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LINKS WITH THE PAST



M^{rs} Charles Bayot.
From a portrait by Mantoux

LONDON EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

LINKS WITH THE PAST

BY

MRS. CHARLES BAGOT

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE
DUCHESS OF ARGYLL
THIS VOLUME
IS GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE following pages do not profess to do more than offer to the reader some passing glimpses of bygone days, and of the lives of those with whom I happened to be acquainted or connected who were serving their country in times of national peril, or leading the tranquil home life of a century now dead.

At the time of my marriage, my husband asked me to destroy the journals which I had kept during my earlier youth. He had known so much unhappiness and dissension caused by such writings that he entertained both dislike and distrust of them.

I obeyed his wishes; and consequently, so far as my personal contributions to these pages are concerned, my memory is largely responsible for their contents. I have endeavoured carefully to avoid any allusions to those no longer living which could cause pain or offence to their descendants or representatives, and I trust that in this I may have succeeded.

My thanks are due to Miss Agnes Fraser for allowing me free access to the journals of her aunt,

the late Miss Mary Bagot, and for her permission to extract therefrom such material as I considered might be of general interest.

I am likewise indebted to Messrs. Blackwood for allowing me to reprint certain passages which were embodied in an article of mine, entitled "By-gone Days," and published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1899.

SOPHY LOUISA BAGOT.

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LINKS WITH THE PAST

CHAPTER I

SOME CHILDISH MEMORIES

Departure of the Guards for Portugal—Life at Dublin Castle—A Banshee Tale—The first Railway—Teddesley—M. de Lavalette—Princess Victoria—Queen Victoria's Coronation—Reform Bill—Hugh Percy, Bishop of Carlisle—William IV.—Talleyrand—Lord and Lady Clarendon—Lord Wellesley, &c.

I WAS born on the 24th December 1821, in Portman Square. At two months old I was lost for some hours, and found by Mr. Deans, my grandfather Lord Beverley's confidential servant, in some wretched buildings near Portman Square—long ago pulled down—where my Irish nurse, with her friends, was “waking” a child who had died of confluent smallpox.

My father and mother, soon after my birth, went to live at Beauchamp Cottage, near Niton, in the Isle of Wight, which had been lent to them by my father's aunt, Mrs. Bennett. She was a sister of Lady Beverley, the Duchess of Northumberland, and Lady Exeter—all daughters of Sir Peter Burrell, afterwards Lord Gwydyr. One of my earliest re-

collections is seeing the vessel taking the Guards out to Portugal for the expected war there, from a window of the pretty little church at St. Laurence. The ship had all her sails set, white and gleaming in the brilliant sunshine. My next childish impression is, when I was three years old, going up to London with my parents for my brother Alan's birth. I recollect the terror I felt at night, at the tin rush-light with its great holes of light glaring like eyes upon the carpet, and at the hoarse voice of the watchman calling out in the Square, "Three o'clock, and a cloudy morning." The horror of that first night in London is fresh in my mind now. In 1826 we left the Isle of Wight for a place bought by my father in Hertfordshire, called Scotsbridge.

In 1829, Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. My father was given the command of the Royal yacht *Charlotte* at Kingstown, at the same time. We crossed from Liverpool to Kingstown in a packet, in a gale of wind; the passengers were frightened and came to my father, as a captain of the Royal Navy, imploring him to persuade the captain of the steam-packet to put back to Liverpool. My father spoke to the captain on deck. His only reply to the passengers' petition was to take off his hat, wave it to the fore-castle, and shout at the top of his voice, "Now, my lads, Hell or Kingstown!" I recollect thinking the captain a very fine fellow.

We children went below to our berths and awoke at Kingstown, where we landed in a dense crowd of people all anxious to see the captain of the Royal yacht. We stayed at Gresham's Hotel in Dublin until my father's rooms in the Castle were ready for him, and Corrig Castle was taken for our country house.

Our first excitement was seeing a mass meeting for Daniel O'Connell at Kingstown, and hearing him address the crowds in favour of the Repeal of the Union. Our next was going to stay at the Phœnix Park, and being extremely surprised to see that Duchess Charlotte of Northumberland, when the Lord Lieutenant came in to luncheon, got up, and with all the ladies present, made him a low curtsy. As we children (Isabel Percy and I) had been playing with him just before in his own rooms, we could not conceive why we were expected to curtsy to him. The Duchess explained to us that it was to the King's Majesty, of which he was the representative in Ireland.

