpit, gallery, and old oak

fittings of her childhood's recollection. Her old family pew remained untouched, though Ilsington had passed into other hands.

A few years later, however, notwithstanding protests from my mother, her friend, Sir Frederick Treves (an ardent lover of old Dorset), and of others, a new chancel was added and the Walpole pew swept away.

It was in the vestry of this old church that she found covered with dust and rubbish the Hatchment of George Lord Orford, an eccentric ancestor noted for his sporting tastes.

My mother had many recollections of the old-fashioned Dorset parsons, one of whom she remembered celebrating service with top boots and spurs scarcely concealed by his surplice.

This was before the Oxford movement, which in certain ways she admitted had done good.

Though not very much attracted by the methods of the extreme High Church party she admired the whole-hearted self-sacrifice of many of our modern clergy.

The death of Father Dolling in 1902 caused her real grief.

Writing to a mutual friend she said :

TUDOR COTTAGE,
HASLEMERE.

May 16, 1902.

OH MY DEAR MR. L.,

Are you not in despair at our dear father Dolling being gone from all the good he did ?

We do feel so very unhappy, such a good man and pleasant companion, it is all too sad. Mr. Harmsworth¹ sent us a letter in which poor D—— had asked if we could help towards the going on of many of his charities, but what with rates running on every hour— income taxes, etc.—I could only promise to give donation of £5, and I am sure you cannot do much—

¹ Now Lord Northcliffe.

but it is ridiculous to think they can collect £175 a month from private sources when we are all just going to be comfortably installed in the workhouse. I came here to-day to enjoy the country, one perpetual downpour—but the tulips quite lovely. Do let me hear from you.

Yours truly,
D. NEVILL.

My mother probably derived her great vivacity from the tinge of French blood in her veins.

Her ancestor, the 1st Lord Walpole, of Wolterton, though, like his brother, Sir Robert, a sturdy Norfolkian, married a Frenchwoman, Marie Magdalene Lombard, the daughter of Pierre Lombard, a wealthy Protestant merchant and refugee, who had fled from Nîmes at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Old Pierre Lombard, after settling in England, bought land in Norfolk and blossomed out as Peter Lombard, Esq. His daughter, who it is said was very ugly, had a considerable amount of brains, some of which undoubtedly descended to my mother.

On the maternal side the latter was a great granddaughter of Sir Edward Fawkener, or Falkener, K.B.

The latter, born in 1684, claimed Norman descent (motto, "Gare le fauçon"), but his immediate ancestors had been intimately connected with the City of London, many of them being described in his pedigree as "cits and mercers."

Perhaps this accounted for my mother's great love of London—though she had a strong sentimental affection for Norfolk, her real home was always town. "What a mercy to get back!" was almost invariably her first remark on returning from a trip to the country.

Sir Everard Fawkener prospered exceedingly, and successively became Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, Ambassador to the Porte, and Postmaster-General. He had a long correspondence with Voltaire, who was his guest for a year or two at his house in

Wandsworth, where the great philosopher wrote several of his works, and dedicated *Zaire* to his host. The latter died in 1758, and his monument is in Bath Abbey Church.

His wife,¹ Harriet, daughter of General Charles Churchill, afterwards married Governor Pownall. Her son, William Augustus Fawkeners (born 1747), my mother's grandfather, was a captain in the 3rd Guards, Envoy Extraordinary to St. Petersburg, and Minister Plenipotentiary to Lisbon and Florence. He was also Clerk to the Privy Council. He was a friend of Brummel, whom he proposed for Brooks's, and fought a duel in Hyde Park, 22nd May, 1786, with the Hon.

¹ Her epitaph is a typical and amusing specimen of the effusive style popular in the age in which she died. It is inscribed upon her monument in Lincoln Cathedral, and is supposed to have been written by Horace Walpole :

Here is Entombed

Dame Harriot, Daughter of Lieut. General Churchill :

Wife in her first Marriage to Sir Everard Fawkeners,

In her second to Governor Pownall.

She dyed Feb. 6th 1777 aged 51.

Her person was that of animated, animating Beauty,

With a Complexion of the most exquisite Brilliancy,

Unfaded when she fell.

Her understanding was of such quickness and reach of thought,

That knowledge, Although she had learning,

Was Instant and original.

Her heart warm'd with Universal Benevolence

To the highest degree of sensibility :

Had a ready tear for Pity,

And glow'd with Friendship as with a sacred and Inviolate fire.

Her love to those who were blest with it

was happiness.

Her sentiments were correct, refined, elevated,

Her manners so Cheerfull, elegant and Winning, amiable,

That while she was admired she was beloved,

And while she Enlightened and Enliven'd

She was the Delight of the World in which she lived.

She was formed for Life,

She was prepared for Death ;

Which being

A gentle wafting to Immortality,

She lives

Where Life is real.

John Townshend, whose hat he pierced with a ball, the latter firing in the air.

His portrait was painted by Gainsborough. He was a good-looking man, and like some other good-looking men of his age he was supposed to have been on exceedingly good terms with Catherine the Great of Russia, during his diplomatic career at St. Petersburg. Anyhow she gave him a miniature of herself (now in the possession of Colonel Walpole) as well as a piece of jewellery set with diamonds.

My mother's early years were passed with those who brought recollections of the eighteenth century into conjunction with people and changes of a later day. I used frequently to ask her if old times were really very different from modern ones. She always said that if really put to it, she must confess that there was not much difference, the main change, she thought, was the marked decadence in the respect for ceremony and etiquette. Writing on this subject she said :

“The world moves so smoothly and the social changes, great as they are, develop so imperceptibly, that although my memory carries me back to the days when railways were not, and gas was looked upon as a daring and dangerous innovation, the years seem to have been comparatively uneventful. Yet, in their day numbers of things seemed important enough and interesting enough. I suppose one gets blasé, or philosophical, or something dreadful as the years go on. The one thing that I have learned in a long life is, that nothing that the world can give is half as delightful as the sense of freshness and the capacity for enjoyment, which are the privilege of youth. The lapse of time brings experience—often of much that one would rather not have known—but even that which is worth knowing is bought dearly enough. But I must not moralize. Life is too short for sermonettes.”

She had seen enormous changes. The world of her

childhood knew neither the telephone nor the electric light, railways were in their infancy, and the motor-car and airship undreamt of as practical possibilities.

The telegraph was unknown, for only in 1844, after an experiment across the Thames at Somerset House, did Professor Wheatstone, in conjunction with Mr. Cooke, lay down the first working line on the Great Western Railway from Paddington to Slough.

The gulf between 1826—the date of her birth—and now is almost as big as that with the Middle Ages. In one material respect this year, in which came into being the first instalment of our present system, “the Stockton and Darlington Railway,” may be said to have been the starting-point of the development of modern England. This (for those days) wonderful triumph of engineering skill aroused little enthusiasm in her home circle, her father remaining to the last days of his life a bitter and uncompromising enemy of railways, so much so that till his death in the late fifties he continued to drive up to town from Norfolk in a post-chaise. He was but one of many of his class who abominated the new-fangled form of locomotion.

“What” (said a contemporary writer, speaking of a projected line to Woolwich) “can be more palpably ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve’s ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour.”

In addition to this, railroads were denounced as eyesores likely to ruin the beauty of the country-side. This, however, was also mere prejudice. As has been justly pointed out the straight lines piercing the round-

ing landscape are essentially poetic, and there is something stimulating in a steam-spced train which, straight as thought and swift as hope, cleaves the country to a single point. There is indeed a good deal of romance connected with steam.

From an intellectual point of view, railways certainly made people move mentally as well as physically with more rapidity, which perhaps was the reason why people fond of old-fashioned ways dreaded the new form of locomotion, and why a number of great land-owners did all that they could to keep it away from their estates.

Vaguely but clearly the old English nobility foresaw that every so-called improvement tended to impair the privileges they and their ancestors had enjoyed.

The aristocracy were at that time still pretty firmly seated in the saddle. Peers wielded great political influence, while not at all disposed to truckle to anyone who tried to curb it. The old conquering masterful "do as I like" spirit still animated most of them and scarcely one would ever have dreamt of taking up "the not so bad after all" attitude which has on occasion been apologetically assumed by certain noblemen in modern days, much, it must be admitted, to the prejudice of their order.

The fear of public opinion which now exists then had little influence upon the upper class. There were many who held very tenaciously to the doctrine that with their own they could do absolutely as they willed. On the whole they were not so narrow-minded or so stupid as might appear at first sight—quite a number of these old autocrats indeed, in a sort of hazy, dim way, gauged with accuracy the great turmoil and social unrest which must follow in the wake of a dominant democracy.

They opposed popular education because they did not see the fun of teaching people of inferior grade to dispense with their rulers, while to lower the franchise they realized was merely conniving at the

cutting of their own throats and the end of the old order.

They were not mistaken. Already in the thirties and forties the spirit of what the modern world is pleased to call Progress made its influence felt, and soon after the passing of the great Reform Bill a "new England" began to come into existence. Old customs and ways gradually lost their hold upon the people and new ideas prevailed, whilst such privileges as the upper classes enjoyed became subjects of comment and criticism, with the eventual result that most of them went by the board.

To the end of his life, however, my mother's father remained an uncompromising opponent of all innovations—according to his simple creed a Radical was a rascal and all new-fangled notions bad.

One instance of his uncompromising Toryism created great amusement throughout Norfolk. He was gifted with a sense of humour which often made itself apparent when replying to communications from public officials, but never with more effect than when having been deprived of the office of Lord High Steward of Yarmouth by the Liberal Government, he wrote :

Gentlemen,—My appointment of Lord High Steward of Yarmouth by the late Government was received with pride and pleasure. My dismissal by the present Government confers almost equal honour upon

Your obedient servant,
ORFORD.

For the canting hypocrisy which unfortunately is too often the appanage of social reformers he entertained the greatest loathing, while Societies and Leagues which under the pretext of making the world better meddle with other people's business aroused his bitter ire.

His characteristic reply, said to have been sent to

the President of the Norwich Bible Society, which invited him to become its President in 1824, deserves quoting :

“ Sir,—I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter—surprised because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application, and annoyed because it compels me to have even this communication with you.

“ I have long been addicted to the Gaming Table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your Society. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.

“ I would rather live in the land of Sinners than with such Saints.”

Doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of this letter, but there is no doubt that it pretty accurately expressed his point of view.

My grandfather's addiction to the Turf eventually cost him very dear. Beyond winning the Two Thousand Guineas and running second for the Derby his successes were not great and such races as he did win yielded but a very poor return for the large sums of money lost or spent.

Nevertheless he was far from having been a stupid man ; he had an original mind and possessed a full share of rather cynical humour. This was never exercised with more telling effect than with reference to the marriage of his sister Lady Georgiana Walpole—an old maid—with Dr. Joseph Wolff.

Dr. Wolff had then just returned from the then unknown and fanatical city of Bokhara into which he was said to have ridden on a donkey in full canonicals reading the English Church service.

This so astonished the natives that deeming him to be a madman (and therefore sacred) they spared his life.

Stories of Lord Orford's indifference to the ordinary conventions of life still survive in Norfolk; about the most amusing of these is the legend that as colonel of the West Norfolk militia, when an attack of gout had made a reposeful position imperative, he once drilled his regiment from a fly.

My grandfather's patriotism amounted to prejudice and he professed a sublime scepticism of any excellence out of England. Nevertheless his knowledge of the Continent where he had travelled a good deal was fairly extensive—he knew something of Russia, having when Lord Walpole been chargé d'affaires at Petersburg during Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, he had also passed some time at Vienna. Here according to the late General de Horsey he had an interview (and a row) with the famous Venetian adventurer, "Casanova."

He strongly disapproved of Queen Victoria's marriage to a German Prince and remained unfavourable to him long after Prince Albert's merits had been more or less generally recognized. My mother used to say that her father was so uncompromising in this dislike that, when the Prince died, he put on a particularly light pair of check trousers!

In this antipathy to Prince Albert my grandfather was far from being alone, indeed, intense feeling as regards any encroachment beyond the Prince Consort's *strict rights* prevailed among a large number of old-fashioned people. Writing in December, 1841, a relative (Edward Walpole) said:

"I am quite scandalized at the Queen wantonly postponing the baptism of the infant Prince of Wales until the Lord knows what day in February. She seems to forget, or to be ignorant, that baptism is a solemn and sacred Sacrament and not a mere Court Pageant. A sudden convulsive fit may occur and then what will she not have to answer for? Then again as to Precedence—it is very laudable that she should

be attached to her husband and show him all *due* respect. But the Prince of Wales is Heir Apparent to the Crown of these Realms—Prince Albert is utterly without any position in *the State*—therefore that he should take Precedence of the Prince of Wales is flagrantly wrong and unjustifiable—at least such are my deliberate sentiments—again as to inserting the Prince of Wales by name in the liturgy, previous to his having been baptised—this is inverting the proper order of things. The infant Prince was already prayed for, as one of the Royal Family, but *after* not *before* his baptism, should his name have been inserted in the liturgy and in that as in all other instances *before*, and not *after*, that of Prince Albert. If the Queen does not know right from wrong, those about her should set her right, for a Sovereign may not indulge in whims and caprices which would be immaterial in a subject of private station.”

Prince Albert's ideas did not affect the English aristocracy to any appreciable degree. Mr. Gladstone once said to a friend of my mother's, “It was Prince Albert who brought German into fashion in England.”

She replied, “Never, it was Carlyle and his translations of Schiller and Goethe. Prince Albert had little or no influence on Society.”

My mother would often speak of her father's friends—many of them old-fashioned Englishmen prone to think as Shakespeare wrote—strong-built men with falcon eyes and deep powerful voices, the modulations of which they knew how to control with admirable effect.

In connection with this subject she used often in her latter years to complain of the defective elocution of the younger generation, so many of whom according to her mumbled and ran their words one into the other in the most irritating and slovenly fashion. People spoke out more loudly in her youth and she

maintained that modern folks were inclined to speak in tones which could not be heard.

Experts I believe are in agreement with the opinions which my mother used to hold, and it seems a great pity that elocution does not form part of the curriculum of schools.

She herself, it may be added, perfectly understood how to use her beautifully clear voice and always cut her words clean and sharp.

Among her father's great friends were those staunch supporters of the Turf, Admiral Rous and George Payne—the former in particular was a fine type of the old-fashioned English gentleman, highly honourable and straightforward, full of common sense, yet not devoid of prejudices. Like many of his contemporaries he hated tobacco, the smoking of which he considered almost an ungentlemanly act. Besides being devoted to racing, the old Admiral would never acquiesce in the modern view of cock-fighting, which he defended to the end.

Many of the old school had free and scathing tongues which they did not hesitate to use when anything aroused their ire.

The modern idea of compromising about everything likely to arouse trouble—an idea which certainly contributed towards destroying the power of the English aristocracy—did not appeal to these virile men.

Another of Lord Orford's friends was Lord George Bentinck. My mother never lost the recollection of his voluminous cravat and the delicate moulding of his hands, which were perfect in form.

Of the sporting people she came across in later years she always said that Whyte Melville was about the most attractive. A curious whim of his, according to her, was an extreme unwillingness to be considered a man of letters. He did not care for his novels—some of which he certainly had no need to be ashamed of—being spoken about when he was present.

Owing no doubt to the domestic discomfort pro-

duced by her father's love of the Turf, my mother in after life always professed the greatest dislike for racing, which she looked upon, not entirely without reason, as a sure and certain road to ruin. Notwithstanding these views, which she would express in a decided though amusing manner, she never belonged to any Leagues or Societies for curtailing betting, and, indeed, did not scruple to laugh at any movement of the kind, well knowing the futility of all attempts at drastic repression of such an overwhelming human instinct as speculation.

On occasion she would even cheerfully attend race meetings—though she never pretended to take the slightest interest in the proceedings she generally contrived to extract fun out of some humorous incident or other. At heart she regarded racing as a thoroughly nonsensical way of getting rid of cash, and I think did not quite understand rational people getting pleasure out of it.

The most pleasant recollection she retained of old racing days was of the picturesque costumes of old sporting characters—the white beaver hats and sky-blue jackets of the postilions who have long ridden away for ever, and the Tom and Jerry costumes of her father and his sporting associates. Lord Orford adhered to the blue coat and brass buttons throughout his life—as a matter of fact quite a number of the old school did so right up to the middle of the nineteenth century.

Even in the late fifties there was still a great deal of blue coat and brass button in the House of Lords ; there was also a strong flavour of flat-soled shoes, like those which old Lord Redesdale wore for thirty years and more. This footgear indeed was as closely identified with his personality as was his swallow-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, white necktie, and shoes tied with a bow of black silk ribbon. Nobody ever saw him in any other suit, except at a levee.

At that time many members of Parliament sported

rather flamboyant costumes which gave notes of colour to a less plebeian House of Commons than that of to-day.

Lord John Russell's appearance was a sort of barometer of his spirits. When things were going well in the House he would mount the yellowest of waistcoats and glossiest of coats. When, however, the political outlook was gloomy he would appear night after night in the shabbiest clothes, until something occurred to cheer him up, when he would suddenly leave off buttoning up his coat and wear clean waistcoats. A flower—a yellow one generally, but not a camelia—was another safe sign that Lord John was in a good humour.

A stranger to London entering the House of Lords, it was said, could always easily pick out Lord Brougham by his trousers, invariably made of shepherd plaid. Rumour declared that the "plaid breeks" in question were first donned by him when he was canvassing the electors of Edinburgh, during which period a manufacturer of the neighbourhood presented him with a large roll of a new design of tartan, which he had brought out. It was a piece of some twenty or thirty yards, all of which Lord Brougham had made up into a practically inexhaustible store of trousers.

At Cannes, where he was much respected, his hat, notorious for its dilapidated appearance, was a positive source of bewilderment to the natives, who could not make out why so great a millionaire should persist in wearing a headpiece for which no one in his senses would give a couple of centimes!

CHAPTER II

Continental travel in the forties—Anecdotes—Florence—Watts as a young man—The Villa Mathilde—Rome under Papal rule—Cardinal Giuseppe Zacchia—The charm of Venice—The late Lord Lovelace—Letters—Lord Hertford—Sir Richard Wallace—Lady Rachel Walpole—Introduction of the Polka—Fashionable amusements of the past—Dwarkanauth Tagore—His letter—A country marriage in 1848—Strange pets—Samuel Rogers and his breakfasts—The Exhibition of 1851—The vanished glories of Hyde Park.

IN the early forties of the last century my mother went a long trip on the Continent with her parents. They took with them their own horses and carriages, a cook and a courier. This was in the days when almost every Rhine steamer had an English state travelling carriage upon its forward deck with an English "Milor" and his family inside and English servants in the rumble behind. Very few railways had been made, and palatial hotels were undreamt of.

She herself rode a grey mare, seventeen hands high, called Testina, on account of her small head. Testina was the daughter of her father's racehorse "Clearwell," winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. My mother used to describe this trip as having been mainly one of splendid misery owing to the wretched accommodation which travellers then found on the Continent. Her father, torn between the two conflicting passions of a love of artistic surroundings and an uncontrollable fondness for the Turf, was always changing his arrangements. The innkeepers and almost all the natives, considering an English "Milor" fair game, indulged in every sort of petty plunder. Lord Orford tried to defeat them, but all in vain, for every man's hand seemed to be perpetually in his pocket. When the party left the house they had taken at Rome, its

owner, an old Marquis, was so anxious to get all he could out of them for damages that he knelt down on the carpets to count the grease spots.

At that time professional beggars fairly swarmed and such charitable institutions as existed relied a good deal for support upon travellers. One of the institutions, wishing to proclaim its toleration, had the following appeal posted up at its entrance :

“Appele to the Charitable. The Brothers, so called of Pity, solicit alms for the Hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases and have no respect for Religion.”

Those were the days when innkeepers and tradesmen on the Continent reaped a rich harvest from English visitors, who, in return for their money, too often got execrable accommodation and indifferent food.

Travellers went abroad prepared for all sorts of discomfort and outside the great European capitals were glad to get anything really fit to eat—a very different state of affairs from 1914, when the English abroad expected to find all their usual comforts. A traveller was even heard to speak in a very disparaging manner about Verona, which he denounced as the sort of place where you couldn't get a decently cooked mutton chop!

In the middle of the last century even the best hotels lacked most of what are now considered ordinary comforts.

Heating was not understood, and in cold weather visitors went to bed early in order to escape the draughts of cold air which abounded in the cheerless rooms. Sleep was too frequently unobtainable—travellers being tormented by fleas, and often kept awake by bad music intended as a serenade and aroused before daybreak by the noise in the streets.

Bathrooms were unheard of even at the best hotels, and at times the most fastidious were of necessity obliged to belong to the “great unwashed”—at the

smaller inns the means of ablution were often limited to a little warm water brought in a milk jug!

Many irksome regulations then hampered tourists on the Continent, chief among them, the tedious and complicated formalities connected with luggage and the passport nuisance.

My mother had a vivid recollection of many hours spent roasting in the hot sun, with the prospect of an ultimate *coup de soleil*, waiting for her passport. Meanwhile the crowd kept imprecating the authorities, and grumbling at the delay.

The postal regulations designed to prevent petty smuggling were tiresome in the extreme.

In 1844 she nearly involved an old lady in very serious trouble through innocently begging her to take a sealed packet to her sister, then staying at Mayence. In this little parcel were, amongst other things, four pairs of Tyrolean gloves, then much in fashion, which nearly caused the arrest of the poor lady on the Belgian frontier. The officials threatened the most frightful penalties, amongst them a fine of £50, for attempting to smuggle a *lesser* number of pairs of gloves through the Customs than the Belgian law allowed—the regulation being that nothing under a dozen pairs could be carried by travellers without liability to a very severe penalty.

In fairness it must be admitted that the authorities had to be on their guard, for many attempts were made to smuggle things and defraud the Customs.

All sorts of stratagems were employed. A lady, anxious to smuggle a clock, under her crinoline for instance, gave her clock-maker minute directions to fix the alarum apparatus so that it would not strike, but the man, being something of a wag, set the alarum at the moment he knew the lady would reach the Custom-house. On her arrival at the Custom-house, with the timepiece fastened to her hoops, the officer having found nothing contraband among her effects, was passing on to the next traveller, when a loud

wh-r-r-r was heard under the lady's skirts. The strange noise was kept up for the full space of a minute; but to the lady it seemed an hour, and she became tremulous and excited. The Custom-house officer for once was rather puzzled, not daring to lay hands on a woman, "save in the way of kindness." Finally, however, he obtained an iron rod, with which he eventually succeeded in bringing down the concealed clock.

The number of small States in Italy and Germany, most of them with their own peculiar regulations, rendered travelling especially tedious.

Opportunities for communicating with friends in England were extremely limited. At Munich, for instance, foreign residents were practically dependent, so far as correspondence was concerned, upon our Minister or upon stray travellers passing through the city. Unfortunately for those fond of sending and receiving letters the postal arrangements on the Continent were very inadequate, while the English Minister had very little to communicate to the Foreign Office at home, and only sent a bag of dispatches about once a month. The arrival of an English visitor was, in those days, quite an event in the old Bavarian city.

With her parents my mother made quite a long stay at Munich, where a certain homely simplicity then pervaded existence.

Lady Orford and her little girls made great friends with a number of the residents and the latter often went to the palace of King Ludwig and became great friends with the children of Prince Charles of Bavaria, one of whom became the ill-fated Empress of Austria.

In after years, when the latter was assassinated, my mother wrote to a friend: "That poor Empress! In old days—very old days when we stayed at Munich—we as children used to play with these Princesses as they had an English governess, a Miss Newbolt."

My mother remembered how the aristocracy of Munich had a strong antipathy to allowing their

servants to sleep in their houses, the consequence of which was that ladies, on returning from some grand party or other in a gorgeous carriage with two footmen behind, dressed in rich liveries and hats loaded with plumes and feathers, used to descend from their chariots, light their solitary night-lamps from the flambeaux of their departing footmen, and then sadly creep to bed amidst the dismal solitude of a dark mansion.

During this voyage abroad my mother's governess, Miss Redgrave, a most talented woman, kept a diary, cleverly illustrated in water-colours, which is excellent reading.

The point of view from which it is written, however, is totally different from that taken by travellers of to-day. Almost anything the writer saw impressed her, and she wrote quite poetically of much which the modern tourist, whose memory is too often merely a kaleidoscope, scarcely deigns to notice. Romance, as it existed in those days, has almost faded away—fairies, ghosts, goblins, and ghouls vanished with the advent of the telegraph and the railway train.

In those days Continental travel was still an event and not a habit, while the patronizing tourist who thinks he is conferring an honour on any country he deigns to visit was yet unknown.

The ubiquitous German who before the war defiled so many pleasant places was also non-existent, but a few adventurous visitors from the New World were occasionally seen.

For the most part they were regular Yankees of the old school, whose quaint expressions and comments were calculated to create amusement.

One rather boastful American was told at Naples :
"Anyhow, you've not got such a volcano as Vesuvius in your country."

"No, perhaps not," replied the undefeated Yank,
"but we've Niagara which, I guess, would darned soon put it out!"

Old-world travellers felt more interest than we in sites connected with historical events, and an exaggerated sense of romance inspired their appreciation of superb scenery: mere ordinary mountains, valleys, or lakes, unhallowed by legend, often won nothing but a passing glance.

Half the interest they felt in Switzerland was from association with the name of William Tell; they gazed with pleasure at certain parts of the lake of Geneva, because they recalled the story of Julie and St. Preux; while the Castle of Chillon—little trumpery fortress as it is—threw them into an ecstasy on account of its celebrated prisoner and his historian, Lord Byron. Chambéry was dear to them because of its connection with Madame de Warens and Rousseau, while “*Les Charmettes*” excited their sympathy by the halo of genius and misfortune which hallowed the spot.

To the keeper of this diary, going from town to town was about as much of an adventure as a journey to Central Africa would be to-day. The shadow of vague danger was always in the writer’s mind.

Unlimited discomfort and worries abounded.

At the same time, while rich travellers were unmercifully fleeced on the Continent, it was possible for English people of moderate means to live well at certain places with quite extraordinary economy. My mother, for instance, remembered having met an English family who lived in a great house near Bruges, with ten acres of land, kept three servants and two horses, gave big dinner-parties every two months, and enjoyed all the luxuries of life on two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Bruges—“*la morte*”—has charmed many a sympathetic English visitor with the sweet silence of its restful seclusion, and the old Belgian city, then wrapped in an apparently eternal slumber, entirely captivated my mother’s fancy. Years later, in her old age, she went and spent some ten days there alone.

In the course of her travels in the forties she and her family passed a winter at Florence, settling down in a lovely but somewhat dilapidated old palace (the Palazzo St. Clemente), the former residence of the Countess of Albany, who lived as the wife of the poet Alfieri after the death of her first husband, Charles Edward, the young Pretender, whose initials and portrait in medallions were conspicuous everywhere—even the weathercocks outside bore his monogram.

Speaking of this time, my mother, in a description which she wrote of the small parties which Lady Orford gave, said :

“ I remember Mrs. Trollope, the novelist, and her gifted son, the late Mr. Hallam, the historian, and his son, the Comtesse Ricci and her charming daughter, who afterwards married Count Potoski, afterwards ambassador in London, and the Prince and Princess Demidoff, of whom we saw a great deal. She was Princess Mathilde, daughter of Jerome, King of Holland, and had the beautiful features of her uncle, the first Napoleon, as well as an irresistibly charming manner. They had a most lovely villa, the Villa Mathilde, where I spent a great deal of time with them and the father of the Princess.”

Princess Mathilde's husband was, in his way, a most original character, with an inordinate love of playing practical jokes. So great was his reputation for this form of amusement, that when his wife received the news of his death, she treated it as a hoax. It was, however, no joke this time, for death of which the Prince had often made sport had now made sport of him. He once made a number of doctors in Vienna absolutely furious by an extraordinary prank. He sent to each of the doctors separately, requesting them to visit him and report upon some disease from which he pretended he was suffering. About a score of medicos obeyed the summons, and each one of them gave him a written opinion on his complaint. As he

expected, they were all different—no two of them agreed. This was exactly what the Prince wanted. He called all the doctors together in a body, read their conflicting opinions to them, set them all by the ears, and laughed in their faces.

My mother also went a good deal to the house of the British Minister and his wife, Lord and Lady Holland.

A letter written at this time says :

14, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.

The Hollands are much occupied with Lady Orford and her daughter, Lady Dorothy, the prettiest, most captivating little creature I ever beheld. "Fun in her eye and mischief in all her thoughts." The only day I was out, she rode up to me with General Ellice, hung over with flowers, a large straw hat with a red ribband round it and a bunch of peacock's feathers on the side of it. Her habit quite open and little gauntlets, to be, as she said, like the Life Guards. We were all enchanted with her.

At the Hollands' it was that Mr. Watts, then quite a young man, met my mother with the result that he painted a portrait which is undoubtedly one of the most successful and beautiful of all his works.

Even as a young man Mr. Watts took art very seriously. It was by his skill as an artist in black and white at Florence that he first attracted the notice of several amateurs, Lord Holland amongst them, who became his patrons. The first work of any importance which marked him out as a remarkable painter seems to have been a painting in fresco on the walls of a courtyard appertaining to the Villa Carreggi, a short distance from Florence on the road to Fiesole. In the days of the Medici this villa was tenanted by a doctor who was suspected of having poisoned one of the family. Watts pictured the summary vengeance wreaked by the retinue of the nobleman on their victim, representing him as being dragged by half a

dozen Italian foot-soldiers and thrown down the deep well in the centre of the courtyard. A few yards away stood the stately figure of a monk, his right hand holding a long crucifix, his left hand raised as if striving to move the group of assassins. The whole was admirably painted, but even in the fifties it was beginning to fade from exposure to the weather, and it has now probably disappeared.

The friendship which she had formed as a girl with Mr. Watts my mother kept up all her life. She often went to see him at Old Little Holland House and would recall with pleasure its low-thatched porch, sunny lawn, and miniature pond. The delightful sense of peaceful calm which reigned throughout the frescoed rooms lingered in the mind of all who had enjoyed it. Old Little Holland House, however, with the building of Melbury Road, disappeared, a sacrifice to the Moloch of commercialism, when Mr. Watts, devoted to the recollections of his old home, built almost upon the same site another peaceful abode which he called by the same name.

Here, ever indifferent to most of the earthly things which the mass of men prize, he continued to work, as he had always done, for the mere joy of working. He never forgot the pleasant days in Florence and the people he had known there; of my mother he was especially fond, and in his last years whenever they met, no matter how large the party, he would step forward and embrace her.

After leaving Florence my mother and her parents went on to Rome, which was then under the temporal rule of Pope, Cardinals, and Priests. In old age she recalled with pleasure the mediæval and picturesque carriages and dresses of that vanished regime.

Of the then Governor of Rome, Cardinal Giuseppe Zacchia, she cherished delightful memories. This kind old friend quite took her under his care, evincing his affection for the little Protestant English girl by giving her a rosary of mother-o'-pearl and silver beads

which he had worn constantly for fifteen years, and also had a silver locket made for her, within which were relics of St. Joseph, his patron saint, and St. Dorothy.

During this visit to the Eternal City she saw the Roman carnival, which was supposed to be so gay. Immense crowds (at least immense for those days) and a perpetual shower of confetti and battered flowers constituted its main attractions. The people of Rome, however, enjoyed it all immensely, and a young lady said to her: "If Paradise be half as delightful as the carnival, what can be so happy?" Some English people, however, said it was more like Purgatory!

The Rome of that day was in many respects totally different from what it is to-day. As a matter of fact, the real charm of Rome is not its immutability but the opposite. It is, indeed, a city of Eternal Change and as such appeals to every generation in turn.

The portion of the trip which my mother loved best was, I think, her sojourn at Venice where, as may be read in her *Reminiscences*, she saw many interesting people and things.

To glide through the shadow of crumbling magnificence and muse over the old city's splendid past was then a landmark in every traveller's memory.

The sumptuous palaces—the superb portraits of Titian—Tintoretto and Giorgione appealed to her innate sense of the picturesque and the significance of Venice ever lingered in her mind.

In those days traditions of Byron were still current there and in these she took the warmest interest, for she was an ardent admirer of that poet whom she liked next best to Pope.

In later years she became a friend of Byron's grandson, the late Lord Lovelace, for whom she had the greatest esteem. He was a man of high intellectual qualities, as his privately circulated book, *Astarte*, dealing with the cause of the estrangement

between Lord and Lady Byron, shows. When sending my mother a copy he wrote :

OCKHAM PARK,
RIPLEY, SURREY.

December 31, 1905.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,

Your very kind reception of my offering—as an antidote to Xmas displeasures—makes me not less anxious to go and see you as soon as possible, which I fear cannot be till February, as we are to stay here quite another month—being so unpolitical that I think we shall wait till after the meeting of the new parliamentary pack. The moment I know the day of moving to London I will write and ask what afternoon I may call and hear all you can tell me about the interests of the great world—giving you in exchange the meagre news of a recluse.

The book is, as an old friend writes, one to read with a heartache, and the events recorded have been a sorrowful inheritance for more than one generation. The tragic secret, or half secret, was all the more painful for that sort of half mystery which combined the evils of a secret with those of revelation. I always felt the facts should have been made known by those who could have done so at least 40 years ago. The duty was clear to me, but I could not like having to undertake it myself. However, I am thankful that it has been executed, and I hope as effectually as was possible.

This morning, between 7.30 and 8, we had one of the rosiest dawns I ever saw—warm and glowing to the eye, but bitterly cold though so lovely. Even now there is singular charm in out-of-door scenes in the country, and I shall regret them when we go away, though longing to see a number of old and new friends.

Very sincerely yours,

LOVELACE.

Though the literary merits of *Astarte* are considerable, it is perhaps questionable whether the writer was altogether judicious in reviving a controversy belonging to another age. Be this as it may, his talents were generally admitted and in conjunction with a very charming disposition endeared him to everyone fortunate enough to be his friend.

Writing at the time of Lord Lovelace's death, the late Lady Dorchester said :

“ How kind and good of you, dear Dorothy, to think of and write to me just now ! It is indeed a sad affliction to lose so good, generous, and never-failing friend as dear kind Lord Lovelace ! Few know so well as I do what were his really valuable qualities, his cultivation of mind, his unselfishness, and kindness of heart, for my experience of him was carried on for so many years under exceptional circumstances. . . . How I shall miss him ! I have no one left now to take the interest in pursuits he and I had in common with the addition of unfailing personal friendship ! Lady Lovelace wrote to me at once, poor broken-hearted woman ! they were so devoted to one another—she ends her letter saying, ‘ you must love me now for *his* sake ’ . . . touching, is it not ? . . . I feel for her beyond words.”

Many other towns besides Venice were visited by my mother during this mid-Victorian stay on the Continent. Several weeks, for instance, were passed at Vicenza, then in the occupation of Austria, whose brilliant cavalry officers seized every opportunity of taking the young English Milady for rides.

My mother, on her return to England, came out and was initiated into the delights of the London season. She did not, however, have the liberty which young ladies enjoy to-day. A young lady could not go in a cab or stroll unaccompanied, while it was hardly considered proper for her to walk past the big bow-window at White's, filled with the dandies of the day.

My mother well remember her father telling the governess to take care that her sister and herself, when going down St. James's Street, should walk on the other side of the road.

Though she was taught to avoid this window full of rakes, young and old, she was taken occasionally, as a little girl, to parties given by one of the worst of the whole lot—the 3rd Earl of Hertford, Thackeray's Lord Steyne, a pleasure-loving old reprobate, who gave entertainments at his house in St. John's Wood. With this nobleman seems to have expired the quaint office of Warden of the Stannaries, which no one seems ever to have heard of since. His son, the fourth Marquis, a great collector, who lived a good deal abroad, was an intimate friend of my mother's brother, the late Lord Orford, and was fond of telling him how necessary it was not to neglect the interests of one's family no matter how much one might differ from them. This principle, with curious inconsistency, he proceeded to affirm by leaving almost everything he could to Sir Richard Wallace instead of to his successor, the fifth Marquis.

The exact reasons which led the 4th Marquis of Hertford to bequeath a vast fortune and magnificent collection of pictures and *objets d'art* to Sir Richard Wallace remain obscure. During the lifetime of Lord Hertford, Mr. Wallace, as Sir Richard then was, acted merely as a sort of intimate secretary, being known as "Monsieur Richard."

Many people, including my mother, laboured under the impression that the 5th Lord Hertford lost a fortune by refusing to respond to overtures of friendship tendered to him by Sir Richard Wallace.

The latter never made any such overtures, and therefore Lord Hertford never could have repulsed them, neither did Mr. Richard ever show the slightest desire to be on good terms with the family.

The statement that the loss of the inheritance which had been alienated from him was to be attributed

to any action on the part of the 5th Lord Hertford or his family is according to unimpeachable authority totally out of accordance with facts.

Though Lord Orford was a veritable martinet in some things he allowed his daughters to enjoy all the delights of the London season and my mother had dances and balls to her heart's content.

It was quite fashionable to make up parties to go to Vauxhall. Not many years before her death she wrote: "I recollect dancing a quadrille at Vauxhall with a fop of the gay world, the late Lord Mayo being my partner—we often went to Vauxhall, a gay party, and sometimes to the other alfresco entertainments, but a magnificent fête once there ended in a complete failure; but I have passed many a pleasant night at Vauxhall, in illuminated caverns, and gipsies telling one's fortunes. Another delightful *rendezvous* was the Coliseum, London, by night so attractive. All these are gone never to be again."

At a fashionable dancing school held at Almack's my mother learnt dancing. Here the teacher was Madame Michau, whom she described as "a most extraordinarily plain 'humpy' little woman, from whom one would have expected nothing, and yet in showing off her figures she was the very perfection of grace, and elicited boundless and well-deserved admiration from her pupils."

My mother's sister, Lady Rachel Walpole, was one of the first young ladies in England to dance the polka. Though now more or less out of fashion, this dance formerly enjoyed a great popularity. It originated in 1831, when it is said a young peasant girl of Elbe Teinitz, in Bohemia, performed a dance of her own invention one Sunday afternoon for her special delectation, and sang a suitable tune to it. The schoolmaster, Joseph Neruda, who happened to be present, wrote down the melody, and the new dance was soon after publicly performed for the first time in Elbe-Teinitz. About 1835, it made its entrance into Prague, and then

obtained the name of Polka, probably from the Czech word *Pulka*, or half, referring to its half-step.

On its introduction into London the new step created quite a sensation.

At Mrs. Spencer Stanhope's ball in the late thirties of the last century a deputation of ladies begged the hostess about three in the morning to allow the polka to be danced, as there were six ladies in the room who understood it. Permission having been accorded, the six (one of whom was my mother's sister) stepped out with their partners, all of them, curiously enough, dressed in black, which caused people to say it was a chimney-sweeps' dance. Extraordinary excitement was created by the innovation, Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Bedford, and numbers of other fine ladies clambering up on chairs and benches to get a good view. Lady Rachel was then just out of the school-room, and had recently married Lord Pollington, son of Lord Mexborough. She adored dancing, her love of which may be realized when it is stated that the night before her only son, Lord Mexborough, was born, she was at Lady Salisbury's dance in Arlington Street till one-thirty and her son¹ was born at three!

A visit to the theatre in her girlhood (my mother used to say) was not the mere casual distraction it is to-day, but quite a serious adventure.

She and her sister, she remembered, were accustomed to be sent to bed for two or three hours in the afternoon in order to rest before the excitement of witnessing a dramatic performance.

The crush room was then a social institution of some importance resembling an informal evening party.

Directly the opera was over the fashionable portion of the audience at once adjourned to a hall arranged for people to wait in whilst their carriages were being fetched, and here the gay world would linger generally for at least an hour.

About this time she saw many people whose names

¹ The late Lord Mexborough, who died in 1916.



LADY DOROTHY NEVILL, AS A GIRL, HER SISTER LADY POLLINGTON
AND CHILD

have now become more or less historical. She remembered Lady Blessington driving about London in a barouche with her head apparently muffled up in a turban, and she met Count D'Orsay at one of the "breakfasts" which were then popular, and could recall his brown coat and tight pantaloons. Bernal Osborne has left a compact description of this dandy's dress :

A coat of chocolate, a vest of snow,
Well brush'd his whiskers, as his boots below ;
A short-napp'd beaver, prodigal in brim,
With trousers tightened to a well-turned limb.

My mother and her sister made great friends with one of Count D'Orsay's sitters, Dwakanauth Tagore, one of the first Indian gentlemen to visit England, who became a popular figure in London society at that time. He took a great fancy to my mother and her sister, giving them both presents of coral charms.

ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL.

September 27, 1845.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

How kind it was of you to write me a few lines in your sister's letter to me which I received during my late visit to Ireland and which I will keep as a memorial of your goodness to one who has experienced, I must say, so much kindness in England.

The Naple's [*sic*] charms have at last reached me here and I have the great happiness to hand them over to your sister with a request that they may be forwarded to you, and which I hope may reach you safe and that you will be *charmed* with them.

I will be all October in London and then take my continental journey.

What are you going to do all winter? I dare say I may have the pleasure of seeing you some day at Florence or Rome.

I may not trust myself to write more in English and

fear you would not understand my native language—*Bengalese*—otherwise would have been gratified to have intruded with a much longer note than this poor attempted one.

Pray remember me kindly to Lord and Lady Orford. I am sorry that I was not in town when they did me the honour to call as I found their card on my return.

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) DWAKANAUTH TAGORE.

P.S.—On calling at your Sister I find she has gone somewhere in the country and will return in a week, so I must keep the charms with me until her arrival in town. T.

Dwakanauth Tagore, it will be seen, was quite a cosmopolitan; his portrait was one of the most successful executed by Count D'Orsay.

The old school then exercised a great influence in keeping up the ceremonious ways and usages of a past era.

The present generation with its more slipshod if more natural ways can scarcely realize the formalities which formerly permeated the social life of the old English aristocracy.

One of the last and greatest supporters of these was the old Duchess of Cleveland, Lord Rosebery's mother, and an extremely clever woman. In an invitation sent to my mother by the old Duchess when she was over ninety years old she mentions eight as the hour "in which we have the habit of dining."

In 1848 my mother married. Lord and Lady Orford had always seen a good deal of their kinsman, Mr. Reginald Nevill (whose mother was a Walpole), and in due course he was accepted by their youngest daughter.

My mother's father-in-law, the Hon. George Nevill, belonged to the eighteenth century; he had been born in 1760. At one time master of the old Surrey Fox-

hounds he resided at Flower Place, Godstone, and had known Mrs. Thrale, who lived not very far away, quite well.

In due course the wedding, which was carried out quite in the old style, took place at Wolterton, the marriage ceremony being performed in Wickmere Church, Norfolk.

The following description reads curiously to-day when brides seldom exhibit anything but extreme composure. "At two we all assembled for luncheon in the great hall, and at half-past the carriages came round. They looked so gay with favours and large bunches of China asters all over the harness, the coachmen with bouquets and flowers on the whips. I went in the family coach and four with the Bride and her Mother. At the Park gates was an evergreen arch with flowers, a broad one at the Church gate and flowers all along the carpeted path thro' the Churchyard. All the school children, 116, had favours—all the tenants too—and the poor of the three villages crowded the Church and Churchyard. The Church was decked with the old velvet hangings of the private chapel, and looked very well, but it was so full that even the pulpit and reading-desk were crammed, and the people standing on the seats to get a glimpse of the bridal party made a rushing and rustling more zealous than decorous—until silence was obtained, the buzzing ceased and the ceremony began. Lord O. had a hard struggle for composure and Mr. Nevill of course dropped the ring, Dorothy was very composed till the end, but when Lord Orford kissed and blessed her she burst out crying, and cried all through the kissing and signing—Lady P.¹ cried too, but Lord P. was very joyous, and whispered his wishes to be married and kissed and blessed over again, not desiring to change the object. Lady P. distributed the favours to the wedding party which of course were worn all day.

¹ Lady Pollington, sister of Lady D. N.

Before setting out for Burnham Thorpe,¹ where the honeymoon was to be passed, there was a sort of "wedding breakfast" or rather "tea" quaintly described as follows :

"The cake was duly cut by the bride—speeches, toasts, and all quite orthodox. Poor Lord O. struggled and spoke only a few very fond kind words. Mr. Nevill, agitated, returned thanks very neatly, but in so low a voice that he could scarcely be heard. Then there was coffee at half-past 8, the carriage and four came to the door to convey the bride and bridegroom away, luckily all tears at parting were turned into laughter by Dorothy's coming in to take leave with her dog in her arms rolled up in her discarded flannel petticoat—the strings of which hung down, plainly showing what it was. She went off as she had declared she would with the dog, the cat, and other pets—a perfect menagerie.

"They had forgotten in the bustle to ask the poor dear old retired housekeeper, but Dorothy would have her fetched to see her go off, and to stay supper and eat cake and wine. We had her up in the saloon, and made so merry with the good creature."

The pets mentioned above included one or two reptiles. My mother's tastes in this line, indeed, were almost as singular as those of the great Scotch advocate Lord Erskine, who in addition to a favourite goose and a favourite macaw, kept two pet leeches which he asserted had saved his life when he was dangerously ill!

Among the letters of congratulation my mother received on her marriage, there was none she treasured more than that from Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, of whose little wizened figure, blue coat and nankeen waistcoat she ever retained a vivid recollection. The old man was very fond of her. In his beautifully neat

¹ See p. 81.

little handwriting he wrote to her mother (October 14, 1847) :

My dear Lady Orford,—I have thought of nothing else since I received what gave me so much pleasure. May they be happy to the last moment of their lives !

Yours ever and ever,

S. ROGERS.

With this letter he sent a finely bound copy of his *Italy*.

Rogers was a queer character. Kept a prisoner in his chair by the infirmities of his great age, he has been pictured at ninety as feeding the love of the beautiful, which was a passion with him, by “delighting to watch the changing colours of the evening sky from a window facing the Green Park.”

As a poet he should perhaps not be ranked very high. His conversation, seasoned with anecdote and occasional sarcasm, gained for him a peculiar place in society, which his poetry alone would scarcely have done. Even in extreme old age his intellectual faculties remained very alert; it is said that distrusting his memory he never ventured upon an anecdote without a *caveat* as to having told it before.

Rogers was a good judge of art, and after his death his collection brought noble prices : a striking contrast to the fate which overtook those gathered together by a brother in the Muses, Savage Landor.

The latter before he left England sent his collection of pictures, which had acquired a kind of reputation, to Mr. Capes, of Manchester, for sale. Landor had picked his pictures up in Italy, fancying himself as clever a connoisseur as Rogers. Landor's collection, however, sold for insignificant prices. In short, the average price of each picture—pictures bearing the noblest names of art—was under ten shillings !

The cookery at St. James's Place was reputed to be superlative.

Rogers attributed his long life to slow eating and

he was ahead of his age in understanding the laws of health. Meeting a friend who declared himself to be a great sufferer from indigestion, the banker poet said, "Come and dine with me to-day, and you will find out what you ought to eat." The meal consisted of most genial and nutritive meats, with no harsh fibre left, but, as the host remarked, half digested in the cooking.

A number of ingenious mechanical contrivances enabled the beautiful works of art to produce the very best effect.

At dinner, for instance, contrary to the usual custom, there were no candles or lamps upon the table, the room being softly illuminated by wall lights, which at the same time lit up the pictures.

Almost as celebrated as his dinners were Rogers's breakfasts, to which, at one time or another, came most of the prominent literary and artistic celebrities of that day.

It was at these breakfasts that my mother met Count D'Orsay and heard Tom Moore sing "When first I saw thee" in a most expressive manner—a memory which remained with her to the end of her life.

Where one has been very young and very happy there is always something of it left; and certain places make the dear past seem so near, one can, as it were, almost reach out one's hand and touch it. A feeling of this sort made my mother delight to revisit her childhood's haunts, and she was consequently very pleased when she heard that Lord Northcliffe, for whose cleverness and energy she entertained a very warm admiration, had taken Rogers's old house, 22 St. James's Place.

Three years after her marriage my mother, while visiting the great exhibition of 1851 with Charles Greville, the writer of the famous diaries, narrowly escaped being crushed to death. It was the last day before the closing and she got caught in the crowd,

and being a very small woman would certainly have been seriously injured, had not a friendly official thrust her into his little pay-box and thus ensured her safety.

She perfectly remembered the sensation caused by this Exhibition, which for some mysterious reason was supposed to be the inauguration of an era of perpetual peace.

Though it did not produce this very desirable result it did something else which was to completely alter the character of Piccadilly which previous to 1851 had been mainly a fashionable lounge.

Owing however to the crowds attracted to Hyde Park by the Exhibition, the old street became changed into a busy thoroughfare which it has remained ever since.

The decadence of Hyde Park from a social and sartorial point of view took longer to bring about.

In the sixties and seventies the Park at certain hours was thronged with well-dressed people and regarded as the particular domain of aristocratic society.

Well into the eighties and in some instances later gentlemen continued to ride in Rotten Row in top hat, frock coat, blue trousers with a stripe down the side and straps. There does not appear to have been any reason for the abandonment of this exceedingly smart costume except the modern love for a sort of affected slovenliness.

Hyde Park was still in its full glory in the seventies when my mother used to drive her two beautiful ponies there.

What grooms ! what gallant gentlemen !

What well-appointed hacks !

What glory in their pace, and then

What beauty on their backs !

A rigid code then regulated social life. In mid-Victorian times to smoke in the streets was bad, but to smoke in the Park was a serious social crime.

The first gentleman to defy this unwritten law, according to my mother, was the grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland, who, to the astonishment of his friends, one day boldly walked in the Park with a cigar between his lips—an unconventional act which created quite a sensation.

The Park is still popular, but its aristocratic atmosphere exists no more. Modern sartorial plebeianism has destroyed its old distinction and the motley crowd which now frequents the Row from a decorative point of view cannot be compared with the courtly troop which long since rode away for ever.

The “democratic spirit” indeed, has successfully obliterated most remains of social elegance and the transient supremacy of the dandies belongs only to the past.

CHAPTER III

A Hampshire home—Country house-parties of the past—Sir William Harcourt—Sir Charles Butt—Sir Alexander Cockburn—Mrs. Sartoris and Tennyson—Bishop Wilberforce—Anecdotes—Archdeacon Wilberforce—Delane—Mr. Calcraft—Darwin—Professor Mivart—Church restoration—Old Lady Featherstonhaugh—Sir William Hooker—Frank Buckland and silkworm culture—Green wood—Muscology—Life in the country—Book illumination.

IN 1851 my father, the late Mr. Reginald Nevill, bought the Dangstein estate which lay between Midhurst and Petersfield, in Hampshire. The house had been built for Captain Lyons by Mr. Knowles, who had made an attempt to construct a sort of huge Grecian temple.

One of the chief reasons which caused the purchase of Dangstein was my father's love of farming which he had taken up after his marriage in the place of the coaching and racing of his bachelor days. He managed his estate very successfully and like the majority of the landlords in Sussex and Hampshire (the greatest character amongst whom was old Lord Leconfield, "The King of West Sussex" as he was called) got on very well with his tenants. But there were bad landlords too—men whose attitude recalled that aspect of free competition defined by Sam Weller as :

"Each for himself and God for us all, as the donkey said when he danced among the chickens."