No doubt it was a very old-fashioned Viceregal Court. The Duchess did not approve of waltzing at the balls, but at my aunt Mrs. Charles Percy's rooms in the Castle, the young officers used to come and practise waltzing in the evenings, and one of them, who had lately come from Paris, taught them and the ladies the new dance, the *gallopade*, which caused scandal to the objectors to round dances.

This Duchess of Northumberland, notwithstanding her old-fashioned prejudices, was one of the kindest of women. She was a daughter of Lord Powis, and became later the governess to Princess Victoria.

The Irish of the lower class were then extremely superstitious. My brother and I went on one occasion with our nurse to see an old widow, in a village near Corrig, called Sally Noggin. Whilst we were sitting talking to her, we heard three loud and distinct knocks at the closed door of the cottage. We got up and opened it, but nobody was to be seen. The old woman burst forth into loud lamentations and howls, and said that it was the Banshee come to announce three deaths. We could not comfort her. Next morning we went to see her again, and found that she had just been told of the death of her three sons, fishermen, who had been drowned that night by the capsizing of their boat in a storm and their bodies washed ashore.

It was a very odd coincidence, for we certainly heard the knocks most clearly. Of course after this we implicitly believed in the Banshee, and in all the ghosts and fairy-tales told to us. All the money we were given as children we used to bury, in order to propitiate an imaginary spirit which we called "the Hermit." We confided to the Irish gardener where we had buried our offering, and he gave us one of his old tobacco pipes to mark the precise

spot. When we digged to see if the spirit had deigned to accept our money we of course found that he had, and no doubt the money had been "spirited" away—down the gardener's throat!

George the Fourth died, and the Duke of Northumberland left Ireland. Lord Anglesey succeeded him as Lord Lieutenant, and my father also left, to our great despair. We returned to England, and my brother and I parted regretfully with all our Irish friends, who were chiefly poor people, spirits and fairies.

The excitement caused by the opening of the first railways seem inconceivable in these days. I saw the first train start from Watford, on the London and North-Western line. Country gentlemen vowed it was the ruin of the country; that not only would they themselves never travel by railroad, but that no parcels or goods should ever come to their houses by it, but only by coach or canal.

I well recollect Mr. Huskisson's death, as he and the Duke of Wellington were staying at Teddesley just before it occurred.

Teddesley, in Staffordshire, not far from Penkridge, belonged to my mother's brother, the first Lord Hatherton, who had inherited the property from his great uncle, Sir Edward Littleton.

People met to compare and discuss their sensations after their first railway journey, and would solemnly ask each other whether their hearts and

breathing were not affected by the rapid motion through the air. The good old Tories, to whom I by birth belonged, deplored the levelling tendencies that, in their opinion, the contact with the lower classes at railway stations was sure to bring into society. The downfall of the country was predicted by old gentlemen at dessert, over their port wine, predictions to which I remember listening awe-struck, but secretly longing intensely to travel by train, which I very soon did. Then came the shock of the projected Reform Bill, rejected in 1831, but passed the following year. A report spread abroad that Lord Grey and Lord Brougham were going to be taken to the Tower. My brother and I walked miles from Scotsbridge in order to see them leave Watford, whence for some reason we concluded they would start for the Tower, devoutly hoping that when once there they would be beheaded.

People of opposite opinions in politics could not meet at that time, however nearly they might happen to be related.

At Teddesley I heard Sir Robert Wilson give his account of Lavalette's escape. Mr. Croker, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Mr. Fazackerley, and many other famous wits and politicians of the day, frequently met at Teddesley, and their conversations, which I wish I had been old enough to put down at the time, were most interesting. Children and young people had few books then, and the conver-

sation of their elders, and the public events, were absorbing to a degree to the ears of young people living a retired country life.

Antoine Marie Chamans, Comte de Lavalette, was born in Paris in 1769. He had a very adventurous life. He was originally destined for the priesthood, but disliked the idea and went into the office of a public ministry, where he became acquainted with the future General Bertrand. He was greatly excited by the taking of the Bastille, but wished for revolution only in a mild form. He became a National Guard and was full of enthusiasm for Marie Antoinette, and indignant at the inaction of the Garde Nationale during the days and nights of the 5th and 6th October. He remained faithful to the Royal Family to the last moment, but was so compromised that his only chance for life was to take refuge in the Army. At the battle of Arcole he was raised to the rank of captain, and taken by Napoleon as his aide-de-camp. Being pleased with his services in the field, Buonaparte gave him as a wife Emilie de Beauharnais, daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais, the eldest brother of Josephine's first husband.

The events of 1814 obliged Lavalette to return to private life. Napoleon, on his return from Elba, made him a peer. On the return of Louis XVIII. to Paris, La Valette was arrested and sent to the Conciergerie. Madame de Lavalette entrusted

M. Baudras to receive and hide her husband in the event of her being able to effect his escape from prison.

Louis XVIII. wished to show Lavalette favour, but the ultra-royalists would not allow him to do so.

Marmont communicated the countersign to her, and when the King was going to Mass, Madame de Lavalette managed to throw herself at his feet; she presented her petition for her husband's freedom, and received an evasive reply. This was on the 20th December 1815. The next day was fixed for the execution of Lavalette. In the evening Madame de Lavalette had herself conveyed to the Conciergerie in a *chaise à porteur*, accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fourteen, and an old governess. The husband and wife dined together in a private room. Madame de Lavalette then put on her husband's clothes, leaving him her own. After heartrending adieux the three women left the prison, and on passing through the registry office of the prison one of them was overcome with grief, and leaned, her face hidden in her handkerchief, on the young girl's shoulder. The porter was touched at the sight of so much grief, and allowed the group to pass out without insisting on their veils being lifted.

On returning to the prisoner's room the warder only found Madame de Lavalette. Monsieur Baudras received Lavalette, and took him to the Foreign

Office. When Louis XVIII. heard of his escape he said, "Madame de Lavalette has only done her duty."

Lavalette remained hidden in Paris until the 10th January 1816. On the evening of that day he went on foot to the house of an English friend, a Captain Hutchinson, and from there, wearing the uniform of an English colonel, and passing under the name of Losak, he was taken through Paris in an open carriage by the English general, Sir Robert Wilson. They both arrived safely at the frontier town of Mons, where they separated, and Sir Robert Wilson returned to Paris. He was arrested, as well as his two fellow-countrymen, Bruce and Hutchinson. They were ably defended in court by Monsieur Dussin, but were condemned to three months' imprisonment.

Lavalette retired to Bavaria, but was allowed to return to France in 1822. His wife was first imprisoned, but soon provisionally released. She went out of her mind, and never recovered her reason. Both she and her husband are buried in Père la Chaise.

Sir Robert Wilson always gave himself full credit for Lavalette's escape, notwithstanding the fact that it was due to Madame de Lavalette's heroism and presence of mind that her husband succeeded in getting out of the Conciergerie.

Princess Victoria's visit to Shugborough, Lord

Lichfield's place near Stafford, was intensely interesting to us at Teddesley near by. My parents went to Shugborough to meet the future Queen and her mother, and told us all the little events of the visit—among other things how Princess Victoria would eat asparagus in her own fashion, which was not a very pretty one, but at last gave way to the Duchess of Kent's remonstrances.

The next time I can recollect Princess Victoria was after she had taken leave of her uncle, the King of the Belgians, and her great grief and tears at the parting. Later on my cousins and I used sometimes to meet her and her governess in Kensington Gardens.

June 28, 1838.—My mother and I were present at the Queen's coronation in Westminster Abbey. We were staying at Lord Hatherton's house at 45 Grosvenor Place. We had to be in our places in the Abbey, in low dresses, &c., by four o'clock in the morning. We got up at two, and were advised to drink a mixture of brandy and yolks of eggs. The coronation was a beautiful sight, well worth all the fatigue. What impressed me, I think, the most, was the touching kindness and grace with which, when old Lord Rolle fell in the act of doing homage, the young Queen stepped forward and attempted to raise him up by putting out her hands to him. Her hands were beautiful and so was her voice. Lord Rolle

really fell twice in his attempts to kneel before the throne.

In the evening my mother, her nephew Edward Littleton and I, and George Chetwode,¹ left Grosvenor Place to see the illuminations. We crossed with difficulty into Hyde Park to see the great Fair being held there. A ball was going on at Apsley House, which was beautifully illuminated. The windows were open and the dancing visible while the music was inaudible, which produced a strange effect on our young minds. For a whole week the booths from all parts of the country had been taking up their ground. It was a wonderful scene. George Chetwode and I followed, as we thought, my mother and her very handsome and tall nephew. We got into the thick of the Fair, and then it was not very pleasant. Suddenly the lady whom we had believed to be my mother turned round—a very different kind of person! We had completely lost ourselves, and it was a long time before, rather frightened and very tired, we could get out of the crowd and find our way out of the Park and back to Grosvenor Place.