On the whole, however, the landed gentry were not unpopular. For the most part they were then people with comparatively simple tastes. Even a well-to-do landowner was quite content to live the greater part of the year on his estate, amusing himself with the

sport which satisfied the moderate desires of those days. If he had not a house in town, he hired one for three months or so, when he would bring up his wife and daughters for the season. He entertained, as a rule, very modestly, and held views as to expenditure which in 1914 would have aroused contemptuous criticism. The season over, the family would return to the country, there to remain until the following year.

The "week-end" visit which has since become a regular social institution was unknown, and when visitors came to stay it was for what would now be considered an unconscionable length of time.

Parties were arranged long beforehand, the guests being carefully selected so that their tastes and sympathies might be in thorough accord.

Such parties were usually limited to eight or ten except at certain seasons when tradition prescribed a larger number.

The amusements provided in addition to sport were simple. Certain rigorous conventions existed—for instance, smoking indoors except in the harness-room or servants' hall after the ladies had retired was rarely tolerated. Gambling for high stakes was practically unheard of.

With the end of the century came a change in country-house parties which often became so large that they would have been greatly improved by being broken in several pieces.

The close intimacy of old-fashioned country-house life naturally ceased when over a score of people, some of whom were meeting for the first time, assembled together. In fine weather everything was well and good, but when, as was bound to happen in this capricious climate, the weather was inclement, an atmosphere of depression was apt to prevail.

"Outside driving rain—inside nothing but bridge and foolish talking" was how a clever friend of my mother's described one of these wet "week-ends."

At Dangstein my father used to entertain a good deal, and most of the prominent people of the mid-Victorian era were visitors there.

My mother was always very catholic regarding her guests. She herself was a strong Conservative, but my father's political opinions leaned towards Liberalism—he would, however, have had nothing in common with the advanced Radicals of a later day.

A constant visitor at Dangstein was Sir William Harcourt.

On one occasion while shooting there he gave my father a regular lecture on the lack of rabbits and hares which in moderation Sir William declared did no sort of harm to the crops. Nevertheless shortly afterwards he introduced the Hares and Rabbits Bill and talked a great deal in Parliament about the enormous destruction done to crops by such vermin.

This made my father extremely savage and he would cite it as an instance of the devious methods which prevailed in political life. Latterly indeed he became disgusted with all politicians.

The Law was generally well represented at Dangstein, a frequent visitor having been the late Sir Charles Butt, a most agreeable man who died comparatively young to the great regret of a host of friends.

Another man of the same stamp who in later years became a great friend of my mother's was Sir George Russell,¹ of Swallowfield—of both it may be said:

They kept at true good-humour's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide,
They never made a brow look dark
Nor caused a tear but when they died.

These were men who, as the saying went, would always find the bright side of everything—even of a London fog.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of

¹ Lady Russell, happily still alive, a writer of charming books, was also a great friend.

England, was also a frequent visitor. He was a clever and witty man and used to write my mother quaint little notes quite free from the formality usually associated with the Law. The following is a specimen written at the time of the famous Tichborne trial :

YACHT *Zouave*,
OFF RYDE.

September 12.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Being a *Duck*, as you say, you have a great advantage over me, for "the duck knoweth her appointed season," which is a great deal more than I do.

Omniscience alone can say when I shall be released from my present thralldom.

Sindbad was not more rejoiced to be rid of the old man of the sea than I shall be to be rid of this monster cause and monstrous defendant. . . .

Though the Lord Chief Justice well understood how to handle the English language with judicious pomp his notes to my mother were always bright and amusing and often he would playfully sign himself "GRAY GANDER."

The Lord Chief Justice, however, as a Lord Chief Justice, could have very serious moods.

He came down to Dangstein the evening after the Wainwrights had been sentenced to death and was so cut up and miserable that he hardly ate or drank anything for dinner. It was evident, as he let it be known, that he felt the whole affair intensely.

Sir Alexander Cockburn was very fond of music, and gave pleasant little parties at which stars of the musical world used to display their talents. The latter, however, were very much wasted upon my mother, who only cared for the lightest compositions, though as a girl she used to sing little songs and

accompany herself upon the guitar. She was one of the very few people who never made any pretence of liking the opera, and would laughingly declare that a large proportion of the fashionable audiences only went because they thought they *ought* to like it.

As she grew older her aversion towards serious music increased, and if asked to go to a classical concert she used to give very much the same answer as President Lincoln is supposed to have given to Artemus Ward.

The latter having written to Lincoln to ask him to attend one of his (Artemus Ward's) lectures, Lincoln replied that he had no doubt that Mr. Ward's lectures would be eminently pleasing to people who liked lectures, which he, the President, failed to do.

About the only singer whom I ever heard my mother praise with any warmth was Mrs. Sartoris. She declared that that lady sang delightfully, and a rendering of Shelley's "Good Night" always lingered in her memory.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight,
Be it not said, though understood,
Then it will be good night.

Mrs. Sartoris, who has been called Lord Leighton's Egeria, was frequently at Dangstein and delighted everyone with her singing. 'On one occasion, however, a contretemps occurred.

Tennyson was staying there, and one night after dinner Mrs. Sartoris sat down to sing a poem of his which she had set to music.

She sang it beautifully, but when it was over the poet with asperity expressed his intense annoyance that his beautiful lines should have been set to what he called "horrible third-class music"!

The result was general consternation—everyone called for their candles and went to bed.

Mrs. Sartoris was a woman of character and once

it was said refused the mysterious Duke of Portland about whose identity a trial took place some years ago.

After her marriage to Mr. Sartoris the Duke was supposed to have sent her an *écrin* of jewels, but she at once returned it to him, saying she only accepted jewels from her husband. Another great lady, however, was not so particular, and accepted many presents from the recluse of Welbeck.

When this was mentioned before Mrs. Sartoris the latter used to boast that the Duke had never given her anything but flowers and a railway novel!

Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), my mother, and Lady Airlie for some time used to meet every year at the latter's Scotch home, "Cortachy." On the Garden of Friendship here Mr. Lowe, who had a pretty gift for writing verse, wrote some charming lines ending with a well-deserved panegyric upon his hostess :

And not unhonoured shall the Grove ascend,
For every stem was planted by a friend,
And she at whose commands its shades arise,
Is good and gracious, true and fair and wise.

The Hon. Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower, a charming and urbane man of the world, very popular with a past generation, was often at Dangstein. Though a typical aristocrat, he affected a gentle Radicalism at which even the most rabid Tory could not take offence. Another visitor who, like Mr. Leveson-Gower, was noted for his great social popularity was the celebrated Bishop of Oxford, known as "Soapy Sam."

It was the age of puns and of riddles, the last resource of weak minds as they have sometimes been called. Be this as it may, the Bishop, who was certainly not weak-minded, may be said to have specialized in them.

Bishop Wilberforce had no sympathy with fads. He once administered a very humorous rebuke to the

daughter of one of his father's old friends who had taken a great part in the anti-slavery agitation. The lady in question, who owed her large fortune to a brewery, being badly smitten with the teetotal mania, had actually caused a very fine cellar of wine which she had inherited to be poured down her kitchen sink. She was, however, very fond of the Bishop and when he came to stay with her told him quietly at dinner that though only temperance drinks would be served he would find a bottle of whisky in his bedroom. Throughout the evening the Bishop showed the greatest good humour and made no attempt to stay the flood of teetotal oratory with which he was deluged.

Shortly afterwards the lady, on a visit to the Bishop at Farnham, was surprised to find that no temperance beverages or water were to be procured at dinner.

"I'm afraid," said the Bishop to her, while cheerfully pointing to the guests' glasses charged with champagne, "that our habits won't suit you," but, added he, lowering his voice, "I've taken care to see that there is a bottle of water in your bedroom."

An even more determined opponent of teetotalism than Bishop Wilberforce was the late Mr. Silsbee, the clever and original American who presented a number of Shelley relics (after they had, probably from ridiculous prudery, been refused by Harvard) to the Bodleian at Oxford.

During the time that a great wave of temperance reform was sweeping through certain parts of America Mr. Silsbee was asked to address a meeting and duly appeared upon the platform amid a crowd of rigid abstainers.

The audience were much moved by speech after speech depicting the horrors produced by alcohol, but Mr. Silsbee's oration produced a far greater sensation than all the rest put together.

Rising to his feet he said, "I have searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations and I have

found that there was only one man who called for water and he was in hell as he deserved to be."

The speaker never received any other invitation to attend temperance meetings!

The late Archdeacon Wilberforce like his father became a great friend of my mother's.

Though he inherited his father's wonderful voice replete with melody and power he was more uncompromising in his views.

When, for instance, he became a teetotaller he immediately had the whole contents of his cellar poured down the gutter outside his Vicarage at Southampton.

Almost a fanatic as regards abstention from alcohol he once while travelling received a very severe shock.

"Say are you anything to Wilberforce the philanthropist?" (his grandfather), inquired a globe-trotting Yankee.

"Yes."

"Well, then," said the Yankee, "let's liquor up."

After the scandalized Archdeacon had explained matters, the Yankee said, "I'm real sorry."

John Delane, the famous editor of *The Times*, paid occasional visits to Dangstein, but it was difficult for him to get away from town. He wrote:

10 SERJEANT'S INN.

March 8.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

If it were only invitations competing with persons which restrained me, I should accept that to Dangstein without thinking of any other, so inseparably with me is the idea of yourself and cheerfulness associated.

But you forget, like too many others, that I am about the most hard-working man in London, day and night all the year through, and that the scant occasions on which you see me are indeed "few and evil" and have an increasing tendency, with the

increasing exigency of the Public, to become less and less frequent.

I must therefore, though with much regret, forgo all hope of paying my respects to you at Dangstein.

I do, indeed, well remember our meeting at Highclere and shall never forget our charming hostess there. But what a season it has been ! I have just been trying to do some justice to my dear friend Helps, who has just been taken from us, and feel so sad after these many losses as to care little how soon my own time comes.

Good-bye, my dear Lady Dorothy. With many thanks and much regret that I cannot profit by your kindness,

I am, ever faithfully,
(Sgd.) JN. DELANE.

At the time when Delane was editor of the *Thunderer*, of Printing House Square, he was assisted by a most brilliant staff. The "Manager" was Mr. Mowbray Morris, whose son, the last editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, a charming and clever man, for a time himself connected with *The Times* as dramatic critic, only recently died—Leech drew him in *Punch* as the little boy in the hunting field. Besides Mr. Delane himself leaders were written by Mr. Dallas, husband of the admirable actress, Miss Glyn ; Mr. Chenery, who was the correspondent of the journal at Constantinople during the Russian War ; Mr. Moseley and one or two others. The literary reviewer was Mr. Samuel Lucas ; the theatrical critic, Mr. John Oxenford ; the musical critic, Mr. J. W. Davison ; fine art subjects were treated by Mr. Tom Taylor, and the City article was written by Mr. Sampson. The heads of the reporting staff were Mr. Woods, who was the Crimean correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, and Mr. J. Macdonald, the administrator of *The Times Fund* at Scutari.

From time to time there came down to Hampshire

another well-known social figure, who when the post was vacant had, it was said, come very near being chosen to edit *The Times*.

This was the late Mr. Henry Calcraft, one of the most indefatigable diners-out who ever lived, and credited with knowing everything about everybody. His reputation for social omniscience, however, was possibly exaggerated. An agreeable type of the Government official of mid-Victorian times, no one better than he understood how to combine a moderate amount of work with a great deal of social enjoyment. A certain mysterious reticence made him rather feared, but he used this power with discretion and never inspired anyone with the dread which that rather irresponsible freelance Bernal Osborne was apt to do.

At Dangstein, what with horticulture, her pets, and her artistic work, my mother's time was fully taken up.

The gardens with greenhouses filled with rare plants greatly interested scientific men.

Orchids and insectivorous plants were her especial hobby, and so she got into touch with the author of the *Origin of Species*.

Writing to a friend at this time she said, "Mr. Darwin has expressed a wish to see me—I dare hardly hope for such happiness."

She was able to furnish the great naturalist with many specimens, which she liked to think were of use to him in his wonderful researches.

"I am sending" (she wrote to Lady Airlie) "curious plants to experimentalize upon to Mr. Darwin. I am so pleased to help in any way the labours of such a man—it is quite an excitement for me in my quiet life, my intercourse with him—he promises to pay me a visit when in London. I am sure he will find I am the missing link between man and apes."

For years the great naturalist kept up an intermittent¹ correspondence with my mother, who, how-

¹ See her Reminiscences.

ever, never could induce him to pay her a visit—he very rarely left his Kentish home at Down.

His last letter was written with reference to affixing his signature to a curious little birthday-book which she kept.

DOWN,
BECKENHAM,
KENT
(Railway Station,
Orpington, S.E.R.),
November 29, 1881.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,

I have had much pleasure in signing the little book.¹ I rarely come to London, but on the two last occasions, I had hoped for the honour and pleasure of calling on you. Time and strength, however, failed me. I am glad that you have been at all interested by my book on earth-worms.

I beg leave to remain,
Your Ladyship's, faithfully and obliged,
CHARLES DARWIN.

Though Darwin did not come to her, she went to him. Mrs. Darwin was rather perturbed before the visit, fearing that the extreme simplicity of life at Down would pall upon one used to the gaities of country-house visiting. Before this visit, accordingly, she wrote to my mother saying that she understood that those who moved much in London society were accustomed to find their country-house visits enlivened by all sorts of sports and practical jokes—she had read that tossing people in blankets had become highly popular as a diversion. “I am afraid,” her letter ended, “we should hardly be able to offer you anything of that sort.”

¹ A birthday-book (now in my possession), illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway, in which my mother collected autographs of all the Victorian celebrities.

At the time of the publication of the *Origin of Species*, my mother, unlike a number of her contemporaries who feared the book would shake people's faith in religion, remained quite unperturbed, and she became very much interested in the theory which was to have such a profound effect upon scientific thought.

At the present day it is difficult to realize the stir caused when the theory of Evolution was first launched.

A great friend of hers wrote :

“ Keep me some hour when you come to London and let me see you and talk to you, and tell me about Darwin and the plants, and, if you can, do let me some day come and see them. It is long since I have seen your wonders, and I would like to come again. How far does Darwinianism enter into you—does it disturb your old beliefs or not? I think the mind of the real Naturalist is sometimes so bent upon each fact and each discovery as never to generalize, and so they manage to keep the two things separate in their mind. That is the real way, I think, and if men have faith in God, no facts, however startling, will make them doubt, but, as Arnold said, they will wait before the greatest doubts with the same patience and belief as they did in old days when all dogma seemed safe.”

These were the days when animated controversies raged as to whether religion could ever be reconciled with science ; many clever men became wildly excited on this subject.

Darwin himself used to tell a story of a pious professor who, ever seeking to reconcile biology with the Bible, accounted for the extinction of the mastodon by saying that the door of the ark had been made too small to admit it !

Another scientific friend of my mother who wrote a good deal about the theory of Evolution was the

late Professor Mivart. He paid many visits to Dangstein, which he found an ideal place for resting his brain when it was wearied with work and research ; and indeed, anything more pleasant than the countryside could not be imagined.

To the north Haslemere was still merely a village and the villas which now abound were as yet undreamt of : to the south rose the peaceful South Downs, between which and Dangstein lay a gently undulating country abounding in prosperous-looking homesteads, well-farmed fields, and delightful woods, here and there intersected by the swift-flowing Rother, in places the most picturesque of streams. Certain districts remained in much the same condition as they had been in since the advent of the Norman knights, sleeping their last sleep in quaint old village churches as yet untouched by the "restorer."

There may be something to be said for the removal of old-fashioned box-pews made of deal, but fine specimens of craftsmanship in oak surely deserve preservation.

The vast majority, however, have shared the fate of the quaint galleries in which local instrumentalists formerly supplied the music now furnished by organs.

Up till about the middle of the last century the imprint left by successive generations could be traced in most village churches which often contained various relics of the past of great interest to the student of social history.

The restorer generally seeks to bring any building he lays his hands on into harmony with the style prevalent at some particular mediæval date. He despises the continuity of history and sweeps everything else away.

English ecclesiastical opinion at the time of the Oxford movement for some inscrutable reason arrived at the conclusion that God ought to be worshipped only amidst Gothic surroundings. As a result, an

enormous quantity of fine Jacobean and Georgian woodwork was destroyed, its place being taken by machine-made Gothic, for which so many of the modern clergy still have a strong predilection. The most glaring instance of this form of vandalism was the removal of the superb panelling from Winchester College Chapel in the seventies. Some thirty years earlier so-called restorations of the Chapel and College Hall had done much damage at Eton.

Enormous quantities of fine woodwork were destroyed at this period. What the best of it was like can be realized from the interior of Hampton Court Chapel which by a happy miracle remains untouched.

When the restoration craze set in and aged villagers saw the pews in which so many generations of their forefathers had worshipped carted out as lumber and their church gutted they must have felt that truly the old order was passing away.

Hampshire, like the rest of rural England, came in for its share of "restoration," and in due course Rogate Church, near Dangstein, was handed over to a small army of workmen who in addition to stripping it of much that was interesting to the lovers of the past, also contrived to mingle the gravestones of those buried in the churchyard in inextricable confusion, in some cases losing them altogether.

An ornate service of reopening closed this regrettable chapter of local history. No wonder some of the parishioners rather ruefully returned thanks for the doubtful blessings of such a drastic restoration.

My mother's idea of a suitable education for the working classes was that the girls, in addition of course to reading and writing, should be taught housekeeping, cookery, and sewing, and the boys the elements of some trade or of agriculture. Attempts to implant a love of Shakespeare, nature study and the like, including a little fret-sawing by way of developing latent ten-

dencies towards Art, she rightly regarded as mere criminal waste of money and time.

The life of the poorer classes living in the country, notwithstanding the fact that wages were lower than at present, was certainly then not an unhappy one. A bond of sympathy existed between landlord and tenantry, which is now, except in some few cases, a thing of the past. Classes were more strictly defined, and the farmers, the majority of them sturdy yeomen of far more distinguished descent than most of the brand-new peers of to-day, would have laughed to scorn any idea of calling themselves gentlemen.

To-day, however, almost everyone is a gentleman just as almost everyone is an "Esquire."

The present use of the latter distinction, indeed, conveys not the remotest idea of its origin in past ages. The designation of "Esquire" originated in the days of chivalry, when the sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castles of superior lords. This was an inestimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could otherwise scarcely have given their children the accomplishments then considered indispensable to their station.

The same slipshod system has crept in as regards the use of the word "Lady," in former times applied solely to a female born of gentle blood.

My mother never failed to point out the folly of work-women, shop-girls, and the like calling each other "Ladies." All this sort of thing seemed to her to be mere vulgar humbug, and she did not fail to say so.

Notwithstanding these views she was far more democratic in her ideas than most of her neighbours, who were almost without exception hidebound Tories of the most old-fashioned school.

As for the rustics, their mind was more or less a blank. From a political point of view, the countryside was wrapped in slumber, and in after years my

mother would illustrate the small honour in which politicians were then held by the masses by the story of the ardent Free Trader who came down into Sussex with a view to interviewing Mr. Cobden. The visitor lost his way, and was obliged to interrogate a passing yokel as to whether he knew Mr. Cobden and where he lived.

“Muster Cobden?” said the man; “to be sure, we all knows him! He keeps the public-house at Ha’naker, and rare sport he do have there at times!” In the end the Londoner discovered that the rare sport was cockfighting, for arranging which the Muster Cobden in question enjoyed great local popularity; about the other Cobden the rustic said he knew little and cared less.

Sporting events interested the country-folk far more than politics. Writing to a friend in 1876 my mother said:

“There has been great rejoicing here over ‘Petrarch’¹ as he was born and bred at Midhurst, and the owner, a miller, told a friend he had refused £10,000 for him. I backed him for 5 shillings and won accordingly.”

The great landowners and squirearchy were overwhelmingly Tory; the spirit which animated many of them was amusingly shown by the answer of an old lady. Asked to lend her carriage to assist in conveying voters to the poll, she replied that she would only do so if she could be fully assured that the Conservative candidate would be successful. “We do not care,” said she, “to be associated with failure!”

At Up Park, a beautiful place on the downs, lived old Lady Featherstonhaugh—a real link with the past—for she was the widow of Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh who had entertained Nelson’s love—Emma,

¹ Lord Dupplin’s “Petrarch” won the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger that year.

Lady Hamilton, and taught her to ride. Sir Harry, whose morality was of the easy eighteenth-century type, was first attracted by his future bride when she was a simple country girl living on his estate, and eventually the old Regency buck led her to the altar. Sir Harry had long been dead, but his widow, whose sister had come to live with her, kept Up Park exactly as it had been in his time, taking the greatest care of the beautiful china and *objets d'art*. She was a most kindly old lady, but had a bitter hatred of Radicalism and Radicals. It was therefore a great triumph for my mother when she succeeded in obtaining leave for Mr. Cobden to visit Up Park, which he had long wanted to see. Lady Featherstonhaugh, however, expressly stipulated that she herself should not be expected to appear. On a subsequent occasion, when my mother asked leave to bring Mr. Lowe over, the *châtelaine* of Up Park adopted exactly the same procedure—as she told my mother she could not bear to meet people holding Revolutionary opinions.

Some other Tory neighbours were even more intolerant than old Lady Featherstonhaugh, and when they wanted to let their houses, would only accept a Conservative tenant. On the whole Mr. Cobden was generally regarded with horror, and though the most courteous and amiable of men, towards the end of his life more or less tabooed. This, of course, as my mother used to say, was of little moment to him. He was consoled by the friends who revered him in his lifetime and treasured his memory after his death.

When my mother first went to Dangstein it was twenty-two miles from a station and the line was not extended without opposition.

Railways for a long time were generally unpopular ; besides which, the many who had invested in them in the hopes of making speedy fortunes, became unpleasantly disillusioned.

Palatial stations and termini, the plunder of lawyers, and the formation of non-paying branch lines upon a principle of competition, speciously described as "commanding a country or district," so as to prevent it falling into the "system of another company," were the leading causes of the decline in the dividends of the principal lines. In 1858 things reached a climax, the Great Western declared no dividend at all; the Great Northern gave its shareholders £3 7s. 6d. per cent; the London and North Western showed the handsome profit of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent; while the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lancashire, having had an advance of £25,000 from the Great Northern in respect of earnings for one year, offered its ordinary shareholders nothing, though it succeeded in paying the usual dividend on preference shares. All of these were companies in which the system of competition had been somewhat recklessly carried on. The confidence of the public in the security of railway property was sadly shaken by such occurrences, and thus even companies which had pursued a prudent policy began to be looked upon askance.

The nearest station to Dangstein at that time was Godalming, the other links with civilization being an old and respectable stage coach, and a carrier who sometimes fell asleep either from excess of weariness or beeriness, and did not put in an appearance for hours, sometimes for days, after he was due. The village postman, one of the old school, was highly erratic.

The telegraphic arrangements in those early days were also somewhat primitive. One anxious husband was, to say the least of it, electrified to receive a message: "Wife and litter all doing well." He at once telegraphed back: "For heaven's sake, how many?" and was not thoroughly himself again till a corrected wire, "Wife and little one doing well," came to hand.

During the long winters at Dangstein my mother

passed much time in various artistic occupations. At one period she became exceedingly proficient in illuminating skeletonized leaves stretched upon paper, a minor form of art popular, I believe, in China—probably Sir Harry Parkes brought it to her notice. The leaves used were those of a hothouse plant, the *Ficus religiosa*. They were skeletonized by maceration and coated with isinglass, which rendered them capable of being painted on. The delicate design was elaborated by minute illumination, which produced a very pretty effect. She illuminated a large leaf for Lord Beaconsfield, and this after his death was given back to her by the executors.

The late Sir William Hooker, director of Kew Gardens, who was a constant visitor at Dangstein, took great interest in this skeletonizing of leaves. He wrote :

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

April 19, 1861.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Our poor friend Henslow is still lingering on and we are in daily, I may truly say in hourly, expectation of hearing of his decease.

You have excelled in preparing skeleton leaves, I know—and I have seen, I think, some foliage in the early stage of the operation, in vessels of soft rain-water, to remove by a putrefying process the pulpy substance. A lady friend of mine wants to know the *further* process for removing ALL the decaying matter and leaving the fine in the *beautifully clean state* when the operation is finished? Is it chloride of lime, or some bleaching fluid?

I have at length a goodly number of cocoons, sent out by the French Government to the Ionian Islands, of the new Chinese silk-worm. Your Nephew, I think, Mr. Drummond Wolff,¹ Civil Secretary there and

¹ Her cousin, the late Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

President of the Ionian Association, I presume for the culture of this insect, has done me the honour to make me an "Honorary Vice-President" of the Society—I hope with the understanding that I am never required to act in that capacity. M. Guerin Meneville too, in return for a little service I rendered him, had sent me a *most beautiful* case with the preserved insects in all their various stages, and samples of the silk, raw and manufactured, and begged me to ascertain if our Queen would accept a similar one. I showed her mine and she is so charmed that she has commanded me to inform M. Meneville that she will graciously accept his offer. I believe small sets are sold in Paris, and they are extremely interesting.

I have just sent off another collector to Japan. He goes out with Mr. Oliphant and under the most favourable auspices.

Yours, my dear Lady Dorothy,

Most faithfully,

W. J. HOOKER.

The writer's son, the late Sir Joseph Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I., was also a friend and took the greatest interest in the garden at Dangstein, and in the silkworm industry which at one time my mother tried so hard to establish.

In Mr. Leonard Huxley's most interesting biography¹ is a letter written to Mr. W. C. Darwin in January, 1906, in which Sir Joseph said :

"I knew Lady Dorothy Nevill very well and had many invitations to her hospitable house. Her narrative does not do justice to herself. She was not the frivolous character she paints. She was thoroughly interested in the rare plants of her noble garden. Her

¹ *The Life and Letters of Sir J. D. Hooker*, by Mr. Leonard Huxley. Vol. II, p. 461. 1918. London, John Murray.

exertions in the hopeless endeavour to establish a silk culture in England were earnest and long continued—and her efforts to improve donkey breeding and other industries of a like nature were as intelligent as useful. I ought to go and see her, as she made me welcome in London too, but have not for years.”

For several years my mother was much absorbed with her silkworms in which many of her friends took great interest.

Mr. Cobden gave a great impetus to this hobby of hers by sending her some eggs of the *Ailanthus glandulosa* from Algiers where he passed a winter.

The silkworm in question is quite hardy, living in the open air in China upon the leaf of a tree of the Sumach family known as the “tree of heaven.” Its great enemy in England was the tit. Weather did not affect it.

My mother published a small volume upon silkworm culture; her interest in it brought her into correspondence with a number of interesting people, amongst them the late Frank Buckland, who afterwards became a frequent visitor to Dangstein. He took a warm interest in the experiment, his first letter concerning which was as follows :

2 LIFE GUARDS,
WINDSOR.

August 26, 1861.

Allow me to thank you very much for allowing me to see the paper upon the silkworm, which is indeed a most interesting subject. I confess I was often puzzled with some of the French words which were not in my little dictionary. I am very glad you have succeeded so well. If you can manage to get any quantity of silk I will show it for you in the Exhibition of 1862. This will be a grand thing. I have sent to Paris for the book. If I were you I should write to

M. Meneville. I see the book is sold chez l'Auteur, Rue des Beaux Arts, No. 4.

I have not the least idea what your silk-making worm can be, as you may know I write for *The Field*. There is a gentleman who prides himself that *he knows everything*. I will, with your permission, try him with your question *signing my own name*, we will see what he says.

Thanking you much for your kindness, |
Believe me,

Yours most obliged,

F. T. BUCKLAND.

Frank Buckland's sister, Mrs. Gordon, the wife of the Vicar of Harting, a village not very far from Dangstein, was a very clever and artistic woman of whom my mother saw a great deal.

In the course of her silkworm experiences the latter actually succeeded in obtaining enough silk to make a dress, besides sending cocoons to various people interested in silk culture. Amongst others she sent them to the family of Cloete (one of whom became a great friend of hers in after years), at the Cape, and they sent her in return a dozen bottles of very fine Constantia. She also sent worms to different parts of Australia, where, like the sparrows and the rabbits, they became somewhat of a plague, and she distributed them over England, but there the tits followed them, and, after some years of patient trial, she reluctantly decided to abandon silkworms altogether.

Besides being interested in donkey breeding and silkworm culture, my mother experimented in various other directions. Finding, for instance, quantities of wood coloured green by decay, she conceived the idea of having portions of it worked up into various pieces of furniture, mantelpieces, and the like. Though the cost of polishing and preparing this green wood was considerable, the effect was good. Some years later

a friend who had become interested, having investigated the cause of the peculiar colour, wrote :

SHIRE,
GUILDFORD.

October 5, 1882.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I have learnt that the microscopic fungus which colours old green wood such as I have seen in your house is called—*Stictis Versicolor*. Perhaps you know this already, but I send you the name because I may have forgotten it by the time we meet again. Perhaps it may be cultivated by inoculating old bits of wood with the fungus, then if kept dark and damp, it might spread through it. What do you think of this idea? Will you try some experiments and if successful we might make a large fortune before we disclose the process to the world?

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR RUSSELL.

I may add that about the time of my mother's death an official connected with scientific forestry came to make inquiries as to this green wood, its possibilities for commercial uses having attracted the notice of the authorities. No one else but my mother seems ever to have realized its artistic value—her most ambitious efforts were two mantelpieces (one of which is in my possession), but small tables, boxes, book-cases, and the like were also made.

She dearly loved all quaint devices, and being sent some pigeon whistles from China by Sir Harry Parkes, organized an aerial orchestra. These whistles, which resembled small organ pipes, sounded various notes, and when attached to pigeons' tails produced a very pleasant effect, resembling that of Æolian harps. People used to be considerably astonished at such heavenly music, and, till they discovered its origin, were generally very much puzzled.

In the early seventies came a great craze for aquariums, and several tanks full of fish were installed in hothouses at Dangstein. One contained a number of those curious creatures—Axolotls. My mother was led to take an interest in these fish lizards by the late Professor Mivart, who, as has before been said, made frequent visits to Hampshire.

At one time my mother was much absorbed with the study of edible fungi, which during the sixties became quite a craze. The mania for eating fungi, indeed, produced quite a number of unfortunate accidents and even fatalities ; for instance, five French officers died in Corsica from the effect of a so-called mushroom breakfast. In 1851, Dr. Gerard demonstrated, by actual experiments on himself, to the French Academy of Science, that all poisonous mushrooms might be made perfectly harmless by steeping them for a couple of hours in water acidulated with vinegar. Whether this is really the case or not seems, however, highly doubtful.

One of her interesting visitors at Dangstein was the Rev. H. M. Berkeley—a great muscologist, and with him she often went to explore the woods in search of edible fungi. Her opinion of the latter for eating purposes was as follows : “ We had a good many of them cooked, but I must own that except for the good sauces in which they were cooked we might have eaten old shoes. There was one, a beautiful one, the strawberry fungus—coloured like a strawberry—a lovely one to look at, but more or less poisonous. The Russians use it to make themselves drunk, as it is most efficacious in that respect.” Mr. Berkeley told my mother that he had once sent a basket of these beautiful fungi to the daughters of a clergyman. These simple creatures believing that everything such a great authority sent must be as good to eat as to look at, at once decided to cook and eat his gift. Calling upon them the next day, Mr. Berkeley found to his dismay that both the ladies had been taken

to bed in a most grievous plight, quite incapable of doing anything. There is a charming little fungus which grows amongst the fairy rings of a poisonous fungus, it is the *Menasium Oriacles*, only to be distinguished from the poisonous fairy rings by its broader gills, and therefore no one ought to gather it unless they can see the difference.

This was by no means an exceptional case as the following letter shows :

SIBLEERTOFT,

MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Sept. 17, 1868.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I am here lying like a log from gout. I had a threatening at Norwich, but drove it off there only to have a worse attack here. The fungus competition is to come off the first Tuesday in October. You have kindly offered two guineas for the second best collection, and perhaps you will kindly send me a cheque for that sum, that I may be prepared. Some friends of mine have lately been nearly poisoned from mistaking the *Sileroderm*, which is so common on your lawn, for the young of *Lycoperdon giganteus*. Pray do not make any experiment without good advice.

With kind regards to Mr. Nevill,

I am, sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) W. J. BERKELEY.

Do you know my kind neighbours, Mr. Frederick Villiers and Lady Elizabeth ?

Though more is now understood about fungi than in those far-off days, a number of people perish every year from "muscological" carelessness or mistakes. Only a year or two ago the death from mushroom or fungi poisoning of Mr. Montagu White and his sister Mrs. Ham was announced from South Africa.

Both of these victims had been friends of my mother, who saw a great deal of Mr. White when he was Consul-General of the Transvaal Republic and resided at Haslemere.

After the outbreak of the Boer War his position became very difficult, nevertheless she continued to show him a sympathy which was fully appreciated. His sister was a highly educated and cultured woman.

Besides being interested in fungi my mother was a warm supporter of the neglected English truffle. She it was who persuaded the late Lord Ashburton to hunt for it under the beech trees in his park with the result that English truffles ever after figured on the *menus* at the Grange.

In addition to the interests of her large garden a great deal of her time was occupied with her pets. Sir R. Herbert of the Colonial Office gave her some Siamese cats, a number of which had been imported direct from Siam.

Later on she always had one or two Pekinese, at one time known as the "lion dogs of China." These were given to her by the late Duchess of Richmond; the breed was then only to be obtained from Goodwood, the late Duke of Richmond having been sent some of them from China.

A number of her pets lie buried in a special animals' cemetery she had laid out in the grounds of her Hampshire home, but the inscriptions she put over their graves have probably long disappeared.

The late Lord Sherbrooke (then Mr. Lowe) and Mr. Mallock both wrote epitaphs in verse, which have been already printed.

In the intervals of entertaining and looking after her garden and her pets my mother never neglected the task of trying to improve her mind. She made a point of setting aside a certain amount of time for reading.

Writing to Lady Airlie in the seventies she said :

“ Tho’ I do try so very hard to recollect and profit by what I read I always think it is so hard that no one—or at least few—sees us when we are at home and really rational, but it cannot be helped.

“ I hadn’t seen a single soul till yesterday when we went to join a picnic $\frac{1}{2}$ -way between here and Goodwood to meet the Richmonds and Saxe-Weimars—the poor Duchess bent down at the thoughts of “ annual Royalties ” till the grave closes over her.

“ The Princesses were notwithstanding charming and they each gave her a handsome bracelet—the P. of W. rather bored.

“ There was nothing new but toilettes, therefore I have gained nothing to tell you.”

In another letter she said :

“ We have been so delightfully quiet these last 4 weeks and I have enjoyed myself both bodily and mentally.

“ I am so busy painting on china. Of course I cannot succeed now, but time does everything, and who knows what it may do in my case.

“ We had a very pleasant party—the Bradfords, Lady Chesterfield, Mr. T. Smith, and Professor Owen.

“ I delight in my laundry (till now) a success. I have got such a nice matron and I hope soon to set my own little farm afloat which will be an immense pleasure, and then I long to begin a Co-operative shop. ‘ D. Nevill, licensed dealer in tea, tobacco, snuff, etc.’ will sound well.

“ The poor people are so cheated that I should be glad to help them if I could.”

The laundry in question she had built out of her own pocket—a number of poor girls being educated free for service there.

In connection with this philanthropic venture she frankly describe the complications which occasionally

arose owing to correspondents being unable to make out her writing.

She herself would cheerfully admit that her handwriting was execrable; the only worse writing, she would declare, was that of Lady Beaconsfield, whose letters were often almost illegible.

Though no calligraphist my mother was exceedingly clever at setting out inscriptions, etc., in Gothic letters; she was also gifted in the almost extinct art of illumination so popular among the monks of the Middle Ages.

One of the works she executed was Hood's "Song of the Shirt," another was "The Service for the Burial of the Dead" which she finished and signed in 1848 when twenty-two years of age—a curious instance of the strange mixture of seriousness and vivacity which went to form a highly original mind.

The text in Gothic lettering executed with a pen, besides being embellished with an initial letter of fanciful design, is illustrated with foliage of an appropriate kind.

The whole of this little volume is a really surprising composition to which she must have given much time and thought—I say surprising because anything more alien to my mother's sociable and essentially cheerful disposition than such a work, those who knew her will easily conceive.

Her masterpiece in this line, however, was an historical and genealogical account of the Nevill family taken from the work by Daniel Rowland.

Every page is beautifully illuminated with a different design, the coats of arms being beautifully copied in colours from those emblazoned on a manuscript in the British Museum dated 1640 entitled, "The honourable coates that are quartered by the Nevills in right of their birth."

It is possible that this volume as a whole is the most important and successful example of illuminating ever executed since the Middle Ages. The amount of painstaking care and work expended upon it must have

been prodigious, and considering the minute nature of a great number of the letters and designs it is marvellous that my mother's eyesight emerged unscathed from the task she had imposed upon herself.

This volume, begun in 1848 and finished on December 9, 1853, remains a striking monument of feminine patience, industry, and artistic skill.

CHAPTER IV

Tour abroad—Einsiedel—Collecting—A relic of Horace Walpole—The Miss Berrys—Pope—Mrs. Oldfield—Nelson and the Walpoles—Burnham Thorpe Church letters—Mr. H. N. Moseley—Letters—Life in East Sussex—A rustic centenarian—Mormonism—Old ironwork—An interesting letter—Sunday observance—The “Unco Guid”—Letter from Lord Northcliffe—Visit to Norfolk.

FROM time to time my mother went abroad with her husband or with her daughter. Writing to a friend in 1871 she said :

“ M. and I have just returned from a dear little tour we made 1st to Brussels to see my dear friend Mr. Lumley who notwithstanding a sad fit of gout was so kind. He has a charming house and gives such pleasant dinners. We met Ld. R. Gower, who is very artistic and dreams but of Art, etc., he seemed very pleasing. We then went on to Sedan which was very interesting. The French I think are improved, not so childish—how refined their manners and talk and how dirty their habits—morality and decency they know nothing of, but yet with benefit we might exchange a little of our morality for some of their cooking virtues, and how different one feels at the Channel quite a cherubim without any body whereas here one feels, alas, too often one possesses that encumbrance.

“ We had a most delightful tour,” she continued, “ avoiding our compatriots and airing German and French in the most beautiful manner. We went to witness a pilgrimage at Einsiedel¹ in Switzerland. The grand fête day is the 14th. There were 11,000 pilgrims, and it was beautiful to see their earnest piety—tho’

¹ Nôtre Dame d'Einsiedel, the Monastery where Casanova nearly became a monk.

misplaced, as the wretched black virgin they pray to and whose shrine they crowd with wax arms and legs does not seem to respond to their calls.

“There was a beautiful procession at dark—the most impressive I ever saw—in fact I am powerless to describe it tho’ I never can forget anything so inspiring.

“No English were there—and no unbelievers but ourselves—but we could not help appreciating such earnest tho’ misplaced piety and reverence.”

M., it should be added, was her daughter Meresia from whom my mother during her long life was scarcely ever separated. Never perhaps did a mother and daughter live in such perfect accord which was the more remarkable as their dispositions and tastes were entirely different.

From an early period of her life my mother, who had the collector’s instinct, took an interest in *objets d’art*, she loved curiosity shops and was always purchasing artistic trifles.

One of her ideas was to make an illustrated catalogue of all the things she had collected.

“How sad it is,” wrote she, “that in this age of appreciation of all things artistic and curious we should so pertinaciously forget or omit ever to take notes of our various possessions, when a wonderful history might have been written more eloquent than any words—of the various little historical—or other mementoes to be found in almost every house of any condition. You go to some great country house and there are miniatures and china, etc, without a notice of their career and adventures—and I have thought often of this to strike out a new line and try and inscribe all I know of the many curiosities which I have collected.”

She never, however, carried out her resolve, though without doubt she might have produced a very interesting volume.

She was very fond of odds and ends of historical information, as well as being a collector, having indeed many tastes which, as Mr. Frederic Harrison once wrote to her, "would have delighted the soul of the owner of Strawberry Hill as he sat in the Elysian fields chatting with Madame de Sévigné and the Duc de St. Simon."

This cult of the past, which had been a passion with her since childhood, was, as she said, ever a source of perpetual interest and happiness throughout her long life. She often deplored that so few people appreciated or understood what pleasure may be obtained from the cultivation of such a taste. As was but natural, she revered the memory of her kinsman of Strawberry Hill and never failed to acquire any relics of him she could. It was a great pleasure to her a few years before her death when she obtained possession of his silver Opera Ticket, the two sides of which are respectively inscribed, "Opera Subscription, King's Theatre" and "Mr. Horatio Walpole, No. 21."

This ticket, curiously enough, was at one time in the possession of the celebrated Paddy Green,¹ well known in connection with the old-time supper resort "Evans's."

In her childhood a good many people were still alive who had known the celebrated dilettante of Strawberry Hill in the flesh and more than once she had been taken to see the Miss Berrys, with either of whom Horace Walpole is said to have been ready to go through the marriage ceremony. Mary, his "suavissima Maria," and Agnes, his "sweet lamb," had then reached a great age. Concerning this visit my mother wrote: "I must own that I felt, as any girl would, very shy when I found myself in the presence of these two celebrities, and all I could notice was that they were so old and dried up that they looked to me like two mummies or ghosts. Shade

¹ See p. 181.

of my kinsman, Horace Walpole, how they would have horrified him ! ”

At that time quite a number of people survived who were links with what would now be considered the remote past. Such a one was the Dowager Countess of Hardwicke (she only died in 1858), whose long life, touching at its beginning on another long life, brought points of time together which commonly seemed separated by impassable spaces. This lady was born in 1763, and lived to ninety-five years old. Her father, the Scotch Earl of Balcarres, having been well stricken in years at the time of her birth, their two lives extend back to before the beginning of the eighteenth century. It seems strange now to think that Lady Hardwicke could speak of her father as having been “ out in Fifteen ” (1715) with Lord Derwentwater and Forster, and having been begged off by the great Duke of Marlborough.

For Sir Robert Walpole and everything connected with him my mother had a real veneration—it was pleasant to hear the charming intonation which she gave to the words “ Sir Robert.” She always spoke of this ancestor of hers as if he was still in existence, though, as it were, temporarily away.

Another of her forbears for whom she had a great regard was her great-great-grandmother, the vivacious and celebrated actress Mrs. Oldfield—Pope’s Narcissa and “ la charmante Ophils ” of the great Voltaire.

Of her direct descent from this fascinating lady my mother was exceedingly proud.

Pope, she often told me, was her favourite poet, and whenever she could she collected relics connected with him.

Amongst her most treasured possessions was a little writing-desk, made partly of willow, reputed to have belonged to this poet, who, the story goes, having received a present of some figs from Turkey, with a twig in the basket ready to bud, planted it in his garden where it grew into a fine tree. From this stock, all

the weeping willows in England are sometimes said to have originated.

In the library at Wolterton—a library which was something better than the ordinary country house “Sahara” of obsolete theological literature and racing calendars—was a set of Pope’s works, richly bound in quarto, which had been presented to the first Lord Walpole by the poet, in grateful recognition of some assistance rendered by the former to Southcot, a Catholic priest, who through his help obtained a good abbey near Avignon in France.

Pope had a great regard for Sir Robert Walpole, of whom he wrote :

Seen him I have but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill exchanged for Pow’r ;
Seen him, uncumbered with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me ? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

Besides relics of Sir Robert Walpole and of Pope, my mother was fond of acquiring anything connected with Nelson, to whose memory she was very devoted.

For this cult of the great Norfolkian sailor she had a more valid reason than ordinary hero-worship.

The immortal admiral had been related to her ancestor, the first Lord Walpole of Wolterton, after whom he was named Horatio, and the living of Burnham Thorpe had been presented to Nelson’s father by Lord Walpole.

Sir Robert Walpole’s brother, Galfridus, had followed the sea, become an admiral and had a not undistinguished naval career, losing his right arm in a sea-fight in the Mediterranean, on which occasion he was in command of the *Lton*, a ship of eighty guns, which, single-handed, fought four French ships mounting sixty guns apiece.

Admiral Galfridus’s sword was one of Nelson’s most cherished possessions. When the Rev. Maurice Suck-

ling married the granddaughter of Sir Robert Walpole's sister, Captain Suckling presented him with this sword, the recipient in course of time bequeathing it to his grandson, Horatio Nelson, who always wore it, and was grasping it in his hand when severely wounded at the battle of Teneriffe.

Nelson seems to have kept in close touch with the Walpoles. The following letter was written by him in 1804 :

To the Right Honourable Lord Walpole.

Victory,
OFF TOULON.
December 29, 1804.

MY DEAR LORD,

On this day I received your favour of May last, or you may believe it should not have been so long unanswered ; for I do assure you, that I have the very highest regard, esteem, and, if I might be allowed the expression, affection for you, and every part of your family. Young Nevill¹ is a very excellent young man and his good conduct has not escaped my observation ; and you may rely, my dear Lord, not only upon this, but upon any occasion which may offer, that I shall be truly happy to meet your wishes ; for I never shall forget the many favours, kindnesses, and civilities you have shown me, and many parts of our family ; and believe me ever, my dear Lord, your most faithful and obliged,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

I beg my respectful compliments to Lady Walpole, Miss Walpole, and Mr. and Mrs. Hussey if they are with you.

The family connection with Nelson no doubt led my mother to select the village of Burnham Thorpe (belonging to her father) to pass her honeymoon in, in a house where she declared Nelson had lived with his

¹Ralph, Viscount Nevill who fought at Trafalgar, uncle of the writer's father.

mother while the rectory was being repaired. With regard to this, the late Lord Nelson wrote :

TRAFALGAR,
SALISBURY.

January 30, 1907.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I hope you will forgive my boldness in troubling you, but I do not forget that I have Walpole blood in my veins, and I have been much interested in some remarks in your *Reminiscences* which I am reading with much pleasure.

You mention that you passed your honeymoon at Burnham Thorpe in the house in which Nelson was born, as the parsonage was at that time under repair. Mrs. Suckling (Catherine's mother) I know lived at Burnham Thorpe to help her daughter in bringing up her large family, and died there within a few days of her daughter Catherine. I fancy she must have resided in the same house to which you allude. I should be very much obliged if you would tell me which house it is ; and if you have any family records which would point to the fact of "Horatio" having been born there, or of *Mrs. Suckling* having rented it then, or at a subsequent period ?

Mrs. Suckling, of Highwood, near Romsey, has a lot of the old Suckling family pictures, among them a portrait of Mrs. Suckling (*née* Turner) and her daughter Catherine, and her son Captain Maurice Suckling, with whom "Horatio" went to sea.

I see on page 88 you remark in reference to your brother's Stuart predilections, "a somewhat curious Cult for one of his lineage."

I believe there is a family picture at Houghton, a hunting picture, in which Mr. Walpole is represented, and his son Robert *in Stuart colours*, if so, they were Jacobites then.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

NELSON.

My mother gave Lord Nelson the information he required, and he wrote :

TRAFALGAR,
SALISBURY.

February 6, 1907.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I thank you much for your information. The Suckling pictures were never at your old home, but are interesting as being portraits of Catherine Nelson and her Mother, who was a niece of Sir Robert and Galfridus Walpole. I believe they were at Burnham Thorpe in the house where Mrs. Suckling lived at the time of her death, and were then sent to Alice Rolfe, a friend and *Edmund Nelson's* sister.

I was sorry to find the hunting picture with Mr. Walpole and his hounds was burnt in the pantechnicon fire. My Mrs. Suckling once saw it, or at least has a tradition that Sir Robert, as the eldest son, is shown as wearing Stuart colours.

I saw the other day a 3-quarter length of the Admiral unlike any I had seen before, belonging to *Sir Tollemache Sinclair* Bart. of 7 King Street, St. James'. It is in a gallery in Pall Mall next the Guards' Club. I think Colnaghi has charge of it. Sir Tollemache called it an Abbott which it certainly is not. I thought it might be a replica of your *Lane*, and might be worth your inquiring about.

I am glad you are having so good a sale of your book.

Yours truly,
NELSON.

My mother bitterly deplored the so-called restoration to which Burnham Thorpe Church was subjected

Writing to Lady Airlie in the nineties of the last century she said :

45 CHARLES STREET,
BERKELEY SQUARE, W.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You always write so well that I never dare so much as answer. I have been continually in the train and the time has passed so quickly. I had a very nice visit at the Batterseas', but Mr. Aidée will tell you all about it. Then I went on to my nephews Orford at Burnham where Nelson was born, and I slept in the same room where the hero first saw light. I have such a wonderful liking for this great man, perhaps because he came from us, and as his family were all particularly stupid I hope we may infer his genius came from the Walpoles.¹ Oh why does the country allow the priesthood to bedevil all the churches as their tasteless intellect suggests? I could hardly refrain from tears when I went into the village church—everything brand new. The pew where Nelson sat, the pulpit and reading-desk where he used to read the lessons, the font in which he was christened—all swept away—worse still the old Nelson graves like old chest tombs—the tops taken off and laid on the grass—the rest anywhere. How such devastation could be allowed I cannot think. The P. of W. is very responsible as he headed and organized the carnage—for it really almost amounts to that. I cannot get over it. I went to see Lady L. yesterday; she is dreading going to Brighton Tuesday, and is quite upset by Dreyfus and a big thunderstorm there was. She is mad on buying brass things that is quite her hobby. Ld. Wolseley was coming to see me to-day but has not appeared. I suppose he has had too much to do. Just as I was writing he appeared but had not any news. He thinks what we all think that Kruger wants us to send troops, etc., and then will give in,

¹ Nelson's maternal grandmother was Mary, daughter of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., by Mary, sister of Sir Robert Walpole and of Horatio Walpole of Wolterton, after whom the great Admiral was named.

but the Transvaal sinks into insignificance besides Dreyfus. My little cottage is such a dear. Miss K. Greenaway came and was so pleased with it, and the flowers were nice in spite of the dreadful drought. It is a humble little place but very lovable and my son Ralph delights in it. Do write, dear.

Ever yr. affec.

D. N.

I wrote this morning to H.R.H. and at 2 got an answer—he also is shocked at the desecration of Nelson's church and thinks we ought to tell Lord Nelson.

As a matter of fact this criticism was too severe. When the church, at the instigation of the then Prince of Wales, was restored by Sir Robert Blomfield in 1891 the tower and one aisle had fallen and the rest of the edifice was going to ruin.

It is true, however, that the pulpit, reading-desk and fittings were removed—the plea being that they were too rotten to stand—portions of them were made up into a chest.

The font is the same one which was there in Nelson's time; its base only was smashed by the fall of the tower. Nelson, however, was not christened in it; he was privately baptized and afterwards received into the Church.

When my mother was at home she was never idle. Her leisure was spent either in reading or in working at various forms of decorative work in some of which she attained considerable proficiency.

She painted quite cleverly on china and her carved, painted, or inlaid frames of wood and leather were executed with taste and skill. Later on in life she took great delight in a form of ornamental paperwork, popular in the eighteenth century as a decoration for tea-caddies and boxes.

My mother, who was about the last person at all

proficient at this work, made a number of most artistic plaques and frames; it is now, I fear, a lost art.

At this period she was in close touch with many leading lights of Science and Natural History. It was, however, in somewhat later years that she formed the acquaintance of the one whom I think she appreciated most highly of all. This was the late Mr. Henry Nottidge Moseley, a delightful man whose vast intellectual gifts were only equalled by his great personal charm. As a scientist he did much valuable research work. His *Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger* approaches Darwin's famous *Journal of the Cruise of the Beagle* in interest and importance.

Writing in 1882 to Lady Airlie she said :

“ We have had such a pleasant friend here, Professor Moseley, straight from reading his paper at Southampton on ‘ Pelagic remains.’

“ How wonderful the hidden treasures of science are. He showed us the photo of the denizens of the bottom of the ocean.”

Besides being a frequent visitor to my mother's country house Mr. Moseley wrote her many interesting letters.

He abominated everything which shackled intellect.

16 ST. GILES,
OXFORD.

October 6, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I send you by same post a copy of *Nature* with a full report of my lecture and a notice of the Choughs, p. 556. I hope you may have a big flock of the latter some day. I have just been on a visit to Cambridge about a memorial to my friend Balfour, which will very possibly take the form of a studentship to enable young men who have taken their degree to go in for research. It is wonderful how much more

propitious is the general attitude with regard to science at Cambridge than at Oxford. Science has always been more at home at the sister University. I fear we are to have a terrible bigot as successor to Pusey at Christ Church, a notorious ritualist from St. John's College. I hate and despise the priest-ridden condition of Gladstone, but I fear the conservatives would never disestablish the Church. I should be quite contented if they would do it here, and let it stand elsewhere.

I am going to give two lectures at the Society of Arts in January, supposed to be to children; but I hear the audience is usually adult on such occasions.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,

H. N. MOSELEY.

Mr. Moseley kept my mother posted as to the best scientific books.

16 ST. GILES,

OXFORD.

September 26, 1882.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I am delighted that you like Tylor!¹ The book requires very attentive reading and is rather hard, so it should be taken slowly with lighter reading in between, but I am sure it well repays efforts spent on it. It is so full of new ideas and so delightfully suggestive, leaving so much for one to fill in for oneself. It is amusing how carefully Tylor steers clear of all dangerous subjects, just leading one up to them and then dropping the thread suddenly. Pray keep the book as long as you like, I shall have no use for it for ever so long.

Some of the fish I dredged in the Bristol Channel after I left Stillyans have turned out well. There

¹ *Primitive Culture.*

were two Giltheads, a kind of sea bream with a golden streak over the eye. They are very rare in British waters, but they used to be kept by the Romans in their stewponds and fattened until they grew to very large sizes, and were considered great delicacies.

Another fish we got was a small kind of sole which has a crest of long white rays sticking out of its snout. Only two skins of this fish had ever been procured before and there was no direct evidence whether it was a British fish or not. If we had had better weather we might have done wonders.

My articles on Pelagic Life will I hope be out this week, and I shall send you a copy, but I fear it may be rather too technical for your reading. I am sorry the egg came to grief. I shall look out for your notice and will try and get one in *Nature* next week.

We are in excitement here as to the new appointments to be made. It will make a great change if Dr. Liddell, the Dean of Christ Church, goes to Windsor and Talbot takes his place. Gladstone lunched with Talbot after the Pusey funeral, so there appeared to be something in store, besides Mrs. T. is Gladstone's niece; but they say either government would have given Talbot the Christ Church post. He is a very staunch bigot I imagine, but a man with an opinion of his own unless Liddon and Co. are by. I have some hopes my friend Sayce, the great philologist, may get Pusey's place, but there is no knowing what Gladstone may do with a semi-ecclesiastical appointment. He is very priest-ridden. It is wonderful what a great difference the shifting of a few men here may make in the general aspect of affairs and even one's own personal happiness. I expect Nöldeke's book on the Old Testament would sell very well if translated into English, but the translator would I fear be excommunicated.

Yours truly,

H. N. MOSELEY.

In 1883 my mother met Renan. The great Frenchman interested her a good deal, and she wrote an account of her impressions of him to Mr. Moseley, who replied :

16 ST. GILES,
OXFORD.

Oct. 24, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I hope you do not think me rude for delaying answering your kind note so long. I waited day after day expecting to hear when I had to be in town for a Civil Service Examination. This is now fixed for the 7th of November ; but if the Fisheries is announced to close definitely before this I must come up to take charge of the giant Japanese crab I have bought, which I fear already has its long legs loose from its body as the result of the wear and tear of being inspected by the millions.

Your meeting with Renan must have been delightful. I have written to a friend of mine at the Jardin des Plantes to ask for information about the cranes. I have no doubt he will get it for me. I wish I had time to write articles as you suggest, but at present I cannot get any time free from my teaching. About next summer I hope to begin to have much more leisure. I have lately been examining the old bits of skin of the Dodo of which we have the only remains here, and have found the stumps of the feathers still in the dried skin. I have soaked them and examined them under the microscope and hope I have found out something very interesting about them. They are all set in groups of three, and this does not occur in any living bird.

I shall be free at 4.30 on Nov. 7th and should like to call on you then and we might, if it were convenient to you, pay a visit somewhere on the next morning. If I have to be in town earlier I will write to you, but I hope not as I have a great deal of work

on hand. My wife is very well and the baby is showing plenty of signs of intelligence but does not talk yet. Many thanks.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) H. N. MOSELEY.

Though well known to modern scientists owing to his great work in connection with the *Challenger* Expedition, Mr. Moseley, who was cut off in the full flush of manhood, did not live long enough to have the great name which his vast intellect deserved.

His friends, however, remember him with affection and respect. He made indeed a deep impression upon all who knew him. To the writer as a boy fell the great privilege of passing a good deal of time with Mr. Moseley in the country. This was the most valuable form of education possible, which while opening the eyes to the charms of knowledge for knowledge's sake, entirely remoulded and broadened one's youthful ideas.

It may be added that Mr. Moseley's son, said to be the cleverest young physicist in England, gave his life for his country in Gallipoli.

Mr. Moseley several times came to stay at Stillyans, in East Sussex, a house which my mother took after my father's death in 1878.

The house in question, newly built, together with considerable grounds, she leased from Dr. Hogge, a great authority on horticulture in the seventies, who had been much interested in the extensive gardens at Dangstein.

Dr. Hogge had acquired a good deal of land in the district of the vale of Heathfield which in those days was quite out of the world. Since then, however, houses and villas have arisen on all sides.

Writing to a friend in 1880 my mother said :

“The whole country about is most primitive, nothing I am sure has been altered since Alfred's time.

“Our hero is Jack Cade who was killed near here in 1450 and St. Dunstan is our Saint.

“We groan under the weight of innumerable parsons—and yet very few churches.

“No other neighbours—but that is what I like. I have my old clothes and my occupations and few worldly desires at present, but yet I shall be so glad to get safe to London.”

In another letter written to Lady Airlie she said :

STILLYANS,
HOREHAM ROAD,
SUSSEX.
11th, 1882.

DEAREST BLANCHE,

I am very swaggering to undertake this large sheet of paper when I have nothing to say, but you will be merciful to me. I am sending the plaque to be burnt before putting the names on to see whether it will be a success, but I fear it is so small, however, I can but try. I don't think I should care for the ancient classics, but what interested me so was the history of the literary men, particularly Voltaire, etc., most admirably written by General Hamley. I have read Tom Jones, so coarse but clever, and a curious history of those coarse times. Justin McCarthy is writing a history of the 4 Georges—he promises a brilliant account of our dear Sir Robert and I am to lend him some books about Houghton and Sir Robert. I daresay it will be very interesting. Mr. Wingfield who wrote that charming *Lady Grizel* is writing a history of G. the 4th, but with many new additions, so I think that will be interesting also. We had yesterday a visit from a wonder living here. An old man he was baptized in 1783—and he told our clergyman that he was 4 years old when he walked to church to be baptized—without shoes or stockings—in a plum-pudding coat. He is by all accounts 103 and he lives

with a baby brother of 82. He would not do for a temperance meeting for he has been very drunk and slept under hedges all his life and has never been ill but once. He remembers men going from his village for soldiers at Waterloo. If he had lived in a more active sphere of life what might he not have recollected—as his head is quite clear and he walks about. It was most interesting watching this living fossil. We have had lovely weather and yesterday went to Eastbourne to a flower show at Lady Fanny Howard's place. I had not seen her for 30 years, but she recognized me. She was in a Bath chair surrounded by a court of Howards and Cavendishes and was very kind. It brought so many old memories back to me for in old days I saw so much of all the Cavendishes. To-morrow, D.V., I am to pay a visit to Dr. Siemens who grows his plants by electricity—and has the cremating ovens. I think it will be interesting.

While living in East Sussex my mother tried various experiments. She had a flock of black sheep (which ran half over the country easily jumping every kind of obstacle), and attempted to acclimatize the French *écrevisse* (or crayfish) in a little branch of the Cuckmere River, which flowed through her fields.

The black sheep owing to their rampagious habits had soon to be converted into mutton. As for the *écrevisses* they vanished in the most mysterious manner.

A consignment of crayfish sent from France was put into what seemed a suitable pool enclosed by gratings, after a time not so much as even a morsel of shell was to be found. Another consignment shared exactly the same fate, and Lord Onslow, who made a similar experiment in acclimatization, informed my mother that his efforts, like hers, had also ended in disaster. Water-rats, whose destructive tendencies are difficult to guard against, probably caused the disappearance of these crayfish.

She also kept storks and Cornish choughs which she always hoped to see breed. The storks laid nothing but the choughs aroused fallacious hopes. Her experiences as regards the latter she described thus :

“ For many years circumstances obliged me to live many months of the year in the country, and being a philosopher I adapted myself and took up the thread of my discoveries in Natural History by collecting around me birds, plants, etc.—many such as would live and thrive under domesticated conditions. In these pursuits I found very great pleasure. What can the world realize of happiness compared to the excitement of watching day by day the progress of a bird or plant—what more can we poor mortals wish for or desire? First of all I began with a pair of Cornish Choughs, or rather pairs of Choughs, for if—which often did happen—a misfortune occurred to the pair,—very unromantically I supplied myself with a fresh couple of these delightful birds. They came from the coast of Anglesey where I then had a friend who procured them from the nest. These Choughs were very tame, following the gardeners closely whilst they were digging—and picking up the worms which came to the surface. Year after year they showed no wish to nest or lay eggs. But after many years, at last the delightful intelligence was brought that they were suspected of making a nest in a tower near the house where many starlings also resorted, and the joyous news came that there was a nest of rude sticks roughly laid together, and that in this nest were two eggs. Oh, the excitement of that happy moment for the Naturalist world. Such an event as Chough taming in semi-confinement was an event far more than any political or social crisis. It was indeed a great revelation, but, alas, for the vanity of human wishes and aspirations. As days went on we watched, and found the nest deserted, the eggs having been thrown out. This was terrible,

knowing I had to wait in lingering suspense yet another year. The time passed, and at last the old nest was again inhabited and two eggs laid, and this time the faithful couple sat on them alternately with great assiduity, and their efforts were rewarded by the appearance of one sweet little beauty. Oh, the anxiety as time went on, to see alive and in feathers this long-looked-for prodigy. As time at last went on, the little one appeared out of his nest almost feathered, but to our sorrow and indignation, we found out the parents had hatched a starling, for the time we realized the fact that the pair were both of them ladies, who naturally could lay nothing but unfertile eggs. After this discovery I lost heart as far as Choughs were concerned, and I could hardly bring myself to feel any further interest in them, and when my all-shielding presence was no longer there, they went their way, the way of all flesh, and their bones lie buried somewhere near the scene of their lost labours."

One of the first things which attracted my mother when she went to live in East Sussex was the old ironwork to be found in cottages and farmhouses. Firebacks, fire-dogs, and tongs she especially liked, and her taste for these becoming known she soon acquired some fine specimens of the work produced by the old Sussex ironmasters. In one or two instances she found good old ironwork in the most unlikely quarters.

Mormon missionaries were then very active proselytising about Heathfield, and one poor woman who became infatuated with their promises gave her a fine fireback before setting out for Utah.

My mother did all she could to counteract the Mormon propaganda, and assured the woman that her husband would have twelve wives instead of one when they arrived at the City of the Saints.

For the time these remonstrances had no effect, but the gift showed that they were not altogether

unappreciated, and as a matter of fact the woman was back in Sussex within the year.

The subject of the fireback was a bold border of apples, and the interior Neptune with a trident driving sea monsters, apparently about the early end of the seventeenth century. It was a very interesting piece of ironwork.

Sussex families in the past were fond of having firebacks bearing their coats-of-arms. At Eridge Castle a good many specimens of this sort of work are preserved.

Speaking of her adventures while collecting my mother wrote :

“ I have been much laughed at for so doing, and the usual exclamation has invariably been made, on my return home laden with spoil, ‘ What, more rubbish ! ’ But having gone patiently on my iron way rejoicing, I have been rewarded by knowing that not only has this pursuit given me great pleasure (for what is life without a pursuit ?), but that I have wasted neither time nor money ; as every one of these articles, used two centuries ago in common life, has now become obsolete in farmhouses, cottages, and elsewhere, and is therefore more valuable. Those therefore who have looked on scoffingly have at last been obliged to own that I have not done amiss in pursuing this hobby.”

The best specimens of ironwork collected by my mother eventually found a place in the Victoria and Albert Museum where they still remain.

At this time she carried on a correspondence with a number of people interested in old ironwork. The following is an example :

“ HUNSDON,”

MIDHURST.

March 10, 1885.

MADAME,

I am very much obliged for your Ladyship’s note and kind permission to send the picture, etc.,

which shall be forwarded in the course of a few days. One of the rushsticks (I will mark which) was found in the Tenant's Room in the Bohun Tower at Cowdray. The other comes from an old farmhouse at Thursley and the tongs are said to have belonged to Todham Manor House near here, a fine old place ruthlessly destroyed early in this century. It was in that house Father Curry, the Jesuit, was concealed in 1592 or 1593. I fear I cannot give much information about Sussex iron. At Fernhurst (of which parish my father was vicar 32 and my grandfather 56 years) there was a large foundry.

It was in a wood called " Mine pits " close to Lower Lodge farm on the Lynchmere Road.

The iron rails round S. Paul's Cathedral are said (and I think with some truth) to have been cast here.

Cannon for ships at Portsmouth; firebacks and dogs, many of which are still in the neighbourhood, came from this foundry.

The supply of ore failed about 1776, but the holes still visible in many of the woods, particularly Parson's Coppice above the vicarage, show where it has been dug.

A few French coins were found two or three years ago near the site of the foundry, probably some foreign workmen were employed. It is a great pity Lord Egmont does not investigate the ground, as I have no doubt some interesting discoveries might be made. There was a very fine pond close to the furnace. It is now dry and planted. Fernhurst was a stronghold for smugglers, and an old man of the name of Etherington, who died some years ago, aged 96, often related to me the " runs " he had assisted in when he was a young man.

Spirits were run across the Weald from the coast in $\frac{1}{2}$ -ankers (3 gallons) and concealed in Verdley Wood near Fernhurst and Charlton Forrest. Old E. told me that there is a large subterranean passage in Verdley Wood, not far from the site of the Castle, but I never could induce him to tell me the exact spot.

From local traditions it would appear that the forgemmen combined smuggling with smelting and were a very rough, almost savage class.

There is a very strong chalybeate spring (one of the strongest in England, the water being excessively nasty) in a wood not far from the village, and it is a pity it is not more known and valued.

The lock which had a key a foot long, the hinges and handle formerly on the south door of St. Margaret's, Fernhurst, were of Sussex iron. I have the handle, the others are, alas! lost.

Mrs. Roundell's book *Cowdray* contains notice of the Ironworks. It is a very interesting book, but contains a number of very dreadful mistakes, especially in the description and plan of Cowdray House, and she places localities in wrong points of the compass, Verdley being described as "south" of Midhurst!! It is N.E.

I will see if I have any more about the Sussex iron trade amongst my MSS. If I have your Ladyship shall have it. I do not know if your Ladyship is aware that some fine frescoes are said to be under the whitewash in Trotton Church and there was a lovely awmbrey lying in a stonemason's yard near Milland which belonged to Trotton Church some few years ago. I do not know if it is there now. It is such a pity they should not be restored.

I am,

Your Ladyship's obedient Servant,

(Sgd.) ARTHUR H. A. MARRIOTT.

P.S.—I forgot to say that there are two old steels for kindling tinder which go with the rushsticks and are included in the price.

Trotton Place, a fine old eighteenth-century manor-house, together with a certain amount of land, had been acquired by my father at the same time as the Dangstein estate. During the former's lifetime it had been

tenanted by the Rev. Mr. Knox, a very amusing man, well known as an ornithologist. At his death, my eldest brother and his wife went to live there, and in course of time the frescoes spoken of in this letter were brought to light by them.

Writing to a correspondent in September, 1904, my mother said :

“ I have been going about a great deal, and am now with Miss N. here. I have stayed 10 days at that most magnificent place, Houghton, which ought to have been ours but is not. Latterly I have stayed at my son's in Sussex, and there they are restoring—I hope not badly—the dear old Church; and Edward has discovered some dear old frescoes—dear St. Hubert of the time (by his shoes) of R. 2nd;¹ his poor head has never been put in, the supposition is, the artist died of the plague before finishing; it is all most curious, and I often think of the dear old P.² church and my old friends the crusaders. Do let me know—to 45—what you have been doing and who you have had. Have you ever been to Weymouth? My prawn friend has turned out a delusion, never will send me any.”

My mother's time when in East Sussex was passed as it had been at Dangstein in looking after her garden and pets, making excursions about the county, in illuminating, carving picture frames and other fancy work, in which she excelled. In addition to this she did a great deal of reading, in fact never for a moment did she allow time to hang heavy on her hands. At this period she did a very great deal of country-house visiting, managing one way and another to obtain plenty of variety in her life.

Writing to Lady Airlie she said :

“ I have a dear pony who walks in and out of the drawing-room and dining-rooms and we can hardly persuade him to leave us.

¹ Richard the Second.

² Puddletown.

“ I have plenty to do. I have got the nurseryman to rechristen a fuchsia he had had the temerity to call ‘ Mr. Gladstone ’—‘ Lord Beaconsfield.’ It has cost me something in orders, but the man promises not to transgress again.

“ I hear both Duchesses of Albany and Connaught are to increase. Oh what rabbits they all are.”

My mother had few neighbours in East Sussex and so wrote frequently to her friends from there. The following is a letter to Lady Airlie written in

STILLYANS,
HOREHAM ROAD.
23rd.

DEAREST BLANCHE,

I hope Grizel got my letter. I should have written to you, but I have been much away. You will have heard of M.’s accident at Rome; she did not take proper care and was laid up again at Florence, so I had to wait at Paris for her, which I did not much care for. I spent a charming day at St. Cloud and St. Germain, etc., but I don’t care for Paris for long—and all the shop windows were too immoral, nothing but ladies in their birthday suits, Danaës, Ledas, etc.—they (the French) are so engrained and inbornly immoral they think nothing of anything in the natural history line—and their papers are full of the most irreligious sayings—it is quite awful. I am very sorry for poor Sir H. Cole’s death, I had known him so many years and he was much associated with the Dangstein days that I feel I have experienced a great loss, and Mr. Darwin was always so kind and amiable to me whenever I wrote to him. He is indeed a country’s loss—who will be left alive soon—it makes one more than ever think of and realize the separations and partings we have to go through. Ralph and I are very happy here, tho’ to-day the weather is the “ Diable ”—frightful winds and rain—but my flowers

and birds are the green spot in my life—where I turn to when the bothers of life assail me. They are always sweet and grateful for attentions and oh so lovely—mine is a wild garden where every day something fresh blossoms. A new clergyman has come here to-day—he says he never saw so benighted a place so thoroughly behind hand and primitive—but I fear from what I hear rather partakes of the Old Testament in its view of morality. I am not philanthropic and prefer animals to my own species. Do let me hear from you. The Sherbornes have sold their house and have got a good price for it, so she seems satisfied. He is pretty well for him. Mrs. Singleton has given me her book, *Sophy*, to read and it interests me, for it is extremely odd—it appears to be something like *Wuthering Heights*—I have been moving about so that I have had no time to read much. What are you about?—do let me hear from you—I am always thinking of you, dear good friend, and your loss to me is irreparable. I have not seen young Blanche for ages so have heard nothing about you—so pray write and ease my aching heart. Before I went to Paris I had lots of dinners, but none pleasanter than at Mrs. Jeune's.¹ I never saw so happy a ménage—she has done wisely.

Ever yr. affec.

Always direct to London.

D. N.

The following characteristic letter, half-grave, half-gay, she sent to another great friend, the late Lady Dorchester.

STILLYANS,

HOREHAM ROAD,

SUSSEX.

DEAR CHATTIE,

What months since I have heard or seen you. I called to say good-bye, but you were out. You

¹ Lady St. Helier.

know that I have had a great sorrow in the death of my kind and true friend—the Duke.¹ For 23 years he had more or less been my constant companion and correspondent, and I cannot yet realize I shall never see his kind face again. His successors have always been most dear and kind to me, but they can never replace him. I am so glad to think I wrote and asked him here—he got that letter before the end came—he was always so happy here with us and joined so amiably in all our innocent amusements, it is too sad; and I have had another terrible loss in “our only General”² who used to pop in so often during the winter to cheer me up. After London I went a tour of Rothschilds—Aston Clinton, Mentmore, Halton, etc.—all were delightful. Lord Rosebery was charming and she is immensely improved. I ended by Bayham and Eridge with polo, lawn tennis, and cricket, and although these were not the fields of glory in which I care to dwell, yet the fine weather, etc., made it all very pleasant.

We are here now living in the odour of sanctity as my sister-in-law is here, very *good* in every sense of the word, and my old governess and her sister, and they have never yet come out of the garden of Eden. I am bursting with goodness. It will be quite a relief to see or hear of something to the contrary. I had a most pleasant visit at the Dowager Lady de Clifford’s—a trinity of Lady de C., Miss Rhoda Broughton and myself—and we never once missed or deplored the male species. Do let me hear from you, dear friend.

Ever your affec.

D. NEVILL.

The sister-in-law alluded to was the widow of my mother’s blind brother, the Hon. Henry Walpole, who was very fond of passing an austere Sunday and

¹ The 2nd Duke of Wellington.

² Lord Wolseley, who had gone away.

attending as many services as possible. My mother did not very much like being driven to church more than once on Sunday. She had no Sabbatarian prejudices and, like her friend Bernal Osborne, was inclined to regard the English Sunday as a day on which much indolent ineptitude is allowed to pass for religious repose; nevertheless, being good natured, her sister-in-law generally got her way.

My mother, however, got some compensation by taking a humorous view of this religious terrorism.

“My dear,” said she to one of the family, “a Church to Cecilia is like a Public House to a drunkard. She simply cannot pass it!”

My mother rather mistrusted those who suddenly developed an excessive zeal for church-going.

Alluding to a certain young man who had been sowing wild oats in extraordinary profusion she wrote to a friend:

“I hear —— is turning over a new leaf—has his aunt staying with him and invites all the neighbourhood to stay—goes to church twice a Sunday (this sounds rather bad).”

Though a regular church-goer herself, she had no sympathy with the “dour folk” who attach undue importance to ceremonial or dogma. A heaven entirely composed of such people, she frankly declared, would be so unendurable that in time one would come to long for the alternative.

As an Etonian poet once wrote:

The tortures at first, of course, would be worse
 But custom their rigours would soften,
 While those who are bored in praising the Lord
 Would be more so in praising him often.

Mrs. Walpole, it may be added, was very well known to the English residents at Rome where she used to pass her winters. She took great interest in the English Church there, indeed her whole existence



LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN HER COTTAGE AT HASLEMERE

after her husband's death was more or less concentrated upon Church matters. Though a most kindly and charitable woman she had a good deal of that curious bigotry which was so prevalent in mid-Victorian times. The bigotry in question was not infrequently carried to absurd lengths; one of its most striking demonstrations was a petition presented to the United States Congress by some zealots who entertained strong religious objections against the use of oil. The signatories to this remarkable document prayed that a stop might be put to the irreverent and irreligious proceedings of various citizens in drawing petroleum from the bowels of the earth, thus "checking the designs of the Almighty," who, they said, had undoubtedly stored it there with a view to the last day "when all things shall be destroyed."

The vagaries of superstition should cause no thoughtful person to wonder. "No learning, no sagacity affords a security against the greatest errors on subjects relating to the invisible world."

Dr. Johnson would not believe in the earthquake of Lisbon, but was willing to believe in the Cock Lane ghost!

From her cottage at Haslemere my mother often made pleasant excursions. She had always been interested in Sutton Place, near Guildford, and so went with great pleasure to stay there with Lord Northcliffe (then Mr. Alfred Harmsworth).

The first time she met the Napoleon of the Press my mother took a great liking for him.

Writing to Lady Airlie she said :

MOSS HILL HOUSE,
ASCOT.

MY VERY DEAR KIND FRIEND,

. . . Well, dear, I came here to-day after so many visits. To my dear nephew Orford who is doing up our magnificent family mansion—then on to Cromer . . . then on to a house I have been longing to see

“ Sutton Place ”—lovely—the only house except Con-
dover which has terra-cotta ornaments all through the
façades and the windows—too charming.

I like Mr. and Mrs. Harmsworth very much. They have
no wish to get on and never seek society—immensely
rich and I am told so good and kind to poorer friends,
and I am here till 9th when, D.V., I shall go into Dorset-
shire and then I hope to settle in London.

I was at my cottage last night and I occupied myself
with looking over my old letters—dear kind ones from
you, otherwise too many heart-breaking records of
dear affectionate old friends.

Lord and Lady Northcliffe never failed to send her
pictorial post cards during their travels abroad, and
when they passed the summer in England she was
often a visitor to their lovely home at Sutton Place,
concerning which her old friend, Mr. Frederick
Harrison, had years before written a book which had
interested her greatly. Her host and hostess much
appreciated these visits, and one summer, when they
were out of England, the former sent her the follow-
ing gracefully turned letter from the S.S. *Mauretania* :

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Not the least of the disappointments attendant
upon a long illness, such as I have had, was the missing
of the annual meeting with old friends, and I beg that
you will let me count myself in that happy category.
Briefly, it is now 20 years since I first saw you and
your cigarette.

My lady and I are speeding to our home in New-
foundland—don't shudder, it compares most favour-
ably with Deeside, and our little Frenchman Bandequin
is already there with his casseroles and quails.

We have sent out the S.P. *Zenaida* to meet us at
Montreal and take us to the island, where the fishing
and the shooting and the paper-making are all of the
best.

My lady and I were talking of you to-day, regretting the Dorothyless summer and feeling sad that one cannot make a summer to order as one commands a *soufflé*—if we could I can assure you that its chiefest ingredient would be a Dorothy Walpole visit to Sutton Place.

We will send some post cards from Yankee land and ask that we may subscribe ourselves

Your affectionate

NORTHCLIFFE AND HIS MARY N.

There was nothing my mother loved more than old houses, and she often went to Norfolk there to revisit the scenes of her childhood.

For many years she used to go and stay at Mannington Hall, a small manor-house which had been most tastefully put in order by her brother.

Concerning this visit she wrote to Lady Airlie :

MAID'S HEAD HOTEL,
NORWICH.

17th.

First, my dear, I will thank you for the grouse which M. had and loved—so many thanks I had such a dear visit at my nephew's such a delightful place with a moat of running water where Dorothy the 2nd fishes for our breakfast, and then of a night my nephew Robin and I pored over all the books containing sayings and doings of our ancestors—and then 1 day we went over to see lovely Blickling and its charming hostess—another day to a far-off estate that Robin has and where my dear Lady Bath has taken a house by the sea for a month or 2, and we had tea with her there. Every day we took drives to some interesting spot endeared to me by memories of my dear ones. Cromer was very pleasant; you know how kind and dear the Batterseas are. I wish all Xtians were like them—they do indeed follow the precept of our Lord

in love and charity. After Mannington I went to the above-named Hotel, where they still keep Q. Elizabeth's bedroom as she left it. Most comfortable the old Hostel is, and I went yesterday to service at the Cathedral, and the service was beautiful and the anthem, I can find no words to describe, 1 of Sir A. Sullivan's; but somehow or other I felt very solitary and forlorn in this large Inn without a kindred soul to speak to, in fact I thought of Hood's

Oh it was pitiful
In a great cityfull
Friends she had none—

but I had the Dean, whose pew I went into, and lunch after. He gave me his memorial sermon on Garfield when he was at Liverpool—most touching—now, dear, Addio. I go to my cottage 12 to 21 March or to 26th and about 4 October we settle here. I shall be glad to be settled again—do write.

Your affec.

D. NEVILL.

My stylo has stopped.

CHAPTER V

Social life in the eighties—Lady St. Helier—Sunday lunches—The Fourth Party—Sir John Gorst—Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff—Lord Randolph Churchill—Letter from John Bright—Lord Glenesk—Lady Bathurst—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—Letters—Lord Wolseley—Letters—Sir Henry Brackenbury—The Duke of Cambridge—His resignation—Sir Henry Irving—Mr. Choate—Roast guinea-pig—Mr. George Russell.

THOUGH the worship of wealth had not reached such an extreme pitch in the eighties, the old restrictions were beginning to be relaxed.

It was the age of "social lions" and people specialized in various sorts of guests. At certain houses you were sure to meet all the chief literary, artistic, and political celebrities of London, besides interesting or celebrated foreign visitors.

Clever Lady St. Helier, then Mrs. Jeune, for instance, occupied a recognized position as a hostess who could always secure a plentiful supply of Ministers, ex-Ministers, or Ministers yet to be, in addition to which by way of a light relief she was in the habit of inviting everyone who was celebrated or interesting. Her parties were quite unique, and it was wonderful how this extremely gifted lady managed to know individuals in such widely different spheres of life.

My mother operated as it were in something of the same line, though on a smaller scale, for she only gave luncheons.

As Disraeli said of Vavasour, she liked to collect from time to time guests of the most opposite characters and opinions, and as she chose her guests with great tact her Sunday luncheons became extremely popular. Her system of issuing invitations was once well

described as being "discriminatingly indiscriminate." Some shining lights of the Conservative party were sure to be present, the rest of the guests being recruited by raids into Upper Bohemia from which the hostess returned with authors, journalists, actors, actresses, or other agreeable and amusing people. Such a method of making up a luncheon party required a good deal of social *flair* and tact, but owing to the hostess knowing pretty well everybody and being the confidante of so many different people everything generally went off well.

As was aptly said, London society to her was one long whispering gallery in the middle of which she occupied such a position that not a voice or a footfall could sound without reaching her ears. Though professedly a Tory she never allowed her politics to prevent her from asking an agreeable or clever Radical to her house. She was careful, however, not to offend the susceptibilities of old-fashioned or bigoted Conservatives and, when they were guests, took care to provide a few clever or amusing non-political people to act as lightning conductors, and prevent the possibility of any heated controversy.

To certain special Sunday luncheons, however, she asked only a few leading lights of the Conservative party, or people not entirely out of sympathy with its aims—a wavering Liberal likely to be useful in the future was sometimes included. While my mother herself was toleration personified she felt the need of regulating her hospitable rites so that they should redound to the credit and advantage of the constitutional cause.

There was generally a good deal of chaff at these luncheons, the younger Conservatives being apt to make fun of the old school of politicians. The late Lord Iddesleigh, then Sir Stafford Northcote, was always being laughed at by Sir Henry Wolff and Lord Randolph, so much so that occasionally my mother, who particularly liked this old-fashioned Conservative,

would have difficulty in restraining their too exuberant sallies.

Mr. Gladstone usually came in for a great deal of caustic criticism, his adroit methods of extricating himself from awkward predicaments never failing to arouse great amusement.

My mother was possessed of great social tact and able, though a good talker, to keep silent at the right time, and consequently her political friends found her lunches a pleasant relaxation, besides which, knowing how discreet their hostess was, they could freely discuss political moves and counter-moves. Three members of the curious little *coterie* known as the Fourth Party were almost invariably to be found at these Sunday lunches. These were Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, who then enjoyed a great and in a measure deserved reputation as a *raconteur*, and Sir John Gorst—the last survivor of the trio who died but a short while ago.

Sir John, while perhaps not such an animated or vivacious conversationalist as his colleagues, had a peculiar knack of saying the most incisive things in a soft and flute-like voice. Though he did not push his altruistic ideas forward in society he was undoubtedly animated by a sincere passion for social reform which made no particular appeal to either of his colleagues.

A salient characteristic of this clever politician, who was scarcely appreciated at his proper worth, was an incurable independence of spirit which in later years after he had held many offices in Unionist Governments gained for him the nickname of the "riddle of the Treasury Bench." He was an exceptionally high-minded man and to his great credit it should be remembered that he set a good example by giving up a political pension of £1,500 a year when he succeeded to his brother's estate.

Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff was my mother's first cousin, being the son of her aunt Lady Georgina Wal-

pole who married the celebrated traveller and missionary, Dr. Joseph Wolff.

The son born of this marriage was from boyhood upwards an irrepressible joker. Indeed, he was said to have been the only man who had ever dared to tell the late Lord Salisbury a *risqué* story.

Sir Henry was such an amusing *raconteur* that it was almost impossible for anyone to be annoyed; besides, his stories were never personal or ill-natured. His humour was of the peculiarly agreeable kind which does not require a butt.

On the other hand, his wit was rather unequal, giving the impression that he failed to gauge the difference between a really whimsical idea and a commonplace joke. He would spoil the effect of a really *good* story by telling a "chestnut" immediately after; he joked too much for his sallies to be entirely effective.

As a man Sir Henry may be described as having been a genial and exceedingly good-natured cynic, ever ready to do a friend a kindness, and no one's enemy but his own.

At the same time his profound disbelief in human nature and human institutions he never attempted to conceal. Nevertheless, notwithstanding his tendency to treat everything as a joke or as a peg on which to hang a good story, he was fairly serious about politics, upon which, till he gained high diplomatic rank, his whole mind and energies centred. On one subject he felt very strongly which was cruelty to animals in general and vivisection in particular. He was essentially a party man and most measures were to him more or less moves in a rather interesting game, in which certain prizes were to be gained by those who played it with sufficient address to get the better of their opponents.

Lord Randolph, though a man of moods, could be just as full of sparkling repartee and fun as his colleague; he was of course far more of a society

flâneur than is his son—that fretted soul, as a cynic rather wickedly said, who cannot make up his mind as to whether he is Nelson or Napoleon!

Lord Randolph when in a good mood was a brilliant and audacious conversationalist, and few were able to excel him in quickness and facility of expression, while at times he would exhibit a gaiety which was very contagious. Nevertheless, he would never allow the tone of the conversation thus engendered to degenerate into familiarity, and would be quick to resent any approach to it—he had indeed a keen sense of the dignity which was traditionally supposed to pertain to an English aristocrat, in addition to which he was a man of quickly varying temper, rather apt to take offence and not easily placated when roused.

Lord Randolph was quite uncompromising in his political hostility. As he himself said, “the business of an Opposition is to oppose,” and in the zenith of his career he fought the Liberals with unflinching vigour—his sallies and outbursts indeed occasionally drew forth remonstrances from staid and severe colleagues, but they affected him but little. He had an intuitive perception of the trend of the times and well realized that there was to be more gained than lost by not sticking at trifles in a democratic age.

For a time he was, next to Mr. Gladstone, the best-known political figure in England. The London cabmen and omnibus drivers were well acquainted with him by sight, and took delight in pointing him out to fares. Music-hall ditties were written in his honour, and the mere mention of his name on the lighter stage was sufficient to evoke much admiring laughter.

His colleagues believed in him, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, for instance, wrote to my mother:

“I see the *Daily News* says that Lord Randolph is to lead the House, and I heard yesterday that Hicks-Beach says he would like to surrender the place—of

course he was only put there to be a warming-pan for my Lord. I believe in Lord Randolph. It is only the old dodo lot of Tories, who hate clever young men, who are against him."

The pity of it was that Lord Randolph eventually came to think himself too clever ever to be dispensed with.

A critic speaking of Lord Randolph once compared him to Sarah Bernhardt, declaring that while, like her, he could be strenuous, energetic, and industrious, he also possessed something of the genius, much of the emotional excitability and much of the same combination of opposite qualities which belonged to the incomparable artist, who, a short time before, had wedded a husband for the sake of a caprice.

Always very outspoken in his letters as to his likes and dislikes, he seldom failed to express disapproval when he found anyone unsympathetic to him was to be asked to one of the Sunday luncheon parties.

"I hear," wrote he in another, "of your keeping dreadful company—Joseph Arch. But even he is much better than that beggar——" (naming a very serious Whig politician whom he did not like).

Lord Randolph was a staunch friend to those whom he liked, and made their quarrels his own.

"I have no particular cause of quarrel" (he wrote) "with Mr. ——, except this, that some time ago he was disposed to be very disagreeable to our friend Wolff, and utterly declined to listen to any representations of mine. What he has done in the matter since I do not know, but as Wolff appears to be flourishing I presume . . . has not been troubling him. I suppose your town season is over, and this Parliament will not be assisted in its labours by the Charles Street Sunday Cabinets.

"Now that your friend . . . [the Whig politician mentioned above] is out of office I fear he will take up his abode *en permanence* in No. 45.

“ I am glad to hear you know and like H. Matthews (afterwards Lord Llandaff). I have the greatest confidence in his turning out a first-rate Home Secretary.

“ Believe me,

“ Ever yours,

“ RANDOLPH S. C.”

Lord Randolph in spite of his somewhat excitable disposition was capable of forming very sound judgments. When a great outcry was raised against my mother's old friend Mr. Newton, a Metropolitan police magistrate who acted rather drastically in connection with a young woman's arrest, he wrote :

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I think it is extremely probable that Mr. Newton is receiving a very scanty measure of justice. In these matters the public is always very heedless in the selection of a scapegoat. It is not however an affair in which I could interfere to any advantage.

I never have any communication with the Govt. of any sort or kind.

Yours sincerely,

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.

July 26, 1889.

When Lord Randolph left the Conservative Government considerable bitterness against him was shown by some of his late colleagues in the Cabinet. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, writing to my mother in August, 1889, said :

“ R. C. went to Birmingham after a great blowing of the Marlborough trumpets. He was going to smash us and the Union and the Government !

“ ‘ Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre.’ The result is a fiasco—he offended everyone including some of his warmest supporters and only succeeded in delighting

the Gladstonians. If he were to stand now against Bright he would get a well-deserved licking."

John Bright, though a friend of my mother's, never came to her luncheons, he paid her visits, however, and was an occasional correspondent. In 1883 he wrote :

REFORM CLUB,
PALL MALL, S.W.

August 15.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,

I send you a portrait, not so good as I could have wished, but the best I have been able to find, fair writing upon it is not possible.

You speak of your regime of "innocence and conservatism," I wish they always went together, as I fear and believe they have not done in our past history.

The world seems somewhat disturbed. In this country I think the most disturbing element is the House of Lords, with such a Leader as it is now supposed to follow. I hope this observation will not make you unhappy.

Our Empire "on which the sun never sets" has a crowd of troubles and dangers before it, but I suppose the greatness of the Empire compensates for all its attendant evils.

Forgive me if I write what is not soothing to an acute observer like yourself, and believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) JOHN BRIGHT.

You will see that one of my grandchildren accompanies me in the photograph. He is not a bad specimen of the next generation of Liberals.

Though at that time much interested in the fortunes of the Conservative party in general, and the Fourth Party in particular, my mother took care to leaven her luncheons with a sprinkling of other guests.

Journalism was represented by Lord Glenesk, who as Sir Algernon Borthwick was then doing so much good work for the Conservative cause.

The death of this old friend (at whose beautiful villa at Cannes she spent many pleasant springtimes) was a sad blow to my mother. He had had a most interesting life, but as he kept no diary, his stories (of which he had many to tell), with the exception of those written down from time to time by his daughter, Lady Bathurst, have unfortunately been lost. My mother had a great admiration for the latter, a most capable and clever woman, she used to say, besides a very kind one.

She was also very fond of the late Mr. Oliver Borthwick. Writing to a friend she said :

“ I have had such mental pains lately. That poor O. Borthwick. I saw him just before the end and then he wired me he was to have an operation and bade me with love adieu, and then he asked his sister to give me with his love a large Japanese tray that he always used. All this has touched me so much.”

Lord Glenesk's invitations to come and stay with him on the Riviera were most gracefully turned. Writing from his villa, the Château St. Michel, he said :

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Spring advancing every hour, with blue and white streamers and bursting buds, heavenly scents and patches of the coming colours.

Lizards, birds, insects, darting, singing, flying, and splendid concerts with the hum of bees and the bark of frogs.

All this with devoted friends waiting for you.

Ever yours,
GLENESK.

My mother was one of the first, if not the first, of the Conservatives to welcome Mr. Chamberlain as a guest in her house.

Writing to Lady Airlie very early in the eighties she said :

BRETBY PARK,
BURTON-ON-TRENT.
29th.

MY DEAR BLANCHE,

I was so glad to receive your dear letter and to think there was just a chance of seeing you.

Oh what horrors have happened and are still happening since we left, yet you believe in the head centre of them all—the Grand Old Man.

Oh dear, oh dear, where will it all end? But it is useless continuing a topic on which we are so divided, but it is all shocking to think of. I must own I have made Mr. Chamberlain's acquaintance and like him very much, as he allows me to tell him wholesome truths; but I don't think he is up to working the revolution he has taken in hand.

I have been here for the last few days with the Tecks, Ldy. Bradford, Mr. Gorst, Ldy. H. Lennox, and a few other right-minded people.

The weather is delicious and we are all very pleasant together—tho' Bretby with its many painful memories makes me always very sad.

It is possible that her influence, together with that of others, with whom he was brought into contact, in some slight degree paved the way for the subsequent modification of Mr. Chamberlain's political views. Before one of his first lunches at Charles Street he wrote the following amusing note :

72 PRINCE'S GATE, S.W.

May 2, 1882.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

It is very brave of you to run the risk of inviting me to your house, and I shall have great pleasure in concealing my hoofs and tail, so as not to alarm your other guests, and in dining with you on the 24th

—which, by the way, is the Queen's birthday. At present, however, I have no official engagement and I hope to be free to accept your kind invitation.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Old Lady Chesterfield did not at all approve of all this. In June, 1884, she wrote :

“ I am glad to hear you have had Sir Stafford to Luncheon, you had better have young Curzon,¹ whom you met here, instead of all those Radicals, more particularly Chamberlain, who is a blackguard and would like to be Prime Minister in order to turn everything topsy-turvy.”

Not a few indeed of the older school of Conservatives regarded Joseph Chamberlain as about as bad as Henry George, whose book *Progress and Poverty* a year or two before had attracted a good deal of attention, owing to the wild notions as to land with which it had inspired certain social reformers.

The author, as a clever friend of my mother, wrote to her, thought but one thing was wanting to make this world a paradise, which was to confiscate the property of the landowners of the world ! His idea apparently was that for every ruined landlord there would be twenty reclaimed ladies of pleasure and an equal number of reclaimed drunkards. All the vice and misery of the world, in his opinion, were due to landowning. On this principle if the Duke of Bedford could be made a beggar all Covent Garden would be at once filled with a legion of angels !

Mr. Chamberlain wrote very frequently to my mother, generally keeping up a flow of comment upon current politics. Writing when the Franchise Bill was being considered, he said :

“ Do not be deceived by the assurances of your

¹ Now Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

friends that the people are apathetic. They will not show any excitement till there is reason for it, but there is a quiet determination which is only silent because at present we are moving steadily to the desired end.

“ But if Lord Salisbury throws out the Franchise Bill we shall have a hot time, and there will be ‘ wigs on the grass ’—or is it ‘ Whigs ’ ?

“ I think R. Churchill’s speeches were a mistake, they are too much in the air for any party—even the Fourth.”

There was something prophetic about the following ; it is now extremely likely that the statue Mr. Chamberlain mentioned will actually be erected by the Tories :

40 PRINCE’S GARDENS, S.W.

January 21, 1885.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I have had a stroke, but am getting round again. I go to Birmingham on Friday to rest and to prepare a new onslaught on Property for the Members’ Meeting at the end of the month.

You are mistaken in thinking that my last speeches, which have not been printed except in the newspapers, are all theory, for there are some very practical suggestions for taxing both land and wealth.

But they are not dangerous and they or something like them are the only “ Paratonnerre ” against George¹ and still more drastic reformers.

If the Tories knew their best friends they would erect a statue to me. As it is they slander one with a clumsy malice which altogether defeats its own purpose.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) J. CHAMBERLAIN.

¹ Henry George, author of *Progress and Poverty*.

Later on as Mr. Chamberlain began to modify his views my mother wrote chaffingly taxing him with manifesting leanings towards the Tories; he replied:

“I fear that you have gone over to the enemy, for you praise R. Churchill for his democratic leanings and you accuse me of surrendering to aristocratic influence. I hope to convince you that this damaging aspersion on my character is quite unfounded.”

Mr. Chamberlain lived to become the main hope of the Unionist party and to sever all connection with Gladstonianism. In the nineties he wrote:

40 PRINCE'S GARDENS, S.W.

August 19, 1892.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I have been working continuously for the last two months and although I am very well I feel the strain a little.

We start to-morrow for a week in the Peak country which is all I can spare just now. Later in the year we hope to go to Italy, and I trust that Etna will reserve its best effects till then.

We sympathize with you in your fears for the future, although I feel sure that when you go to the guillotine (or will it be the Dynamo in the present enlightened age?) your conduct will be a credit to the British aristocracy.

Before that time comes I mean to square matters with Archbishop Walsh or Mr. Keir Hardie, whichever happens to be Boss at the time.

Meanwhile we are much amused at the situation of the new Ministry. The comments of the loyal Gladstonians on their leaders are anything but complimentary. “The old gang and their spawn,” says one. “Who is Acland?” says another.

The thing itself is neither rich nor rare,
One wonders how the devil it got there.

Everyone is surprised at Asquith's sudden elevation, especially his brother lawyers, all of whom think that they would have filled the post better.

Labouchere is furious, and puts it about that his exclusion is due to his patriotic conduct in regard to Royal Grants. But he may be mistaken.

Now I suppose there will be quiet for a time, and except for the Newcastle election (of which I hear good accounts) we shall have no political excitement till January.

What do you think of the Duke's marriage? After the long silence it has come as a surprise. One result is that the present Duchess will get *the pearls*, and she has lost her husband. Which is the greater blessing?

My wife sends her kindest remembrances,

And I am always,

Your most respectful admirer,

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

This close friendship with Mr. Chamberlain lasted till the end of her life. It was further strengthened by his marriage to Miss Endicott, who my mother used to say was one of the most charming women she had ever known in her life. During the great statesman's last illness she went from time to time to see him, but such visits were rather depressing, reminding his old friends of the days when they had seen him in the full flush of health and strength. My mother classed the stricken leader among the great men she had known during her long life, and never failed to lament that illness had struck down the one man capable of stemming the rising tide of revolutionary extravagance.

For Mr. Austen Chamberlain my mother had also a great regard.

It was I think in the early eighties that she first met Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley both of whom

became her great friends. Lady Wolseley, an accomplished and clever woman, had many tastes in common with her, and Sir Garnet's alert and highly cultivated mind at once commanded her admiration. For years she carried on a correspondence with both, and Lord Wolseley, as he afterwards became, knowing her liking for trifles, often gave her some curious relics—from Egypt, for instance, he sent dervish rings and the like.

He too was frequently at the Sunday luncheons, though it was not always possible for him to get away. Invited to meet Lord Randolph, he wrote:

WAR OFFICE.

Friday.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I wish I could always do as I wished: if I could I should ring very frequently at your bell. I know you won't believe me, however, for you think all men can always do as they wish. I never get away from this until after six or half-past six o'clock and I am then so tired and pumped out that I feel like a yard of pump-water or a jelly fish. I wish I could lunch with you next Sunday, but that too is impossible this week. I should very much have liked meeting the leader of the fourth party, but whether he were to be there or not, it would be a real pleasure to me to take my midday meal with you.

Hoping to see you again very soon,

Believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,

WOLSELEY.

Later on, however, he often met the Fourth Party, or rather three-fourths of it, at Charles Street.

Though socially a most popular figure, Lord Wolseley of course had many enemies amongst the older school of military men, his rise naturally producing jealousy amongst less clever and less fortunate

contemporaries, who accused him of trying to secure all the plums for himself.

Such attacks, however, merely made him smile. He had set himself the task of putting the army in a sound state and intended to carry it out in the face of all opposition.

The school of officer typified by a certain fashionable general, who during the Zulu War kept sending home agonized complaints from the Tugela concerning the shortage of certain condiments which he deemed necessities of life, was highly antipathetic to a mind which early realized the pressing necessity of efficiency in modern warfare.

Besides despising luxury in the field Lord Wolseley entertained the greatest contempt for the old school of military martinet (some years before denounced by Mr. Bernal Osborne, as the main support of what he called the "Great Aldershot job"—an indifferent preparatory school for indifferent generals) and did not scruple to say so.

His attitude towards his military opponents closely resembled that adopted by Sir Walter Scott, who when he was hooted by the Radical ruffians of Jedburgh, said :

"I care for you no more than for the hissing of geese."

Years before when Lord Wolseley was a young unknown subaltern the War Office had been attacked as entirely answerable for the first failures of the Crimean campaign. "I maintain," at that time said a clever but hostile critic, speaking in the House of Commons, "that you must entirely reconstruct your whole military system. The time has arrived when you cannot expect an army, besides winning battles in the field, to go through the vicissitudes of a campaign under the present state of things. You must lay an unsparing hand on that building adjacent to these premises. You must see, in fact, whether you can find a modern Hercules to turn the Serpentine

through the Horse Guards and all the ramifications of the War Office."

The hidebound system of precedents which then prevailed in the department in question simply maddened Lord Wolseley's clever brain and he worked like a slave to replace it by something more efficient.

Unlike the older school of generals he attached no undue importance to the ceremonial part of military life. In this of course he was widely different from his Commander-in-Chief, the late Duke of Cambridge.

H.R.H. delights in oratory. "I hate it," wrote he—"I squander all my time inspecting cadets, watching them drill, etc. etc."

As was to be expected from the characters of the two men and from the friction which must naturally result when the old school is brought into constant contact with the new, the Duke did not always see eye to eye with "our only General," as Lord Wolseley came to be called. In 1885, before setting out for Egypt, the latter wrote:

IN THE TRAIN, EN ROUTE FOR OSBORNE.

Saturday.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I tell you where I write this lest you should think the unsteadiness of my writing was the result either of "drink" or funk of the great Mahdi. I was never more sober and never less under the influence of any *nerve* affection. I have had a "real bad time of it," as Mr. Something Lowell would say, since Wednesday morning when my appointment became known. H.R.H. rushed back from Scotland in a devil of a rage, and so hot has been his head and his anger that I am sure he will have a bad attack of the gout. If he only would have stayed away until I had started, my difficulties would have been very much reduced, but he dreads the world thinking that the Army can get on in his absence, whereas if you could only entrap him into your castle and keep him

locked up for say a year or more you would be doing the public service the greatest benefit. I leave town for Cairo by the evening train to-morrow, going round by Vienna and Trieste to avoid quarantine, and hope to reach our destination on Monday week. I shall expect you to write me long letters telling me how the world gets on when deprived of my presence, and in return I shall try to keep you "posted" in the latest slang of Cairo donkey boys, that *gamin par excellence* who has no counterpart elsewhere and who has a future before him that no other street arab can aspire to. He may through the affection of some Pasha or the keenness of his wit, unaided by such love, live to die a Prime Minister. Good-bye.

I shall often wish myself back in 45 Charles Street.

Your affectionate friend

(Sgd.) WOLSELEY.

The end of this expedition to Egypt was anything but satisfactory to the writer who poured out his irritation as follows :

ON BOARD SHIP IN THE RED SEA.

May 19, 1885.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I have been of late a very bad correspondent indeed, always intending to write, and as often postponing doing so—many reasons explain this satisfactorily to my own mind, which it would be dull and a waste of time and of War Office paper to attempt to put in writing. I shall only mention one ; I have been so unsettled of late in mind and body that I hated writing or formulating any wishes in my mind much less any plans for the future. I am so disgusted with the policy adopted by the Government in this Soudan business, that I hate to think of the future. I have been made much a fool of by Gladstone and Company that I am ashamed to look even the donkey

boys of Cairo in the face. I made promises to the Soudan people on the faith of Mr. Gladstone's announcement in Parliament that have "*blackened my face*" in this land of Egypt and that make me long to sneak out of it. I hate going back to Cairo to meet the Khedive and his ministers, and I cannot say that I look forward either with any pleasure to meeting the members of H.M. Government if I return home. However, I shall meet you with great pleasure if I return home. I have now really finished all I had to do in consequence of the newly adopted policy in the Soudan, and only wonder that I have not been already ordered to England.

I left Suakim this morning and left it with delight. If my boots had had any dust on them, I should have shaken it off as the good ship *Queen* steered out of that foul harbour: oh such smells!! We went through what I may call the gamut of stenches as we passed through the harbour, one worse than the other. I sleep on deck every night, and awoke this morning about 4 a.m., after which no more sleep for me, and every moment I thought I must have been "*practically*" sick from the foulness of the smells with which the air was loaded. Now the air is delightful, very warm of course, but a pleasant breeze that seems to bring new life with it, whilst it scarcely ripples the deep blue sea in which shoals of porpoises seem as if intent on pursuing the flying fish that skim past us in packs. My wife, as I daresay you know, paid me a visit in Cairo; but, poor little woman, she was far from well most of the time she stayed there. She is now in Florence or Lake Como, I am not quite certain which. I suppose I shall hear in a few days when I am to go home.

Yours most sincerely,

WOLSELEY.

When Commander-in-Chief in Ireland Lord Wolseley sent my mother many chatty letters.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL,
DUBLIN.

December 29, 1892.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

You very seldom write to me and when you do accuse my negligence in writing to you. Why, I am as true to you as the needle to the pole, and answer your letters with the precision of the thunderclap after the lightning. Here we are in the depth of a glacial period, one's very windows frozen over. No hunting, so Frances has to amuse herself with skating. Our dynamite explosion has been a new blow to Mr. Morley, who is certainly the most unlucky of mortals. He is in private life so extremely charming that one never ceases to regret his conversion into an indifferent politician, and an infernally bad ruler of the clever rascals he has to deal with in Ireland, some in the guise of priests and bishops, and the mob in the conventional garb of the carrier-boy. Poor disconsolate Houghton is in England for a fortnight, glad to escape from the enforced isolation he encounters in the Viceregal Lodge. The curtain has fallen upon the farce written by Morley and played by Judge Mathew, in No. 28 Merrion Square here.

My wife is busy with a Christmas—a forest—tree in our big hall, I should say the biggest of the kind ever used before. At it, about 200 widows and 300 of their children—by soldiers of course—are to be fed, amused, given woollen things to warm their bodies and tea to warm their stomachs this afternoon, and I am wellnigh "*broke*" with festivities here, not only to those who wear silk stockings, but to those who wear none. I am busy getting my book through the press. The illustrations will be worth your money. Don't forget to order it at the nearest bookshop. My best love to Miss Meresia and the same to you with all my best wishes for the coming year.

Your firm friend,
WOLSELEY.

Poor disconsolate Houghton was, of course, the present Lord Crewe, for whom the writer had a real admiration and regard which made him all the more sorry to see him left severely alone by the Dublin Loyalists as they liked to call themselves.

“I am afraid” (said Lord Wolseley in another letter) “poor Houghton has a dull time of it, for he is regularly boycotted by all the noble Lords and Ladies and the Squires will not go near him. The other day, the provost, who nominates his Chaplains, sent him the names of those he had selected. The dear old gentleman had not evidently consulted those upon whom he had fixed, and the result was that one of those so selected wrote officially to say he politely but positively declined to act in such a capacity. We all like Houghton very much and wonder why on earth he ever came here.”

Lord Wolseley's descriptions of his military life were always vivacious and interesting:—

In camp, near Stradbally, Queen's County, Ireland, he wrote :

August 5, 1894.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I have been here in camp for most of the past week, and notwithstanding some heavy rain have enjoyed myself greatly. We begin our manœuvres about half-past nine in the morning and generally get back to our tents in time for luncheon at two or three o'clock p.m. All day I live in the open air, and though our food leaves us much to desire, the appetite is always good. I sometimes wish I were a barbarian that could despise all the trouble which love of cleanliness entails, and feel as happy in sleeping under a wet bush as in a room with a well-appointed bed and surrounded with the choicest of Chippendale furniture. How pleasant in hot weather to go about without clothing and to feel that no cynical observer was making unkind remarks upon your want of muscle or over-inflated paunch, etc. etc. It is curious how

soon one takes to the savage customs of our ancestors when away from French cookery, Turkish baths, and the other abominations which make up the unnatural life of what we choose to call civilized man. Before leaving Dublin I received a copy of your beautiful book, for which I thank you with all the gratitude I am capable of: perhaps you think I am not capable of much, but if you do so, you are very much mistaken. I feel for my friends and hate my enemies far more than I usually say, and it is to me exceedingly pleasant to think that those I care for sometimes think of me when absent. When I leave this I start for Genoa, going direct from Dublin to that city of tall houses and gloomy palaces. There I embark in Sir J. Pender's large ship, the *Electra*, for the Crimea. I do not know when I shall be back, but I hope to find you in London when I do return. Frances is on board Sir J. Burn's yacht at Cowes, where she remains for the gay week. The yacht called in for her at Kingstown and she went round in her to Cowes. She writes to say that next to hunting she thinks yachting the best of all delightful pleasures. We have rain here every day, but a good deal of sun also between the heavy showers. This is a most civilized part of Ireland. Roads very good, hedges well cut and trimmed, and all the farmhouses and cottages well kept and actually clean, at least outside. It is a lovely country, as one sees it from the hills we manœuvre over, and reminds me much of England. I was only one night in London for Pender's Banquet, reaching just in time for dinner and leaving early next day for Staffordshire, where Frances and I were staying at the time.

Very sincerely,

Yours always,

WOLSELEY.

My mother had a great admiration for Lord Morley (then Mr. John Morley, chaffingly known as honest

John) and this Lord Wolseley fully shared. He wrote in January, 1895 :

“ I am afraid that beyond your interest in that most fascinating of men—fascinating to both sexes—Mr. John Morley, you take little heed of what we do in this rainy and squally island. That firm ruler of a turbulent race left here yesterday for London, I hope your cowslip—no primrose ladies don't mean to turn him out of office as long as I remain in Ireland. He is the only feature about this Irish Command at present, and as I am not a politician I trust he may last out my day here. I very often hear of you, but I think of you still more. I have few good friends in the world who would—I think—help me were I in trouble, and have always counted you as one of those few, so do not please cast me off now in my old age. The book¹ you sent me was charming, well written and very beautifully illustrated. Why do you not do more in that line ? You might write a delightful book on all your old ironwork and illustrate it with your own drawings. It would make a delightful work. Although I did not know your brother, I mourned his loss for your sake. I knew you would feel it much. As the links drop off from the chain which used to join us to others it is not easy to smile, much less to laugh—and what is the world without mirth and laughter ! Why it is the one great characteristic—perhaps the only one we possess—which entitles us to feel superior to dogs, and the lions in the Zoo-gardens.”

In another letter he said :

“ My wife has fallen in love with John Morley—what a delightful companion he is ! What fiend was it that tempted him to give up literature and take to loathsome party politics ? We are to have Lord Rosebery here for a few days this week which will brighten us up a little. As long as he remains in the

¹ *Mannington and the Walpoles.*

Ministry he will be a sort of guarantee that the old Devil will not be allowed to destroy our Empire. I think the evidence given before the Meath Election trial will damage Home Rule prospects in the mind of every man in England who is open to reason as to how the priests would rule the country if ever England were so mad as to give these rebels the power to rule in Ireland. I wish I could be in London this Session, for although I hate London, I should like to watch public feeling with my finger on its pulse as it beat daily during the debate on the address and on the proposal to hand over this unhappy country to a government of Irish priests and of others equally hostile to England and to England's glory and interests."

Though, of course, he never made any public profession of his political faith, it will be gathered that at the latter part of his career Lord Wolseley, though he himself had been a Radical of the Radicals as far as the army was concerned, had long lost all sympathy with official Liberalism. On the other hand, he had the greatest admiration for Lord Salisbury.

In a note to my mother he wrote :

" I thought you might have been in the House of Lords last night to hear Lord Salisbury speak. He is the only speaker I care now to listen to. I like him and I believe in him though the press has combined to ' crab ' him.

" However he will outlive all printed venom."

The end of Lord Wolseley's military career coincided exactly with the end of the nineteenth century, and he disappeared from public life without perhaps getting full credit for all he had done—as a matter of fact, although his policy was sometimes questioned he was generally right.

" I have read," wrote a distinguished soldier to my mother from India in April, 1901, " all about the



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., P.C., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.M.G.

Lansdowne-Wolseley controversy with the greatest interest. I think Ld. W. spoke each time with dignity and effect. His views may not all have been sound, but he only did his duty in putting them forward. No speaker or paper has given Ld. W. the credit which is *his alone* of all the reforms in the army for the last 20 years, especially for the increased education and professional spirit amongst officers, and they all forget that we *never can* have an army fit for real work without conscription as Moltke said."

At the end of his career Lord Wolseley became rather wearied with military matters.

"It is not physical labour that wears me out," wrote he. "I delight in being bodily tired, but I am worn out by the opposition of a lot of d—d fools who meddle in matters without the least knowledge of war, because they have the power to do so. Supposing you sent for an expert—say Sir James Paget—and he ordered you certain treatment, how utterly ridiculous it would be to argue with him about it and refuse to comply with his injunctions. Such is my position as regards war. I have made it the study of my life and have had a great deal more experience of it than any other Englishman, yet day by day, when dealing with matters that refer exclusively to war, I am badgered and hampered by a pack of Secretaries of State, Surveyor Generals, etc. etc. etc., who thwart and oppose me until I am nearly mad."

In October, 1902, he wrote :

"Are you to be a looker-on at the King's procession? I am sick of all such vanities, and have no wish ever to put on a red coat again—I only want to be let alone. At present I am working at my memoirs which amuse me intensely. I wonder if they will either interest or amuse anyone else in the world! It is not easy to settle in one's mind how much one may say about others who have been colleagues or acquaintances—my enemies, though numerous, don't

interest me and they were all a poor lot unworthy even of my hoop-iron steel."

In November, 1901, he wrote from Glynde :

" Here I lead the most tranquil of lives. As I write this at an early hour in the morning, my window is full open, and as I look through it I see the Downs, so green and with so many misty shadows upon them, with our little garden and trees as a foreground, everything still, no noise of any sort, no dust, no dirt and a glorious sun just up behind the Downs over Eastbourne. I wonder why it is men and women live in dirty cities, amidst noise, the screaming of cats, motor-cars and all the abominations in which London specially abounds."

My mother and Lord Wolseley had many mutual friends. Among the greatest of these was the late Lord Haliburton, then Sir Arthur, and his wife, whom my mother always described as one of the kindest women she had ever known.

Lord Wolseley, besides being attracted by the social gifts of this couple, had a very high opinion of Sir Arthur as an administrator. Writing to my mother he said :

" I am so glad you like the Haliburtons. He is the best man we have had about the army for a long time. He is always so fair, and anxious to help us soldiers, that besides being a charming man personally, he is invaluable as a public servant. I wish he could be Secretary of State for War for a few years. His report on Lord Wantage's Committee was extremely able, and has put the Committee's report entirely into the shade."

Another great friend whose loss she never ceased to deplore was the late Sir Edward Bradford, one of the best Chief Commissioners of Police London has ever known.

It was perhaps inevitable that with the progress of time Lord Wolseley, in his last years in somewhat failing health, should become somewhat forgotten. His great services in having practically founded the modern English army which fought so gallantly in France were never probably appreciated at their full worth. This pained some of his old colleagues, among them the late General Brackenbury, who wrote :

23 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

January 1, 1901.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Very many thanks for your kind letter. First, let me wish you, with all my heart, every happiness for the New Year.

The day after to-morrow Lord Roberts arrives. We shall have an awful day. Fancy riding through London at a foot's pace in a pouring rain, in the cold of January, then a dreary luncheon at Buckingham Palace, and a still more dreary dinner at Mr. Brodrick's—to meet Bobs and the Royalties. Pity me, please.

Mr. Brodrick is said to be as full of new schemes as a female herring of roe ; and he is only waiting Lord Roberts' return to develop them. I hear Lord Roberts is tired and worn ; and I am anxious lest he should fail in will and tenacity. If only he is strong, he can get anything he wants. It is a critical moment for the army and the country. If Lord Roberts will strike while the iron is hot, we could get an army worthy of the nation. If not, the iron will soon cool, and our last state will be worse than our first.

I am very fond of Lord Roberts ; but I own it has hurt me to see so much said of him, and so little of Lord Wolseley, who had done more for the army than any man living, and that in the face of the most tremendous difficulties. He does already find his life dull. He wrote to me a few days ago, and said that he began to realize he had no more work to do for the army, that he could not be idle and must look out for

something to do. I am in terror lest he should get into the hands of another Whitaker Wright. . . .

I don't know how I am to see you when you return to town, as I never leave War Office till between 6 and 7, and then too tired to see anyone. Sunday I might manage it, or if you would be very kind and eat a simple dinner with me some evening.

Ever yours very sincerely,

H. BRACKENBURY.

It was curious how each of the two men, first Lord Wolseley and then Lord Roberts, successively secured adequate appreciation, and especially how the latter, after having been apparently rather relegated to the background, ended his life in a completely commanding position. He had always, however, had many sincere and powerful supporters—amongst them the late Duke of Cambridge.

On one occasion, indeed, at a dinner at the Army and Navy Club the Duke, after denouncing our system of War Administration under a Civilian, turned to Lord Roberts and before everyone said, "You ought to be War Minister."

According to an account written to my mother it was a very lively scene indeed. Some years later at Ascot my mother saw a good deal of Lord Roberts, with the result that she conceived the greatest admiration for his charming nature and splendid qualities.

The Duke of Cambridge was particularly fond of her for which reason she was very much in request to meet him.

In one of her letters to Lady Airlie she said :

DEAREST BEST OF FRIENDS,

What have I to say that can in any way compensate for your always beautiful letters?

If I were you I should give up everything and take to writing, you are such a genius in that way.

For me, alas! a pen in my hand is an unweildy

weapon both for sense and calligraphy—and then what have I to say, for you hear all through the newspapers? . . .

What a mercy the Emperor's¹ dying at last—but what cursing and swearing—the d—room² being put off.

I have had dinners enough for 10 little bodies like mine and always to meet the D. of Cambridge. I have now 5 on hand to meet him, but I suppose now the royalties will be shut up.

The Government seem very strong, and Ld. Salisbury himself told me he was almost alarmed at their prosperity.

The Queen occupies 73 rooms of Lady Crawford's villa at Florence.

She has sent lots of furniture, carpets, and curtains, which are all to go back and they all are marked "Mausoleum."

I have had such a loss in Cotter Morison's death. He was always so kind and indulgent to me and so agreeable.

I only knew him in July. I regret now I ever knew him; it was only a fresh cord to be snapped asunder so soon.

Yr. affec.

D. N.

Up to the time of his death the Duke of Cambridge continued to show her the greatest friendliness, and often came to see her, for he liked to talk of old friends and the days which had long passed away.

At the time when the old Duke relinquished the post of Commander-in-Chief, which he had held for so many years, it was rumoured in some quarters that he had done so with the greatest reluctance. This was perfectly true as the following letter shows.

¹ The Emperor Frederick.

² Drawing-room.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE,
PARK LANE, W.

June 25, 1895.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Thanks for your kind note just received. It is very dear of my friends to sympathize with me, as I know you and they all do. I *never resigned nor even contemplated resignation*, but when told that these proposed changes were to be carried out, I had no choice left but that of not offering any resistance in my person and thus it has, alas! come about. It simply amounts to my being most summarily *turned out*, and at the shortest notice *without my retirement being awarded to me!! Strong order this I think!!!* after 39 years in my present high position. It is *very* sad, but my friends are *most kind*.

I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

GEORGE.

Amongst my mother's military friends were several soldiers who belonged to the pre-Wolseley school—men who considered that a properly conducted war should be “half-campaign, half-picnic.” Such a one was the late General Crealock, a pleasant social figure who had some pretensions to being a good amateur artist. Mischievous people used to say that the original cause of his military advancement was a happy turn for caricaturing which had amused the Headquarters staff in the Crimea. The talents of this pleasant soldier of a bygone era were indeed rather more artistic than military. Noted for the originality of his dress he ignored fashion, and indulged in a somewhat florid style of costume, while, in defiance of military regulations, he sported a curly beard.

Sir Redvers Buller, then one of the younger school of soldiers, began to be an occasional visitor at lunch about the same date. He was much interested in a

collection of old brass boxes which my mother was forming, and in 1892 sent her a very curious specimen.

“So many pleasant hours in my life,” wrote he, “are associated with a recollection of a trayful of brass boxes, that when I saw the one I send herewith, the other day, I could not resist getting it.”

The navy was represented by Lord Alcester, otherwise known as the “Swell of the Ocean” on account of his immaculate style of dress.

To the Sunday lunches came many celebrated actors and actresses. Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were to be seen from time to time—of Lady Bancroft my mother was especially fond. Miss Calhoun, now Princess, was also a frequent visitor. Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Mrs. John Wood, Sir George and Lady Alexander, Lady Tree and practically all the chief theatrical figures of the late Victorian and Edwardian eras came to lunch at one time or another.

It was, I believe, at one of these lunches that it was first announced that Mrs. Langtry (whom my mother did not know) was going on the stage.

At that time such a thing as an amateur trying to vie with professionals was almost unheard of and it created quite a sensation.

“Mrs. Langtry,” wrote my mother to a friend, “is the topic; she certainly is very handsome, but is too quiet and I might say too ladylike ever to become a great actress, but the attempt is praiseworthy and the male gender cry her up immensely.”

For Sir Henry Irving my mother had a great admiration and respect which was thoroughly reciprocated by this prince among actors.

Irving used constantly to send her any trifles which he thought likely to amuse her. She liked to have her friends' bookplates, and having seen a new one

designed for Sir Henry by Mr. Bernard Partridge, she told him how much she should like a specimen which in due course he sent her.

Two years later he wrote :

LIVERPOOL.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I wish indeed that I could be with you on the 14th, but, alas! I shall be struggling on in Manchester trying to feed and keep together my ravenous flock of a hundred souls, I mean.

In a month's time I hope to be back for a little while and look forward to the infinite pleasure of seeing you then.

How splendid was the Prince's victory. Really, a national rejoicing. The enthusiasm of these Midland Counties has been tremendous, and this is, I suppose, the most powerful part of the Kingdom.

Ask Mr. Chamberlain if you think of it, and please give him my warmest congratulations and greeting. I wish I could have expressed them in person.

Just off to Manchester.

Believe me,

Dear Lady Dorothy,

Ever sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) HENRY IRVING.

June 7, 1896.

From time to time a diplomatist or two would put in an appearance. I think that of all the representatives of Foreign Powers who came to Charles Street my mother liked Mr. Choate about the best, she entertained an unbounded admiration for his cleverness. The United States ambassador was very appreciative of the regard she bore towards him, and during his term of office in England was very thoughtful about sending her books, besides being a more or less constant visitor at her house.

In November, 1903, he wrote :

I CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W.

November 10, 1903.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I've been quite too busy to be decent the last few days and should have answered your kind note much sooner.

I shall come to your lunch on the *16th* at 2 with the greatest pleasure, first, because I love your lunches, and second because the mere hint of being crossed out of your books is truly alarming.

As you were so good as to be pleased with my romance of Lincoln, I am sending you in a day or two an equally romantic memoir, that of Benjamin Franklin, which I hope you will also like. The fact is that the bare facts of the lives of these two great men make fascinating romances without the need of any embellishment.

Mrs. Choate says that you were most kind and charming to her last night.

Yours most truly,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

It will be seen that the luncheon parties continued to be given in the new reign ; indeed, they were especially flourishing during the first years of the twentieth century.

Writing in July, 1901, Mr. Frederic Harrison said :

“ You—I suppose—have been in the thick of the recent earthquake in the Radical Party ? I expected to hear that you had given Asquith a luncheon-party, and had asked Lord Rosebery and T. P. O'Connor and the King to meet him. You might have given them guinea-pig to eat, as you gave George Russell on a famous occasion which makes me laugh every time I think of it.”

The idea of a ragout of guinea-pig had originally

been suggested to my mother by the Duchess of Somerset—one of the three beautiful Sheridan sisters who had attracted so much attention as Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton tournament.

The Duchess in later years, being like my mother fond of trying novelties, gave the latter a pamphlet dealing with the guinea-pig as food and how to cook it.

In due course a luncheon took place at Charles Street, the *pièce de résistance* being a dish compounded of the little tailless animals. The guests apparently enjoyed themselves, though one or two seemed rather puzzled at the queer little bones. My mother, however, could not help letting out the secret—with the result that when she asked the same guests again, they accepted, only with the reservation that guinea-pig as a dish should be barred.

In spite of his staunch Radicalism Mr. George Russell was always a most welcome guest at Charles Street. My mother considered him almost unequalled as a conversationalist, whilst thoroughly appreciating his books which have stamped him as one of the best social chroniclers of his time.

CHAPTER VI

Society in Victorian days—Miss Mary Anderson—Anecdote—An unrepresentable millionaire—Lord Palmerston—Anecdotes—Lord Ellenborough—Lord Beaconsfield—His career—Anecdotes—At Strathfieldsaye—Ecclesiastical *flair*—His life by Mr. Monypenny—Mr. Gladstone—Anecdotes—Lord Sherbrooke—Lord Salisbury—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—Lady Warwick—Socialism—Modern politicians and their ways.

LONDON Society in mid-Victorian days was different from what it had become before the outbreak of the Great War. Life was simpler and less luxurious—ladies did not go to the few restaurants there were, and all entertaining was done in private houses. First-rate cooks, however, were rare, and many dinner-givers, following the example set by Lord Beaconsfield, resorted to caterers who provided everything at a fixed price.

Social conventions were more rigorous. Laxness about keeping appointments would not have been tolerated, while being late for lunch or dinner was considered a real social crime. Unpunctuality was introduced at a later period by certain rich American women and listless idlers who thought it smart to keep people waiting. The vulgar habit spread, and some ladies, whom wealth had softened into partial imbecility, even got into the habit of boasting that "they never could be in time"—one noted for arriving half through dinner was even said to pride herself upon having forgotten the taste of soup!

With the growth of "millionaire worship" arose a distaste for the elegant and often cultured leisure which formerly constituted one of the regular amenities of educated people fitted to appreciate the wonder and beauty of life.

It is, perhaps, only natural that millionaires should imagine that money can do anything—they do not, however, always find this to be the case.

The late King, when Prince of Wales, being about to dine with a very wealthy financier, the latter, in order to ensure the success of his dinner, tried to get Miss Mary Anderson (then enchanting London as Galatea) to be one of the party.

To his annoyance, he found this a hopeless task—the charming lady kept herself very much aloof.

At his wit's end, he eventually went to Mitchell's, in Bond Street, and asked him to send Miss Anderson an invitation, and with it an offer of a thousand pounds if she would come.

He met with a flat refusal, and the millionaire never succeeded in luring the beautiful actress to his house.

“Society,” in the old sense of the word, has now long ceased to exist; but there are still a number of people who believe themselves to hold a position superior to that of the rest of the world.

Their portraits appear in the weekly papers and they haunt those fashionable restaurants which, as it were, dispense social celebrity over the counter.

There exist also various *coteries* claiming to be cultured.

In spite of a real or pretended love for Music and Art, the majority of so-called smart society—smart, but not witty; flashy, but scarcely gay—was, in the days before the War, really only amused by childish things.

A Society which almost openly worships wealth—which knows the price of most things and the worth of none—must of necessity have a narrow outlook.

Like a savage community, it is almost totally unable to comprehend abstract thought, while the acquiring of knowledge, merely for knowledge's sake, seems to it mere boredom and waste of time.

It cannot realize and does not wish to understand the mystery and significance of the past—a not in-

considerable part of it, indeed, but dimly appreciates the present.

Among a certain feminine section (some members of which, however, make up by their good looks for what they lack in brains) a colossal denseness runs riot.

"Some one told me you were interested in politics," was the remark of one of these ladies on being introduced to an ex-Prime Minister !

Ignorance of this sort, however, is really a very minor social fault. There is, indeed, a kind of inanity which in pretty women (as Talleyrand said) becomes positively reposeful.

What is much worse is the assumption of unwarrantable airs by brainless people who consider that the possession of wealth, often gained by very dubious methods, entitles them to indulge in unlimited bad manners.

My mother, speaking in a letter to a friend of the deterioration of "Society," said :

"It is all owing to these low-lived millionaires promenading their wealth, and we asses thinking we must copy them at all risks."

It is to be hoped that with the awakening of England from the nightmare of the Great War less toleration will be accorded to purse-proud arrogance and caprice.

Armageddon has already rubbed a good deal of gold off a number of gilded parvenus ; let us hope that a certain amount of vulgarity may be found to have gone as well !

As has been justly said, "Society is as much a sphere of Art as any of the more recognized spheres." In the early seventies and eighties this was still recognized, and a large stock-in-trade of wealth and assurance did not of necessity make its possessor a prominent social figure, as became the case just before the Great War. A certain amount of wealth, it is true, is a primal necessity of human society, and hosts and hostesses able to entertain are also necessary. There

can, however, be only one real reason for making much of people when they lack taste and have no sense of propriety—this is the hope of getting something out of them. The West End hastened to take advantage of this hope (which was in but few instances fulfilled) and a number of cosmopolitan financiers and wealthy aliens in consequence contrived to have most of what was left of English Society at their feet. In some cases the conquerors frankly despised their own belongings.

The nervous energy which is essentially the attribute of commercial America when unaccompanied by a sense of restraint is apt to become ridiculous in the social sphere, and a certain transatlantic heiress, notorious for her ludicrous airs, is said to have actually prohibited her old vulgar father from putting in an appearance at his son-in-law's ancestral home, lest his dreadful appearance and unconventional ways should shock the aristocratic parties wont to assemble there. This was the more hard upon the old man, as it was confidently asserted that on his arrival she had insisted upon his hiring a tutor to teach him an English accent and an English mode of speaking, as well as to get rid of a confirmed habit of "eating out loud."

The London Society of former days delighted in "parties" where people went to meet one another and talk.

The parties given by great political personalities formed part of the machinery by which the West End practically governed England. The importance of such functions was indeed officially recognized by the Foreign Office, which previous to the War on certain occasions indulged in this form of social relaxation.

According to my mother, the most pleasant parties she remembered were those formerly given at Cambridge House, now the Naval and Military Club :

" . . . the mansion, hallowed by a mighty shade,
Where the cards were cut and shuffled when the game of state
was played."

Here lived Lord Palmerston from 1850 till the date of his death, while Premier, in 1865, and here took place the social functions which were rendered so agreeable, owing to the grace and suavity displayed by his wife.

Though her social tact was in a great degree natural, there is no doubt but that it was further developed by her husband, for there was no more adroit manager of men and women than this jaunty old Tory who, though nominally a Liberal, judged every question on its merits.

In several respects, as it was once aptly said, Lord Palmerston realized Hume's character of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Though genial to an extreme, he was not lacking in cynicism. This occasionally manifested itself in remarks such as "I have only known one woman who refused gold, and she took diamonds." He had French levity combined with English familiarity, and never did there exist a more conspicuous instance of the triumphant value of tactful manners. His complete realization of his powers in this direction enabled him on occasion even to retard the passage of a distasteful Bill. No one better than he knew the value of shaking hands in the lobby with members likely to give trouble, and of asking their wives to Saturday soirées. It was his habit to speak to every M.P. as if he was well acquainted with his name and family.

The English people as a whole reposed the most unbounded confidence in Lord Palmerston, largely, no doubt, owing to his *Civis Romanus Sum* attitude, which stood him in good stead. His own remarkable optimism as regards himself also greatly assisted his popularity. He was one of those happy people who thought everything he did was right. It took a very great deal to ruffle his serene and easy gaiety.

Attending church one day during a country-house visit, the clergyman preached so pointedly and continuously at him that those sitting near him felt un-

comfortable, thinking Lord Palmerston would be annoyed—to all outward appearance, however, the latter remained completely unconcerned.

After church his host could not help beating about the bush to discover whether the old statesman was annoyed, but his efforts proving vain he at last pointedly inquired whether his guest had not seen the drift of the allusions, and whether he resented them. "He, he, he!" laughed his Lordship: "Fancy my minding what the parson said!—a man I would not consult on the commonest affairs of life!"

In many ways Lord Palmerston voiced the spirit of his age. In artistic matters, for instance, his opinions, as it was once remarked, were calculated to have made Ruskin wish to pitch all the "stones of Venice" and the whole of his "seven lamps" at his Lordship's head.

He especially despised emotional athleticism and was essentially practical in his ideas, which was probably why political visionaries were so much out of sympathy with him.

Cobden, for instance, had a great aversion to his policy and his ideas, and would humorously complain, "Alas, in spite of all I say about the old gentleman, he will still call me his 'honourable friend.'"

If only (said my mother in later years) Mr. Cobden could have heard the eulogium that same old gentleman passed upon him after his death, I wonder what he would have said?

As a matter of fact, Cobden's dying verdict upon Lord Palmerston was "always a very generous man."

From the way my mother used to speak of him Cobden must have possessed an attractive individuality—it was Cobden the man not Cobden the politician that she liked. She troubled herself little about his mania for Free Trade, which in no way appealed to her.

To-day all who have lived to see the Great War

must realize how hopelessly wrong was his dream that the love of dominion and aggrandisement among the nations would be overcome by the policy of "fighting hostile tariffs with free imports."

Though Cobden would appear to have been animated by a sincere love of humanity his detractors declared that he kept a very good eye upon his own interests.

"Peel [wrote¹ old Lord Ellenborough to my mother], whatever he may have said of Richard Cobden and his deeds, thought that Bright was the more single-minded man, and had done what he did for the repeal of the corn duty for the sake of the people, not for his own."

"I confess," added the old Peer, "that they were both unsuited to the present constitution of this country."

Lord Ellenborough considered that both Cobden and Bright wanted to Americanize English institutions—a depraved taste inconceivable in reasonable beings and odious beyond words to those who like himself belonged to the "old school." He was a man of cultivated mind, being especially fond of Dante.

Years later, writing to Lady Airlie, my mother said :

"You talk, dear, of Dante. I used to love reading him with one of my dear friends.

"Ld. Ellenborough came and read to me—but since then I have such sad, sad remembrances of him, I have not dared to look much at Dante ; but yet I have never forgotten those pleasant days when Ld. E—— exalted me to be one of his few chosen friends.

"Oh, my dear, how many pleasant people we have known have passed away—if we did not live in memories where should we be?

"Think of the many spirits which we hope surround us—what can all the present be to all the pleasure we have had in the past?"

¹ April 29th, 1865.

My mother had a great liking for this fine old Tory, who corresponded freely with her. Two beautiful ponies she drove in her pony carriage in the Park were a gift from him. Lord Ellenborough, it is curious to remember, though very zealous as to the privileges of aristocracy and entirely out of sympathy with the aspirations of the classes below it in the social scale, could not himself be said to have patrician blood in his veins.

He was, however, entirely permeated by the ideas of a vanished era; his mental attitude, indeed, much resembled that of the nobles of the Middle Ages, concerning whom the old Duchess of Cleveland, Lord Rosebery's mother, who was a great student of mediæval history, once wrote :

“ I think that during two centuries the aristocracy must have considered being killed or beheaded a sort of natural death.”

“ War and Women ” (wrote he), “ these are in reality the only fit interests for a man ! ”

What with Suffragettes and the Germans, his Lordship would have had every reason to be satisfied had he lived on into the present troublous age.

In another letter concerning the tremendous struggle then raging between North and South, he said : “ I have been following every movement in America with the deepest interest, for the thing I love most is war. I have done so all my life. I had rather read a good account of a battle than a novel by Sir Walter Scott.”

As a young man Lord Ellenborough was strikingly handsome, and there was something about him which my mother used to say involuntarily commanded admiration. She would contrast the generation of politicians to which he belonged with the “ new men ” whose rise to political power she had seen, and her conclusions were not flattering to the latter.

In common justice, however, it must be admitted

that their task has been harder and more difficult than that of their predecessors.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot. The great Victorians never had to deal with such a dangerous Germany as that which hoodwinked their successors, who really seem to have believed in the Angel of Peace which Mr. Andrew Carnegie hoped to install in the uncouth pile erected at the Hague.

It is a curious fact that the fulfilment of this gentleman's pet scheme of a Peace Palace inaugurated a whole series of wars, the very devil seemingly having got into its stones.

Abuse the old school of statesmen as much as you like—call them narrow-minded, selfish, brutal, bigoted—apply every contemptuous term to the policies which they followed, it must nevertheless be admitted their sagacious audacity contrived to inspire other nations with a real respect for England's power.

It is not conceivable that a Palmerston or a Beaconsfield would have allowed this country to drift into the state in which the outbreak of the Great War found her.

At that time not a few thoughtful men declared "that a man like Dizzy might have saved us from all this"—but there was no man like Dizzy at hand!

One thing is pretty certain, which is, that had "Dizzy's" policy of keeping on good terms with the Turks been followed, we should have saved many valuable lives, our prestige, and a great deal of money.

His foresight as regards the East was wonderful. A pet scheme of his, for instance, was to make Cyprus a strong *place d'armes*.

During the sixties, when my mother lived in Upper Grosvenor Street, she saw a great deal of Disraeli, who lived in the house opposite.

She had known him since her early girlhood, and her father had been one of the first English Peers to welcome the son of old Isaac Disraeli to his house.

The author of *Lothair*, besides, had always been an intimate friend of her brother, the 4th Earl of Orford.

My mother well remembered "Dizzy" in what she used to call the "curly days," by which she meant the era of masculine ringlets, black velvet dress-coats lined with white satin, tasselled canes, and other appurtenances of fashionable dandyism, many of which were affected by the future Tory Premier, who in his last years was one of the most quietly, even shabbily, dressed men in London.

Her description of him, at the time when he lived opposite to her in Upper Grosvenor Street, was a man of ever varying moods. Grave, gay, very despondent at times, very jubilant at other times. In later years these different humours seem to have crystallized themselves into one of rather sardonic if pensive reflection.

He smiled little, and as regards laughter somewhat resembled Moltke, who, it is said, after he had reached years of discretion, only laughed twice: once when he received the news of his mother-in-law's death and again when someone told him that a military construction just outside Stockholm was considered by the Swedes to be a strong fortress.

The memory of "Dizzy" was always dear to my mother, and often she would recall the tremendous struggles of his younger years and how he would confide his worries to her—his struggles were not only against a sea of debts contracted when living with the reckless exquisites with whom he loved to consort, they were also against the prejudice aroused by his Hebraic descent. Disraeli, however, rather over-estimated the opposition he had to encounter owing to this latter cause, and constantly bewailed it to my mother. In the end, however, he thought that he had lived down most of his unpopularity. "It is all well and good now," he told her (on assuming the Premiership); "at last I feel my position assured."

Up to almost the last years of his life Lord Beaconsfield was obsessed by worries connected with lack of money. My mother used to describe how terribly this weighed upon his mind at times, and how tremendously relieved he was when at last he found himself in a thoroughly sound financial position.

Under these circumstances it is to his everlasting credit that he ever disdained to make use of the countless opportunities for making money which a less scrupulous or high-minded individual in such a position might have been tempted to employ.

His financial embarrassment is said not to have arisen entirely from his own youthful extravagance, rumour declaring that he had backed Count d'Orsay's bills with disastrous results to himself. It is rather curious that Disraeli should have ever been embarrassed at all. His father left him £30,000—when thirty-five he married, and his wife brought him about £6,000 a year. In addition to this he made large sums by his books, £10,000 it was said by *Lothair* alone! Nevertheless, it is certain that occasionally his financial troubles almost worried him to death.

As a young man his difficulties were very great, in addition to being crippled by financial troubles and by prejudice against his race his youthful dandyism caused many to hesitate about taking him seriously, and even when he had surmounted all these obstacles his path was not easy—he had to educate his party, and it was no easy task to drag an omnibus-load of country gentlemen uphill.

Both at Upper Grosvenor Street and at Charles Street Disraeli was a constant visitor, and for years he wrote intermittently to my mother. Some of his letters have been published in her *Reminiscences*. For the most part, however, they deal with matters of purely personal interest.

All through his life, indeed, he seems as much as possible to have avoided referring to politics in his correspondence. His letters to friends were full of

professions of affection, of admiration for the "umbrageous foliage" observed at their country-places, and the like; but of politics and persons he took care to write but little.

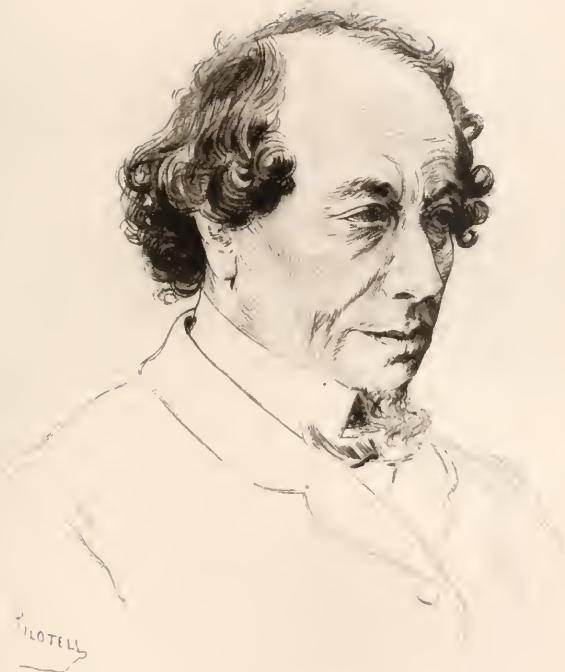
His letters to Lady Bradford (to whom he wrote at one time almost every day) are, however, said to be very interesting. They are preserved at Weston Park, Shifnal. Unfortunately, it is improbable that they will ever be published.

Writing to Lady Airlie about the time that the great Tory leader had been made Lord Beaconsfield, my mother said :

45 CHARLES STREET,
22nd.

DEAREST LADY AIRLIE,

I did receive your letter with such pleasure, I wish I could return it in any way; but I am not a letter writer, nor in fact anything—so have mercy. Our visit at the Bradfords' did very well. She and he so dear and kind, everyone must love them. Dizzy very preoccupied and more difficult to get on with than ever. He sat each day at dinner between Lady B. and Lady Chesterfield, and except an occasional meteor of intellect, he never uttered. Lady B. told me that tho' he was so often coming to her, and yet hardly ever uttered—but I think he is delighted with being Earl. There is a great deal of worldly leaven in his nature, and in spite of his genius he dearly loves high persons and high places. I have been deep in Ld. Macaulay, and was reading last night his description of Airlie Lodge. His is an interesting life, so wrapped up in his books and family. We have been so happy here in L., even now I am loth to leave it. We go to D. to-morrow. I trust all may be well. How sad poor Ld. Lonsdale's death. How happy you are in your Scotch home, but then you have a nice house—mine is such a horror, I can do nothing but earnestly wish it was burnt down. I am afraid Ld. H. Lennox



"DISRAELI"
FROM AN ETCHING

was a bad case. Dr. Hooker praises Mr. Mitford so—says he is so practical and easy to get on with.

Yr. ever affec.

D. N.

Though, as a rule, somewhat taciturn, there were occasions when Disraeli could be quite hilarious.

At the time when a statue of the Iron Duke, by Baron Marochetti, was to be erected near Strathfieldsaye, the second Duke entertained a large party, one of whom was my mother, who described the proceedings as follows :

DANGSTEIN,

PETERSFIELD.

'65.

MY DEAR LADY AIRLIE,

I am most anxious to know how you are—pray—pray—let me know. I read your pamphlet with great interest, and also sent it to a friend, who appreciated it highly. We only returned from our visits yesterday. First we went to Mentmore, met the Seymour Egertons—a nice little woman—a Mr. Bourke and Mr. B. Osborne. We then went on to Bretby, where we met the Richmonds—such a nice girl, Lady Caroline—Londesboroughs—Wharncliffes, Lady A.—Curzons, and a lot of racing men ; Mr. B. Osborne also. I found it very pleasant, as nearly all the people were friends of mine. I liked Lady Wharncliffe very much. We then proceeded to the D. V.'s at Drakelow, where we again met country neighbours, Sir W. Jolliffe and his d^r—a really nice person—and again Mr. B. Osborne. From there we went to Strathfieldsaye—at least I did, as Mr. N. had to return home. There was a large party assembled to witness the raising of a pillar to the late Duke—Mr. Disraeli to speak on the occasion ; but, alas ! nothing was wanting but the most important part—the pillar. We had Stanhope, Dizzy, Lady C. Wellesley and d^r and Waldens, Marochetti,

Count Streleike, Mr. Russell of *The Times*—Ld. J. Hay and Ld. Clanwilliam, with whom I made great friends. In fact I spent a very pleasant time altogether, but I am delighted to get home and to my daily occupations. It would have made you laugh to have seen the Duke—Dizzy—Ld. Stanhope, etc., dancing a new dance, which consists in running in a ring, jumping and singing,—“What have you got for supper, Mrs. Bond?—Ducks in the garden, geese in the pond, etc. etc.” Next week we have the D. of Wellington—Waldens—Cadogan and dr, Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Wortley, etc. Do let me hear how you are. I think I may perhaps come up in January for a few days. I should so like to see you.

Ever yr very affec.

D. N.

Will you think of Miss Harland if you hear of anything?

There was an element of uncertainty about Disraeli's speeches as there was about his moods. In addition to being, when he chose, a bitterly sarcastic speaker, he was also at times a very original and disconcerting one, a peculiar characteristic being that it could never be predicted with any tolerable degree of certainty what he would say. When, for instance, all England was expectantly waiting for a pronouncement as to Russia, which the then Prime Minister was expected to make at a great banquet in the Guildhall, the “growing export of chemicals” formed the main subject of his singularly complacent discourse.

It was not for nothing that Disraeli was, so to speak, born in a library. His early environment, no doubt, gave him the happy knack of appropriating many a telling phrase, especially from Burke and Byron. Not a few of his most telling phrases, such as “extinct volcanoes,” and “a sublime mediocrity,” he owed to these two. It is, however, only just to recognize that

he had a turn for phrase-making which was quite peculiar to himself, his refusal of the Tracy Turnerelli wreath, on the ground that he was intimately connected with honours and rewards, was a good example of this gift.

He was, however, rather severe upon others when they did something of the same sort. He once twitted Sir Robert Peel with being the purveyor of classical chestnuts, telling the latter that he adorned his speeches with quotations from the classics which were the better appreciated by the House because most of them had already received a full meed of parliamentary approbation.

On the other hand, Disraeli's acquaintance with literature occasionally led him into making observations of a recondite if not of an inappropriate nature ; a case in point being his description of a parliamentary Whip as "the instrument with which the wars of Nemea were won !"

In certain directions, however, he had sympathies akin to those of the modern Socialist. He denounced the selfishness of great manufacturers holding themselves responsible to no man, disapproval of the long hours which then prevailed, and boldly declared that the rights of Labour were as sacred as the rights of Property.

With great prescience he foresaw and deplored the increase of urban population and the coming exodus from the land. Forty years ago he said :

"The increase of population—and a population not connected with the cultivation of the soil—that is the danger."

And who shall say that he was not right ?

Dizzy has often been abused as the author of Household Suffrage pure and simple, which everybody of impartial political thought knows to be the principal cause of the decadence of Parliament as a sound institution.

Such abuse is most unjust.

Writing to my mother, one of the great Tory leader's followers, who was in the House of Commons at the time, said : " I can testify that the original Bill in 1867 made full provision for the representation of Education and Property by enacting in addition to other very proper conditions that *nobody* should have the privilege of the franchise unless they could read or write ! "

" Who was it that destroyed the provisos, or ' fancy franchises,' as the Radicals chose to call them ? *Mr. Gladstone*, who, being in Opposition, instead of assisting Disraeli by helping him to pass a really statesmanlike measure which would have enlarged the electorate at the same time that it preserved the just rights of property and education, swept all the safeguards in Disraeli's Bill away, Dizzy being forced to accept his amendments or throw up the Bill."

Truly *Mr. Gladstone* alone was the author of that evil as well as of a good number of the troubles which, since his time, we have had to endure !

At heart Lord Beaconsfield had but a poor opinion of English democracy, most of the male members of which, he once told a friend, concentrated their minds upon " half a pint."

With the triumph of an urban democracy Lord Beaconsfield feared the coming of something akin to mob rule. His lack of confidence in the political sagacity of the working class made him think that its judgment could be easily swayed by unprincipled and specious agitators. In some things, however, he had very liberal views. His tenderness for the poor is shown in *Sybil*. To women he was always respectful, and he had the Jewish love of family life.

Though very tolerant in religious matters, an almost imperceptible sneer in *Lothair* indicates that he had no great liking for the Roman Catholic faith. His father, old Isaac Disraeli, was probably more or less sceptical about all religions, but his son seems to have always been favourably disposed towards the Church of

England. At heart, however, he was a philosopher with little love of dogma. Returning one night from the House of Commons with a great friend, my mother's brother, at that time Member for North Norfolk, Disraeli said, alluding to a heated debate and division upon a Church question: "How curious, Walpole, that we should have both been voting for an extinct mythology!"

In his ecclesiastical appointments he showed intuitive knowledge of an extraordinary kind—they were almost invariably good. He had a great *flair* for putting the right man in the right place. On one occasion, when great efforts were made to give preference to Dr. King, he resolutely declined, saying "he would get me into trouble."

Gladstone later on did give Dr. King what he wanted, and sure enough he gave great trouble. Disraeli despised the unscrupulous efforts of certain strange ornaments of the Church to get what they wanted. "A pretty letter," said he, speaking of a note sent him by a certain high ecclesiastical dignitary, "to receive from one so near to the kingdom of God."

In spite of his cynicism, there is no doubt that Lord Beaconsfield was perfectly sincere in his admiration for those Conservative principles which he worked so hard to foster. Though at one time rather inclined to hold himself aloof he came to realize that Conservatism could only be kept going by a stream of clever young men.

Never did he miss a chance of promoting the interests of his party. My mother used to contrast his methods of gathering in promising recruits with the casual behaviour of certain of his successors.

In the latter part of his career, though never a rich man, Lord Beaconsfield was constantly giving dinners to which he would invite young men likely to assist his party. My mother declared that many a useful recruit had been secured by the tact of the host, who would take the trouble after dinner to go and engage a

political waverer in familiar conversation. Not a few were thus converted into staunch Tories.

“Would any of the modern Conservative leaders,” said she, “ever think of boring themselves by asking almost unknown but clever young men to dinner? In the first place, unlike Dizzy, they would never know where to find them, and in the second, outside their own particular set, they don’t trouble to put themselves out for anyone. And that,” she would add, “is one of the reasons why the modern Conservatives are so hopeless.”

The death of Lord Beaconsfield came as a blow to her, though in his last years she had seen comparatively little of him. Writing to Lady Airlie, in 1881, she said :

STILLYANS,

HOREHAM ROAD,

HAWKHURST.

OH, MY DEAREST FRIEND,

What have you to say at this universal trouble? It makes me more than ordinarily sad, for it reminds of my early married days, when I saw so much of him in his griefs and his triumphs. For twenty-one years we lived near each other, and how much happiness and brightness had I then. Now all my dear ones, with but few exceptions, are gone—and what a blank it all is. I am a philosopher, but yet I must feel deeply this blow for tho’ I had not in later years seen so much of him, yet when I did see him he was always the same—nice and kind—and for us all we have lost the chief, almost the only barrier who defended us from the mob and dangerous classes. You will not think this; but it is true, and we may even live to see it. I have been here a week with Ralph. The weather—at first—made existence a luxury; now, alas! it is bitter winter; but I have been surrounded by primroses, daffodils, and violets—a land of promise truly. This later on will indeed be a land of flowers. I have such lovely pansies and anemones and every sort of daffodil,

and such a lovely marigold called Meteor—white and yellow—and such wallflowers, and later on I shall have loads of everything sweetest in the garden. It is such a pleasure watching something coming forth every day fresh. If you were in, I should so like to send you by post a few treasures. This weather is horrid, for there are such winds, and this place very bleak, but it suits me—quite out of the world, not a soul—even if I wished it. Ralph is supremely happy with his gun, aiming at everything, hitting nothing. It is so charming to see his boyishness and delight in innocent things. Oh how horrible it will be when he changes and wishes for worldly sins. I find I have here a charming old Delft birdcage such as they use for signs in Holland. It is a very good one and I paid a good deal for it, but of course my maid and the railway porters combined managed to break it; but if you could get it mended it really would be a great ornament to your dairy and I should be so glad to give it you. I enclose the shape of it, and it has the maker's name on the back. If you like I will send it up to you with the flowers.

Ever yr. loving affec. friend,

D. N.

She was much interested in the still uncompleted *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*.

In a letter to Lady Airlie she asked :

“ What do you hear of Mr. Monypenny, who is to do Dizzy's life? If he only makes it a political study he will do wrong, as Dizzy was so engulfed in fashion and Society ?

“ Some years ago I was shown some most touchingly pathetic letters from Dizzy to his lawyer, begging for money, however small a sum—now these will go into the life, and be most interesting ; but how Mr. Monypenny is to illustrate this social side, not ever having been in Society, no one can imagine ?

“ Mr. M—— told a friend of mine he meant to take three or four years before he finished or even began it.”

Later on she made Mr. Monypenny's acquaintance, and liked him very much.

He became indeed a constant visitor to Charles Street, and his premature demise caused my mother sincere sorrow.

She gave him all the assistance she could as regards details of Disraeli's life, but, unfortunately, Mr. Monypenny only lived long enough to complete the second volume, covering a period up to 1846, which was about the date when my mother first met the great Tory leader. Mr. Monypenny, of course, had never seen Dizzy, and my mother rather gathered from conversations with him that at heart he had no very great sympathy with his methods, which seemed to him somewhat flamboyant, if not theatrical. Nevertheless, he threw himself heart and soul into his task, and succeeded in producing two volumes of notable interest. Both of these he presented to my mother, the first being prefaced by the following letter :

4 BERKELEY STREET, W.

October 26, 1910.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

You will receive from the publisher a copy of the first volume of my life of your illustrious friend. Pray accept it for his sake, and for mine do not judge it too severely.

“ We authors, ma'am,” as Lord Beaconsfield said once to Queen Victoria, “ ought to stand by one another.”

Yours very sincerely,

W. F. MONYPENNY.

Though my mother always professed the most violent antipathy to Mr. Gladstone's political principles,

the toleration which was one of her most salient and excellent qualities caused her to admire his wonderful intellect, and in spite of her rabid Tory friends, I believe she esteemed it a privilege to meet him.

He for his part was always most agreeable to her when they met. In his old age he wrote her a charming and rather pathetic letter, which has been printed in her *Reminiscences*. He also gave her his signed photograph, which I found among her papers.

Not very long after Lord Beaconsfield's death she found herself sitting next Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and in the course of conversation he suddenly said: "Tell me, Lady Dorothy, upon your honour, have you ever heard Lord Beaconsfield express any particular fondness for the primrose?" She was compelled to admit that she had not. Upon which he said: "The gorgeous lily, I think, was more to his taste."

Little love is said to have been lost between Queen Victoria and the Grand Old Man.

On one occasion, when revisiting after sixty years a country house noted for its picture gallery, Mr. Gladstone is supposed to have made a remark which proved this.

After having looked closely at his own portrait as a young man, he said: "I must have been very good-looking in those days." His comment on a portrait of the Queen was: "She is as small in person as she is in mind."

It would be curious to know how often the Grand Old Man sat for his portrait; no professional beauty surely was ever painted as many times as he.

A few of these portraits were admirable, but occasionally some painter would perpetuate an atrocity.

One day, when my mother and the old Duchess of Somerset were at the Private View at the Royal Academy, the Duchess pointed out a gloomy presentment of Mr. Gladstone, and said: "My dear, we are avenged."

At a dinner in the eighties, my mother met three

Gladstones (including, of course, the Grand Old Man), the Duchess of St. Albans, the Tavistocks, the William Harcourts, Matthew Arnold, Bright, and Herbert Spencer.

At this dinner Mr. Gladstone spoke much of Lord Beaconsfield, over whose death Matthew Arnold grieved to my mother, whilst contrasting the two great men, much to the lost one's advantage.

Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his great intellect, lived to a great extent in a world of illusions, and making every allowance for his lofty aspirations it must be admitted that he was less often right than wrong.

His sentimental affection for Bulgaria, in the light of subsequent events, has proved a tragic mistake—the psychology of the inhabitants of the Balkan States altogether escaped him. He himself, I fancy, were he still alive, would strongly disapprove of much which has been done by those who claim to be his political heirs.

It is a curious thing that practically all the Utopian forecasts of the old school of Liberals have been absolutely falsified, probably because to a great extent the latter never realized that human nature cannot be changed.

Mr. Gladstone, however, though prone to idealistic illusions, yet possessed a peculiar shrewdness which extricated him from many an awkward predicament. His verbal adroitness at times even irritated some of his own followers.

“I don't so much object,” once said the late Mr. Labouchere, “to the Grand Old Man always producing the Ace of Trumps from up his sleeve, but I do object to his saying that the Almighty put it there.”

In extricating himself from difficulties, or explaining any awkward happenings, Mr. Gladstone was occasionally supreme. Perhaps the best example of his peculiar powers in this line was his defence of the Land Act of 1881. When it had proved an obvious

failure, he said : " We do not admit that the measure has been a failure, but admit that its success has been incomplete."

A more perfect instance of parliamentary equivocation it would be almost impossible to find.

Mr. Gladstone from a boy upwards would not tolerate any conversation which verged, however slightly, upon impropriety.

My uncle, who was at Eton with him, used to say he was noted for this, and age did not modify his views. As a consequence of this austerity, there was not much real sympathy between Mr. Gladstone and Lowe, who was somewhat flippant by nature, and occasionally rather shocked the Grand Old Man's strict respect for propriety.

At a certain dinner party, Mr. Gladstone, speaking across a lady seated between them, said to Mr. Lowe : " I cannot think why they called Cobden the ' Inspired Bagman.' "

" Neither can I," said Lowe, " for he was neither inspired nor a bagman ; in fact, it reminds me of a story told of Madame de Maintenon, when someone offered to obtain admission for her into the *Maison des filles repenttes*. ' Nay,' said Madame, ' I am neither a *fille* nor am I a *repentie*.' " At this the lady between the two politicians burst into a laugh, but Mr. Gladstone pulled rather a long face.

Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, is now more or less forgotten, but he was a very prominent figure in the heyday of his career.

A fine classical scholar, minor poet and a cynic, he was far more of a man-of-the-world than most of our modern politicians. For Disraeli he had the greatest antipathy and dislike.

Some of his letters written to my mother, besides being full of gibes, go as far as to make insulting accusations as regards " Dizzy."

Socially Lord Sherbrooke was a clever, and agreeable man, with a pleasant gift for writing verse.

Specimens of his talent in this direction have been printed in my mother's *Recollections*.

His spirits during the lifetime of his first wife (whose maiden name was Orred, which gave occasion to punsters, who at that time abounded, to call it an "Orred Lowe match") were a good deal damped by her chronic ill-health; in consequence of which her husband was forced to accompany her to various foreign spas and health resorts, which he did not like at all.

"It is curious," wrote he to my mother, "how well I get on by myself. What fools people are to marry!"

Though my mother did not go quite so far as this, she used to declare that very clever men as a rule were better unmarried.

She had noted that they very often chose brides who, from an intellectual point of view, were quite unworthy of them.

"Very passable for a clever man's wife," was her verdict concerning a certain lady whose husband was noted for his brains.

Lord Sherbrooke was always a great admirer of my mother's peaceful and good-natured disposition.

"What a charming world it would be, if everybody were like you!" said he in one of his letters.

When the time came for his retirement from the House of Commons, Mr. Lowe did not at all like being shunted to the "solitary siding" of private life. Mr. Gladstone, however, having concluded that the time had come for his colleague to withdraw to that political Long Home, the House of Lords, said to him: "You are too old to be in the Government; not but that you are younger than I—but then, I am an exception!"

Fate rather than pride has taken many a reluctant politician up to the House of Lords. On the other hand, not a few have taken up politics merely as a convenient path to the attainment of a Title.

My mother could be very amusing on this subject. No one better than she knew the reason why a good many of the honours and peerages conferred in the middle and end of the nineteenth century had been given. Lord Beaconsfield, though not as bad in this line as some who followed him, occasionally got rid of inconvenient but wealthy followers by convenient shuntings into the Upper House. In answer to my mother's inquiry as to why a certain wealthy *nouveau riche* of small mental attainments had been ennobled, he said, "What were we to do? he was doing us harm by his political ambitions. Wherever he stood he was beaten; so at last we thought the best way to get rid of him would be to send him to the House of Lords."

For the late Lord Salisbury my mother had a great admiration and respect. She often went to Hatfield, the beauties of which she greatly admired. While she did not put its master upon the same pedestal as Beaconsfield or Gladstone, she had a very high idea of his merits, ranking him as (except for Mr. Chamberlain) the last of the great English politicians who have left no successors. There was something enigmatic about this statesman. When he died in 1904 an old friend of my mother's wrote to her :

"Lord Salisbury's death makes a great hole in politics, though he has left it all some time. He was not an ideal statesman, too aloof, but very interesting, and one would have liked to have lifted the veil."

In a less gifted man this "aloofness" might have developed into a dangerous defect. It used to be jokingly said that Lord Salisbury knew very few of the English diplomats in whose appointment he had acquiesced, and would as soon have made his butler ambassador as anyone else. As, however, he personally conducted all the diplomatic affairs of the country this did not matter so much, which was probably the reason which made him so indifferent as to the instruments who carried out his behests.

Lord Salisbury was the last English Prime Minister whom my mother can be said to have known really well.

Mr. Balfour, of course, she had often met. She thought him wonderfully clever—in a way perhaps too clever, his faculty of viewing both sides of a question with absolute impartiality being a quality scarcely calculated to promote political strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Asquith she liked socially. Writing a year or so before her death, she said :

“ I had a very pleasant luncheon at the Asquiths’ ; all my principal adversaries there, including L. G., whom I thought I did not know, but who came up to me to renew my acquaintance.

“ I had met him twice before. But surrounded as I was by all these evil spirits, I went away rejoicing.”

For the political views of Mr. Asquith she of course had nothing but disapproval. While acknowledging his great intellectual gifts, she thought that his acquiescence in the ultra-Radical ideas of his Cabinet was a national misfortune, his tendency to seek an “equality of opinion,” and apparent reluctance to arrive at a decision also inspired her with distrust.

The chief political characteristics of this Minister appears to be identical with that attributed to Sir Robert Walpole by Macaulay—a willingness to meet daily emergencies by daily expedients ; and leave the rest to his successors.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman she considered a good-natured Scotchman, who happened to have taken up politics as a hobby, much as people take up golf. He was certainly easy-going.

Writing to my mother on September 18, 1907, an old friend of hers—a lady—gave a glimpse of this cultured Scotchman’s mental outlook : “ Not extreme in anything,” as she said.

“ C.-B. sat there for a long time discussing the new

bishop not yet decided upon. He asked if I had anyone to recommend, and said that, having appointed two evangelicals, he felt at liberty to choose without regard to that, but he does not like sacerdotalism. I do not think any of us do in its extremes; yet if men of power go into the Church it is a great temptation to them to think they have special graces granted to their office. He himself is broad—not extreme in anything.

“The Scotch Land Bill is dead. It was idiotic; framed by Sinclair, who has no land and does not understand. I wish we had small farms; they were an incentive to labouring men to save, and they gave great happiness and they brought up good servants; but as the old buildings fell down it was cheaper to build on a large scale and so they had to go.

“I have an under-gardener with £900, and my bailiff with £600, both wishing for small farms of about £80 a year, but they are difficult to find. I should like Government to build for these men, and for them to pay interest on the buildings, and we landholders have plenty of land to spare, and continuity of tenure would be no hardship to us if they did not take bits in the middle of our parks or gardens. Anyhow this would bring back and keep there good men such as we have here—think of saving £600 out of weekly wages!”

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's opinions probably resembled those of the majority of his fellow-countrymen, who are at heart very Conservative, and, individually, have no dislike at all for what used to be known as the Upper Class. Nevertheless, they pride themselves on their Radicalism.

An aged woman said to a young lady visitor, daughter of a great landowner: “It is just one year and two days since you last called.” The poor old thing, in her cottage in the hills, had been waiting for what to her was a red-letter day. Yet the Scotch-people are in expression fiercely Radical—all theory.

My mother's political information was always good, and looking through the piles of letters which she received it is curious to observe the accuracy of the forecasts of elections contained in a number of them, some, such as are written from the north of England in 1910, "the divils are sure to get in, and then God help us," are quite amusing on account of their energy.

Writing on the 25th August, 1909, a well-informed correspondent of hers said: "The Budget will pass, I believe, whatever the Lords may say or do. It was stupid of our side to push the Dukes forward so prominently."

"What do you think," wrote the same correspondent, who had been in the thick of the struggle all along and fully appreciated its extraordinary features, "of the 'Die-Hards'? I can scarcely keep my temper with them. It is really difficult to believe that 114 men could be found so obstinately to dash their heads (and *our* heads!) against a stone wall."

On February 15, 1910, the same correspondent wrote:

"I spent four hours *alone* with a member of the Cabinet yesterday, but I can't say that I discovered much! I don't think there is much to discover—that is to say, I think they are much perplexed themselves and are waiting for the cat (or cats) to jump. Only one thing I can authoritatively tell you, not one single word of the prophecies in the papers is correct. The secrets of the Cabinet, this time, have been kept absolutely. This you may depend upon, and those who tell you they have 'the best authority, from *inside*, my dear!' mean that they have been gossiping with some Junior Lord of the Treasury or Third Whip, who knows no more than you or I."

Meanwhile my mother, while deeply deploring the coming abasement of the House of Lords, accepted the situation with philosophic serenity.

“We are expecting our doom,” she wrote to a correspondent. “Down with old peers and up with new ones. We await our fate with patience and resignation.”

My mother, though in total disagreement with Socialism, watched the movement with a certain degree of interest, and liked to hear about it from such of her friends who believed in this new short-cut to universal happiness.

Lady Warwick, for whom she had a great regard, gave her an interesting description of an International Congress held at Amsterdam.

AMSTEL HOTEL,

AMSTERDAM.

Tuesday, August 16.

DEAREST LADY DOROTHY,

I wonder where you are, and what is interesting you just now? I am having a *wonderful* time here, at the International Congress of Socialists, and have learnt very, very much. *You* would have been struck with the dramatic *coup* of the opening of Congress on Sunday. A Jap *moved* the Resolution, in a speech of an hour in fluent and perfect *English*, a Russian *seconded*, a gem of oratory, in *French*, then 10,000 hands were held up, and a shout to blow the roof off of the great Concert Hall in Amsterdam went up, as Jap and Russian gripped hands, for a moment, in the universal Brotherhood of Man. It was a wonderful touch on a human stage! I have met so many interesting people—Bebel, of course, and Jaurès, and other Frenchmen, and Italians, Russians, besides all the English Socialists I already know. Dining with Hyndman last night, he told me of a conversation he once had with *you*, and of an observation *you* made, in which I recognized your quick wit, and appreciation of *realities*! So, with you in my thoughts, I take up my pen, and *how* I wish you had been here. Right or

wrong, it is the *one* religion that unites the human race all over the world, in the Common Cause of Humanity, and it is very, very wonderful, and it is *growing* as mushrooms grow, and nothing can stem the tide. I go home to-morrow. Are you by chance free on Saturday (20th), and *could* you give me the joy of seeing you at Easton? or a Sunday later? *before* Sept. 3rd, when I go *north* for much work.

Ever yours affectionately,

DAISY.

Will you send one line to *Easton*?

My mother did not take Socialism very seriously; as a matter of fact, it amused her to watch these passing political vogues, each supposed to have come to stay. She had seen the Victorian Age come and go, without any material alterations in human existence, except such as arose from mechanical triumphs which had added nothing to the essential joys of life.

The aristocracy had been stripped of its privileges, the franchise extended, and numerous measures of social legislation passed. Nevertheless, the world went on very much as of old and there was no indication that the Utopia predicted by so many reformers would ever be anything but a magnificent piece of imposture.

Meanwhile she continued, notwithstanding her professed Toryism, to keep an open mind about most things except political perfection—she had seen so many reforms of which great things were hoped result in nothing, that she was more or less sceptical of all.

She knew that Providence had not taken its measures so ill as to leave it to Acts of Parliament to alter the course of human existence, and that in spite of idealists and pessimists, the world ever remains much the same, and neither better nor worse.

She refused to believe in extravagant schemes for popular education, the infallibility of Democracy, or Government by Gabble.

She was quite uncompromising about expressing her views as to the degeneration of English politics, and though a staunch Unionist, in her later years rather stood outside both parties with a pail of cold water.

The Unionists she was inclined to laugh at as poor creatures animated by that spirit of blind and almost silent resignation which has never yet saved anyone.

A notable exception, however, she would cheerfully admit, was Lord Halsbury, a friend of hers for whom she had the greatest admiration. He at least was not permeated with that parochial idealism which had become such a feature of English politics before the War.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain she also admired.

As for the rest of the Unionists after Mr. Chamberlain's death she used to declare that the best of them seemed to her less intelligent and less virile than their predecessors of a vanished generation.

In the leaders of both political parties indeed she entirely failed to discern any trace of that independence and courage which had gained for men like Palmerston the whole-hearted confidence of their fellow-countrymen.

In her last years she would often deplore that there seemed to be so few young men who gave promise of brilliant futures. She was always looking for talent. I remember how delighted she was with Mr. Arthur Peel, the son of the Speaker, for whom she had a great admiration.

She made great friends with him, and he once pleased her very much with a graceful invitation to dinner, which in its way was quite a *tour de force*.

GRIDIRON CLUB, OXFORD.

March 26th, 1892.

On Thursday next, at 8.15 exact,
 You dine with me—so runs our sweet compact.
 As to the dress, come garnished with a bonnet,
 And since you do possess a gorgeous cloak, pray don it.
 But if it hide, it can't improve yourself,
 It shall be laid, like statesmen on the shelf.
 Have you fears? Nay, my fears must be confest,
 How can I play the host to such a guest?
 Oh come! Resume your ancient rôle again.
 I shall be guest and you shall entertain.

(Sgd.) A. G. V. PEEL.

Though she had been an intimate friend of Cobden, of Lowe, and other great Liberals, she took a much sterner view of the modern Radicals.

Mr. McKenna, however, she thought clever and liked. She also had a great respect for the intellect of Lord Haldane, whom she had known for a good many years. His clever sister, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, was a great friend of hers.

Writing to the latter about the time of Lord Haldane's translation to the Upper House, she said:

"I wonder whether you will be there, for I have promised to go to a meeting where your brother will be in the chair on Friday. Mr. Gosse gave me a ticket, but I have begged him to get me a seat near the Speaker's, not with the lower friends of the people.

"I like to be aristocratic while it lasts—and I hope the humble may manage to be exalted on this occasion.

"I was so grieved not to see your brother in purple and fine linen take his seat."

She admired Mr. John Burns, and struck up quite a friendship with him; but many of the other chief lights of the Radical party she thought merely impertinent adventurers, and would not tolerate their airs for a moment.

"Remember, I don't like rude young men," uttered in a decided voice before a large house-party, was her

remark to a Tory renegade and pillar of the Radical party who, affecting a somewhat patronising air, had come up to sit by her.

At one time she had seen a good deal of Lord Morley, and for years carried on a correspondence with him.

She always lamented that he had more or less abandoned literature for politics, saying with considerable justice that fine writers seldom make good politicians.

“That fatal drollery called a Representative Government” aroused in her little but contempt, and she had the very lowest opinion of the modern House of Commons, in a great measure composed of dangerous nonentities, glib at spouting fluent and emotional nonsense, while secretly contemptuous of everything, their personal interests only excepted.

In her last years my mother became quite seriously alarmed at the proceedings of the Radical Government, which she declared, with all the fervour of a convinced Tory of the old school, would ruin the country.

She deplored the hide-bound stupidity of the electorate, and its aptitude to vote for a policy which very often was diametrically opposed to its own real ideas.

It was practically impossible, she would maintain, for a hard-working labourer or artisan to master the complications of modern politics—the result being that candidates skilled in the art of bamboozling had a better chance than scrupulous and thoughtful men.

This eagerness of the proletariat to be led by the nose was best exemplified in the case of the Jew foreigner, “Tripitsch Lincoln,” a protégé of the Radical party, who, though scarcely able to speak English, was triumphantly elected an M.P., and like some other Members of alien origin indulged in attacks on old English institutions such as the House of Lords.

One of the worst results of the whole power of the State having fallen into the hands of none too scrupulous politicians is the increase of almost un-

disguised bribery. The shameless bestowal of titles on *nouveaux riches* and wealthy aliens (large contributors to party funds), the needless multiplication of salaried appointments, sully public life just as much as did the worst abuses of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER VII

Associations of Mayfair—Charles Street and Berkeley Square—Great ladies of Victorian days—Their social power—Lady Chesterfield—Her daughter, Lady Carnarvon—A unique succession of friendships—Lady Bathurst—Bernal Osborne—Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill—Lady Cork—The late Lord Clanricarde—His eccentricities and ways—Anecdotes—Lady Cardigan and her Memoirs—Anecdotes—The sins of society.

MY mother's personal association with Mayfair may be said to have been profound. To her the streets were full of shades, and it was wonderful how, in conversation, she could reanimate them with the forms of the vanished great.

Of Charles Street where she lived she was especially fond, and a proposal to rename it "Lytton Street" aroused her ire. Though well over eighty at the time, she at once set about making an active canvass of her neighbours, and only ceased to agitate when the noxious proposal was definitely abandoned.

Her indignation at this attempt to rechristen Charles Street after the author of the *Last Days of Pompeii* (whom she had known) was, as a matter of fact, fully justified, for he had only lived there a very short time.

They might just as well have proposed to call it "Brummel Street," the dandy in question having lived at No. 42 for some time about the year 1792!

It may be added that the house next door, "No. 41," has been in the possession of the same family for over one hundred and fifty years.

Berkeley Square is remarkable for two things—being the darkest Square in London and its splendid

plane trees which here attain quite unusual vigour and beauty.

Alone among trees the plane seems able to defy the London atmosphere, renewing its annual youth by casting its mud-begrimed bark. Elms, limes, and still less laurels do not flourish within the realms of London smoke.

In former days a number of quaint or striking characters were to be seen about Mayfair.

Lord Bessborough, who lived in Charles Street, used to be highly amusing about an old nobleman whose mind seemed continually to reproduce the same ideas and the same remarks. Wherever and whenever he met him, the same question was always asked. "By the way, my Lord, where do you live in London?" "I live at Charles Street, Berkeley Square." "Oh, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Should you say at any particular number in Charles Street, Berkeley Square?" "No; at no particular number," was the answer, with which the old nobleman departed, seemingly quite satisfied.

It was always a pleasure for my mother to retrace the milestones of her pleasant life, and she would recall with pride the days when the old aristocracy "we," as she always called them, did really rule England.

Looking back through the great scrap-book of her memory she would vividly recall vanished customs and ways and (for the most part whimsically) complain of the encroachments of triumphant Democracy.

Though she had always liked clever people quite irrespective of their social position certain modern tendencies aroused her contempt and disgust—she deplored the disappearance of the grand manner and ceremonious ways which had been the characteristics of the vanished past, while the new and garish aristocracy of wealth fond of blazoning forth evidences of its riches seemed to her a highly unhealthy symptom.

London Society (she declared), which in her youth

had been very much akin to a large family party, had degenerated into a mob mostly composed of persons whose only claim to social consideration consisted in money-bags.

On the other hand, she would frankly confess that some of the old-world aristocracy had been absurdly overbearing.

She could recall how Lady Londonderry used to hold a sort of Court at Holderness House, where she was wont to receive her guests sitting on a dais under a canopy. This great lady, not absolutely perfect though perfectly absolute, would seem to have taken little notice of her guests as a rule and was noted for her great hauteur. She was, however, not insensible to merit. She did all she could to help and push on Disraeli, in which endeavour she joined with Lady Jersey, who never failed to exercise her influence in favour of the rising politician who was then not particularly favoured by society in general.

The social power wielded by great ladies, such as the two mentioned above, seems almost inconceivable to-day, their easy leisured arrogance was taken more or less as a matter of course and they would have been very much astonished had it aroused any criticism; small wonder, when they were brought up to think they were the very salt of the earth. One was so frigidly condescending at her parties that people used to say, "Are you going to see Lady —— insult her guests to-night?"

This lady was no solitary exception—quite a number of social figures—men as well as women—were imbued with a sort of unconscious hauteur which amounted almost to a religion.

In the minds of such as these the English aristocracy stood quite apart from the rest of the world. Newly ennobled families, however, were not included—being merely classed a little above the Tom, Dick, and Harry rabble, for which the real aristocrats entertained a great, if good-natured, contempt.

Some of the old school carried the exclusive attitude to absurd lengths. It used to be said of one individual that he made it a rule to decline to be introduced to people he didn't know!

The "grandes dames," who at one time more or less ruled society, have now disappeared; their influence in spite of a certain haughtiness was on the whole beneficial.

A notable example was Lady Chesterfield, who not only was but looked a great lady of the old school, and to the end of her life retained the erect figure and elastic gait for which she was distinguished. She had had a unique experience in the way of proposals, having rejected two Prime Ministers.

As Miss Anne Forester Mr. Stanley, afterwards the fourteenth Earl of Derby, had proposed to her. However, she married Lord Chesterfield instead, and after his death in 1866 it is said that Mr. Disraeli, not once only but several times, laid his heart at her feet. Lady Chesterfield, my mother declared, was only prevented from accepting Mr. Disraeli by the strong objections of her daughter, Lady Carnarvon.

Though Lady Chesterfield would not marry Disraeli she always had a great admiration for his cleverness and when many years later he caused Queen Victoria to be proclaimed Empress of India she wrote to my mother:

"What do you think of Mr. D.'s *coup d'état*, is it not *grand*, even *The Times* allowed it. I think the Queen must be fond of him."

In a letter to a friend, my mother said:

"Lady Chesterfield was indeed a high-born lady of the old school—so aristocratic and always so kind to me. She knew a great deal about Art, pictures, etc.—and well she might, as Bretby was a treasure-house of all that was beautiful.

"Her last years were very sorrowful, losing her

husband, then her son—a most interesting young man—and then, lastly, her only daughter, to whom she was so fondly devoted. I have often been alone with Lady Chesterfield at Bretby, and there I saw all the sadness of her lonely life. Often she would go with me into the little church where these dear ones are buried and there she would play the organ to relieve her mind of all her sorrows.

“I was accustomed to go with her. I felt for all the dear ones she had lost, for all of them had been for 30 long years my best and dearest of friends.”

Lady Carnarvon, Lady Chesterfield's daughter, possessed a great faculty for collecting together people of conspicuous talent. Frequent guests at Highclere were Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, Dean Stanley, Lord Derby, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Beaconsfield, and many other clever people—the country-house parties over which she presided were permeated by an intellectual and social charm which was largely due to the personality of the hostess.

A striking instance of the continuity of my mother's friendships was her affection for Lady Chesterfield, for her daughter, Lady Carnarvon, and, finally, for her granddaughter, Lady Burghclere, all three of whom she loved and admired—Lady Chesterfield much, Lady Carnarvon more, and Lady Burghclere most of all.

“What a dear Winifred is” (wrote she to a friend shortly before her death). “I did so love her grandmother—then I had the deepest affection for her delightful mother and now I love her so.”

Such a succession of friendships with three generations of one single family must surely have been almost unique.

My mother always took great interest in all children or grandchildren of the clever people she had known in former days, witness, for instance, her regard and admiration for Lady Bathurst, the clever and able daughter of her old friend, Lord Glenesk.

Another instance was her deep affection for the Duchess of St. Albans, the daughter of Mr. Bernal Osborne, who was such a prominent social figure and rather wayward politician half a century ago.

A witty conversationalist with whom few dared to enter into verbal conflict, like many great talkers, he was apt to use his undoubted mental gifts much as a spendthrift throws away cash, bestowing it equally upon objects worthy and unworthy.

At the same time B. O., as he used to be called, could hit very hard when he chose—a few of his sallies have survived.

“No lynx,” once said he, “is so sharp as a thrown-over admirer and no tigress so sanguinary as a flirt beaten at her own game.”

Ruthlessly outspoken at times, Bernal Osborne was especially deft in making use of banter. He was fond of selecting a butt and not infrequently made enemies through letting his tongue run away with him. On the other hand, he was capable of being softened by anyone to whom he took a fancy.

My mother once wrote to a friend from Canford :

“Lady Salisbury and her girls so agreeable and unaffected. They so won B. O.’s heart that he told me if he had to speak at Worcester he would not say a word against Lord S., whom he had meant to pitch into.”

Not unnaturally many of the bitter things which he carelessly fired off lost none of their sting when mischief-making people repeated them.

Writing to my mother at a time when some of his remarks had evidently annoyed her, he said :

“I perceive the ‘small fry’ of Eaton Place have been pouring ‘venomous distilments’ into your ear regarding my unfortunate tongue! I have never knowingly said anything ill-natured of you! Tor! [Lord Torrington] or Lady M.! [Lady Molesworth.]

The two latter have been very *touchy* and seem to have inoculated you ! ”

She was, however, never angry with him for long, but she understood that he needed being kept in check and let him know it.

No tiffs, indeed, ever seriously disturbed this friendship. He came often to Charles Street and to Dangstein, and in after years my mother would recall with pleasure the many pleasant hours she had spent in his company.

Long before it was supposed to be a proper thing for ladies to go to music-halls, Bernal Osborne took a party, one of whom was my mother, to Evans's, where he introduced his guests to the celebrated Paddy Green. The latter told her that he possessed Horace Walpole's silver Opera Ticket¹ and would leave it to her when he died. He forgot to do so, but years later she was very pleased at being able to acquire it. She always declared that the proceedings at Evans's had seemed to her most decorous—indeed, in spite of the horror with which the old-fashioned music-hall inspired the austere, it was never the dissipated resort it is supposed to have been.

Writing to Bernal Osborne in May, 1865, and speaking of free trade in public amusements, Charles Dickens, after admitting that he believed the conversion of music-halls into theatres would do a great deal of good, added that “the sure consequence of a great success of a theatrical kind on the part of one of these would be the want of more room in front for the accommodation of the audience; and the sure tendency of that would be the removal of the tables on which the eatables and drinkables are set, and the substitution of more seats. Why the eating and drinking, however, should be supposed to be so objectionable,” added he, “I cannot imagine. In these

¹ This now belongs to the writer. See p. 78.

places at present there is the most rigid enforcement of order without any distinction of class. I am always looking about and I have never seen drunkenness in a music-hall."

In the House of Commons Bernal Osborne was always more or less a political freelance, which caused him to be a thorn in the flesh even to the statesmen whom he was by way of supporting. The lapse of years, however, made him more tolerant, and in the latter period of his life he would declare that he had come to spy good qualities in every one—even in bishops.

The disappearance of the generation of Palmerston, Delane, Hayward, and Bernal Osborne left a great social void in London society, for there were no successors who could exactly take their places. When Bernal Osborne died Lady Airlie wrote to my mother :

PALERMO.

January 10th, '82.

DEAREST DOROTHY,

Thank you for writing to me and telling about poor B. O. How terribly sad that journey sounds and the fainting on the way—one is thankful the pain is over. He was very brave, never showed his suffering, was plucky and bright to the last. The Duchess¹ will feel her father's loss dreadfully. He loved her so much, but I am not sure if he did not love her mother much the best—and poor Jim Macdonald, another and earlier friend of mine, died the same day. I see no young ones coming on to replace these pleasant men of the world; there was something more worthy in these men than that which came first before the eyes of the world. In Jim Macdonald there was the best heart that ever breathed, and he was the most thorough gentleman. Bernal Osborne was a phil-

¹ The Duchess of St. Albans.

osopher and had great talents which, somehow, missed the mark.

You will feel his loss, he was so true a friend of yours. To me he was always very charming, we were friends of quite a late date; but I felt always in great sympathy with him, and liked him best when he was least witty—there were so many things to talk to him about besides society. Poor daughters!! I am sorry for both with all my heart. I am glad to hear that Meresia is to have the great pleasure of seeing Rome, and with her Aunt who is so established there, it will be delightful. My girls will like to see her when we go back. This place is beautiful beyond words. Do you know it? The flowers are so lovely—and will get more so every day. My girls like travelling, and enjoy seeing everything; it is a great comfort it should be so—and at each new place they think they would like to settle. I am better than I was—and my heart is much less troublesome in this warm climate. Can you tell me how *Ld. Sherborne* is? *Lord Sherbrooke* you give but a poor account of. He gets, I fear, more lonely every year—and society is so good for him. I am glad you see *Blanche* often. I am sure she misses us very much, and her dear Father and all the break-up of the happy home is not often long out of her mind. The worst of being abroad when one is unhappy is the idleness; but we are learning Italian and have plenty of books.

Good-bye, I shall be glad to see you when I go back to England. Alas! *Cortachy* is now a thing of the past, but in London we shall always be neighbours.

Yours very affectionately,

BLANCHE AIRLIE.

Another friend of my mother's for whom she had the greatest fondness was *Lady Somers*, widow of the third *Earl Somers*. She lived on *Hay Hill*,

where my mother used frequently to go and see her.

Lady Somers was the mother of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and of Lady Henry Somerset, for both of whom my mother had a great regard.

Up to the middle of the last century "birth" from a social point of view counted for everything, but in the sixties the spirit of ultra exclusiveness began to be relaxed.

Frances, Lady Waldegrave, who was a friend of my mother's, was a conspicuous instance, for she attained the social position she occupied by sheer determination and character.

This lady was the daughter of old Braham, the singer, and at a period when the stage was not in high social favour, rather boasted of her origin. Often she would say, jokingly, when present at a party at which any curious or unknown people were amongst the guests, "I am sure everyone will say they are some of my vulgar relatives." As my mother remarked it was strange that in days when society was still aristocratic and exclusive, Lady Waldegrave and Lady Molesworth, both with no pretensions to good birth, should have been rivals in leading it.

The latter at one time, indeed, was noted for giving the most fashionable dinner parties in London and was a real social power.

My mother used often to go to Strawberry Hill when Lady Waldegrave ruled there, and though she deplored the alterations made in her ancestors' home, always declared that the parties were most pleasant. It was here that Winterhalter painted a group of several ladies celebrated in London Society of that day, which, besides the châtelaine of Horace Walpole's old home, included Lady Clanricarde, the mother of a large family, two of whom, Lady Cork and Lady Margaret Beaumont, were my mother's friends. Lady Clanricarde my mother described as "most amiable but such a man's mind and intellect."

“ She frightened me dreadfully at first,” said she.

No one probably knew more about the inner social history of her time than Lady Cork, a very clever woman, who long after she had ceased to be able to leave her couch, owing to her numerous visitors, kept herself excellently posted as to everything of interest which was on foot.

At the time of the Druce case, being a confirmed invalid, her evidence, which would have completely put any claimant out of Court, was taken on commission.

She stoutly denied to me that the Duke of Portland constructed the wonderful underground riding-school at Welbeck from any desire to hide himself; he wished, said she, to improve the property, and as he hated cutting down trees, thought that this was the best way of doing it.

At the end of her life my mother, who lived almost next door, never failed to go and see Lady Cork three or four times a week. She always spoke in high terms of admiration of the latter's intellectual vivacity and bitterly lamented that that clever lady had never written any memoirs.

Lady Cork's brother, the late Lord Clanricarde, my mother often met at Christie's, of which he, like herself, was a regular frequenter.

She considered him one of the most interesting of the habitués and always enjoyed his conversation, which was generally instructive and often amusing. He was also a good deal of an art expert.

She had known the eccentric nobleman ever since his youth and would often speak of the great contrast there had been between him and his dashing brother Lord Dunkellin, with whom as a girl she had so often danced.

Lord Dunkellin was a typical *viveur* of the best sort, immensely popular with rich and poor, especially in Ireland, where even to-day memories of him still linger.

He was also not unsuccessful as a politician. In June, 1866, the Liberal Government resigned owing to being defeated on an Amendment moved by him. A noted bon-vivant his end was undoubtedly hastened by his disinclination to subject himself to the stern regime which very possibly might have mitigated the terrible attacks of gout to which he was prone—Bright's disease, indeed, eventually killed him in 1867. A greater contrast than his brother and successor, the late Lord Clanricarde, could not be imagined. Even as a young man the latter perhaps, because he had been given a very small allowance, was noted for his extreme economy, and the alteration in his worldly prospects in no way changed certain idiosyncrasies which as the years crept on obtained almost entire domination over him.

Lord Clanricarde's youth had not been a happy one. According to his own account he passed a wretched boyhood at Harrow, and as a young man he was completely overshadowed by his popular and handsome brother. In 1852, with a small allowance, he became attaché to Sir John Hudson at Turin. Here it was said, in order to save expense, he arranged with the custodian of an arch to let him sleep in the small chamber where the latter kept his pails and brooms; another rumour declared that he was more or less his own tailor. Be this as it may, the taste for doing repairs or having them done by his servant was very evident in his old age when his coat and even his hat were often held together by rough stitching. He never, no matter how bad the weather, took a cab—he never lost and never forgot an umbrella.

In his last years, indeed, the dilapidated condition of his apparel became more and more evident. My own opinion is that this arose partly from a feeling that he could do exactly as he pleased, for he was quick enough in resenting slatternliness in others, having on more than one occasion been heard to complain "how careless about dress people had become."

When he died his servant had been with him twenty-three years and his charwoman over thirty years.

Though his tie was usually secured round his neck by a piece of old tape, he seldom failed to wear a family jewel of great value in it. A favourite scarf-pin of his was a large diamond; at the back of this he was fond of inserting a piece of coloured paper (as was discovered after his death) painted by himself with the aid of a child's colour-box. By this means he obtained varied effects which shows that, in spite of his careless habits, there survived in him a certain coquetry.

In his own peculiar way he was a "worshipper of the beautiful," being on occasion not averse to spending quite large sums of money in buying works of art, notably on turquoise-blue Sèvres china, of which he was a great connoisseur. He could never, however, resist a good deal, and had no scruples in admitting his fondness for bartering and selling. Of Dutch pictures he was an acknowledged judge, and he was also well acquainted with the English eighteenth-century school, besides being able at a moment's notice to say in what houses most of the great portraits of that period hung. He also knew a great deal about classical medals, indeed there were few branches of collecting, except prints, French eighteenth-century pictures, and furniture, in which he was not more or less of an expert. He often carried some small piece of china or snuff-box in his pocket, and when in a good temper would pull them out and explain their merits or defects excellently well.

He could also be very interesting about vanished social figures of his middle age and youth, and being very observant and gifted with a retentive memory, was a terrible adversary when confronted with people who talked wildly of what had happened thirty or forty years ago. He said the only good woman he ever knew was Lady Canning—and he was very proud

of his relationship to Lord Canning. He lived surrounded by Canning and not Clanricarde things. His accuracy and remembrance of detail were quite wonderful; on the other hand he had little imagination or breadth of vision. An omnivorous reader, he was prone to attach overmuch interest to detail, and was more interested in sidelights upon the lives of historical personages than in the great events in which they had taken part. The French Revolution, for instance, did not appeal to him at all; "an unpleasant affair," he told me, "which I don't want to read about." He took very much the same line about the Great War, and when people mentioned it before him would at once change the subject. He liked nothing as a matter of fact which interfered (or seemed likely to interfere) with his own habits. Royal processions, weddings, and the like which filled the streets with crowds he abominated and they invariably drove him to Hampstead Heath.

His conversation, while never pedantic, was not wanting in a certain dry humour. His utterances were always very much to the point. At his Club he would occasionally enter into conversation with people whom he found near him; if however any acquaintance attempted to introduce a friend by *name* Lord Clanricarde would at once shuffle off, for when he chose he never scrupled about openly ignoring the ordinary conventions of social life.

On one occasion, when an acquaintance led up a very popular member with the words, "Let me introduce Sir ——" the eccentric Marquis exclaiming, "Certainly not, I don't want to know him," vanished with all the celerity of a will-o'-the-wisp.

Though he could hardly be called sociable, he was by no means a recluse, much of his time being spent in walking about London.

When ice rinks were in vogue some twelve or fifteen years ago, Lord Clanricarde was one of their assiduous frequenters. It was his habit to bring with him an

extra pair of boots with skates attached, and also a bag of buns.

On one occasion while the Marquis was cutting circles, at which he was quite clever, a wag wickedly filled the toes of his walking boots with buns, with the result that at changing time there was a scene which convulsed everybody who was in the secret.

Lord Clanricarde was a great and rather disquieting user of clubs. Though in his own rooms he allowed himself but one scuttle of coal a week, he was always grumbling at the "poor fires." He tried to ride roughshod over rules which did not please him, smoking a shocking old pipe, against regulations, and having weird and inexpensive meals in rooms where food was not allowed. A great student of prices, no one better than he knew how to get the most for his money. It is said that having at one of his clubs discussed an obsolete rule by which slices of ham were included in the table money, he set to work with such determination that the too liberal ordinance had to be hastily abrogated.

The term table money, indeed, he ever interpreted in its most comprehensive sense, insisting upon being given any species of pickle and the like—as a Club steward, apropos of the number of bottles upon the Marquis's table, once said, "His Lordship liked profusion."

A votary of tobacco he was probably the most eccentric smoker who ever lived—a cigar, he said, was never at its best till the third time of smoking. In old age it was his practice to cut off the end when about an inch had gone and put the remains away, the second time of smoking he would cut off another inch, using the stump as a *bonne bouche* for special occasions. As a younger man, however, he would seem to have been something of a real connoisseur, for after his death a certain number of very fine cigars were found in his rooms, for some of which as a record showed he had paid as much as 3s. 6d. a

piece in 1885, and as late as 1910 he paid £7 a 100 for cigars! Possibly the large prices which he at one period of his life paid for cigars may have originated the habit of making one cigar serve for three distinct occasions.

It was lying among a drawerful of these cigar stumps that he showed me in the Albany the famous Cinque Cento jewel, said to be worth some £12,000, which Canning had brought from the Mogul's treasury at Delhi. The rooms in question presented an extraordinary appearance. The owner grudging rods and not being allowed to put nails into the walls, a number of valuable pictures were stacked on the floor, while several thousand pounds' worth of Sèvres china was displayed in a rough sort of cabinet which the Marquis himself had knocked up out of old packing-cases. When he moved to Hanover Square he kept his Sèvres in his kitchen, only 6d. a day was allowed for coals, and the woman in charge, who had been with him for thirty years, had strict instructions to limit her culinary efforts to things which did not necessitate a big fire.

The greatest gastronomic extravagance in which the owner himself indulged when at home was a couple of boiled eggs, as to the size of which he was very particular. He kept an old hard-boiled egg to show his servant the minimum size for eggs.

In spite of a passion for economy almost bordering upon mania Lord Clanricarde could be fairly generous at times. On occasion he was known to make quite handsome presents. He once showed me two costing from fifteen to twenty pounds apiece which he was going to give to relatives on their marriage. He once sent a mutual friend fourteen brace of grouse, was good-natured about distributing passes for the Burlington Fine Arts Club (which it is true, as a member, cost him nothing), and some years ago actually took someone for a day's trip to the country, insisting upon paying all expenses!

He was, I believe, never known to invite anyone to dinner at his clubs. On one occasion, however, it is said, he did ask a relative to lunch. Long research had convinced the Marquis that a picture in the former's collection was not by the master to whom it had always been ascribed, and the announcement of the discovery seemed worth an unextravagant lunch.

If he did not entertain he sought no entertainment from others; indeed, I believe he would have resented any invitations had they ever been proffered. Though economical to an extraordinary degree, he would accept favours from no man.

On one occasion, I do not know why, I asked the Marquis to have a drink.

"I don't want a drink, and if I want a drink I can pay for it," was his reply. "Allow me to say," added he, "that I am surprised at your indulging in such a low, vulgar habit."

The invitation was never repeated.

Though he incurred great odium as an absentee landlord, he was far from deserving much of the blame showered upon him. His rents, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, were not high, but being a determined character he insisted upon having them. In some cases, however, he was strangely lenient. After his death it was even discovered that owing to rent having been forgone for a great number of years, certain tenants had become absolute owners of the ground they had leased.

His unpopularity as a landlord was largely caused by his refusal to be cajoled, bullied, or terrorized into giving way. In addition to this, a habit of not making contributions to local charities and the like produced much hostility.

In his youth, Lord Clanricarde had been by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex, and as an old man, when in a good humour, he could be very amusing concerning some of the "famous lights of love" of the Second Empire. He was an expert as to

the inner history of many long-forgotten scandals, not intolerant and, as was his nature, always scrupulously just.

He had known many famous beauties whom he had seen wither and grow old, well remembering, for instance, the youthful escapades of Lady Cardigan, "one of the girls," as I once heard him say, "who tried to catch me."

He thought she had been hardly treated by the Society of her youthful days, the ideas of which she outraged by being ahead of her time and claiming an independence of convention which to-day has become fairly common.

One of the greatest social changes is the enormous latitude now allowed to young ladies who do what they like and go where they like according to their own sweet will.

My mother would often describe the very different state of affairs which prevailed in her youth.

A rigid code of etiquette then governed the movements of young ladies; for instance, they were not supposed to go in cabs alone or walk about the West End without a male escort or a footman. There was more reason in this than appears at first sight for the vanished bucks whose gay old ghosts perchance still haunt Piccadilly had very roving eyes.

A young lady riding without a groom in Hyde Park now scarcely arouses comment, but in those days such a proceeding constituted a grave social offence.

It was, however, not so much the absence of a groom as the constant presence at her side of Lord Cardigan, then still a married man, which caused the world to look askance at young Miss de Horsey, as the future Lady Cardigan was then.

Lord Cardigan, it must be remembered, was a man of dashing reputation, whose striking appearance always attracted a good deal of notice.

Following a fashion of his day, which caused retired

officers to don a sort of semi-military costume, he generally wore white gloves and sported golden spurs on his heels. He invariably carried a riding switch in his hand—to be used either on the back of his horse, or on the back of any person who might be unlucky enough to provoke the noble earl's resentment. Though picturesque enough to hear about, such habits were apt to render him very unpleasant to his own generation.

Lord Cardigan had a fondness for duelling and in 1841 "killed his man." In due course he was tried, but got off owing to a legal flaw. He was indicted for *feloniously shooting* one Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. At the trial it was only proved that the Earl had *shot* Harvey Tuckett, and the Court deciding that the indictment had not been proved, his Lordship was discharged. This, of course, was a glaring instance of an abuse by which a number of culprits in old days got off scot free.

Encouraged no doubt by his good luck, Lord Cardigan was only too ready to fight anybody at any time. One outraged husband, however, rather baffled him by saying, after he had been offered satisfaction, "You have already given me ample satisfaction in taking my wife."

My mother well remembered the marriage of this *beau sabreur* to Miss de Horsey, then a young lady, who, owing to the unconventional behaviour which has already been touched upon, was never in Society in the proper sense of the term.

Her pre-nuptial flirtation with Lord Cardigan caused most people to be shy of her—as a matter of fact, according to the recollection of those remembering the circumstances, the young lady was treated with little leniency.

The greatest snub received by Lord Cardigan and his bride was when they issued invitations to the county for a great ball at Deene Park and nobody came.

After Lord Cardigan's death, as the years wore on, the hostess of Deene became a sort of historical figure and all her peccadilloes were condoned.

Even when a very old woman Lady Cardigan remained a coquette of a very enterprising kind, and on occasion was quite ready to attempt to sing and dance.

I saw her at Deene Park in 1905, and though she was eighty she exhibited the greatest vivacity. Her appearance, which might have been described as old age masquerading as youth (she was dressed in white like a bride), produced a strangely theatrical effect. There was, however, no pretence about the real interest she took in life. She might have been a rather clever, but frivolous young woman.

She had no sympathy with the cant which has somehow managed to envelop modern England, her fault was that she was inclined to go too much the other way. The "fear of thy neighbour," which in Anglo-Saxon countries is so generally accounted the beginning of wisdom, made no appeal to her!

When the *châtelaine* of Deene gave her recollections to the world in 1909, my mother, as a survivor of the period dealt with, received quite a number of entreaties to refute certain scandalous statements.

This the latter, though she had a soft corner in her heart for Lady Cardigan, was quite ready and able to do.

Writing to Lady Airlie in — she said, "No one but Lords in London and the Budget quite overlooked in this horrid book of Lady Cardigan's.

"She only attacks the poor dead who have no one to protect them.

"At present she leaves us alone. What people are afraid of is that when the election comes these Radical demons will cut pieces out just to show what the upper classes are."

She was especially indignant at the libel upon her old friend, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, that

stupendous figure of the last century whose aquiline and commanding profile, corkscrew ringlets, many coloured toilettes, and miraculous head-dresses will never be forgotten by those who saw her. Lady Cardigan hinted that this poor lady had had an illegitimate family, but, as someone maliciously remarked, possibly the authoress of the imputation had got confused owing to similar incidents *nearer home*.

Prince Soltykoff certainly never wanted to marry Lady C., all he did want to do, according to his friends was to get out of her way.

The story as to Lord Beaconsfield having tried to marry her was also in all probability a fabrication; his political career (which to him was life itself) would almost certainly have been ruined had he done so. At the same time he was undoubtedly once supposed to have been engaged to her; but she probably spread the rumour herself.

The cruel story about Lord Ward, the late Lord Dudley, was a slanderous invention calculated to cause pain, and this my mother did her best to refute, while administering a good snub to Lady Cardigan in one of her volumes of Memoirs.

I do not, however, believe that Lady Cardigan was in the least perturbed by any hostile comments upon her book which she almost admitted was written in a frankly mischievous spirit. Sometime however after her *Recollections* had appeared the châtelaine of Deene is said to have been much perturbed by a letter written by one of King Edward's secretaries, expressing that Monarch's regret at certain statements made in her book and suggesting certain very necessary alterations in any future edition. Lady Cardigan, though she pretended not to be affected by any criticism, took this rebuke seriously to heart—according to one account it hastened her end.

The general tone of Mid-Victorian Society was outwardly at least most austere, while ultra-realism in the theatre was unknown.

Writing to Lady Wolseley in 1900, my mother said :

“ I saw Zaza last night. I think I never saw anything so realistic—too dreadful in a natural history sense but yet interesting ; but what are we coming to . . . where shall we end ? ”

In the same letter referring to a newspaper paragraph she wrote :

“ The papers announce that a certain lot of Society ladies are going to undertake the ‘ ballet ’ at the ‘ Théâtre des Varieties.’

“ We are indeed getting on.”

When, however, the cry of the Sins of Society had a certain vogue and people deplored twentieth-century levity, she would declare that in the matter of kicking over the traces the general mass of well-to-do folk were probably no worse or no better than their predecessors.

In connection with the past it should be noted that at one period, in the age of flounces, whiskers, and crinolines, such was the character of most of the cases brought before Sir C. Cresswell that he declared that his Court ought to be called the Reprobate and Divorce Court, instead of its usual appellation.

Though my mother very much disapproved of the authoress having raked up such a number of old half-forgotten scandals, most of which no doubt were based upon a very flimsy foundation of truth, she herself nevertheless always frankly admitted that mid-Victorian Society had contained several coteries inclined towards a somewhat spacious morality.

CHAPTER VIII

Literary friends—Venables—Lord Houghton—Frederick Locker—An original poem—Mr. Justin McCarthy—Some modern writers—Mr. Stead and spiritualism—Sir Harry Johnson—Stanley—Alfred Austin—Anecdote—Artistic friends—Whistler—Miss Kate Greenaway—Letters—Sir Henry Thompson—Letters—Miss Maxwell (Miss Braddon)—Letters—Mr. Edmund Gosse—Madame Duclaux—Letters—Blanche Countess of Airlie.

IT has been said that literary people like those whom their works amuse as travellers like those whom they astonish.

Possibly this is why my mother, an omnivorous reader, got on so well with the many men of letters she knew during her long life.

Her recollections of Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever have already been printed. George Venables, who as a boy had disfigured Thackeray's nose in a fight, had also been a friend of hers. The reputed "Stunning Warrington" of *Pendennis*, he was a first-class classic of the famous year of Lushington and Thompson, and combined a successful parliamentary practice with brilliant journalism. He was one of the pillars of the *Saturday Review* in its great days, but his remarkable literary powers never received proper recognition mainly owing to his own tendency towards self-effacement.

Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) she had known very well. He once insisted on her posing as "Comedy" in some tableaux, after Sir Joshua's famous picture at Petworth, in which he himself impersonated Garrick—the only time I fancy upon which she appeared upon any stage. Though in his last years Lord Houghton realised the ambition he is said to have expressed of

being "asked everywhere and going nowhere," his death, in 1885, was much lamented.

The tribute paid to him by another distinguished literary man, Mr. William Archer—deserves quoting :

Adieu, dear Yorkshire Milnes ! we think not now
Of coronet or laurel on thy brow ;
The kindest, faithfullest of friends wert thou.

A number of celebrities came at one time or another to Charles Street. Froude lunched there often, as did Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold was an attractive conversationalist, as well as a charming poet—and while witty and amiable, completely devoid of pedantry, which made young people worship him. My mother delighted in his essays, but scarcely appreciated his verse—as a matter of fact she was not particularly fond of his poetry. For this reason perhaps Tennyson, whom she knew and liked, appealed to her more as a striking personality than as a poet.

Among contemporary poets Swinburne and her friend Mr. Frederick Locker were her favourites. She especially appreciated the latter's "London Lyrics."

"Rotten Row" particularly appealed to her, for she had many pleasant memories of the Park in old days.

But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by ?
I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
The laugh of Lady Di.

Well remembering both, she put a mark against this stanza in the copy given her by the author with the dedication :

The Muse I woo'd was Fair and True
And all her charms I find in you.

F. L.

Another graceful tribute paid to her by Mr. Locker was the following little poem which has never been published :

FOR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

When Lady Dorothy ordains
We nib our quills and rack our brains ;
We dot our i's and cross our t's
When that fair lady so decrees.
But should her little hand we squeeze
She'd bid us mind our q's and p's ;
In simple fact, it seems to me,
We all are slaves to Lady D.
The lawyer frames his ablest plea
To gain a cause for Lady D.
The Doctors never take their fees
Who feel *her* pulse—hers ! Lady D.
I'm told that Wolseley, G.C.B.,
Is rather sweet on Lady D. ;
And Alcester swears a great big D
He'll always love his Dorothy.
And here's a poet on his knee
And here's his rhyme to Dorothy.

F. LOCKER.

A constant visitor at Charles Street was Mr. Mallock, who, as a young man, created a considerable sensation with his clever book, *The New Republic*. Of this volume Lord Beaconsfield said, in one of his letters to my mother :

“ It is a capital performance and the writer will, I think, take an eminent position in our future literature.”

Lord Morley at one time often came to see her and they occasionally corresponded.

The late Mr. Justin McCarthy, for whom my mother had a particular affection, and his daughter were frequent guests. Years later, in old age, when the clever Irishman had retired to Westgate he wrote :

ASHLEYDENE,
ROXBURGH ROAD,
WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

November 29.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I was delighted to get your letter this morning and to see again the familiar handwriting.

I am only sorry that I cannot reply in my own hand, but my eyes are not yet well enough to allow me to write more than a bare signature.

There is something very touching—as you say—in the thought of all those dear bright and gifted ones, who used to gather at your house and of whom so many are gone.

I often think of those happy days when your delightful home was always open to me, and where I spent hours and met friends not to be forgotten in this life.

I am so glad to hear that you read my book and were pleased with it, for I owe you much happiness.

Charlotte joins in affectionate regards to you and to Miss Nevill.

Ever your friend,

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Among modern novelists my mother had a great admiration for Mr. George Moore.

“Certainly one of the best writers we have,” she wrote to a friend.

Occasionally he came to see her, and she delighted in his visits.

Sir Henry Lucy, whose cleverness and humour she greatly appreciated, was another visitor to Charles Street.

Sir F. Carruthers Gould, though his gift of caricature was employed against her own political party, was a frequent guest.

Among journalists she welcomed Lord Northcliffe, for whom she had an especial affection, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Spender, and Mr. Massingham whose Radical and peculiar views left her quite unruffled.

Mr. Austin Harrison, her old friend's son, was also an occasional visitor.

Another striking proof of my mother's catholicity of taste was her appreciation of the late Mr. Stead, who on almost every subject held views diametrically opposed to her own. His spiritualistic beliefs, however, were rather too much for her, for she never had any leanings towards the occult, though she had known and admired Mr. Frederick Myers.

It was after all only right that one who had been the friend of Darwin and Huxley should have a deep distrust of so-called psychic manifestations.

Huxley in particular, a considerable portion of whose energies was devoted to clearing away superstition, would surely be appalled at the importance which some quite responsible people now appear to attach to spiritualistic tricks which have time after time been exposed.

The credulity of the present day apparently exceeds that of the past. Education—learning, even scientific knowledge, seem powerless to exorcise the evil spirit which claims to soothe mankind with fatuous and often illiterate communications from another world.

A guest whom my mother was always glad to see at her luncheon table was Sir Harry Johnston who possesses such an unrivalled knowledge of the African black.

His experiences interested her greatly. She used to declare that however wild the country he might be in he always dressed for dinner and drank his coffee out of a silver coffee-pot afterwards—the idea being to keep up the white man's prestige.

Stanley and his wife, who had been Miss Dorothy

Tennant, occasionally came to lunch. For the latter my mother had a great admiration and regard.

Writing to a friend at the time of Miss Tennant's marriage to the great explorer she said :

" Miss Dolly is in Elysium. They are to be married in Westminster Abbey in July, and she hopes to domesticate him. I feel sure she is too good for him, but as she has had time to reflect it must be all right."

The late Poet Laureate—Mr. Alfred Austin—was very much liked by my mother, she appreciated his gifts as a conversationalist.

For years Mr. Austin was a tower of strength to the *Standard* to which he contributed many excellent leading articles.

He wrote admirable prose—witness his charming book *The Garden that I Love*.

Though his prose was admittedly admirable opinions differed as to his poetic merits.

A great light of the Bar, for instance, meeting the Poet Laureate for the first time, in the course of conversation said, " Mr. Austin, may I ask do you find writing poetry pays ? "

" Thank you, I do pretty well," was the reply. " I always manage to keep the wolf from the door."

" And pray do you read your poems to the wolf ? "

For Sir Sydney Lee my mother had a great regard, taking the warmest interest in the *Dictionary of National Biography* with which his name will always be associated, and no one better than she appreciated what a great national service he had performed.

Among the younger generation of literary men no one, I think, made such an impression upon her as Mr. Charles Whibley. When she was at her cottage at Haslemere she delighted in going round to his house and having a chat with him—a great bond of sympathy between the two was the interest they both

took in Disraeli, of whom Mr. Whibley wrote such an admirable study in his *Pageantry of Life*.

Other modern writers who came to Charles Street were Sir Rider Haggard, Mr. Arthur Morrison (with whom she carried on a correspondence), Mr. Richard Whiteing, Mr. Robert Hichens, and many others.

A great friend was the late Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—a woman of quite unusual mental attainments and charm so unfortunately cut off in her prime.

Though modern pictures made no particular appeal to her my mother knew many Victorian painters, a number of whom, particularly Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Frank Dicksee, she liked for their agreeable social qualities.

“What a nice man he seems” (wrote she of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones), “and I am to go and see his studio—what a happy man he must be living in art and for art.”

Sir Philip, the great painter's son, was also a welcome visitor at Charles Street.

For Whistler, whom she knew well, my mother had the greatest admiration and liking.

He fully appreciated her originality and wit. She would appear to have taken his side in some squabble or dispute, for inscribed upon one of his little brown paper-bound brochures, Mr. Whistler's “Ten O'clock,” I find the dedication :

To Lady Dorothy, the loyal !

In a letter inserted at the end he signs himself—
“I am, you know, your devoted slave.”

My mother much admired the art of Miss Kate Greenaway, realizing that the latter had created a special school of her own, notable for its extreme daintiness of conception. This clever artist often came to Charles Street. Very often my mother would take her to a *matinée* or other, the poor lady needed

distraction to be taken out of herself for she worked very hard at her pictures of dainty little girls and boys.

Miss Greenaway thoroughly appreciated those efforts to enliven her and wrote frequently to my mother after painting a little water-colour sketch at the top of her letter.

Writing in April, 1896, Miss Greenaway said :

39 FROGNAL,

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

April 20, 1896.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I return you the Princess Maud's letter. I was much interested and it was so kind of you to send it to me. I am so glad she likes it. It is a very nice letter, isn't it? As if she were very nice.

I see Petworth on the top of your letter. Have you been at that lovely spot? It must be nice to have always such a collection of lovely things to look at. I saw Petworth on such a beautiful day that it lives in my mind always as it looked then. We drove over from Witley and it was at a very flowery time, and I liked the long drive so much as I always do. We had lunch at a nice bright little inn there, I remember, that made me think of Charles Dickens.

Long days of driving through pretty country on a summer's day I think the perfection of bliss.

The last two warm days have made it very summery here, more so I daresay than it is in the country.

But how it changes about from hot to cold. I wish it would really settle into warm weather and let us begin summer as the trees are getting so nice and green.

I'm still toiling on at next year's almanack—I say toiling, simply because I want to be getting on with other things, as it is important I should now if I am going to have any exhibition at all. We shall have all the summer pictures on now to look at.

December 16 1892



Dear Lady Dorothy Kenne

This is to wish you a
Merry Christmas and happy
New Year.

Yours very sincerely
Kate. Greenaway

Good-bye, dear Lady Dorothy, and thank you very much for letting me see the letter.

My love to you.

Your affectionate,

(Sgd.) KATE GREENAWAY.

Miss Greenaway was always rather pessimistic about her work—she was inclined to think that it was little appreciated by the public—certainly she never obtained proper recognition as having originated a distinct style.

Writing in 1900 she said :

39 FROGNAL,

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

December 28, 1900.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I felt your letter very kind, it is so nice of you to think of buying one of my drawings, but in the first place I should not like to choose one for I should not know what you would like best, and then I like to GIVE YOU anything you like—drawings are the only things I have to give to my friends, and I feel it too much you should buy them, all the same I feel your thought of it so kind—you are always kind.

I can't say the public rush to buy my work now. I don't believe they will sell one at the Fine Art. It seems to me I shall have to keep to my idea of doing Portraits if I wish to make money, and if you hear of anyone wanting children's Portraits done, I should be glad if you would say I was now going to do them.

I hope when you come back that you will let me come and see you if you can't come and see me. I may go to Rowfant for a few days soon. I am so grieved Lady Jeune is not well, I do hope she will

soon be better. Dear Lady Dorothy, I do feel you so kind and I send you much love.

Your affectionate

(Sgd.) K. GREENAWAY.

I could not make out the name of the House, so send it to 45.

My mother possessed many picture-books by Miss Greenaway which had been rendered more interesting by the artist's dedication with an original water-colour added. These books, together with a complete set of almanacks, most of them adorned with a little drawing, are in the writer's possession.

During her long life my mother had many friends who dabbled in art or letters, most of whom sent her some specimen of their work.

The former she would declare were all very well, but amateur authors were often a nuisance, for one had to get their books and worse still read them whether one wanted to or not.

She made an exception, however, in the case of the late Sir Henry Thompson, a very old and very great friend of hers, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Pen Oliver."

It was well said of Sir Henry that he took a delight in whatever lent charm and elegance to life. Besides being one of the foremost surgeons of his day, he was a novelist, amateur artist, and enthusiastic photographer—his interests indeed were very wide and he thoroughly understood how to get the best out of existence.

He was a wholehearted advocate of cremation and entirely won my mother over to his views, hence a stringent and peremptory clause in her will to the effect that she should be cremated. With reference to this it may be remarked that in anything connected with the progress of science she showed an almost masculine sturdiness, and did not allow herself to be

in the slightest degree affected by those sentimental or emotional considerations which have such a powerful influence upon the majority of her sex.

Sir Henry was noted for his "octaves," pleasant dinners of eight, men only being invited. To hear of these feasts my mother used to say was enough to make her wish to wear trousers, for the party always included clever and interesting guests.

The host, though an avowed gastronomist (he wrote an excellent work on cooking, entitled *Food and Feeding*), was a great advocate of moderation and was unwearied in pointing out the danger of over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table to those who, having travelled a good way through the Vale of Years, were beginning to find their path paved with indigestion.

It gave him real pain to see people rushing into the dangers which he himself took such care to avoid.

His solicitude in this direction is well shown by a letter written in 1891. He said:

"I pulled up in my great love of eating and drinking too—as far as I could at 50 and am now reaping the reward thereof with my present health at 70. I am much better and stronger than I was a year or two ago."

Writing in March, 1894, of the beauties of St. Remo, Sir Henry described "the lovely garden full of luxuriant palm growth, mimosa trees loaded with yellow blossom and redolent of perfume.

"The blue Mediterranean beyond and a squadron of French battleships in the bay below, practising gun-fire daily at a mark with the new weapons which make small noise and absolutely no smoke—curious facts to an observer of the old school who at least has witnessed many a Royal salute, and always thought that the rolling thunder, the vomited clouds of smoke were the very essence and glory thereof!"

At St. Remo the great surgeon met Marie Corelli, of whom he wrote :

“ A pretty, very vivacious little woman, whose books you may have read. I had not, but got one there from the Tauchnitz Editions, *Barabbas*, an audacious account of the Passion and crucifixion as a Romance. Written with entire belief in all the events and in honest admiration thereof, but mixed with fresh characters, and the history itself eked out with details which the Evangelists didn't know or forgot to put in. . . .

“ She is a clever little person without doubt.”

Speaking of the arrival of the then Prince of Wales, he said :

“ H.R.H. came one evening in his noble yacht the *Britannia* and created a great sensation. . . . He contested the International prize with 2 other yachts whose chance was very small. In fact it was a foregone conclusion. A lovely day for it. I took up a good position on the Croisette or seashore Boulevard before the start at 10.30 with my camera and took a few negatives.”

Referring to an account of recent political events my mother had sent him he wrote :

“ Your news—political—is becoming very interesting, and the House of Commons chessboard has exhibited some remarkable moves of late. Labouchere is on the warpath with the irregular step of the Knight, and has contrived to keep himself *en evidence*, and his friends!—the Liberal Government in hot water. I look to the journals with much curiosity every day.”

Sir Henry was an omnivorous reader and often sent my mother notes and criticisms concerning current literature.

In a letter dated July 30, 1898, he wrote, "Yesterday I began George Moore's last book, *Evelyn Innes*, said by the critics to be his best; full of the history of old music, chiefly Church music, and very learned."

After adding that the descriptions of musical services and Catholic life in connection with the cathedrals and churches—the wants and tastes of Catholics in relation to their worship were rather out of his (Sir Henry's) line—he continued, "I have taken up Zola's *Paris* in its place which certainly is general and widely ranged in its interests."

"I observe," he went on, "that the 3 *Lourdes*, *Rome*, and *Paris* form a trilogy, setting forth the history of a Romish priest himself in doubt at first and seeking by researches in the most active centres of practical 'Catholicism' or Christianity to establish his faith, the necessary result, if he be an honest man, of losing it altogether. Moreover, that this is but an allegorical view of the course which France itself is, in his (Zola's) opinion, not slowly pursuing. I was not exactly aware of this as so explicitly understood before; and this renders it to me the more interesting."

Like most sensible people while recognizing its necessity Sir Henry deplored the Boer War and ardently longed for its speedy end.

On July 19, 1899, he wrote, "I hope we are going to make a sure and honourable peace with the Boers. It is most desirable to do so without war if possible, for no end of reasons, and it really begins to look hopeful, but it must be an assured and honorable contract incapable of giving way in practical use."

My mother was particularly fond of literary people and delighted not only in their books but in their society.

A great friend was the late Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), a lady of strong and clever personality.

My mother warmly admired the talent of Mrs.

Maxwell's son, who, like his gifted mother, has achieved considerable distinction as a novelist.

In many things Mrs. Maxwell was strongly conservative. Describing in a letter to my mother her first ride in a motor-car—to Beaulieu Abbey—she said :

“ Well, it was very nice—car delightfully steered by owner thereof—going as smooth as on velvet—not a jar—not a jerk—pace quick but never furious—yet the pleasure of the new mode leaves me cold, and I felt none of the rapture that my friends describe in that manner of travelling—and shall ever share Frederic Harrison's opinions about motors as the enemies of the country-side.”

The writer's political views exactly coincided with those of my mother. At the time of the agitation against the House of Lords she wrote :

“ It still looks a little like the eve of the first French Revolution—with Ben Tillett (can't spell the creature's name) clamouring for blood and a herd of defeated strikers inclined to take his advice—and still the cry is ‘ We have no Charlotte Cordays ! ’ ”

Most of her letters, however, dealt with more peaceful themes than Revolutionists.

Describing her life in the country she said :

“ In the evenings I sit with a folio copy of Horace Walpole's letters to George Montagu on my knee—the 1st edition—in a print that he who runs may read—quite delightful for the evenings—tho' very different from my Wharnccliffe edition at home. I know those letters *by heart*—best of all the evening at Vauxhall—but I read them always with delight. My other literary food is Hallam's *Constitutional History*—which I read with interest—tho' dry—and hope to remember—and a stiff book *Sur les Evolutions des Forces*, by

le Bon, which I try to read with understanding—and progress *adagio adagio*, or *largo*, *largissimo*—if that is slower.”

On February 4, 1912, she wrote :

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I think of you in this Siberian cold, and wonder where you are, and hope that if you are in the seats of the mighty the Castle or Baronial hall which you are adorning may be well warmed by pipes or roaring fires, and that you may be free from every touch of cold—and able to call this “glorious weather,” as Mr. Herbert Trench did when he came to lunch yesterday. We had two out of the three men you so kindly invited last summer. Major Jackson (of the Polar seas) who is really the nicest, cheeriest creature, and Willie Elliot, behind whose nose there is a bright brain. It was a little party got up for Elizabeth Robins (the Hedda Gabler of years gone by) with whom we are all in love. I daresay you know her—perhaps better than I do—but if not, I must try and produce her when you honour me with your company in London some day. Unfortunately she lives at Henfield, Sussex, and is not often in London. I wonder what you and Miss Nevill are saying about the political situation which to my mind seems utterly dreadful—as if we were to be under the heel of a specious Demagogue and his rabble herd of “one man one voters” for the rest of our lives—unless the crucial home rule question dishes him. Surely the rock against which the grand old man went to pieces is hardly to be circumnavigated by “words, words, words,” from Asquith and Lloyd George.

Miss Braddon’s popularity as a novelist was at one time very great and she well deserved the success which she obtained, but the majority of the three-volume novels which were produced in such quantities were poor reading.

In the seventies many, tired of the insipidities of the three-volume novel, sought relief in French contemporary literature. Speaking of a recently published French book a lady wrote to my mother, "It is beautifully written, but *very* improper—so much so that Hachette won't sell it at the Railway Stalls! Need I say on hearing this I immediately ordered it. . . . If only somebody would write a readable English novel we should not then be driven to bad French ones, *pour charmer nos ennuis*."

In the nineties, however, came the Yellow Book and a regular craze for Realism.

Works hitherto tabooed by the austere were noted to be mere milk and water. It was then that Miss Rhoda Broughton, also a friend of my mother's, said, "I used to be the Zola of English literature now I am the Charlotte Yonge."

A writer for whom my mother had the greatest admiration was Mr. Austin Dobson. Her only complaint against him was that his visits to Charles Street were too rare. She delighted in his charming and cultured studies of the eighteenth century, and another bond of union was that Mr. Dobson, like herself, was a great friend and admirer of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Long years before she had been in correspondence with Mr. Gosse's father about entomology and had also known a venerable relative of his, "Thomas Bell," of Selborne, a noted zoologist.

She met Mr. Gosse at the house of Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller somewhere about the winter of 1887, and at once formed a friendship with him which only terminated with her death. Mr. Gosse in a greater degree than most of her friends seemed to be able to snatch the secret of her very elusive personality, and she for her part entertained the very greatest admiration for his many brilliant and clever qualities. He was ever warmly appreciative of her fanciful and highly original brain, and in 1892 dedicated to her a

charming piece of literature, "The Secret of Narcisse"—a short story illustrating the events of a twelve-month in the sixteenth-century community of Bar-le-Duc, in which mediæval superstition and love play a great part.

Mr. Gosse was a constant correspondent, and nothing delighted her more than receiving his clever letters, indeed, when they were not forthcoming in the abundance she desired, she would become almost tyrannical in her remonstrances and complaints, humorously lamenting the total and terrible neglect of an old friend and comically reproaching him for his misdeeds.

All this, however, he has admirably told in an article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* and was afterwards privately reprinted.

In her last years the book she liked best was the latter's (Mr. Gosse's) *Father and Son*. She read it over and over again thoroughly appreciating the marvellous observation and humour with which it abounds.

Staying one wet week-end in a south country village she wrote to Mr. Gosse :

"I wish that Zola could describe this place with all the shops shut, rain falling, and most of the inhabitants in their cups."

A not altogether untrue if severe description of an English provincial Sunday.

She was much too broadminded to be shocked at Zola's lack of reticence, for false prudery, indeed, she ever showed the greatest contempt.

On one occasion a prig fresh from the University, happening to have been invited to one of her luncheon parties, took up *La Bête Humaine*, which chanced to be lying on her drawing-room table. "Surely, Lady Dorothy," said he, "you must be aware that this is no book for a lady." "Really," said she, "anyhow it's just the book for me."

The last French books she read were two volumes dealing with Verlaine, in which decadent poet, extraordinarily enough (she was then 85), she took the warmest interest !

Though often professing a sort of comical horror for those "horrid demons of Frenchmen," as she sometimes called them, my mother had a number of French friends.

Notable among these was M. Jusserand, the distinguished diplomatist with a profound knowledge of English literature. An Anglo-French friend was Madame Duclaux, that charming writer who originally won recognition under her maiden name of Mary F. Robinson. She first married the late Professor James Darmestteter, an Oriental philologist of the first rank, who in a high degree possessed the intense mental vibration which borders upon genius.

The Professor's marriage, it should be added, had been brought about owing to his having been deeply impressed by translating Miss Robinson's poems into French ; the happy union of these two clever people did not, however, last long, for one autumn afternoon in 1894 James Darmestteter seated at his writing-table "drooped the head heavy with knowledge and thought on his frail chest" and never lifted it again.

His marvellous breadth of learning, profound originality of thought, and splendid literary abilities, had, after Renan's death, caused him to be regarded as the most distinguished scholar of France.

My mother went over to France several times specially to see Madame Duclaux, and in a letter written shortly after one of these visits the latter said :

"You are certainly one of the kindest and most charming persons alive, and occupy in my memory a little niche apart, along with M. Gaston Paris, my angel of a French publisher, Mme. Taine and a few other extraordinary beings."

Later on, after the writer had married M. Duclaux, my mother went over to France to see her again' and they remained constant correspondents till the latter's death.

Madame Duclaux wrote to her frequently about books at one time. She tried to interest my mother in Tolstoi, but I fancy without success.

"Every creature you meet," wrote Madame Duclaux, "is reading Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, which is really a wonderful book, for the life and thought in it, although rather mad! Governments differ chiefly by their vices and nations by their virtues, and this book really does bring home to one the mediocrity and muddle-headedness of Russian tyranny, and the patience and charity of the Russian character: it must be a fine thing to paint the portrait of one's country as Tolstoi knows how to do."

The letters of Madame Duclaux were always interesting.

39 AVENUE DE BRETEUIL,
PARIS.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

My mother has sent me on your kind letter. How pleased I am to have news of you and to hear that you like Vallery Radot's book—I shall tell him when I see him next. If only you *would* come to Paris, we would show you everything scientific you would care to see. And you should take *me* to a Music-hall and complete my education!

I think I have not written to you since last April when I was expecting my mother and Mabel. They stayed a month with us. We spent the summer at a dear odd little tiny place of my husband's in Auvergne. It is on the side of a mountain, there is only our house and two farms—and, glittering miles away down in the valley, a village called Vic-sur-Lère, which people are beginning to find out because the Orleans Railway

has built a big hotel there. But the village (which is our metropolis) is still so primitive that one day when I had sent the gardener there for some eau-de-Cologne, he returned with a quaint old flagon of Eau de Lubin—a century old I should think. Eau-de-Cologne has not yet penetrated to Vic-sur-Lère! I liked the wild solitude of the place. The beautiful hills with their woods and black basalt rocks dripping with waterfalls and springs; and I liked the kindly peasants and the primitive life, the oat cake and honey for breakfast and the clotted cream for tea. If you can imagine a cheerful Scotland or a mountainous Devonshire, shorn of their seas, you will have a very good idea of the Cantal.

Miss Paget stayed with us on her way South. She is now back in Florence—very lonely, I fear. I wish she would take a flat in Paris for the winter. My husband and I shall very likely run over to London in the spring and, if you do not come to see us earlier, I hope at least then to introduce him to you.

Ever most gratefully and affectionately yours,

MARY DUCLAUX.

“What a comfort it is,” she wrote in another letter, “to be able to say ‘a *sale gouvernement!*’ If one’s own party was in, one would have to support the weight of their shortcomings and their follies, and did you ever know a government, dear Lady Dorothy, without them? You might do worse than imitate us. Here we let the steam off so freely that the boiler is pretty safe in France, and like you I have a deep belief in the level-headedness of the English. But, ah, do not say that you are ‘copying our Apaches.’ You have always had them. The roughs of London filled Taine with stupor when he was a refugee in London in 1871, and I remember, in his life and letters, a letter to his wife, where he says: ‘In Paris, the lower classes look clean, prosperous, well-fed,

polite, and the result is the Commune. Over here you see the most unspeakable hooligans at the corners of all the streets and nothing happens. But if a Revolution ever did take place, they would be a terrible, an explosive, element in it.' I am quoting from memory, but the words are to that effect.

"Thank Heaven, we have no Suffragettes and cannot even imagine what there is to get so excited about. Most sensible people over here bitterly regret the manhood suffrage, and few people are inclined to endure martyrdom for a thing so lightly considered as a vote. That is our weakness. We like politics to be full of sentiment, eloquence, fun, street rows, wreaths hung on statues, and don't really much mind what goes on in the Chamber. Your Suffragettes are the *revanche* of your level-headedness—your excellent, parliamentary, political sense!"

Though very undemonstrative and to all outward appearance most unemotional, my mother, as the following shows, overflowed with sympathy for her friends.

While engaged upon this memoir I wrote to Madame Duclaux asking if she could give me any reminiscences to which she replied :

"In the way of reminiscence, the best trait I can give you is one that illustrates her extraordinary kindness of heart. In 1895 I was in very bad health and low spirits, after the shock of the death of Professor Darmestteter ; I would see no one, go nowhere and had become such a phantom my friends and physicians had no good opinion of the case. Lady Dorothy offered to come and stay with me ; but, with the self-engrossed sadness of people in such a state, I refused to have her. So she came and stayed a few weeks at the Hôtel Continental. She used to come to lunch with me, every day almost, in the Bd. de la Tour Maubourg and stay and talk for an hour or so, and then make me walk back with her to tea,

and though her visit was not very long she contrived to break the habit of self-absorption and melancholy, reading me letters from all sorts of interesting persons, begging me to invite others to meet her, persuading me to set to work again. . . . The brilliant liveliness and originality of Lady Dorothy covered a great fund of shrewd good sense and the kindest heart. I need not tell you! I can scarcely think now of this little episode without ‘*la larme à l’œil!*’ ”

There was nothing my mother liked better than making the acquaintance of clever young men, she would lament there were so few of them!

Among the number, however, she placed none higher than Major Maurice Baring (brother of Lord Revelstoke), whose high mental gifts and originality made a great impression upon her.

A brilliant writer and a real poet Major Maurice thoroughly understood her somewhat elusive personality, while he appreciated the original humour which constituted one of her greatest charms.

It was a peculiar quality of my mother’s to be liked as well by women as by men, her great friends indeed were drawn in about equal proportions from both sexes.

Lady Airlie, Blanche, a fine type of intellectual patrician womanhood, who happily still survives, carried on a correspondence with my mother for many years. Her letters were always interesting and delightful, for she was a born letter-writer.

My mother warmly appreciated this lady’s high intellectual gifts and goodness of heart.

When in Scotland Lady Airlie’s whole time was devoted to doing good among the poor. An excellent nurse, many villagers have owed their lives to her.

“I have,” wrote she to my mother in 1882, “many sick people to nurse, two young men, each 21 years of age. One has consumption and the other typhoid. I hope to cure them both, they live up two different

glens, so I go nearly every day to one or the other. I always think fighting for life is most interesting and exciting, and I am a good nurse and think of many comforts the poor never dream of—things they could do if they only knew how.”

After spending a week in 1903 near Ashridge she wrote :

“ Do you remember a great breakfast there when we were all young in Lady Marion’s time—when all London went down for the day? Later I stayed there with my two eldest girls with Lady Brownlow. It is so beautiful and the gardens and great trees and endless park with deer and brake were beautiful in the sunshine. The house full of art treasures—a Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci like the one in the Louvre only better. And you can drive for 14 miles in parks touching one another and belonging to different people. . . .

“ It is sad to see Ashridge without heirs, but the curse of church lands hangs over it and it never goes from father to son.”

Her letters from Scotland were always bright and amusing. The year that Bernal Osborne’s daughter was married to the Duke of St. Albans, she wrote :

“ Do you care to have news of a Scotch country mouse? I feel as if my solitary life made me years instead of months away from London, but as I think of you, you are not London to me, but one of a few who come to one’s mind and heart at the New Year. I hope it will be a happy New Year to you and yours—and yours especially, for it is only through those you love you can ever be made seriously unhappy. People like yourself and Mrs. Somerville with occupations and genius, some more, some less, I am not putting you quite with Mrs. Somerville so do not say I flatter, but people of your sort have a little kingdom

of delights to which they retire after the rubs of the world, and where they sit aloft with Nature and laugh at the disturbing elements below which make the happiness and sorrow of the stupider part of mankind. One of the many charming biographies of the year, this out-of-the-way county claims a share in two of the most important people, J. Stuart Mill's father was born here, and Mrs. Somerville spent much of her youth close to us. Constable's *Memoirs* are also full of anecdotes of this county. But will the savour and originality of these minds, who struggled their way up for themselves, now die out in the easy royal road prepared for them? We are busy preparing for Christmas, and the children are to surprise me with a play. I have enjoyed beyond words the space and liberty of this *now* large house, and I think it is very gay and open, and yet capable of delightful solitudes; some day you must really put yourself into the 'Limited' and come and see me.

"Write to me meanwhile and tell me who you are seeing. How is Dizzy and how is poor Meyer de Rothschild, and Bernal Osborne? Is he pleased with his daughter's marriage?"

Much of this correspondence was devoted to discussing books, her criticisms as a rule being exceptionally just.

Writing in August, 1898, she said:

"I have read George Moore's book, *Evelyn Innes*, and I think it, like all he writes, remarkable. The part on music, the early simple music to the complete music of Wagner, is delightful, but often beyond my limited knowledge of music. The description of the Dulwich Gallery, the Chapter on Balzac, the struggle of a soul to repentance, are all fine, and the English so good, the style so pure. Of course it is the story of a woman who lives unmarried, but it is not otherwise coarse or intended to be so. I daresay you will

have taken it abroad to read at your leisure in the drowsy old town.¹

“I have written to him to-day about his book and told him how good the R.C. part seems to Monsignor de Vay, who has just been staying with me. Do you know him? I have met him two years in Rome and Venice. He is a favourite of the Pope and tho’ quite young has been chosen for a Mission to the Queen of Spain and to the Jubilee of our Queen.

“Do read *Lady Hester Stanhope*, by the Duchess of Cleveland. It is well got together and gives one a great opinion of her courage and originality. I do not know if it is publicly printed, the Duchess sent it to me herself, and I think in her old age she is anxious to emulate the travels of her aunt—in distance if not in adventure.”

Like my mother, Lady Airlie was a warm admirer of Mr. Gosse and his name often occurred in her letters.

AIRLIE CASTLE,

ALYTH.

October 31.

DEAREST DOROTHY,

I have never got the longer letter promised to follow. But I write to know what you think of Ed. Gosse’s *Two Visits to Denmark*—and I recommend it to you. It is not so striking as *Father and Son*, you can but have one Father to offer up to the public. But Denmark is so little known, its language and literature, and Gosse seems to have been familiar with it at a time when he was the only man who knew the people. His style is always better than anyone’s. He is humorous, and there are remains of the Father’s pious teaching in the interest he takes in their churches—yet freedom from dogma and a sense of the ridiculous.

¹ My mother had gone to Bruges.

The Friends of Sir Walter Scott is also admirable by T. MacCunn, written with great literary ability. Jowett was very fond of her family. *Burning Day Light* by Jack London too is clever enough of books. Perhaps Rosebery would condemn all these to the flames, but I find use for many books as I give a selection to my various poor neighbours for winter reading and they exchange them among themselves. The estate is large and they are far from the central book club. You can't think how your book has been enjoyed, yours and Mrs. Norton's *Life*, both people they have seen or heard of as being my friends.

In another letter she wrote :

“The book of Jane Welsh and T. Carlyle's loves has interested me more than I can say. He comes out very fine and she very interesting, born to be a peacock—fine lady—but putting on one side all offers and chances of worldly success for her peasant philosopher. She was a dainty lady. He was a poet and a born gentleman and that saved him from being a *rustre* like Jean Jacques. The cottage home of his parents must have been too rough for her ever.”

From Scotland she sent my mother many a charming letter describing her life and the interests which absorbed her mind.

The following, written not so many years ago, is an example :

AIRLIE CASTLE,

ALYTH.

August 15.

DEAREST DOROTHY,

Thank you for your letter. You have had a delightful bit of country and we are here enjoying such heat and yet such “nimble air” as Shakespeare

says in *Macbeth*, as if indeed he had tasted it at Glamis. Motley wrote the lines in my visitors' book when he was at Cortachy. It is just that *nimble*, so light and so playful. I have guests in the morning about 11.30, who come and sit in my garden, and admire my beautiful hedges of beech, yew, and holly all newly cut—to a nicety—always the same old men of 70, still earning too much to think of old age pensions, for life is long here and they are hale and hearty at 96—a granite soil and simple diet. A carpenter said to me he thought the men about here the finest men he knew—children out of a family of 12 and no want, though they could remember hard days when the children were young.

All the Castles are full, and the fine ladies are lecturing on tariff reform, which no one understands, and which won't come; but this is a radical place, and the ploughmen so outnumber the farmers there is no chance. The *Dundee Advertiser* is more and more radical—and it is the paper they read. I am getting the weekly *Daily Mail* for them to see there are two sides—I had sent for the little 1/- book on small holdings. I have read it and it is going its rounds, but the people about Salisbury Plain are very different from our people here. All our people on the Estate are well off. My gardener's son, a Forester, is gone off to Bavaria to study Arboriculture—a fortnight's holiday. The jaunt costs £20, given by his Master, and Bavaria gives the party a great welcome. Sir Leonard Lyell and other gentlemen are of the party. This power of locomotion is what alters all the outlook—makes joy and also discontent.

If there were not far greater forces than our blind wills directing the Universe, what a muddle it would be. Does Lady Dorchester believe in Byron's guilt? Lord Broughton does not seem to do so.

Yours ever
(Sgd.) D. B. AIRLIE.

Lady Airlie's literary judgments were often very acute. Writing concerning Lord Acton's letters she said, "Literary men's criticisms of the letters is without any knowledge of the background"—a very wise remark which might be applied to a number of book reviews.

"I knew Mary Gladstone fairly well," continued she, "and confess I should never have thought her capable of exciting such a devotion from such a man. She was, of course, part of the Gladstone adoration, but still his letters are almost those of a Platonic lover. Too much is left out and he is sometimes not very clear."

Except Freddy Leveson I do not know who is left who would tell me much about him.

Her friends always spoke of Lady Airlie with deep affection, declaring that a more sympathetic comforter in one's joys and griefs it would be difficult to imagine. Like most of the world she had her own great sorrow in the death of one of her two dearly loved sons, the gallant Lord Airlie, killed in the South African War. Lady Airlie was abroad at Florence when she received a telegram from her daughter, merely :

"Poor Mother."

"I knew then," wrote she to my mother, "that I had but one son."

"He had been wounded before," she said, "a little cigarette-case, my last gift, saved the bullet going further than thro' his arm that time—but it was to be."

CHAPTER IX

Correspondence with friends—The 2nd Duke of Wellington—Letter from Sir William Gregory—Anecdotes—Dr. Jessopp and his gruesome dream—His life and work—Letters from Mr. Frederic Harrison—The South African War—Mr. Chamberlain—Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Skibo Castle—Miss Viola Tree—Criticisms of the Government—Anti-Suffrage League—Prophecies which have come true—Lovable Bath.

CLEVER and amusing people are often unable to write as they talk, and, as she herself was the first to confess, my mother rarely did herself justice on paper.

“I have not indeed the pen of a ready writer” (she once wrote), “and a sincere friend has just written and told me that though I may talk well I cannot write. This is so true that it dispirits me from that exercise.”

Her missives—often penned in haste and seldom dated—were apt to be scrappy, in addition to which she was careless as to punctuation, capitals, and the like.

This carelessness occasionally extended as far as deliberate misspelling of ordinary words—lapses of which her great friend, the old Duke of Wellington,¹ delighted to remind her.

In August, 1871, having received a carelessly written note, he replied :

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

How eloquently you express the want of breath, the exasperation resulting from heat by leaving out the h in “exhaustion”!

¹ The 2nd Duke, son of the victor of Waterloo.

Such criticisms, however, disturbed her not at all, for she was ever ready to admit her epistolary failings. With the old Duke she kept up a correspondence for many years, a portion of which was published in her *Reminiscences*.

Many of his letters were written in a strain of amusing banter, for instance the following :

STRATHFIELDSAYE HOUSE.

Aug. 19, 1872.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

If you were without fault I should not adore you ; but unfortunately for my peace of mind you have faults enough to alarm many others besides myself.

In the first place you are illegible and so is your letter.

There are dog complications—I suspect that Wang is Japanese, an inferior sort not Chinese, but she is very pretty.

Again Lady Waterford begs to have her back by September. She thinks dogs as enterprising as Christians. However, I let her live with Japs whose language to her is most seductive.

Lord Eversley has a garden party on Thursday next, and you and your family cannot do better than come here for as many days as you choose. I am pressed to bring any company I have at the time. I have many things to show you.

Yours faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

The old Duke though he had held a Commission in the army had nothing of the soldier about him, no visions of military glory had ever haunted his imagination.

In face, however, he greatly resembled the pictures of his illustrious father.

He was a man of considerable originality and independence which manifested itself in his costume, that in his latter years at least comprised an old soft felt hat and an aged cloak of the sort once known as a *roquelautre*, this, combined with his goggles, made him a figure of a very noticeable and eccentric kind.

He was also eccentric in other ways, one of his odd practices, for instance, was to use up half-sheets when writing to his friends. All his fads and fancies were, however, quite harmless, and it might have been said of him, as it was of Ruskin, that he had not a bee but a hive of bees in his bonnet, which nevertheless buzzed so sweetly that it did not matter.

In spite of a slight tendency to affect cynicism, he was a most charitable man with an excellent heart, quite devoid of all cant.

Strathfieldsaye in his day was a delightful country-house, of which the writer, who, owing to the Duke's kindness, as a boy spent much of his holidays there, will ever retain pleasant recollections. The Duke loved to gather together interesting people of all sorts—General Hamley, Lord Wolseley, Irving, the late Lord Lytton, Mr. Escott, and many others, most of whom have now passed away, were constant visitors.

This Duke, ever avid of knowledge, paid little attention to class distinctions where cleverness was concerned.

He was indeed, as my mother once said, "quite ready to swallow anyone's snobbism for their intellect."

Notwithstanding his eccentricities of dress and demeanour the old Duke was a worthy representative of his class, kindly and honourable in all his dealings—as Lord Lytton wrote, "he had bravely won his last painless moment" when he died quite suddenly in 1884.

The good-natured old man was indeed a real loss to all who knew him; no one could be a more faithful or charming friend.

At the time of his death my mother received a number of sympathetic letters from people who had known and appreciated him. The late Sir William Gregory wrote :

COOLE PARK,
GORT,
CO. GALWAY.

August 17, '84.

So we have lost your poor old Duke, my dear Lady Dorothy. I know you will feel his death greatly, for he was very fond of you. I too am sorry, for I think he liked me and certainly disposed to be kind to me on all occasions. In spite of all his physical infirmities he always seemed gay and was an excellent companion. What are you doing with yourself? What are you going to do? I have accepted an invitation to the Roseberys for the Midlothian Campaign which will be an excitement—legitimate, I presume. Somehow or another I do not think the crusade against the Lords is as formidable as it seemed likely to be; you who heard both sides know much more than I do. Are you talking of Pencarrow? I should like to go there, but I hate and dread Poker so much that I shall hardly dare to face it. Do tell me about the scandal hinted at in *Truth* of a rich financial M.P. and a lady married for thirty years, which is to be in the Divorce Court next term. Matrons so mature and so amorous don't often come before the public. I am here trying to patch up my unfortunate constitution worn out by late hours, impure air, good dinners, and your pleasant lunches. Do be compassionate and send me a short scrap of your writing, and forgive this half-sheet as my wife has gone to Church and I do not know where she hides the paper.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely always,

W. N. GREGORY.

The Duke inherited some of his father's strength of character, as the following which was written many years later by the son of Mr. Critchett, the great oculist, shows :

ENBROOK,
SANDGATE.

September 14, 1907.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Since your delightful reminiscences first appeared I have had a keen desire to read them, but the rush of my busy professional life deprived me of that pleasure. My summer holiday has now brought the wished-for opportunity, and, although you must by this time be as weary of the word congratulations as was the French flower girl of the scent of roses, I must beg you to let me add one more note to the general chorus. You have recalled to me pleasant memories of many valued friends, and I have been specially interested in what you have written about my good friend and patient, the second Duke of Wellington. I can heartily endorse all that you have said respecting his remarkable intelligence and trenchant wit, and you may, I think, be amused by the following veracious and I hope not too professional anecdotes. About thirty years ago my late father had to remove one of the Duke's eyes which had become sightless and very painful, and it was necessary to administer an anæsthetic. This was done by the late Mr. Clover, the great anæsthetist of that day, and I heard the Duke thus address him: "Now, Sir, pray understand that I don't fear death but I abominate pain. If in your endeavour to spare me the latter you introduce me to the former I will, should we meet in another world, freely forgive you; but if you let me suffer and I remain in the flesh, God help you." Afterwards the Duke made merry over his loss and to an enquiry as to his eyes replied, "Thank you, one of them is in excellent spirits in Harley Street." To a friend who

deplored his lack of means he said, "Take this tip; go to your Clubs and bet as many as will take you that they cannot name the distance between the Duke of Wellington's eyes. Some will say an inch and a half and others two inches, but they will all be wrong for it is the distance between Harley Street and Apsley House."

Later on I had to undertake the heavy responsibility of operating on the Duke's remaining eye, in which I am glad to say useful sight remained till the end of his life, and guided by my former experience, I told the anæsthetist who replaced Mr. Clover, who had died in the interval, that a deep effect would be needed. After a comparatively short time he told me that I might begin to operate and seemed surprised when I emphatically shook my head. After another minute he said "he is really profoundly 'off' for I have three times touched his eye and he has not flinched." I entirely disconcerted him by pointing out the eye he had so assiduously touched was artificial. To the end of his life the Duke generously kept me supplied with pheasants and peaches, and in the last letter which he wrote to my wife, a few days before his death, he invited us to Strathfieldsaye and said, "I have arranged a special room for your baby for I know you won't be happy without him."

My better half joins me in kindest regards to Miss Meresia and yourself and in the hope that you will pardon me for wearying you with this long letter.

I am, dear Lady Dorothy,

Sincerely yours,

ANDERSON CRITCHETT.

My mother's carelessness as to the spelling of people's names once evoked an amusing protest from a great friend of hers, the late Dr. Jessopp, the author of a book about the Walpoles—*One Generation of a Norfolk House*.

In reply to a letter of hers in which she had styled him "Dr. Jessop," he wrote :

"Alas! I must trouble you for one more letter! When I was in the nursery I heard my father say boisterously to someone :

" ' My grandfather used to say that all the Jessopps in England *with one p* were his grandfather's natural children ! ' "

" I thought my father had made a mistake and that he meant and ought to have said *unnatural* children. It made such a horrid impression upon my youthful mind that for many years (even to early manhood) when I was at all anxious, overwrought, or ill, I used to be haunted by a gruesome dream—of processions of monsters, hideous, devilish, malignant, half-human, half-bestial, but all terrible and revolting—for they were all branded with a single Capital !

" I do truly believe this night I shall have that old bad dream again ! Woe is me ! "

It was Dr. Jessopp who, while staying at Mannington, declared that he saw the ghost of Henry Walpole ; the story was told at length in the *Athenæum*. For years he kept up a correspondence with my mother, and some of his letters were very fanciful and amusing.

SCARNING RECTORY,
EAST DEREHAM.

December 20, 1895.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I venture to send your Ladyship a Christmas card. It is very little more than a card, but it will serve to remind you that I am still in the land of the living and not unmindful of those obligations of homage which I owe.

If you have such cards to send as this troublesome nineteenth century seems to require of us all, high and low, Luke Tremdim may come in almost as con-

veniently as wriggling forget-me-nots and gaudy heartseases, and prize babies, chubby and plump, representing Cupids and other heathen gods and foolish monsters.

This year has been a year of very hard work for me. The Congress nearly brought on my demise—and since then I have been working night and day at St. William of Norwich, the boy saint whom—as fable reporteth or as liars relate—the Jews of Norwich murdered in A.D. 1144. The (Latin) Manuscript life of the saint disappeared for more than four centuries, and was fished up in an obscure Suffolk village two or three years ago. The Cambridge University Press have undertaken the publication of the book. I have translated it and am now writing a somewhat elaborate Introduction. The book can hardly hope to pay its expenses—unless indeed the Hebrews in England and Germany take it up—but in any case I shall probably obtain honour and glory from it which is about all that ever comes to me for my literary exertions.

Thrice in six months have barren honours been bestowed upon me. I have been made an Hon. Canon *in* Norwich Cathedral—which is a very different thing from being a “Canon of Norwich”—I have been elected an Honorary Fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge—there are only half a dozen of us, and Sir John Gorst is one of the six with your humble servant—and also Hon. Fellow of Worcester Coll., Oxford. All these distinctions are pleasant and gratifying to one’s vanity, but *noblesse oblige*, and, so far from any solid pudding, they all entail some expense direct and indirect. However, as a friend of mine remarked to me—“My dear Fellow! you can have ’em all inscribed upon your tombstone and posterity will wonder!”

I’m beginning to think that I shall not have a tombstone at all, however. Things are bad all round me, and I’m not sure that I shall leave enough to provide decent burial for myself. My wife and I are

every now and then putting our heads together and scheming how we can put down the carriage and horses. But we are dominated over by our coachman who has been with me some twenty-five years and whose children have grown up under our eye and we haven't the pluck to send the good man away to begin the world again at sixty; so it always comes to the same thing over again and we feel deep sympathy for our betters (which by the by very few people do feel!) who all round us are being compelled to leave the homes of their youth and to hide their heads in old age in a flat or a garret. However, that subject is really too sad to dwell on.

I was preaching the Burghley sermon at Stamford the other day—what a grand place Burghley is!—as the representative of my old College—another of these honorary distinctions which are “their own reward”—and a very interesting expedition it was; the immediate consequence, however, was that I had five invitations during the next week to deliver sermons or addresses or lectures in various parts of the earth on five different subjects, to all of which I returned the same answer—“By no means!”

Scarning church is now a joy to all beholders! The fabric was becoming ruinous and I am very thankful to say we have been able to spend about £700 upon it—without any fuss or any bazaar or any noise or flourish of trumpets whatsoever. I did not even have a reopening Festival and a Bishop to preach for me. My friends and readers sent me close upon £500—and the rest came from the heavens above I suppose—but I am sure it did not come from any profits from the earth beneath.

All painting and gilding and everything in the shape of ornamentation I have left to my successors. I know that the man who comes after me will look upon me as a heathen man and a heretic for not beginning at the east end. But I shall not care—my bones will not hear him talk!

I don't hear much of Lord Orford and her ladyship. A friend of mine was at Mannington the other day and was greatly charmed with the daughter—her little ladyship (by way, Lady Dorothy the second) wrote the good man a pretty little letter and he is so proud of it that I think he is going to frame it and hang it up in his private sanctum.

I was so distressed and humiliated by the triumph of the Labour candidate in this division at the Election, that I began seriously to think of throwing up this living and burying myself in a hole for the rest of my life. But I recovered myself partially and I think I shall stay and die here and do my best among the poor people in the meantime—if so it is to be.

With all good Christmas wishes,

I am always,

Your Ladyship's faithful, humble servant,

(Sgd.) AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

One of my mother's greatest friends was Mr. Frederic Harrison, who came frequently to Charles Street when he was in town. There was scarcely anyone for whom she had a greater admiration; and for the last twenty years of her life a constant flow of letters passed between them. She looked forward to Mr. Harrison's visits as red-letter days. On one occasion when she had missed him, she wrote:

OH MY DEAR MR. HARRISON,

You are very vexatious. I thought you told me you were leaving London; so, of course, not believing you were here, went out to several shows—of pictures, etc., and returned here to find myself disconsolate and you gone. Oh what a time of disaster it all is! I really was, as the maids would say, "so put about." I could think of nothing else—and I did so want to see you. It would have been so delightful to have a talk over the present situation—everyone

is so apathetic ; no one seems to care what happens, and no one seems to know how it will all end. I hope you have good news of your youngest son ; you may indeed be proud of all of them.

My mother was never very enthusiastic about the South African War, but she did not go as far as Mr. Harrison who, viewing it with disapproval and dislike, never scrupled to denounce those whom he considered responsible for it.

In 1899 he wrote :

38 WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.

19 *December.*

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Pray do come and see us, any afternoon this week or next, and let us mourn over the crimes of the goldseekers and the disasters of our country. *Nothing* that has happened has in the least surprised me. I saw all this, and for six months have been crying out warnings to our statesmen that they were staking the existence of the Empire, and the peace and honour of our country. Not that I pretend to any foresight or sagacity. But I happened to have first-hand knowledge of *facts* and knew so many of those deeply concerned in this affair, in S. Africa and at home, and have heard and read all about it for years, and so I felt certain that Milner and Chamberlain were being misled by intrigues and conspirators, and were misleading our Government at home. It does not surprise me in the least. I have been re-reading my own articles, lectures, and speeches *ever since last June*, and I see that what I warned them of has happened.

Not that a few *checks* (*they are not* " DEFEATS ") are of such great consequence. The real danger is in the *future*, and the proof that our *bloated* Empire does not rest on adequate *strength in soldiers* at home. I have said this for years and years till I am hoarse. It is a

house of cards—which may come down with a crash on the first strain. Now this *check* is in itself a trifle and all the circumstances are in our favour. *No one* can help the Boers, who are engulfed in the Empire, no Power can reach them, and no power wants to worry us. But suppose they *did* choose: Whose would the Empire be then? Read the history of the American War of 1776–82 in Lecky (or anyone), and think what would happen—if—

- (a) Russia posted a *corps d'armée* over against Afghanistan.
- (b) France, Russia, Turkey agreed to pass two army corps through Armenia and Syria upon Egypt, and said, *You get out!*
- (c) Kruger asked William to propose peace, on basis of—
 1. European guarantee of the two Republics.
 2. Cession to them of Kimberley and Rhodesia.

Ah! if only Lord S——y had taken up the matter, instead of J. C. We are all sorry for him. It will kill the Queen.

But don't let us make too much of these mishaps. After all, no British force has been *defeated*—only it has failed to carry impregnable fortresses—after wonderful deeds of pluck and resolution. Did not the Americans in Cuba fail again and again, and Russia in the Balkans and at Plevna? No one thought that United States or Russia were going to ruin. It is the *future* that is so ominous. If we were to be dragged into another war like that in America of the last century, or if European nations were to agree to interfere. We have not a man left to send anywhere else—if Egypt, India, Malta, or Canada *were* threatened. The Empire is a bubble—a house of cards.

Well! pray come and see us. We are staying in town till after 1 January. Our son is recovering from typhoid, and our girl from influenza, and my wife will have to take them to Hastings early in January. At

present we stay at home and groan. As to Christmas, I am going to decree it to be a day of humiliation and fasting—no plum pudding or mince-pies. Our family are to dine off bread and water—dry bread and water from the cistern—to impress upon their minds that this is a grave crisis, and a time of shame and mourning. Will you not come in and share our bread and water? My son in Berlin tells me that the best German Military judges foretold all this months and months ago, and they kept on saying—“ You cannot beat the Boers with your present and intended resources; it is a far bigger job than you think.”

Well! I daresay we shall “ worry it through ” this time. But it is *next time* I fear. Pray God we may not live to see that.

I am, dear Lady Dorothy,

Yours sincerely,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

The campaign dragged wearily on till at last people thought it would never really end. People ceased to take any keen interest in the tedious guerilla warfare which correspondents described. Writing to a friend at this time my mother said :

“ The war seems to get on slowly—I hope surely—but they never seem to kill any Boers, and if you chase them from Charles Street they appear in Hill Street.”

Once all real danger for the Empire had passed, public enthusiasm slackened. The feeling in England had been played upon so long that the whole affair indeed came to be considered a colossal bore, and the mind was focussed upon it only with difficulty.

In August, 1902, Mr. Harrison, in a letter from Elm Hill, Hawkhurst, wrote: “ We know nothing of politics, fashion, or gossip. *We are told* the war is over.—Thank God! And they do say the King has been crowned!—but had to put off the affair. Is that so? We know nothing in these wilds.”

The writer always had a dread of Mr. Chamberlain and his ideas. Writing in 1903, he said :

Oh, that Joe! the most fearful demagogue since Cleon the tanner. If he does win, I shall turn Socialist, and republican, and go for a clean sweep of the governing classes who have so shamefully misled the people. All that is sound and reasonable in England is against Joe—all that is rotten and unscrupulous is with him.

Those are my sentiments and I am,

Yours sincerely,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

In spite of this dread Mr. Harrison could admire Mr. Chamberlain's great qualities and unbounded energy.

“ Deeply as I differ from his new schemes ” (wrote he in March, 1904), “ which have destroyed Conservatism as a principle even more than as a party, and convinced as I am that he will destroy the Empire and ruin England, I cannot withhold my admiration from the amazing physical and intellectual energy of his public work. And it would be cruel to think his powers should be checked by mere bodily exhaustion. He is beyond doubt the foremost personality in political life. And in the strange dearth of able men and strong characters everywhere, it would be a national loss to see the most prominent bat in the eleven ‘ retire hurt.’ ”

“ We were at Lady Hayter's¹ the other night and saw ‘ the party,’ but it was not very exuberant.

“ I am sure you have a good ‘ crossing ’ to-day, and I hope you will arrive at Cannes without too much fatigue and have a fine spring. Even here it is beginning to be less savage than it has been these nine months past.

¹ Now Lady Haversham.

"I do not return Miss C.'s letter as you say *not*. I have burnt it—a nice letter from a nice young lady.

"We are seeing a great deal of our friends, and are so sorry you leave London. *Mais au revoir après Pentecôte.*

"Yours sincerely,

"(Sgd.) FREDERIC HARRISON."

When away visiting at country houses, Mr. Harrison would generally let my mother have some account of what he had been doing.

She did the same. After a visit to Houghton, where to her great delight she went for the first time in 1904, she sent him a short account of her impressions, to which he replied :

ELM HILL.

August 2, 1904.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

How interesting it is to have a letter from a Walpole dated from Houghton, and to hear the latest account of the condition of that historic house. And what a pleasure it must be to you to see the place again and to find it in good condition. I am full of Walpoliana (Horace is at my elbow all day long), but I am a *Pittite* now, Chatham is my man. And if he had not gone mad, he might have been the greatest ruler England ever had.

Yes! we went over to Bayham the other day, lovely and pathetic spot; we greatly enjoyed the peace and quiet of it, which we had through your kindness and Lady Camden's courtesy. Mr. Cleeve, her agent, gave us every facility for a pleasant visit. We roamed about the ruins—I gave them a lecture on thirteenth-century Gothic—and my daughter took photos. We have been very much round that district lately—to Scotney Castle, to the Morlands, and to the Priory at Lamberhurst, which Sir John Blunt has taken. We

thought it too low and damp in winter and refused it after two visits. We are having rounds of garden parties, tennis, etc. All our four sons and our daughter are all here now—Bernard painting, and René is going to rebuild an old house in Ireland. We have just met Lord and Lady H. at the Hardcastles, but they do not seem to care to see much of the Hawkhurst colonials, and we never meet them about. “Joseph is done”—as Countess Tolstoi¹ used to say in 1886—only she was a little “previous.” He was not done *then*, and will not be done till 1905—but then he will fall like Lucifer, who seems to be the only God he recognizes. I think the Harmsworths are doing Sutton very well and improving it. Did you see my brother’s new fifteenth-century Bavarian house, next to G. Balfour’s at Mayford? He is now in Wales at a “cure.”

Are you going to see Mrs. Roundell’s great book on Ham House and the Tollemaches? It is just out.

Hoping to see you *here* soon,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

F. HARRISON.

In the same year Mr. Harrison during a visit to Scotland sent the following letter from the Highland stronghold of that curiously minded benefactor of humanity—Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

SKIBO CASTLE,

DORNOCH,

SUTHERLAND.

Wednesday, 17 Sept.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Your letter from Actalader has followed me up here. I too am in the Highlands, and in spite of the gales and showers, it is a typical Scotch autumn and

¹ Lady Weardale.

very bracing and enjoyable. The storm-clouds over the mountains make magnificent landscapes, and we are on the sea and have constant cruises. Yesterday we took the "lairds" sea breeze out to the Ness point and there met the *Erin*, the grand steam yacht of Sir Thomas Lipton, who is a guest here. We were transferred in a launch and in a squall to the *Erin*—a noble ship of 1400 tons, a floating palace. Sir T. gave us a royal luncheon served by Cingalese waiters in white frocks and long black back hair like a woman's. There we landed at Dunrobin and enjoyed the magnificent gardens and terraces like a villa round Florence—only intensely green and luscious. The D. and Duchess were away at Loch Awe. Both at Dunrobin and at Skibo the ancient gardens are in perfection of bloom—not a sign of autumn, nor a brown leaf, nor a nipped blossom. This is a royal place. I believe H.M. would like to swop Balmoral for it. We have a large party of Principals, Provosts, and Professors from St. Andrews University of which our host is to serve this year as Lord Rector! He is a real genius, full of knowledge, keenness, and sympathy with all good things and good men and women. They are making me learn golf in my old age. Choate and John Morley have just left—not to speak of H.M., who was charming when here. But I did not meet any of them. We have all been in the new swimming bath, a sort of Winter Garden with a marble bath of warm seawater—men and women all tumbling about like seals in the American fashion. Margarie Carnegie, aged five, is a capital swimmer. My wife was not able to travel. She is well, but is not allowed to drive out. Bernard is painting in Assisi, and Austin has been following the Kaiser at the manœuvres. I am going back viâ Caledonian Canal, Oban, and the Clyde, and may drop in on the Crackanthorpes at Penrith. Pray let us know when you can come to Elm Hill.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) FREDERIC HARRISON.

A month later came the following :

ELM HILL,

HAWKHURST.

18 October, 1904.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Was there ever anything so vexatious as our having missed you on your visit to Lilliesden? We went there to find you the very day of your arrival, and were only an hour or so too early. Then I started for the Highlands, had a pleasant visit at Skibo—yachting on the coast—golf—agreeable party. Lord and Lady Carnegie whom you may know, Sir Walter Forster, etc. Thence I crossed to the West Coast, Lochalsh, Skye, and paid a visit to Sir Kenelm and Lady Digby on Loch Daich. I was there the day the King passed down. He was received by the Digbys and took boat at their pier and was very gracious. The Highlanders are all for the King! and have given up Prince Charlie, who was a dreadful black-guard.

My wife and I are quite solitary now—four sons and the daughter all gone off. Bernard painting in Venice and Olive at School at Wimbledon. I am half through my *Chatham*. He was the greatest man we ever had, and Horace Walpole is the best memoir-writer that ever lived. I live in the eighteenth century—powder—rats—scandal and eloquence. How I should like to see Houghton. But I hope you are reading my *Theophano*. One of the critics to-day tells me it should be compared with Scott. But that is only a birthday compliment, and overdone at that. To-day I am seventy-three! At least ten years older than you are—in fact—whatever the nasty Peerages may say! But our good lives and our happy times have quite abolished *Anno Domini*. No one is old now till he or she reaches ninety, and, even then, they are often jolly like Lord Cranbrook. Bless me, at seventy-three, I feel in the prime of life! and I am sure at sixty-

three you do also. All that seventy-three means to me is to think more kindly of my old friends—and I do beg you to let me have the honour so to call myself and to wish you many happy returns of your own birthday when it comes.

Most sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) FREDERIC HARRISON.

Have you seen *The Tempest*? Tree's Caliban and Viola Tree's Ariel are really excellent—poetic—artistic.

Whenever anything of interest occurred Mr. Harrison let my mother know.

On the 7th December, 1904, for instance, he wrote :

“ I don't know what the *Chronicle* has been saying of me. A man came down here on Saturday and talked for an hour. I hope he did not make me say anything very foolish. I forgot it was an 'interview,' as the man talked freely to me. As to *education*, I am against *all* education. It makes women conceited and unkind. And it makes men dull and pedantic.

“ My *Chatham* is three-fourths printed and will be issued first week in February, 1905, if I live till then. I have retired from the Presidency of the Positivist Committee and shall not give my annual address. It will be in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review* and is gone to the printer. You will see that I am *quite* impartial. I honour the King, applaud Lord Lansdowne; but as to Conservatives and Liberals I complain of them both. And I have very little hope of a Liberal Government doing good. I wish the King would shut up the House of Commons, like Cromwell, and govern the country with the aid of a few sensible men—such as Spencer Walpole, Mr. Gould—and me. We would put an end to this nonsense. Oh! if there were only a 'Chatham' now. He was a grand man. England had no finer.”

At the end of the Unionists' tenure of office in 1906

Mr. Harrison denounced the outgoing Government with great vehemence.

“This is one of the worst governments of the century—this of Balfour’s—weak, capricious, foolish, vexatious, clerical, reactionary in a silly way—like Archbishop Laud.

“They are a set of incapable la-di-da ‘swells,’ who being very well done in their own homes, and having everything men can want—and more too—are *playing* at government in a lazy, insolent way, doing jobs for their friends, and airing their contempt for the common people—and with all this quite indifferent to being dismissed with disgrace. If they were turned out to-morrow Balfour would drop a few smart epigrams, and take to golf and Scotch *Metaphesics* with glee. But they will not go yet. For bad as they are, the Opposition is hardly better and is occupied chiefly in checkmating each other. They might rally under Lord Spencer, the most honest man of the lot, Rosebery at Foreign Office, C.-B. in the Lords, and Asquith Leader C. But that is *not* possible. If there were an election this year, the Tories would still have a working majority. The nation has been debauched.”

On the thirty-eighth anniversary of Mr. Harrison’s wedding-day my mother wrote a note of congratulation, and received the following in reply :

ELM HILL,
HAWKHURST.

17 August, 1908.

(Our 38th Wedding Day. Hurrah !)

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

How can I thank you enough for writing such a nice interesting letter on this “the merriest day of all the glad new year”—to us? I was designing to write to you but I did not know where you might be or how you would care for family news from us—for

I have no other. Bernard, our painter son, is established with another painter in a curious old fifteenth-century Castello on the hill near Florence, painting a big picture of Valdarno. Austin is sailing to the North Cape to see the Midnight Sun. The architect is with the Leigh Whites, yachting in Bantry Bay. And one son and daughter are touring Kent and Sussex in Tennis Tournaments and carrying off prizes. My wife is rousing Kent to resist these crazy women. Here is the report of our meeting last week in this house and my wife's speech. She goes to-day to address a tradesmen and farmers' wives' meeting at old Mrs. Hardcastle's, and to-morrow another at Gorehurst at Mrs. Sumner Gibson's. I assure you Kent is solid against this dangerous revolution. But the central League in Victoria Street is not active enough. Pray urge Lady Haversham to stir them up to organize local committees and meetings in the country during the autumn, and send her the local paper.

I have finally signed the last sheets of my new book which will be out in October, *Realities and Ideals*. We talked of all going abroad, but my wife will not leave home now and is quite a Mrs. Pankhurst, *on the other side*. We have had pleasant visits to the Eversleys at Winchester for the pageant, to my brother at Mayford and saw Sutton again, and since to Losely, which is more beautiful than ever, now in possession of General Palmer, whose daughter married Leo Myers, nephew of Lady (Henry) Stanley, *née* Tennant you know. The Myers and Stanleys were all there. Miss Dodge, an American millionaire lady, was tenant, and has done much to improve the garden, which now is perfect. I fear there is no prospect of your coming into Kent, is there?

With all kind wishes,

I am,

Always sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) FREDERIC HARRISON.

As the years rolled on Mr. Harrison came less and less to London; when he did come, however, he never failed to pay my mother a visit. Having unfortunately missed her once or twice he wrote:

THE ATHENÆUM,

PALL MALL, S.W.

Thursday, Jan. 11, 1912.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

You must admit that I make heroic efforts to see you whenever I have to be "in town"—an expression which Lady Grove says is *vulgar*—is it—you know! I never come to London unless I am called up to this foggy Inferno by duty. Yesterday there was a big Town Rating Case on Appeal to Kent Quarter Sessions on which I was summoned as legal assessor, and I took the opportunity of taking my son to hear Viola Tree as Eurydice—she will make a singer and she is already an actress. And now after luncheon I go back home to the only peaceful retreat in the British Islands. But before I leave I come to "sit darna" as the Hindoos do, on your doorstep. But I want to know if there is any hope of being able to find you at home any hour and one day between 22–27 inst. We come up on Monday, 22nd, to attend the wedding of our nephew—Captain Cecil Harrison, of the Rifles, who is to marry Miss Woodhouse on Tuesday, 23rd. As he is a Catholic the wedding is at the Oratory, Brompton (how strange that my eldest son and my brother's eldest son should be Papists!). We shall be staying most of that week with Lady Harriet Harrison at Lennox Gardens—she is the widow of another of my brothers—late M.P. for Plymouth. Perhaps if you are in London that week I may hope to find you at home.

I hope you read the *English Review* at 1/- and are not bored by my talk about Greek and Latin books. I am coming to poetry and modern books in the fol-

lowing articles which will go on until Easter. My wife does not feel able to face London this winter, except for occasional visits, and we remain at Hawkhurst at any rate till March.

Yours devotedly,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

P.S.—I reserve for Postscript my political forecast. It is enough to frighten you. By Easter, a general Strike will take place. Railways stopped—coal inaccessible—battleships stranded in port for want of fuel. Desperate efforts to work mines, railways, and factories—resisted by workmen. Troops called out—Civil War—Riots—houses sacked—Territorials join Strikers. Troops overpowered—chaos in England—Wales declares a Republic—Lloyd George, President. Ireland ditto—Redmond, President. Germany Army marches straight for Paris. Belgium and Holland made subject. French Civil War—Troops fight each other—hasty peace, Germany to annex Belgium (with option of Burgundy, Holland), Picardy, Normandy to the Seine and Algeria. German¹ new gun at Calais to bombard Dover. F. H. commits suicide in horror.

In another letter which followed about a month later Mr. Harrison made a very notable prophecy which has been only too amply fulfilled.

ELM HILL,

HAWKHURST.

April 7, 1912.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I am very glad to hear of you in these troubled times—have you, in your long life and great experience of the political world, ever known a more exciting epoch? I see no prospect of my coming to that horrible city this summer—I don't think I shall ever

A prophecy which has now come within the realm of possibilities.

see it again—and not even the invitation you so kindly propose will tempt me to leave the peace of our weald. I have never known a more delicious spring. Our grounds are a picture of various flowers—narcissi in acres, hyacinths of every hue, tulips, azaleas, rhododendrons (early crimson), along with primroses and all the herbaceous plants of April and May! The orchards a bloom of peach, plum, pear, and the air resounding with blackbirds, finches, larks, and the cooing of our white fantails who follow me about like a dog. With all these delights and my books, I want no more society—and no smoky town. I am still at work with my two series, the first on “Books,” the second on various “Religions.” Both I hope to publish in October (D.V.) when I enter my 82nd year—and indeed whether I live to see them published or not—for both are all but ready. I am really not so grumpy as Mr. Strang makes me look in this month’s *English Review*—indeed I am quite well, and hugely enjoying my walks in these meadows and woods. But my wife has been far from strong, and has been laid up for some weeks with a bronchial attack and perhaps spurious influenza. She and I are much disgusted by the idea of reissuing Sir Almoth’s Letter by the League. We cannot believe it was done with authority. Dr. Wright may have some pathological ground for his views—but he outrageously exaggerates them, and tries to *generalize* from morbid cases. My essay, *Votes for Women*—which is a 6d. pamphlet of the League—states the truth—that the bar to political rights for women rests in the noble, emotional, and personal way in which average women decide difficult problems of State without sufficient balance of judgment. I trust I may not live to see it—but one day women will ruin the Empire.

As to this Coal Crisis, I am still most anxious. Do you remember how I wrote to you two months ago that it was going to be a long and critical struggle? We shall be lucky if we do not meet worse things than

any yet suffered between this and next Christmas. But the *German peril is even more serious* than Syndicalism, for General Bernhardt represents the real controlling power of Germany, and the Kaiser is their figure-head not their master. When we were in London we dined with Morley and met the Editor of the *Westminster* and a Junior Member of the Government and discussed the Coal Strike for hours. Morley told us that Asquith and the optimists in the Cabinet believed the strike would not last a week—the Junior Minister was even more confident and contemptuous of the miners and the Labour leaders in and out of Parliament. The Editor and I warned M. (who expressed no opinion of his own) that it would be a long and anxious struggle and might have far-reaching consequences and evil days. I urged on M. then, as I had done before, that violence and riot were almost inevitable, and that if the Government were forced to use arms, as they must, and blood was shed in many places, it would be the end of Liberalism for a generation, and would probably land us in some kind of Dictatorial Government to save Society and the Empire. Even now, I think that far from improbable though I am happy to think I am too old to see it. To-day's news of the return to work is hopeful—but I fear there may be a great deal of trouble still when the Boards have made their awards—and even if the miners work on steadily, I fear the railway men will begin in the summer again. Altogether things are very ugly—and those who have anything to lose are likely to be on the “down grade” for a generation. And Father Abraham says to us, as he said to Dives, “Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.” Yes! we have received good things, and I for one am content and say, “Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace!” It is Easter Sunday and I feel most devout and at peace with all men and also in affectionate remembrance of yourself, dear Lady.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

DEAR MR. HARRISON [wrote she in reply],

I have been wishing to write and know all about you but I do think the coal strike has enfeebled the little mind I had—in fact, I think all of us are being trampled on by all the horrors which are before us, omitting all those we have already passed through.

Sunday. At last we are more or less at peace, but with this Government, who knows how all will end. The other day I met that charming man, Lord Morley, and he said he would with pleasure lunch with us one day, but the difficulty is, who can we get to meet him? I feel I have but one stick to lean on, and that is yourself, so will you give just a hint as to a remote chance of when you are coming up?

Throughout this year my mother continued to send Mr. Harrison her usual scrappy letters. In reply to one of these he wrote on August 31st:

ELM HILL,
HAWKHURST.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

What a pleasure to see your handwriting again and to know that you are not overcome by this cruel weather, and all that we have to bear in the world! You are a marvel. I see that you are bringing out a new volume of Memoirs—a delightful treat to look forward to.

My wife is slowly recovering and can at last walk about the house, and occasionally (if there is any sun) drive out. She has been an invalid since early in May and she will hardly be quite free from medical care till Xmas. I had intended to go to Chamounix to have a last look at Mont Blanc, but I could not leave her until this month.

I have been in the West down at Bath, which I think the most beautiful and lovable city in all Eng-

land, and if I were now in the eighteenth century, I should go and live there. I found some friends, and I went to a party in the beautiful house built for and occupied by Lord Chatham, in which Lord Rosebery put a tablet. I saw some other of Wood's houses in 1760, and wondered why in London we submit to live in builders' barracks—not that 45 is such—but all South Kensington is. I went over to visit General Inigo Jones of Kelston Park—which has the finest elms in England. Do you know Kelston? I went on to the Bristol Channel which is horrid, but the rain stopped me from visiting Sherborne, Dorset, and Devon. Altogether the rain has not much troubled me. We got our hay in in June, and the roses are still splendid. In spite of rain, our daughter has managed to win a lot of tennis club prizes. Bernard is painting at Santa Margarita—Ligure. I am very well and very busy, have been passing proofs of two books—one on Literature and one on Religion. If I ever come to London again, I shall try to find you. But at present I am fixed at Hawkhurst—which in spite of showers is fresh and pleasant enough.

With all good wishes for you,

I am,

Your ever devoted servant,

F. HARRISON.

About this time my mother began to weaken, which no doubt affected her wonderful spirits.

Writing to Mr. Harrison she said :

“The only merit I still possess is my silence: I have written to no one—and I don't know why I write to you, but the spirit has moved me to do so. But will you have patience to go through my hieroglyphics? I fear not.”

Again in November when staying with Lord and

Lady Mount-Stephen at Brocket Hall, Hatfield, she wrote :

MY DEAR MR. HARRISON,

My faculties have been so numbed lately that I have written no letters, in fact everything seems going so cross it leaves me with nothing to say. I am here with my kind friends just for the week-end visit, and so thought I must write one line to ask after you both. You will have plenty to say on the present state of things, and I long to hear some of your experiences. What is to happen? We have had a sad loss in Mr. Monypenny's death. He used often to come and see us, and it now appears to me as if we had lost the last link which bound me to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. Poor Mr. Monypenny, just before he died, sent me the last volume published of the great statesman. It only goes to 1848, so there are still two more volumes to complete the life. No one knows who can finish it.

Lord Roberts is staying here and he is most anxious to meet you. Can you by any fair or unfair means let me really know if there is any chance of your coming up to London at any time so that I might get you to meet at luncheon? I return to 45 Charles Street to-morrow, so do direct there, and I do so hope to see you soon.

Yours ever,
D. NEVILL.

CHAPTER X

The 2nd Lord Lytton—Letters—Trial of dynamiters—Sir Clare Ford—Ouida—Edward VII—Letters—Taste in books—A ridiculous rumour—George V—Queen Victoria at Grasse—The eruptions of Mont Pelée—Political excitement at Tangier—Herr von Kühlmann in 1905—Letter from Sir Henry Brackenbury in India—The tactless Smart Set—Lord Curzon as Viceroy—Japan and Russia—Sir Henry Cole—A letter from America—Edward Cazalet.

MY mother's recollections of diplomatists naturally extended over a considerable period of time.

She had known Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who in his old age used to send her little poems.

It was the inexorable will of this Ambassador of the past which rendered him such a real power, and enabled him to baffle the intrigues of wily Pashas and Vizirs. He practically controlled the Sultan, whom he caused to defy the Czar, and, when the moment arrived, saying to the Government at home, "You must go to war now," brought about the campaign in the Crimea. The last representatives of this school of great English ambassadors, to which the "Great Elchi," as he was called, belonged, were Sir William White and Sir Robert Morier.

Lords Dufferin and Lytton wrote frequently to my mother from their posts abroad, portions of this correspondence having been printed in her Reminiscences.

Lord Dufferin, she used to say, had the most delightful manners of any man she had ever known; she was also a great admirer of his wife, and her sister, Lady Carnock, married to another diplomatist of note.

She had stayed at Knebworth with the first Lord Lytton, and in the early seventies of the last century formed a great friendship with his son.

Writing from Paris at that time, she said :

“ We dined at Lord Lytton’s, and tho’ I had never seen him before he was so pleasant, I seemed to have known him for ever, and when I bade him goodnight, he said, ‘ I cannot pay you a higher compliment than to say you are your brother in petticoats,’ at which I was well pleased—for there are few like my dear Orford.”

The 2nd Lord Lytton, besides being a clever man, had an essential genius for friendship, and from wherever he went wrote most interesting letters.

When one comes to think of the weighty duties he had to perform during his distinguished diplomatic career, his untiring energy as a brilliant correspondent seems quite astonishing.

Gifted with a fluent pen, a literary rather than a diplomatic career would, it is said, have been the profession he would have chosen ; but his father, who did not believe that two of the same name could achieve a permanent reputation in literature, caused him to enter Diplomacy. Nevertheless, under the name of Owen Meredith he achieved a certain poetic success, while much of his correspondence is in itself literature.

The experience he had gained and the many variable and interesting scenes through which he had passed, combined with a comprehensive understanding and an enlarged knowledge of mankind, had taught him to judge men and things with much accuracy ; and whether describing his experiences or gently castigating the foibles of the giddy great, what he wrote was always clever and interesting.

Writing on December 13th, 1881, from Hatfield, Lord Lytton said :—

HATFIELD.

13 Dec., 1881.

Alas ! alas, dear Lady Dorothy, you will attribute to me a monopoly of the brutality common to my fallen sex ever since Original Sin ceased to be original. But indeed I am not quite such a brute as I must have seemed to you ever since the date of your angelic letter, which I only received late last night on my arrival here. It seems to have had nearly as many adventures as the young lady in Boccaccio, and, like her, it has lost none of its charm in the course of them. I left Blenheim with Lady Lytton on Friday, intending to pass only one night in town, and had arranged that all my letters should be forwarded both from Blenheim and Knebworth to Hatfield. But we were detained in London by a " call " to meet the Prince and Princess at the Lonsdales' ; and when, amidst a pile of others, I found your delightful letter, waiting here, last Monday evening, I felt, believe me, as soul-stricken as the cock who went out and wept bitterly when Peter crew thrice.

I see that I am writing this the very day you will be going to Strathfieldsaye—and thither my soul follows you in the saddest of moral sackcloth and ashes. When shall you be again in town ? We return to Knebworth at the end of this week, and there I shall be up to my chin in bricks and mortar. I daresay for the rest of the year. But if you are as good as you are clever you will let me know when I may hope to find in Charles St. clover and forgiveness. I have got out of my speechifying engagement at York ; but have two others for next month which are already poisoning my existence. I think it is the impression here that the Ministry will scarcely pull through next Session. But Heaven, or its Antipodes, only knows what they will pull down with them before they fall themselves. I am told that " the man of sin " is in the highest possible spirits. The Lonsdale dinner was a dinner of Beauties. Our hostess, the Princess, Lady Dudley and the *beaux*

restes of the Duchess of Manchester. I afterwards learned that Her Grace's devoted servant Lord Hartington was very shy of meeting me, and begged Oliver Montagu to arrange that we should not find ourselves together after the ladies left the room. Conscience makes cowards of us all. But as my withers were unwrung, I saw no reason for avoiding him, and our meeting was delightfully amicable: though I suppose that a few weeks hence we shall be disputing the veracity of each other's opinions for the edification of an enlightened public. Really, the political world in this Country had become a perfect Pandemonium. After dinner we were all taken to admire Lady L.'s new bed, and new baby. They appeared to be objects of general interest.

Our guests here are the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Fitz Hardinge, and Miss Palmer, and her brother, who has just taken a double first at Oxford. The Lathoms are here also, and half the County is now dancing in the Gallery, which is not lighted, as it was to have been, by electricity because one of the workmen, employed in arranging the wires, was killed by an electric shock this morning. I have slipped away, because emotions, like oysters, will not bear keeping; and I shall have no peace of mind till you know that the tardy date of this letter is really not one of my sins of omission. I am reading Morley's life of your friend Cobden. The book is I think exceedingly well done. But it does not change my impression that Cobden is hugely overrated by his political admirers.

Have you seen a vilely ill-written but very amusing life of George the Fourth by FitzGerald?

But I see that this letter will become one long note of interrogation, if I do not end it here.

Adieu! adieu! adieu!

Dear Lady Dorothy,

Most sincerely yours,

LYTTON.

The following letter, written two years later is of considerable interest :

KNEBWORTH HOUSE,
STEVENAGE.

12th Aug., 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

You are certainly the most generous of correspondents. How good of you to write—out of the abundance of your bright and nimble spirit—to such an epistolary niggard, and dull social sloth, as I have been! Going into the composition of a big book is rather like going into religion. It isolates one from the living world. One might as well be living in a diving-bell under the ocean. However, my diving-bell has been drawn up; and I have come to the surface to breathe—for a while. My two first volumes of biography were dispatched last Saturday to the Printers, and will, I hope, be out in November. The Autobiographical part of them is really good. But I feel very dejected about my own part of them, which I have written over and over again, without pleasing myself.

Your letter found me—at Liverpool—of all places in the world—and on the bench of the Assize Court, listening to the trial of the Dynamiters by my friend Stephen, who, in his robes and wig, really looks very much like the Supreme Image in Michael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment. The poor devils have got penal servitude for life, which they richly deserve. But I can't help pitying them, especially one of them (Featherstone by name) who looked more intelligent and refined than the rest, and whose very pretty and tender letters to his sweetheart were read out in Court as evidence against him. I believe that none of these men were personally intimate with each other. All were moved about like pawns, by the orders of some mysterious Head Centre, to play their several parts in the dangerous game they have lost, and I should

think it must have added to the mortification and humiliation of this man to discover from the dreadful revelations of the prisoners' dock that his partners in what perhaps may have seemed to him an heroic enterprise had been all the while ignorant, brutish ruffians of the very lowest type. I looked over the pocket-book which had been taken from him when he was arrested, and to my mind it was full of grim pathos. For it contained, amongst other records of the human life from which he is now irrevocably cut off, the photograph of an extremely pretty, well-dressed, modest-looking woman, and between horrible receipts for the manufacture of the deadliest explosives, little scraps of sentimental verses—notes upon Italian art and Spanish literature—quotations from the poems of your friend Lowell—full of trashy sentiments and high-flown phrases about Liberty—and therewith the following queer title of some book, probably the man's own, "Love longings by three daughters!" Well, incarceration for life in a convict prison at Portland must be an effectual quencher of love longings of all kinds. Poor wretch!

The saddest part of it all, and the grimmest, is the reflexion that the man who, by his vapid oratory about "Chapel Bells" and "practical politics," etc., has encouraged, incited, and beguiled these scatter-brained fools and dupes of an insane idea into the paths which have led them to "Penal Servitude for life," is now Prime Minister—highly popular—and perfectly satisfied with all the results of his own, more criminal, lunacy. I am sick to the soul of English politics and politicians. I fear that the moral irregularities to which you refer are prevalent amongst our future rulers; for Stephen told me he had lately been trying for some horrible crime one of these gentlemen who, had his career not been thus untimely cut short, might, I daresay, have lived to become a Cabinet Minister under the Premiership of Mr. Chamberlain.

Autumn seems to be the pairing time for Society and London is teeming just now with matrimonial activity. My wife tells me that Gay Paget looked very happy, as well as pretty, as a bride.

I don't know the other bridegroom, Lord Elcho, but am told he is a clever, rising young man. What are your impressions of him? His father, Wemyss, made an amusing speech the other day, which considerably ruffled the Duke of Richmond; and went into the lobby with a minority of 9, of which I was one. To my great vexation I find that while I was away at Liverpool my wife received from the Duchess of Wellington an invitation to Strathfieldsaye, which she was obliged to decline for both of us as it was for the 18th, when we have a house full of people here. I can't say how provoked I am by this third disappointment; it really seems as if we were under some sortilege about Strathfieldsaye, and doomed never to go there.

Wilfred Blunt is about to pour forth his soul in a poem on the wrongs of Egypt. He is young enough to believe in the conscientiousness of Gladstone and the "Justice of Nature": as to which my own views are much the same as those expressed by a working man in the following discourse which a friend of mine assures me he heard the other day in a working man's Sunday Club:

"My Atheist friend," said the speaker, "talks to me about the justice of Natur. But I ask my Atheist friend, where in Natur does he find Justice? Behold, my friends, the Ban-y-an tree of the Heast. Its beautiful foliage delights the heye, its sweet savour attracts the palate. The wild man of the Heast, animated by the best and purest intentions, eats of the fruit thereof, and invariably dies of cholera in the course of the same afternoon. Is that Justice? But my Atheist friend may say 'Behold on the contrary the beneficent designs of Natur. For the next person that passes that way, perceiving the deplorable condi-

tion of the previous gentlemen, avoids the fruit of the tree, and so escapes its fatal consequences.' But, my Atheist friend, that is not justice, it is a double injustice; for the one man dies and the other man don't."

Have you lately heard anything of or from Lady Sherborne? Her letters to us, written just after the death of old Sherborne, might have been written by Juliet over the tomb of Romeo: and since then, she has preserved a *silence morne et profonde*.

Adieu, dear Lady Dorothy,

Yours ever very sincerely,

LYTTON.

Lord Lytton's letters besides abounding in vivacious comment were also frequently enlivened by happy phrases and quaint conceits.

"Oh dear!" once wrote he to my mother. "Why do we grow old? It would be so much nicer to grow younger, and die at last in the arms of a wet-nurse on the bosom of innocence."

For Lady Lytton, and for her sister Mrs. Earle—the clever writer of a number of charming books—my mother had the greatest admiration.

Of Lady Lytton, one of my mother's correspondents wrote in 1901:

"I think Lady Lytton such a good woman, so contented with her restricted life after having tasted such glories and such interesting society. She has a great deal to tell and tells it well."

Another diplomatist who never failed to pay a visit to Charles Street when he was in England was the late Sir Clare Ford. Though not such a regular correspondent as Lord Lytton, he kept my mother posted as to anything which might be of interest. At the time of the wedding of the King and Queen of Italy, he wrote:

“ I arrived in Rome in time for the Royal Wedding and we are at present in the midst of the marriage festivities. The Bride is very beautiful. She is tall—and a perfect brune—with jet-black hair and dark eyes. I think the marriage is popular in Italy and it is quite a ‘*love match*,’ which renders these occasions more interesting. I dined last night at the Palace, and kept the menu for you. Will you forgive me if I return your letter to you, as I was unable to read the words underlined in red pencil? I should like to carry out your wishes, but I do not understand what you would like.”

As a matter of fact, the note in question contained a request for any memorials of the Royal marriage.

My mother made a point of obtaining as many little souvenirs of public events as possible, and possessed a great number of the badges and portraits sold by street vendors at Royal Weddings, Funerals, Coronations, and the like.

Of menus she had an interesting collection, in a number of them the names of the guests have been written in pencil on the backs, which imparts an additional interest. In old days some menu collectors liked to note down particulars of the dinner itself as well. One of them meeting an old friend whom he had not seen for thirty years said: “Do you remember how cold the soup was the last time that we dined together? I made a special note of it!”

Another Italian correspondent, “Ouida,” was not so enthusiastic about Italian Royalty as Sir Clare Ford; in her last days, this lady wrote:

29th December.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I received your kind remembrances through Lady Bancroft, and I hope you are well and enjoying the visits of your innumerable friends. I want so much to see you again and many others, but I dread

the "automobiles" and the crush of those hideous motor-omnibuses. They are bad enough here. This little King has sold $3/4^s$ of his horses to buy motor-cars; it is like his bad taste. He is a miserable specimen of royalty. I often think of your hospitable hearth, and I wish I could sit there for an hour with your charming conversation in my ear.

Ever yours affectionately,

OUIDA.

No doubt the memory of the stalwart Victor Emmanuel, "*il re galantuomo*," lingered in the novelist's mind and made her intolerant of his excellent but less robust grandson.

It may here be incidentally stated that my mother was once of very great service to Ouida, who, though she at times made considerable sums by her books, was very extravagant. During a visit to England she was only extricated from a very embarrassing position by my mother, who, with the help of some friends, settled matters.

King Edward was always charming to my mother. As Prince of Wales—from time to time he came to lunch at Charles Street, and no one better than he understood the hostess's quaint fancies. He often sent her little presents, and with intuitive perception invariably chose something which gave immense pleasure—a little Japanese figure mounted as a pin, for instance, was one of these treasured gifts, and this she generally wore.

At the proper season my mother used every year to receive a consignment of pheasants' eggs. For some reason or other she never failed at such times to send a number to the Prince, who always wrote back a warm note of thanks. This was highly characteristic of his kindly tact, for from his own preserves at Sandringham any amount could of course be obtained.

During visits to Homburg the Prince was always very nice to her, and for many years she received

letters from him, a number of which, like the following, gave a lively account of his movements.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Many thanks for your letter and for giving me some news of yourself, which is always a pleasure to receive. The R. Hospital, Dublin, will be greatly disappointed at your non-appearance. I only wish that the illustrious General's¹ term of office could be prolonged as he is so popular and is the right man in the right place. I am so glad to hear that you enjoyed your visit to ——. It is a charming place, and impossible to find a kinder host and hostess! I will try and get *Dragon's Tears*, and am much obliged to you for recommending the American Novels, which I have read with great interest.

I have been travelling about a great deal since leaving England. After joining my belongings in Denmark, where I sojourned nearly a fortnight, we went to Venice via Frankfort and Munich, and enjoyed that lovely city on the sea immortalized by Byron immensely, then proceeded in *Osborne* to Corfu, where we found summer, and then came on here, where it is as hot as in India—upwards of 100° in the sun; but the weather is splendid and the nights lovely, though mosquito curtains are much in requisition at night.

The grand wedding is on the day after to-morrow, and following day I go in *Osborne* to Port Said, where I find my eldest son on board *Oceanic*, which is bound for Bombay, and wish him "God Speed!" Then I proceed to Alexandria and shall take a short trip to Cairo, which I have not seen for 13 years past.

I expect to return here by Nov. 7th, and by the middle of next month we shall, I think and hope, find ourselves at home again.

Could we induce you to shed the light of your countenance on our country abode at the end of December? and stay with us from 30th till Jan. 4th

¹ The late Lord Wolseley.

or 6th? It is a long time hence, but I know how much you are in demand, so take Time by the forelock.

This place has wonderfully grown and improved since I was here 14 years ago, and has become quite a capital of importance. Some day you should extend your peregrinations in foreign parts here, as I am sure you would be much interested.

The result of the Brighton election will be very interesting, much more so than the Cambridgeshire at any rate.

You must please excuse this dull rigmarole, which it is about time that I brought to a close, and thanking you again for having given me *de vos nouvelles*,

Believe me, dear Lady Dorothy,

Very sincerely yours,

When the Duchess of Fife had a daughter, the Prince wrote :

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

May 18th (1891).

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I feel very proud to address you in the light of a grandfather! and am most grateful for your kind congratulations on the occasion. I am glad to say that our daughter and baby are doing as well as possible and have full expectations that there will be no drawback of any kind.

It is indeed a long time since I last had the pleasure of meeting you—but it is my misfortune! I am truly sorry to hear how ill your brother is. Please tell him that I enquired after him, and how much I regret his having kept aloof from the civilized world for so long, and having utterly repudiated me—who have such a great admiration for him!

With kind regards to you and your daughter,

Ever

Yours very sincerely,

Another letter ran :

R. YACHT *Osborne*,
CANNES.

August 9th (1895).

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Many thanks for your amusing letter received to-day, and I am glad to hear that you are enjoying Alpine scenery after the London season. I regret so much not to have seen you at my entertainment, my time was unfortunately so taken up that I had not any chance of paying you a visit, but trust that it is only a pleasure deferred for the autumn and winter !

Though I know you do not appreciate Norfolk Clergymen, I hope you will interview Mr. Knight respecting the Nelson sword he is so anxious to possess. We have been here since a week and the weather was perfectly abominable at first but it has improved since.

I have been very fortunate with *Britannia*, this yacht having won 4 out of 5 races.

Dear little Sir Harry Keppel is staying on board with us as usual, and though 86 he has grown younger than ever since the providential ending of his domestic worries ! It is very full at Cowes this year too much so for my pleasure and comfort, and my wonder is where on earth the people come from ?

Your kind congratulations on "Florizel's" victory gratified me very much, and I trust that his younger brother "Persimmon" may turn out even a better horse.

I expect to be at Homburg about the 21st. Is there no chance of my having the pleasure of finding you there about that time ?

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Often his letters dealt with books. My mother used to let him know of any which she thought might

interest him, and he for his part understood her curious little letters, which occasionally were so queerly directed that it was a wonder they ever reached their destination.

Writing to a friend after having misdirected a letter to the Prince, she said :

“ I directed the letter to him Marienbad, Deutschland, and he says he must send me a map of Europe that I may learn geography.”

In 1896 he wrote :

Telegrams :
FERRYBRIDGE.

FRYSTON HALL,
FERRYBRIDGE,
YORKSHIRE.

September 13.

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

Many thanks for your kind letter of congratulation on “ Persimmon’s ” additional great victory. It speaks well for Norfolk as this is the second horse bred there that has won the two great Classic Races.

Your stay at Mürren seems much to have resembled the climate Dr. Nansen found in the North Pole ! Regarding the books you mention, I have got *Without Sin*, but have not yet read it. *The Island of Dr. Moreau* I have read and it is very ghastly. I saw Sir Wolff¹ this day back in town, and thought him very flourishing. This is a charming and most comfortable house, containing some very fine pictures and a magnificent collection of books. I am going into York this afternoon to attend the Service in the glorious Minster, and have to leave this to-night for Mar Lodge, Strathspey.

It will be some time ere I am in Town again, excepting just passing through, but shall hope to have an opportunity of seeing you ere long, and

¹ The late Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff.

hoping these lines will find you and your daughter most flourishing,

Ever,
Yours very sincerely,

During the last years of her life she met and became friends with Lord French, for whom she conceived a great liking and admiration.

When King Edward died Sir John (as he then was) wrote to her (May 12th, 1910) :

“What a terrible loss!! The Queen asked me to go to see our dear King on his death-bed. It was so very, very kind of her, and I felt it so. I went, and was glad to have one last look at him. He looked just as if he was well and asleep!”

The death of King Edward was a real blow to my mother, for she greatly appreciated the kindness which he and Queen Alexandra had always shown to her.

Writing to a friend in August, 1907, my mother said :

“You will see we were sent for to see the Queen. She was so nice. Kissed me, and showed us all over her apartments, and such treasures of art, etc. She said when she first saw the palace she could never enter so dreadful a place quite Victorian—but now she delights in it.”

In a letter written to Miss Haldane after King Edward's death is an allusion to a ridiculous rumour which prevailed in parts of Ireland that he had died a Roman Catholic.

“Oh what a time it has been,” wrote she. “But everywhere they seem to wish to canonize the poor King. Ireland is obstreperous in their grief, for they say he was an R.C. There is nothing like dying to make one famous. What is the Government about? I think the Upper Classes will now have a look in.

The Jews and smart set will take a lower seat. I feel the King will do all that is right and just, and therefore will not cull popularity—and so let it be.”

In another letter she said :

“ What a troubled time we have all had of it, and how completely politics have gone from the public mind ; but I am convinced this King will take a much more conservative view of life, and he will uphold the “ Upper Class ” more than his father did. Still we have had a loss in many ways, but all think your Government¹ helped his exit out of the world.”

Though nothing was more alien to my mother’s disposition than running after Royalties, she often received letters giving an account of their doings. When, for instance, Queen Victoria was staying in the South of France a correspondent who was one of the Royal entourage wrote :

“ The Queen seems to like Grasse, and is pleased with her stay there, where she is much freer and quieter than she could be at any other place in this neighbourhood ; but it is particularly execrated by all the members of her suite, who are plunged in profound gloom and despondency by the dullness, the cold, and the isolation of it. All, at least, but a certain great lady, who is a woman of a very inquiring turn of mind ; and bets me she has already written two articles about Grasse, where she says she has discovered Druidical remains of incalculable antiquity, older even than her husband himself ! It is the first time I have ever heard that the Druids penetrated into Provence.”

Some years before her death my mother made the acquaintance of Sir Hesketh Bell, and after the great catastrophe at St. Pierre he sent her the following letter :

¹ The Radicals.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
DOMINICA, W.I.

20th February, 1905.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I fear you have probably forgotten all about me, my "creepy" stories of St. Pierre, and my promise to send you some of the ash that fell from Mont Pelée. In the hope that you have not quite lost sight of me, I am sending you, enclosed, a sample of the stuff which gave so rough and ready a burial to 35,000 poor wretches. You will see it is just like cigar ash. One night, during the eruptions, a strong wind blew from Martinique, and we had a heavy shower of the ash here, and began to wonder how much more of it was coming. The mountain still has intermittent bursts of activity, but seems to be wearing itself out. When I passed by Martinique, three months ago, the ruins of St. Pierre were already beginning to be wrapped in tropical vegetation; and treasure-seekers are busy digging all over the place, hunting for money and jewellery that may not have been melted.

I am writing to you in my garden, where I have an alfresco office. Although it is February, there is a great bowl of roses on my table, and I can see the humming-birds darting through the spray of the fountain, in the middle of the garden. The sky is as blue as in Italy, and the great leaves of the big fan-palm over my head are swaying gently in a breeze redolent of orange blossoms. Why don't you and everybody come out here during the winter? It is nothing of a journey and there are very few inconveniences worth mentioning. "What about volcanoes?" you are probably saying. But really—I think their day is done, and they will probably be quiet now for another 500 years.

I hope you are in the best of health and spirits, and I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you about the end of the year. I often remember that charming and

interesting luncheon party at Charles Street. My kind souvenir to Miss Nevill, please, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

H. HESKETH BELL.

From time to time during her long life my mother had correspondents in most parts of the world, and she generally heard from someone on the spot when any social or diplomatic turmoil was in progress or brewing.

The following, which though fallacious in its forecast, contains an interesting reference to an individual destined to become one of the most sinister figures in the great European earthquake, she received from Tangier in March, 1905 :

“ We have great political excitements here. I do hope England will keep free from any international scrimmage that may arrive—we are pledged to support French policy in Morocco, but *not*, I fancy, anywhere outside of it—and once we are free of this seething pot of intrigue, Morocco, why on earth should we burn our fingers ! Do impress this upon any politicians you see, and also that an internationally guaranteed Morocco would be far more profitable to us than a French Morocco. We have made our bargain—and a very good one—and France must get out of her difficulties as best she can, as it was her fault alone that she had any.

“ The German chargé d'affaires—Herr von Kühlmann—is a brilliant young diplomat, and has played his cards without a single slip. His triumph of bringing the German Emperor here next week is positively brilliant. France, after signing the Anglo-French agreement in April last, should have squared Germany, just as we had to arrange our Egyptian affairs with Germany after the same agreement. Nowadays it is none of our affair—we have withdrawn our active interest in Morocco, and should keep it withdrawn at present.”

My mother fully appreciated the growing power of Germany and the way in which its wealth had increased since her childhood. Then it was a poor country, the people of which rarely travelled. The tireless energy which agents of the Fatherland were already displaying in pushing their interests all over the British Empire, did not escape her, and she would often deplore the apathy and short-sightedness shown by her own countrymen.

“Those horrid foreigners,” she would say, “get everything !”

She was much opposed to the unlimited admission of aliens, and did not at all approve in 1910 of Sir Ernest Cassel's proposal to celebrate the death of King Edward by an enormous fund for the help of Germans in England.

The humorous proposal of a clever friend to promote a fund to encourage Germans to stay at home seemed to her a much better thing !

From time to time my mother had a number of correspondents in India, one of the earliest having been Lord Mayo, who when visiting the Andaman Islands was assassinated by a convict. She used to describe how, on the receipt of the sad news, old Lord Ellenborough came to see her, and, after expressing his deep sorrow, broke down and cried like a child.

In 1895, Sir Henry Brackenbury sent her the following :

WITH THE SUPREME GOVERNMENT,
INDIA.

3rd November, '95.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I write from Sir William Lockhart's home at Murree, on my way back to India from a delightful tour in Kashmir, among the most lovely scenery and in the most perfect climate I ever remember. My last evening there gave me a glorious view by sunset of Nanga Parbat, the highest mountain in the world but

one, in trying to ascend which Mr. Mummery and his companions lost their lives this summer. It was a mad attempt. It is 27,000 feet high, and the few men who have even gone over 20,000 feet describe the suffering as great, say it is impossible to take much exertion, or to sleep at such heights. Even the Yaks halt every five minutes, and they can't live below 12,000 feet.

I drove 64 miles yesterday, and 65 miles to-day, ascending 5000 feet in four hours from the Kashmir frontier to this place. To-morrow I start for the Malakand Pass to see the arrangements for the troops we are leaving there and at Chakdarra. Thence I go to Jammu to pay the Maharaja of Kashmir a few hours' visit, and partake of a State dinner he is determined to give me; and I have to meet the Viceroy at Hyderabad on the 13th, and as it is more than 2000 miles by rail from Jammu, you see my work is cut out for the next few days. It would be impossible to do all this travelling but for the extreme comfort, I may say luxury, in which a high official in India travels. I have my own railway carriage with sitting-room (nice easy chairs), bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen, travel with my own cook, and so am independent of railway station hours or refreshments.

I have been staying in Kashmir with a charming Mrs. Barnes, the wife of the Resident. She is a sister of the Miss Vanburghs you know on the stage in London, and she knows your son Horace and his wife, though not you, which she regrets, as she ought to do. At Hyderabad I stay at the Residency, where I shall meet the lady who has replaced the late beautiful Mrs. Plowden, whom you probably knew. I go on to Madras to stay three days with the Wenlocks, and then to the Andaman Islands, where Lord Mayo was murdered, where I stay with Sir Richard Temple's eldest son, the Commissioner there, absurdly like his father. I reach Calcutta 12th December.

What becomes of me when my time is up here I don't know. I have taken my passage home by the

steamer leaving Bombay on 25th April. Neither Lord Lansdowne nor Lord Wolseley make any sign. The latter has not sent me a word since his appointment was announced. But I had a charming *private* letter from Lord George Hamilton a fortnight ago, saying he was so much impressed with my military administration in India, that he should be very sorry to see me out of public employ, asking my wishes, and saying he would try to forward them. I have replied that I should be glad to be employed in any post at home I may be thought suited for, and leave myself in his hands and Lord Lansdowne's.

I was delighted to get your letter of 3rd September. Till now I have not had a moment in which to answer it, and I am afraid this is a stupid letter—but I want you not to forget me in my long exile. I don't feel any the worse for it, either mentally or physically; but five years away from England is long enough at my age, if not indeed too long.

Please give my kindest remembrances to Miss Nevill, and

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) H. BRACKENBURY.

Amongst other Indian correspondents in later years, one of a rather cynical turn of mind sent her amusing letters.

Referring to certain reports as to an unpopular officer who had made great mistakes in India, he said :

“ X. left on leave for England—everyone thought for good—when suddenly Reuter announced his return.

“ The indignation which ensued was, it is said, only pacified by a report being put about that he was coming back to be tried, and not to resume command.”

Another Anglo-Indian letter written in 1903 says :

“ I don't suppose that the Government will, or wants to, last another year. Lord Lansdowne is their Jonah. This Somali War has been a grievous mistake, but he loves to dabble in wars—little wars, as he believes.

This correspondent spoke very strongly of the unpopularity of the Smart Set in Anglo-Indian Society, which thought itself ignored during the Durbar following upon King Edward's Coronation.

“ We had an influx of visitors here after the Delhi Durbar,” wrote he, “ but not near so many as I expected and prepared for. They seemed to me a trifle satiated with all the splendour they had seen. ‘ The Smart Set,’ including the Duchesses, did not make themselves at all popular in Anglo-Indian Society, which they seem to have ignored. This apparently has left some soreness behind. The Curzons did their part well. I hope he is going to have an extension. Although not popular, he is the best Viceroy India has had for many years. Tact never was his strong point, but 75 per cent of the stories you hear about him are untrue.”

In old days, before the opening up of Japan, Sir Harry Parkes, who was a great friend of my mother's, wrote to her from the Far East—he also sent her a number of curiosities, including the pigeon-whistles (whistles attached to pigeons' tails which gave forth curious sounds as they flew) which used to astonish visitors to Dangstein. From him she had learnt a good deal about old days in China and Japan. She had also known many others, including that “ Pall Mall Messiah ” Lawrence Oliphant, who had lived in Japan when the ferocity of the two-sworded Samurai made a military escort imperative. She fully realized the marvellous rise of the Japanese, and was delighted to have lived to entertain one of their clever ambassadors, Baron Hayashi, to luncheon.

In latter years she saw a good deal of Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose great and intimate knowledge of the Far East she much appreciated. She liked to hear about the distant lands which in her youth had been considered almost as remote as the moon.

During the Russo-Japanese War she was kept well posted as to how things were going.

"The Japanese will still do well, I think," wrote a gentleman. "The Russians seem bent on divided counsels, and that is fatal. Don't fear the wearing out of ships and guns which some foresee. The Japanese have duplicates of *every* gun afloat, and can make more—*are* making more, in fact."

When the terms of peace were arranged, the same correspondent was not, however, in such good spirits; he thought that Japan had been rather tricked of the full rewards of victory, and wrote:

"The Japanese are *very* angry about the peace conditions; I have never known them exhibit their feeling so freely. It is not so much the loss of the indemnity that troubles them as the actual ceding back of half of Saghalien, which they are already in possession of, that vexes them beyond belief; and indeed it does seem a foolish concession."

In the very early days of South African development, Sir Theophilus Shepstone was a friend of my mother's, and kept up a correspondence with her from Africa. He would seem to have fully realized the great future which lay before the goldfields of the Rand, for he wrote to my mother, telling her of the marvellous wealth which would eventually come out of them—and had she been of a speculative or commercial turn of mind, which emphatically she was not—his letters, and those of other pioneers of South African prosperity, might have put her on the road to making a large fortune.

Later on, during the South African War, she was the

recipient of all sorts of stories and rumours—some true, some manifestly absurd.

One of the queerest was a report that Mr. Arnold Forster entertained a profound conviction that permanent peace in South Africa would never be effected unless all the Boers were taken away and settled in another country—he was said to have a definite plan for carrying this out!

From its very inception she took the greatest interest in the "South Kensington Museum"—now the Victoria and Albert—to which up to the very end of her life she was a constant visitor.

From her earliest years my mother was a great frequenter of museums, in the educational value of which she was a convinced believer. In one of her last letters to Mr. Frederic Harrison she wrote:

"I do so want to hear from you; all your news will be acceptable, for I have none but what the papers tell me. We have been here some weeks, and have spent the time improving my mind by going to the Museums, etc. After all that is the best education, and I have profited by it all my life."

The Victoria and Albert Museum had a particular attraction for her. She would often recall its beginnings, and Sir Henry Cole, who had been quite a character in his way.

According to a story, which may or may not have been true, Cole it was who caused the Albert Memorial to be built where it is, by persuading Queen Victoria that the site was a "revelation of Providence."

He declared that if a line were taken through the centre of the Exhibition of 1851, and prolonged, and then another line breadthways through the Exhibition of 1862, and also prolonged, the two would cut each other at the spot where the monument was to be placed.

From Sir H. Cole's day onwards, my mother was always on friendly terms with those responsible for

the direction of the Museum. The late Sir Gaspard Purdon Clarke she particularly liked.

Great was her regret when on his appointment as Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York he left South Kensington. Some little time after his arrival in America he sent her an amusing letter, containing his impressions of transatlantic life :

“ This is the third evening on which I have dined at home since my arrival, and until the warm weather drives everyone from New York, I expect to be dining out every evening, and to be called upon to make a ‘ few ’ remarks at the close of the banquet. The ‘ few remarks ’ mean a speech, which is bound to be badly reported, and the terrible things which have been quoted as my sayings, would in England be so serious in working mischief that I should be always writing contradictions. But here no one cares, and in twenty-four hours everything is forgotten, both bad and good. The reporters are a miserable lot of half-trained men, very few being able to write shorthand, and even when they get the subject of a speech down rightly some idiot of a Sub-Editor writes head-lines of a startling nature without taking the trouble to read the matter beneath. They are a most extraordinary people, possessing quite opposite qualities in each individual, generous and cruel, extravagant and mean, trusting no one yet taken in by pretentious impostors ; but on the whole the balance is on the right side, and as Chevalier says in one of his ‘ Coster ’ songs, ‘ Yer can’t help liking ’ them. When I arrived, some low-down ‘ penny-a-liner ’ who came to interview me on board gave out that I announced my intention of becoming an American citizen at once. This I contradicted a few days later at the Scotch national banquet, in a humorous speech, saying that ‘ as good Kings were generally scarce, I intended sticking to my own King until I found a better, and that would not be possible in my time. ’ This did not give offence, but on

the contrary was approved, and since then at most of the dinners they sing 'God save the King' after the 'Star-spangled banner,' in both cases to the best of their memories for the words. At several dinners the King's health was drank, after the President's, but not as King of England, simply as 'The King,' following the old custom of the fore-revolution days. His popularity is said to be due to his open and undisguised sympathy with America in the Spanish War, for which they are very grateful, believing that his influence kept some of the European nations from backing up Spain. A few weeks back I went to Washington to assist in selecting the site for the Anglican Cathedral, and staying with the Bishop, was introduced by him to President Roosevelt, with whom I had a long talk, and another the same evening at White House. He is a very fine type of a Dutch-Anglo-Scotch-American, with an extraordinary memory for everything he has read at any time. A chance remark brought up Central Asia and the Chinese question. A slip on my part in speaking of the Turks was promptly set right by the President, who right off showed me how to discriminate between the Tartars and Seljouk Turks, backed with an historical sketch of the two great Tartar invasions, with names and dates all ready to hand, without any hesitation. He reads every new book, including romances, and remembers the whole lot.

"The arrangements at White House are very Royal at evening functions, almost as good an imitation as a State dinner at the Guildhall in London. The naval and military attachés' uniforms and the white and gold rooms with red and white roses everywhere made a bright and pleasing picture. I noted a splendid arrangement for dealing with the waiting carriages which was quite perfect. On arriving you are given a double card ticket, half of which is handed to your coachman and is printed only with your number. Your half is punched with an arrangement of round holes,

like the Brail alphabet for the blind ; then on leaving as you pass into the Vestibule your card is dropped into a small iron box, constructed on the principle of the Jacquard loom, and immediately your number blazes out in letters of fire on the front of the outside Portico, and before you can get down the steps your carriage is waiting, without any shouting or fuss.

“ I like my work very much, but find it difficult to make much headway as the whole of my office time is taken up with visitors, who often have waited their turn for over an hour in the gallery outside my office door. I shall have to struggle to make a South Kensington Museum of this one, as the dominant feeling is that it should be high and dry like the British Museum and the National Gallery. They still believe in salvation through culture and their heads are not strong enough to carry it. I trust that the winter did not bring you any of its troubles, and with kind remembrances to your family at No. 45,

“ I remain,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ PURDON CLARKE.”

Another friend with artistic and antiquarian tastes was the late Mr. Albert Hartshorne, a delightful man, best known, perhaps, by his monumental work on *Old English Glass*.

My mother was always attracted to anyone, old or young, who took an interest in collecting. Possibly this accounted for a unique friendship which she formed in the last years of her long and happy life with a son of her friend, Mrs. Cazalet, of Fairlawne, Kent.

She first met Edward Cazalet at Mr. Winston Churchill's wedding. An immediate sympathy seems to have arisen, and in spite of the enormous disparity of their ages—she was eighty-two, he an Eton boy of sixteen—a real friendship ensued.

My mother, who was very fond of Mrs. Cazalet, often went to stay at the latter's country house in Kent.

and there "her admirer," as she called him, never tired of listening to her recollections of the many interesting people she had known, and of social life in long-vanished Victorian days, often noting them down in his diary.

She was attracted by his great charm of manner, singularly artistic nature and cultivated tastes—when quite a boy he made a remarkable collection of old furniture, china, and books. My mother's Memoirs occupied an honoured place, while a special box was kept for her letters, in which more than sixty of them were found.

A curious and amusing thing about this correspondence was that when "her admirer" had not been to see her for any length of time she wrote, Dear Mr. Cazalet, when his visits were frequent, Dear Edward.

Writing in October, 1911, to Mr. Cazalet, she said :

"I am with a shooting party—but I scarcely know anyone, and those I do, except the dear hostess, don't seem worth knowing. Yes—as you say—how few people take an interest in anything. Therefore I hardly ever talk on these subjects; but my great delight is to go to the Museums, etc.—it is the greatest pleasure.

"I hear Dizzy's book will not come out till January or so. I do so delight in old houses, and remember your dear mother taking me over to those beautiful places. I am going (D.V.) on Friday till Tuesday to pay a visit to Mrs. Bankes at Kingston Lacy and at Corfe Castle, which I shall indeed enjoy.

"I am so grateful for the P.C.s. What a place of interest Hanover must be—and yet [no one goes there.

"I am expecting daily a delightful '2 books' done by Ld. March. Years ago I saw at Goodwood some old letters of Louise de Querouaille and her son, the 1st Duke of Richmond. The late Duke would not

have these letters published, but Ld. March, son of the present Duke, has done them, and every moment I am expecting these treasures, for having already seen them in a '*wild state*' I shall indeed appreciate them.

"Now, dear friend, I must leave off, and always thanking you for your kind thought of me. I saw your dear mother yesterday, and hope I shall soon do so again.

"Yr. affec. friend,

"D. NEVILL."

In November of the same year, when Mr. Cazalet was completing his education at Hanover, she wrote :

MY DEAR EDWARD,

... I so often think of you in that lovely old town. I suppose you will be a real German when you return. I always regard them as a nation of Ants, so busy, etc. ; but I don't want L.G. to bring their ideas and manners here. We are very independent, and these wretched Germans are ruled and regulated till they are mere machines—it is all horrible—so repugnant to our liberty ideas.

I must have done now. When do you return ?

I hope we are now a fixture for some time. We always stay alone for Xmas—much happier than when in midst of hilarity, which makes one so sorrowful. One blessing is that it passes and is a great point gained. Write soon again, for I prize your letters always.

Your dear old friend,

DOROTHY.

This unique friendship between youth and extreme old age was my mother's last great happiness.

As for Mr. Cazalet, he made no secret of his affection and admiration, to which he often referred in his diary.

“ I am so unhappy [wrote he when at Cannes in March, 1913]; we have just had a wire to say that my dear Lady Dolly died yesterday evening.

“ Dear Lady Dolly, such a loving and true friend—I shall never forget her.”

The War broke out, and in the autumn of 1914 Edward Cazalet joined the Army from Cambridge. War was utterly repugnant and hateful to his gentle and artistic temperament; but duty, which to him was ever a real religion, pointed the way, and without hesitation he entered upon the great adventure.

Many have made the great sacrifice, but few as great a one as he. Nevertheless, no sign escaped him of the distaste with which the unspeakable horrors he saw must have inspired a youth of his sensitive and essentially peaceful nature. He was always cheerful when with the Welsh Guards, and gained great popularity with the whole battalion.

His military career, however, like his life, was not to last long, for he fell on September 10th, 1916, fighting with the greatest courage and resolution.

A mere child in looks as well as years, his death was a triumph—his example an inspiration from beyond the stars.

CHAPTER XI

Spartan habits—Old friends—The Hon. Gerald and Lady Maria Ponsonby—Lady Dorchester—Country-house visits—Death of Lady Cork—A great light of the social world—The end—A wonderful life—Motor-cars and horses—An elusive personality—A dictum of Dr. Jowett—Social gifts—Inconsistency—Views as to female suffrage—Countess Kisseleff—Mrs. Fawcett—Philanthropic work—Visits to the London Hospital—Hatred of humbug—Literary efforts—Past and present.

MY mother, though very small and apparently frail, was constitutionally one of the healthiest of women, and during her long life she enjoyed exceptionally good health.

This she was wont to attribute to her somewhat Spartan habits.

In winter, no matter how cold the night, she would have no fire in her bedroom, and punctually at half-past nine made her appearance at breakfast every morning.

A glimpse of the sun even on a chilly day would cause her to take her inevitable walk quite insufficiently wrapped up. Instead of growing more careful of her health with age she became more careless, indeed it sometimes seemed as if she was courting disaster.

No protests could move her. When urged to take greater care of herself she would retort, "Well, I have done as I am doing for 70 years and you must admit the result hasn't been bad."

Owing to her own exceptional good health she could not quite understand illness, indeed, as far as her exceedingly kind heart allowed, she was rather inclined to be intolerant of it as a sort of minor form of social crime.

“What is the matter with so and so?” she would say. “True he (or she) has had five doctors, one I daresay more useless than the other, and when I call to inquire I find there is no improvement; it really is too tiresome, this illness has been going on for over a month now, something really ought to be done.”

The minor ailments of the fashionable world did not move her. She thought them mostly moonshine.

She had, however, a sort of time-limit for indisposition, after which she began to take a more serious view of it, and no one was more sympathetic than she when cases of serious illness occurred amongst her friends.

As regards her own ailments, she was adamant in never complaining and minimizing any inconvenience they might be causing her.

Some years before she died an oculist whom she consulted told her that there was a practical certainty of her going blind. This terrible sentence she supported with an unflinching and admirable bravery, saying nothing of it to her friends or to her family, and continuing to lead her usual life. With characteristic originality she had written down the oculist's opinion on a piece of paper and put it away. Ten years later she laughingly showed it to me. A kindly Providence had proved reluctant to shut the light of daylight from her eyes, and to the end of her life she continued to be able to see, indeed latterly her eyesight improved rather than deteriorated, and with the help of glasses she could easily read small print.

Every day, wet or fine, she took a walk and her picturesque little figure was familiar to all those who lived about Berkeley Square. She always went alone, leading her small dog, and generally seemed immersed in thought. Probably she was thinking of the many vanished friends, who had trodden the same ground

since she had toddled as a child out of her father's house in Mayfair.

She seemed, indeed, the incarnation of another age as she slowly threaded her way amidst the hustling crowds of Piccadilly and Bond Street.

The recollection of the social carnival of her youth though vivid gave her no pangs, for her no gloomy spectres danced direful dances in the old houses she had known so well.

Time had dealt very gently with her, and she remained sprightly and gay when most of the handsome partners of her early seasons had become dull-eyed tottering old men.

She thoroughly appreciated her good fortune, and would speak with kindly sympathy of those who had dreamed and hoped and struggled and gone down. How many had she not known who had sailed and never come to shore?

In her last years, however, she was a good deal saddened by the disappearance of a number of old friends.

In 1908 died Mr. Gerald Ponsonby, a real connoisseur of art and a man of very great taste, who at the same time shared her love of collecting unconsidered trifles. His death and that of his wife, Lady Maria, a few years later, came as great blows.

By 1911 nearly all her old friends had passed away—her cousin, Sir Algernon West (still happily alive), was one of the few spared by the ruthless hand of Time.

Another was her near neighbour in Charles Street—Lady Cork—who notwithstanding that she had been unable to leave her sofa for years, still retained much of her mental vivacity, and in conversation was almost as ready and quick as ever.

Lady Dorchester, on the other hand, though she was to outlive both the former lady and my mother, was already failing.

“How remiss I have been in replying to your kind and interesting letter,” she wrote. “I have not any

energy, would that I had. Alas! 'years steal from the mind as vigour from the limb,' as Byron says. I find it so; you do not, and enjoy all things."

Though owing to increasing age my mother's hitherto irrepressible vivacity began to show a slight but marked abatement, she retained a fair measure of what Mr. Gosse in a letter to her once termed "the energy and the daring of immortal youth."

She still enjoyed country-house visits and delighted in going to stay at Orwell Park, the seat of Mr. and Lady Beatrice Prettyman, with Lord and Lady Poltimore, Lady Battersea, and other friends.

A year or two before her death, however, her letters showed a disinclination for social enjoyments which was entirely new to her.

"I have seen nothing," she wrote, "of the royal gaieties. The longer I live the less I care for society—such as it is, and no worldly wishes trouble me. I love my friends and my possessions and I get fonder and fonder of books. I have been greatly interested in Mr. E. Cadogan's book about Napoleon, Cavour, and Bismarck.

"The 1st about Nap.¹ interested me so much because it recalled to me my old days when we saw so much of Napoleon, and poor Rachel² and myself were told we ought not to see so much of him as he was so disreputable. Oh, how time goes on and how we recollect the past and how different all is now."

She became less vivacious than of old and cared less for seeing people. Writing in 1912 of her last annual visit to Dorset she said, "I was very happy in my dear county—Dorsetshire—the neighbours delighted to welcome me—came in shoals and (beast that I am) I did not care to see them."

A great comfort and support to her in her old age was her daughter Meresia, to whom she was devoted

¹ Napoleon III.

² Her sister, Lady Rachel Walpole.



LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN OLD AGE
FROM A SILHOUETTE EXECUTED ABOUT 1797

and on whom she greatly relied in many matters—calling her “my sheet anchor and rudder.”

There was an extraordinary sympathy between mother and daughter, though two people more different from one another in every way never existed.

They lived together, however, in perfect amity and concord and no cross word ever passed between them.

Though more apathetic than of old, her interest was still aroused when she met anyone exceptionally clever or amusing.

“One Saturday I went to Ld. Burnham’s and met a pleasant party, amongst others Rufus Isaacs, he seemed very pleasant but so overworked—and sad to think in this common world of ours he is not for common food and we may never meet again.”

As time went on, however, she became somewhat graver than of yore. The disappearance of so many of her old friends saddened her, as the following written in April, 1911, to Mrs. Cazalet shows she began to realize that her own end could not be far off.

MY DEAREST, KINDEST OF DEARS,

Your lovely flowers came yesterday and the pot ornaments my room, sweetens it and reminds me of you who are always so dear.

“The birthday is passed and it is all too sad to think how my happy life is passing away; but it cannot be helped—nothing can be helped in this world.”

In October, 1912, her near neighbour and old friend Lady Cork died, which without doubt made a very great impression upon my mother, who did not think that a sufficient tribute had been paid to her dear friend’s brilliant mental and social gifts. In a letter she said :

“I only heard from Mr. Bugle that she died at 5 in the morning and I never heard anything more—

there has been never a sound in the papers about her. I think it all most extraordinary as she was certainly a great light in our world.

“They begged no flowers might be sent, but I saw there were 6 wreaths laid on the coffin. I suppose she was taken to Marston?”

Some five months later as a consequence of a cold, the slight form which for so many years had vibrated with sympathy and intelligence was unable to overcome the serious symptoms which shortly afterwards appeared, and on the 28th of March, 1913, having faced her end with the greatest fortitude and calm, she passed peacefully away.

Norfolk had always been very dear to her, and accordingly she was laid to rest at Wickmere, in the church of which she had been married some sixty-five years before.

Hers had been a very long and a very happy life.

Many women in the full zenith of their charms have enjoyed existence to the full, but few as she did have retained their popularity in extreme old age.

The exact causes which led her to be regarded as such an interesting social figure are not easy to define—not the least of these possibly was the fact that she linked the present with the past, and had been a vivacious witness of the going of the old order and the coming of the new.

Unlike most old people she was broadminded and tolerant in the extreme. Such complaints as she made arising more from that rarest of gifts in woman—an overflowing sense of humour—than from any real resentment against modern ways and ideas.

It has been well said that she could contemplate¹ with acute and friendly gaze the many changes which had gradually come about during her long life.

She saw the rigid compartments into which the various classes of the community had formerly been

¹ *Times*, June 30th, 1914.

penned, broken up, and smashed into matchwood, while ideals which had commanded respect were thrown as it were upon the rubbish heap.

Nevertheless she remained unruffled to the last day of her life. Indeed, her interests and sympathies were more concerned with the world of the present than with that of the past—an almost unique state of mind in persons of very advanced age!

To the last, indeed, she was continually occupied with the life that was being lived around her—with the investigation of new ideas and new inventions—with meeting fresh people and discussing fresh themes.

Though rather inclined to be contemptuous of innovations and apt comically to complain that the modern world could let nothing alone she took the greatest interest in new inventions and was from the first very sanguine as to the future of the motor-car.

She was, indeed, always an enthusiastic believer in the new industry, and even when the automobile was in its infancy confidently predicted that before very many years should have passed away horses would become comparatively rare in the streets of great cities, and surely enough she lived to see her optimistic predictions more or less realized.

A striking proof of the great interest which she took in the new form of locomotion is the following curious quotation from the Bible, which she appears to have transcribed in one of her notebooks when the idea of motor-cars was first mooted.

“The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.” (Nahum, Chapter II, verse 4.)

Though she was very fond of going in motor-cars and took the greatest interest in them she would never make up her mind to abandon her brougham, at the same time lamenting spending money upon

such unsatisfactory animals as horses which, though she had ridden and driven a great deal, she always declared she did not care for.

Her opinion of equine intelligence was very low.

Nevertheless nothing stirred her more than the revelations concerning the export of old broken-down horses to the Continent; she could not find words to denounce the brutes who sought to make money out of this peculiarly repulsive form of cruelty. She did everything in her power to assist the crusade which sought to put a stop to this scandal, and only slackened her efforts when the iniquitous traffic had been effectually suppressed.

The qualities which made her such a popular social figure, the exact nature of her wit, are almost impossible to define.

Mr. Frederic Harrison confessed that he found it very difficult to attempt to describe her personality in written words. "I never," wrote he, "felt more puzzled and more voiceless. Her rare and peculiar charm, her unique power to see good in very different persons, and to bring together into harmonious concert those who seemed most antipathetic and least assimilable—this gift was one impossible to gauge in words."

"If," wrote Mrs. Harrison, "she was of the 18th century in the keenness of her intellectual curiosity she was a true daughter of her own century in the broadness of her outlook, as in her eagerness of desire to understand something of the great new movements which were shaking society, and to see some of the leaders more or less responsible for the new world which she realized was dawning."

"It is," said another friend, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, "difficult to put into words the charm of Lady Dorothy Nevill's personality.

"It was an elusive personality, dependent on a *cachet* of its own that belonged more to a former generation than to our own. The whimsicality of the ideas which seemed so entirely a part of the ever-

enduring youthfulness and daintiness of the individual sometimes distracted the mind from the goodness of heart, the true kindness that went along with a wonderful shrewdness of judgment."

Her wit perhaps was even more elusive than her personality with which, indeed, it was intimately connected.

She saw things from an original and unexpected point of view, while instinctively imparting a peculiar piquancy to almost everything she said, thereby often carrying off audacious flights of reckless whimsicality.

The secret of their success mainly arose from her way of telling them; they were for the most part slight, and if badly told would nine times out of ten have fallen flat.

She was very fond of giving amusing little accounts of her own mishaps and deceptions and had a comical way of portraying herself as a deluded victim.

She never, however, bored people with long recitals of troubles or trials, being essentially a miser where personal misfortune was concerned and reluctant to spread the infection abroad.

The originality of her wit could never be adequately conveyed in print; its peculiar piquancy mainly depended upon voice, manner, and personality.

The charm of her conversation was as it were written in snow.

She was at heart a child of nature, unaffected by the prejudices of the modern world; nevertheless her spontaneous merriment bubbling up from a well of originality was always tempered by sound common sense. Her utterances, indeed, though often unconventional, were always sane.

It should be added that, notwithstanding a somewhat irresponsible outlook upon the world, she never allowed her sallies to wound others.

A hitherto unrecorded dictum of Dr. Jowett was that every amusing story must of necessity be unkind, untrue, or immoral.

The famous Master of Balliol never, I believe, knew my mother—had he done so he might possibly have modified the cynicism of this opinion, for the majority of her amusing stories were quite free from any such reproach.

As Miss Haldane said :

“ I don't think I ever heard Lady Dorothy in my many talks with her say a really unkind word, and this is much to say of one who loved to talk of persons and of their foibles as much as of their virtues.

“ Her criticisms were incisive, and those of whose views she disapproved (amongst whom were most of my personal friends) were denounced in no measured terms. But one felt all the time that she was granted by the Gods that sense of human comradeship that made her sensible, that after all the objects of her denunciation were men and women and very interesting at that.”

She preferred to laugh with people rather than at them, and had an instinctive repulsion for a sharp tongue.

Her criticism of a certain clever lady well known in London society was :

“ Her cleverness resembles the prickly coat of a porcupine whose quills serve only to repel. Whilst one admires her she has no real feminine attributes ; and, after all, men prefer a tender donkey to such-like.”

No one was ever more considerate towards the feelings of others. She realized that a laugh raised at a friend's expense destroys sociability and saw no fun in anyone being made to look ludicrous.

On the other hand, she was prone to launch her most amusing flights of fancy against herself. She was wonderfully discreet, and though well acquainted with most scandals never circulated any, being possessed of a curious power of reticence rare in her sex.

Quarrels or disputes of any kind were odious to her, and unlike the great majority of women she was always ready to give way in small matters if it was a question of tiding over any unpleasantness.

If she did not care for people she avoided mentioning them—abuse even when deserved seemed to her vulgarity of the worst sort.

She was never a partisan ; and in the conversations which delighted her she never argued or displayed tiresome insistence. Her part was to invite the best statement of a case, to elucidate, with delicate irony to suggest difficulties, but always to show interest and sympathy. An excellent listener, she was skilled in making good talkers give of their best.

She was never harsh in her judgments and strove rather to understand than to criticize ; when matters reached an acute stage she would say that it was her business to throw cold water upon the matter, as indeed it was.

No one better than she knew in conversation how to impart a halo of interest to long past events, but at the same time she always avoided remote pages of mouldering history.

Always frank and unaffected the great charm of her manner was probably due to the atmosphere of detachment, combined with keen personal interest in man and other things, which seemed to cling to the small fragile frame and delicate face with a wonderful expressive mouth, which a painter once likened to that of Voltaire.

There was, indeed, a good deal of the philosopher about her. Having lived so long and seen so much she had unconsciously arrived at a deep-rooted conviction that many things which people thought very important scarcely mattered at all.

In her heart of hearts she probably deemed herself more of a spectator of the great drama of life than anything else, and was determined to extract all the interest and amusement which was to be got out of it.

Besides this she was so good-natured that she never could bear to hurt the feelings of people whom she thought clever, amusing, or in distress even when their views were entirely opposed to her own—and she would generally agree with them, though I do not believe that her own innermost opinions, which she kept very much to herself, were ever altered one jot.

It may sound curious to say so, but all who knew my mother well will agree that she owed a great deal of her charm to a curious kind of inconsistency which she herself was not altogether unprepared to admit.

She was, as Northcote said of Cosway, a strange composition of contrary qualities, being rather more of a mixed character than the rest of mankind. Like Cosway too she was a butterfly character who was accorded much liberty by her friends.

She would speak with regret of the pomp and ceremony which were the appanage of the English aristocracy of her youth and dwell with a certain pride upon the rigid etiquette which regulated the life of ladies of the old school, who if they went for a walk always had a footman following behind.

Nevertheless, she would cheerfully go third class, in fact she occasionally preferred to do so, alleging that the conversation of the people amused her to hear.

In many ways her inconsistency was amusingly apparent. She denounced Radicalism and Radicals and made a great friend of Mr. John Burns.

She laughed at Women's Suffrage and never failed to express her respect for Mrs. Fawcett, whom she particularly liked.

Though not at all interested in the suffrage agitation, she once came very near signing a manifesto in favour of votes for women, saying, when remonstrated with, "What does it matter? the whole thing is nonsense."

While not for a moment carried away by the wild ideas of hysterical visionaries who claimed that lady

electors were going to produce heaven on earth, she did not believe that the grant of the Franchise to women would do any particular harm. "In the long run," said she, "things will go on much as before."

Meanwhile she did not take the "Movement" very seriously. She remembered the extravagances of Suffragettes of other days such as the Countess Kisseleff, who though very rich, very gay, and well advanced in years, was so noted a stickler for woman's rights, that, at her grand entertainments in Paris, she said her husband must wait for a special written invitation the same as an ordinary guest, and not infrequently he waited in vain.

In the seventies, however, she herself seems to have shown some sympathy with the idea of women being given votes, for writing on September 2nd, 1873, the 2nd Duke of Wellington said :

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

I am going to town on Friday next, the 5th, and am ready for my visit to you at any time. I know you are radical enough to advocate womens' suffrage.

It is charming that the writers don't know that in the possessive case plural the apostrophe is after the s'. I hope the Women will learn better before the vote.

Yours faithfully,

W.

For years after this date, however, she had ceased to take any interest in the question, and when the Petticoat missionaries began to preach Votes for Women she was left absolutely unmoved.

Eventually, however, the antics and extravagances of the Suffragettes aroused her irritation and she signed a petition against Women's Suffrage, which drew forth the following letter from Mrs. Fawcett.

2 GOWER STREET.

May 3, 1907.

DEAR LADY DOROTHY,

So many thanks for your kind note. I shall be delighted to come to you on Sunday the 12th. I believe the "antis" published your name as *against* Women's Suffrage, *sans phrase*. But their position was very much a faked affair, I am told, with whole sheets of signatures in the same handwriting. When your cook gets a vote (which will not be for a long time, because all we ask for is the franchise for women who fulfil the qualifications demanded of men) you will, I expect, request her to choose her time for going to the poll when it does not interfere with your meals. As the poll is open from 8 till 8 this should not be difficult.

If the butler suggested that he could not vote unless he spent the day in the polling booth, you would tell him to get another situation!

We are very much taken up about the Wimbledon election, and I am just off to Mr. Bertrand Russell's committee rooms to see if there is anything I can do among my Wimbledon friends.

Ever yours sincerely,

M. G. FAWCETT.

My mother had been a friend of the writer's husband, the blind Postmaster-General, whose indomitable spirit remained unquenched by the accident which deprived him of his eyesight at the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Fawcett's cleverness and courage made my mother quite forgive his advanced political views. As a matter of fact, her essentially feminine nature rendered her very lenient to those she liked, even when their views were totally different from her own. To anyone who really pleased or amused her she accorded great latitude.

Meanwhile she was exceedingly punctilious about

exercising her right to vote for the County Council, and never failed to go and poll at elections. I think that had she not had a very moderate opinion of modern English feminine intelligence, she would have taken a keener interest in the Suffrage movement.

Fanaticism of any kind was as hateful to her as religious prejudice. Though a regular attendant at church she did not attach extreme importance to the forms of worship, being indifferent whether the service was High or Low, or for the matter of that Catholic or Protestant, for she was the very incarnation of tolerance.

Writing in January, 1812, to Mrs. Cazalet she said :

“ I can only say I am indeed a true friend. My religion is always to try and mend up any wounds others have made and be sincere.”

The intolerance so often found in the ultra-religious made her rather shy of the clergy, at the same time she had many friends among them, notably the late Father Dolling, the Rev. Osborne Jay, and the Rev. Edgar Sheppard of the Chapel Royal, “ the dear Sub-Dean ” as she always called him—a cultured ecclesiastic who has written an able history of St. James’s Palace and was the biographer of the late Duke of Cambridge.

My mother was quite free from that love of meddling in other people’s affairs which is too often the secret driving power animating the efforts of so-called social reformers, a number of whom are merely unconscious egoists pushing their own pet theories of virtue to an extreme.

Though she was ready to give a sympathetic hearing to most philanthropic schemes, she always contrived to remain unentangled in any of the numerous movements or crusades so dear to well-meaning but emotional people.

For schemes for the amelioration of mankind that were only schemes she had no use. She liked to come straight into relationship with the individual and the

real things of life and left the paraphernalia severely alone.

She was, however, a strong supporter of the Salvation Army, which she always declared did excellent work, and was also deeply interested in philanthropy of an unobtrusive kind.

In a quiet way she worked a good deal among the poor. For some years she went every week to the London Hospital, and only just before her death did her visits become less regular.

Concerning these visits Lord Knutsford wrote :

“ Lady Dorothy visited the London Hospital for many years—10 at least. The matron, Miss Luckes, was a great personal friend of hers, because they both had such a strong sense of humour. She used to come bustling into the Matron’s office, sit down close by her side and then in her inimitable way would tell Miss Luckes all the outside news. No visits were so enjoyed by the Matron. She just brought from the outside world a brightness into the Matron’s routine and hard life. Then she would go off to the wards and soon had round her all the patients who were sitting up. She would quickly grasp all their stories, their woes, their ailments, their treatment and was at once their confidante and friend, making them all laugh with the merry way she turned things, or with a ‘ Oh, that’s nothing to what a friend of mine had to put up with,’ and then would follow a story, much embellished I expect, which would set them all laughing. But I always thought that the great help of her visits was the sympathy she gave to the workers—the Sisters and Nurses after the Matron.

“ She managed to leave everyone somehow happier and gayer for her visits. A marvellous power. I have seen her do the same at a country-house party. I often met her at the Northcliffes’, and there all the party would gather round her, and she would talk on of old times, and of past generations, without posing

or listening to herself as so many good talkers do. She managed to combine the past with the present in a way no one else I ever heard could. This she did to the poor patients as well, just as well, as she did to the country-house parties."

If there was one thing my mother hated it was humbug, and she never ceased to laugh at such modern products as radical millionaires and democratic aristocrats, which according to her were merely a curious development of our national failing of taking ridiculous things and people seriously.

She laughed at the absurdity of seriously listening to the gospel of thrift preached by very rich people—persons who themselves have neither the necessity nor the inclination to follow its dictates. She deplored the increase of the cult of the golden calf and the effacement of the old English aristocracy by multimillionaires often of doubtful origin.

The vision of the stately past glimmered before her eyes and she noted with regret the disappearance of many old ways and customs which had been the salt of life to the vanished generation of her youthful days when the leaders of Society lived in considerable state and attached real importance to honourable display.

Nevertheless she recognized that from an intellectual point of view the élite of the world belong to no class.

"I don't know," wrote a Radical friend of hers, "how far Lady Dorothy felt that her class was passing away. It was there for her, but she knew that the middle class had broken the old barriers, and she welcomed their intelligence while feeling that they were something apart from herself.

"Whoever was alive and honestly at work—whether as a duke or carpenter—was interesting to her and she enjoyed meeting the workers of the world even if she adjudged them to be 'horrors' of the deepest dye."

No one was more fully alive to the faults and follies of the class to which she belonged, and her comments upon its stupidity and lack of desire to learn were drastic and amusing.

“Those horrors” (meaning the Radicals), she would say, “are so clever and we are so stupid; but then look how well they¹ are educated, while our children learn nothing but how to spend their parents’ money!”

She often made comical complaints of the unlimited ignorance which prevailed in fashionable drawing-rooms.

“I suppose,” she said, speaking of one lady who was supposed to be very cultured, “she can just about read?”

Her summing up of another fashionable “giggle-trot”—a favourite expression of hers when speaking of ladies entirely abandoned to frivolity—was, “She is indeed curious and well adapted to open bazaars.”

My mother would often deplore the indifference shown by the upper class, (a term, it may be added, which she refused to abandon), towards art and learning.

Writing a year or so before her death to Miss Haldane she said :

“I do so agree with you—though I ought not to say so—that the upper class are very—I don’t know what to say—but they seem to take no interest in anything—but golfing, etc. It makes me quite sad when I go to any of the museums to see not a soul hardly there, and the few that are there only giggling, etc. One day I was at the Victoria and Albert Museum, just a few sprinkles of legs, for I am sure they looked too frivolous to have bodies and souls attached to them—but what softened the sight to my eyes were 2 little Japs poring over each article with a handbook, so eager to know everything there was to be seen—our bodies of course giggling and looking at nothing. Still worse, not one soul of the higher class visible;

¹ She referred to the Middle Class.

in fact I never heard of any one of them knowing of the place and for this we are spending millions—it is all too painful.”

“I suppose,” wrote the recipient of this letter, “she was a real Tory of the old school and yet her criticism of her class was most severe.

“Matthew Arnold could not have been harder on the ‘Barbarians’ who never troubled to visit a picture gallery or museum. To her who was ever improving her mind in the real and not the conventional sense, such places and all historical or beautiful spots were teeming with delight, and she took every opportunity of visiting them.

“She loved everything that had life—plants and animals—and had the tenderest regard for the humble friends dependent on her.”

So-called artistic movements started by fine ladies to pass away their time merely made her smile, while the languorous raptures and affectations of certain coteries entirely failed to impress her.

The airs assumed by individuals who claimed to possess a culture to which ordinary mortals could not attain aroused in her nothing but amused contempt.

She remembered Hans Andersen’s old fairy tale of the man who contrived to be allowed to go about naked on the pretence that in reality he was wearing clothes which only the wise could see, and was never for a moment taken in by their ridiculous affectations.

Pose or pretence of any kind was to her an absolute abomination, and any form of snobbishness earned her unmitigated contempt. In spite of her aristocratic leanings she was in many things indeed at heart a real Radical and one who could on occasion be almost fiercely democratic.

Any attempt to interfere with personal liberty would rouse my mother to real fury.

For instance, the barriers put up at the coronation of the present King made her very angry.

As regards her intellectual interests they were varied to an extraordinary degree.

Everything may be said to have interested her, but in the way of books, though by no means averse to light reading, those dealing with scientific subjects were her favourites.

Though not very fond of foreigners she greatly appreciated their literature. She delighted in a life of Verlaine which she read just before her death.

Her own literary output, excluding the volumes of *Reminiscence*, produced in her last years, was not great.

The few articles she wrote on foreign travel and on hobbies such as silkworm culture and old ironwork were slight in the extreme. A little book upon silkworms and a more ambitious work upon the Walpole family show a certain capacity for research.

Unfortunately the unrivalled opportunities she enjoyed for being a social historian were never utilized to their full extent.

The volumes of recollections written in extreme old age while dealing mainly with the more superficial side of social life show what she might have done had she ever chosen to keep a careful diary.

It was, however, entirely alien to her disposition to do anything of the sort.

In a letter to me written some years ago, an old friend of my mother's (Mr. Fisher, a grandson of Cobden), speaking of certain laments of mine concerning my mother's disinclination in earlier years to write a careful account of all she had seen and heard, said :

“ I sympathize with your remarks about Lady Dorothy, and it is a real loss to the world that she has not been willing to dedicate some of her time to literary work which, with her remarkable talents and brilliancy, would have focussed the events of her unique and varied life into a truly valuable record.

“ It is of course a blessing to be able to maintain the keen and vivid interest she feels in current events and in the people of to-day—but she could tell so much of past days, and of the great men—personal friends of her own—who contributed to the history of our country.

“ I do not wonder ” (added he) “ that you feel—shall I say jealous?—that Lady Dorothy is absorbed by the present at the expense of the past.”

That perhaps may be taken as the best criticism of her literary work, while at the same time an accurate definition of the mentality which kept her young and vivacious long after she had passed the allotted span of three-score years and ten.

INDEX

- Ailesbury, Maria, Marchioness of, 194, 195
 Airlie, Blanche, Countess of, 52, 56, 218; letters from, 182, 183, 219-224
 Albert, Prince, 19, 20
 Alcester, Lord, 137
 Alexandra, Queen, 266
 Anderson, Miss Mary, 142
 Arnold, Matthew, 198
 Asquith, Mr. H., 120, 166
 — Mrs., 166
Astarte, by Lord Lovelace, 33, 35
 Athelhampton Hall, 10
 Austin, Alfred, 202
 Austria, Empress of, 27
- Balfour, Mr. Arthur, 244
 Bancroft, Sir Squire and Lady, 137
 Bankes, Mrs., 280
 Baring, Major Maurice, 218
 Bath, Lady, 105
 Bathurst, Lady, 115, 179
 Battersea, Lord and Lady, 105, 286
 Beaconsfield, Earl of, 3, 149-159, 178
 Bell, Sir Hesketh, letter from, 269, 270
 Berkeley Square, 1, 3
 Berry, the Misses, 7, 8
 Blunt, Mr. Wilfred, 259
 Brackenbury, General, 133, 134; letter from, 271-273
 Braddon, Miss (Mrs. Maxwell), 209; letters from, 210-211
 Bright, John, letter from, 114
 Brougham, Lord, 23
 Bruges, 29
 Brummel, 13
 Buckland, Mr. Frank, 69
 Buller, Sir Redvers, 136, 137
 Burghclerc, Lady, 179
 Burnham Thorpe, 42; correspondence with Lord Nelson as to church, 82-85
 Butt, Sir Charles, 49
 Byron, 33, 34
- Cadogan, Mr. E., 286
 Calcraft, Mr. Henry, 56
 Cambridge, Duke of, 135; letter from, 136
 Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, 167, 168
 Cardigan, Lady, 193-195
 — Lord, 193
 Carnarvon, Lady, 179
 Carnock, Lady, 252
 Carnegie, Mr. Andrew, 241
 Cazalet, Edward, 279-282
 — Mrs., 279, 281, 297
 Chamberlain, Right Honourable Joseph, 110-120; curious prediction as to statue, 118; on Mr. Asquith, 120
 — Mr. Joseph, 115; letters from, 116-120, 238
 Chesterfield, Lady, 73; trenchant criticism of politicians, 117, 178, 179
 Churchill, General Charles, 13
 — Lord Randolph, 110-113
 Choate, Mr. Joseph, 138; letter from, 139
 Clanricarde, Lord, 185-192
 — Lady, 184, 193-195
 Cleveland, Duchess of, 40, 224
 Cloete family, 68
 Cobden, Mr., 62, 63, 67, 146, 147
 Cockburn, Sir Alexander, 49, 50
 Cole, Sir Henry, 276
 Cork, Lady, 185, 285, 287, 288
 Corelli, Marie, 208
 Crealock, General, 136
 Critchett, Mr. Anderson, letter from, 229, 230
 Curzon (of Kedleston), Lord, 117
- Dangstein, Life at, 47-75
 Darmesteter, Professor, 214
 Darwin, 56-58
 Delanc, John, 54, 55
 Demidoff, Prince and Princess, 30
 Dickens, Charles, 181, 182

- Dolling, Father, 11
 Dorchester, Lady, 35, 223, 285
 D'Orsay, Count, 39, 44
 Dorset, 8, 9, 10, 11
 Dress of men, 22, 23
 Druce case, the, 185
 Duclaux, Madame (Mary F. Robinson), 6, 214; letters from, 214-218
 Edward VII, 142, 195, 262; letters from, 263-267
 Elcho, Lord (present Lord Wemyss), 259
 Ellenborough, Lord, 7, 147, 148
 Fawcett, Mrs., 294, 296
 Fawkener, Sir Everard, 12
 — (Harriet) Lady, her epitaph, 13
 — William Augustus, 13
 Featherstonhaugh, Lady, 62, 63
 Fisher, Mr., 302
 Florence, 30
 Ford, Sir Clare, letter from, 261
 Forster, Mr. Arnold, 276
 George V, King, 268
 Gladstone, Mr., 5, 20, 156, 161-163, 259
 Glenesk, Lord, letter from, 115
 Gordon, Mrs., 68
 Gorst, Sir John, 109
 Gosse, Mr. Edmund, 212, 213, 221, 286
 Green Wood, 68, 69
 Greenaway, Miss Kate, 203-206
 Greville, Charles, 44
 Haldane, Miss Elizabeth, 6, 172, 292
 — Lord, 172
 Haliburton, Lord and Lady, 132
 Halsbury, Lord, 171
 Harcourt, Lord, 10
 — Sir William, 49
 Hardy, Mr. Thomas, 9
 Hares and Rabbits Bill, 49
 Harrison, Frederic, 78, 139, 234; letters from, 235-251
 Harrison, Mrs. Frederic, 245, 290
 Hartshorne, Mr. Albert, 279
 Hertford, 5th Lord, 36
 Holland, Lord and Lady, 31
 Hooker, Sir Joseph, 66
 — Sir William, 65
 Houghton, Lord (Monckton Milnes), 3, 197, 198
 Huxley, Mr. Leonard, 66
 Hyde Park, 45-46
 Islington Hall, 8, 9, 11
 Ironwork, 94-97
 Irving, Henry, 137, 138
 Isaacs, Rufus (Lord Reading), 287
 Jessopp, Rev. Dr., 230; letters from' 231-234
 Johnston, Sir Harry, 201
 Jowett, Dr., 291, 292
 Jusserand, M., 214
 Knutsford, Lord, letter from, 298, 299
 Köhlmann, Herr von, 270
 de Lafontaine, Mr., 10
 Langtry, Mrs., 137
 Leconfield, Lord, 47
 Lee, Sir Sydney, 202
 Leveson-Gower, The Honourable Frederick, 52
 Lipton, Sir Thomas, 241
 Locker, Mr. Frederick, 198; poem by, 199
 Lombard, Pierre, 12
 Lovelace, the late Lord, 33; letter from, 34; his death, 35
 Luckes, the late Miss, 298
 Lytton, 2nd Lord, 254; letters from, 255-260
 March, Lord, 280, 281
 McCarthy, Mr. Justin, 199; letter from, 200
 Mallock, Mr., 199
 Mannington Hall, 105
 Mayfair, 174-177
 Mayo, Lord, 271
 Mivart, Professor, 59
 Molesworth, Lady, 180, 184
 Monypenny, Mr. W. F., 159, 160, 252
 Moore, George, 209, 220
 — Tom, 44
 Morley, John (Lord Morley), 129, 130, 250
 Morrison, Mr. Arthur, 275
 Moseley, Mr. Henry Nottidge, 86; letters from, 86-90
 Munich, 27, 28
 Napoleon III, 286
 Nelson, 80-85

- Nevill, Lady Dorothy, childhood, 1-34; marriage, 40, 42; philanthropy, 73, 298; life in the country, 90-102; collection of ironwork, 94-97; point of view towards life, 292-294, 299-303; personality, 29-293; attitude towards female suffrage, 294-297; death, 288; her religion, 297
 — Miss Meresia, 286, 287
 — Mr. Reginald, 40-42, 47, 49
 Northcliffe, Lord, 11; letter from, 104, 105, 201, 240
- Oldfield, Mrs., 79
 Orford, 3rd Lord, 1, 2, 3, 8, 17, 18, 19-22
 — 4th, 3, 4
 — 5th, 3
 Orwell Park, 286
 Osborne, Bernal, 7, 180-183
 Ouida, Letter from, 261, 262
- Palmerston, Lord, 145, 146
 Parkes, Sir Harry, 65, 69, 274
 Peel, The Honourable A. G. V., 171, 172
 Politicians, 166-174
 Pollington, Lady, 7, 37, 41
 Ponsonby, Mr. Gerald, 285
 — Lady Maria, 285
 Pope, 80
 Purdon Clarke, Sir Gaspard, letter from, 277-279
- Railways, early days of, 13
 Redgrave, Miss, 6, 28
 Restoration, injudicious, 59, 60
 Roberts, Lord, 133, 134
 Rome, 33
 Roosevelt, President, 278
 Roundell, Mrs., 240
 Rush, 6
 Russell, Mr. Arthur, 69
 — Lady, 49
 — Sir George, 49
 — Late Mr. George, 140
- St. Albans, Duchess of, 180
 St. Helier, Lady, 106
 Salisbury, late Lord, 165, 166
 Sartoria, Mrs., 51, 52
 Sheppard, Rev. Canon Edgar, 297
- Shepstone, Sir Theophilus, 275
 Silkworm culture, 65-68
 Sherbrooke, Lord, 5, 52, 72, 163, 164
 Silsbee, Mr., and teetotalism, 53
 Somers, Lady, 183, 184
 Stanley, Sir H. M., 201; his marriage, 202
 Stead, Mr., 201
 Suffragettes, 294-297
- Tagore, Dwakanauth, 39, 40
 Theatrical celebrities, 137
 Thompson, Sir Henry, 206; letters from, 207-209
Times, The, 55
 Tree, Miss Viola, 243
 Treves, Sir Frederick, 11
 Trotton, 97, 98
- Up Park, 62, 63
- Verlaine, 302
 Victoria, Queen, 19, 20, 268
 Voltaire, 12, 293
- Waldegrave, Lady, 184
 Wallace, Sir Richard, 36
 Walpole, Horace, 1-4, 78, 79, 80
 — 1st Lord, 2, 5, 12
 — Sir Robert, 1, 2, 3, 8, 12
 — Hon. Spencer, 7, 8
 Warwick, Lady, 169, 170
 Watts, 31, 32
 Weardale, Lady, 240
 Wellington, 2nd Duke of, 224-230; letter from, 298
 West, Sir Algernon, 7, 285
 Whibley, Charles, 202
 Whistler, 203
 White, Mr. Montagu, 71, 72
 Wickmere Church, 41, 288
 Wilberforce, Archdeacon, 54
 — Bishop, 52; anecdote of, 53
 Wimborne, Lady, 10
 Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 7, 65, 108-110
 Wolseley, Lord, letters from, 121-133
 — Lady, 120, 121, 196, 208
 Wolterton Hall, 2, 4, 5, 6, 41
- Zacchia, Cardinal Guisepppe, 32, 33

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