No one who did not live in the days of the first Reform Bill can imagine the excitement in the country. Duke Hugh (Northumberland) wrote to my father asking him if he would come to Alnwick Castle with all his family. The Duke had made

¹ The present Sir George Chetwode.

arrangements to arm and provision the Castle as if for a siege, if serious riots or revolution occurred. My father, however, did not take the situation so seriously as did the rest of the family, and declined the invitation. After the Bill was passed, Rickmansworth, the little village near Scotsbridge, was illuminated — only Scotsbridge and the Vicarage refused to join in the rejoicings. The mob forced their way into our backyard, saying that if Captain Percy would not illuminate they would break all the windows and force their way into the house through the servants' offices. We and all the servants were gathered by my father's orders in the front hall. My father loaded his pistols and sent the mob word that he would shoot the first man who crossed the threshold. No one ventured to do so, and, after hooting and yelling, the mob departed to the Vicarage, where they ordered the Vicar to illuminate and to give them up the keys of the church, in order that they might ring the bells. The poor Vicar was so frightened that he ran up to his bedroom and threw the keys of the church out of the window. I remember to this day the feeling of disgust with which we heard the merry peal of the really beautiful bells of Rickmansworth.

We passed an uncomfortable night with our broken windows, but we had not, like the Vicar, hauled down our colours!

My father's twin brother, the Bishop of Carlisle

1832), was burned in effigy in his cathedral city. A sick person, very poor, sent to Rose Castle, the episcopal residence, to ask my uncle to come to him. The Bishop was begged not to go into Carlisle alone without protection. However, he ordered his horse and rode there by himself, to minister to the sick man. The streets were full of angry roughs; but, to my uncle's surprise, they made way for him, and, on hearing what he was there for, cheered him. There was a strong feeling at that time against the Bishops.

The east window in Carlisle Cathedral was erected to my uncle's memory after his death by his poor clergy. His thoughtfulness for them and for all under his charge was great, and he added to the incomes of many out of his own. His personal expenses were kept within the narrowest bounds; but while life at Rose Castle was Spartan, the Bishop's charities were unbounded. He christened and married me, as he did all his nephews and nieces whenever possible.

I recollect William IV. and Queen Adelaide at Moor Park, which in those days belonged to Lord Westminster. He gave what was then called a "breakfast" to the King and Queen, and the Corps Diplomatique and the Court came down from London to it. We children were sent out into the garden while the party were in the dining-room in order to be out of the way, but we had

the bad manners to flatten our noses against the window opposite which the King was sitting at breakfast. He had told my father, whom he had known in the Navy, to sit near him, and, seeing us, he asked him whose children we were. My father, to his annoyance, had to tell the King that we were his. The King sent for me and my brother Alan, and kept us beside him, giving us ices, fruit, &c. He was always kind to children, and very fond of them. I recollect thinking him a very insignificant-looking king, having expected to see him sitting at the table wearing his crown. Queen Adelaide was also present.

My father told me to look well at Monsieur de Talleyrand, who was one of the party, saying that when I was older I should read a great deal about him in French history. I can see Talleyrand's face in my mind's eye now; deadly pale like a death's head, and a most remarkably shaped head. He had a very bad countenance, but it was full of intellect. I saw many remarkable people that day who had made and were making history, and my father told us all about them, or rather me, as Alan was too young to know or care.

I recollect Madame de Gontaut very well. She used to come and stay at the Grove, Lord Clarendon's place, near us. The Clarendons were dear friends as well as neighbours of my parents. Madame de Gontaut was a most agreeable lady, a *chère amie*,

it was said, of Lord Clarendon, and a *grande dame* of the *ancien régime*.

Lady Clarendon, *née* Miss Forbes, was twin-sister to Lady Maryborough, my husband's grandmother, who became Lady Mornington. We were all devoted to her.

My sister-in-law, Emily Winchilsea,¹ often stayed at the Grove as quite a girl, and used to come over to Scotsbridge long before we ever thought we should become so nearly related to each other by my marriage. She was perfectly beautiful.

I never saw Long Wellesley, Lady Mornington's son. My father introduced him to the great heiress, Miss Tilney Long, whose heart he broke, and whose immense fortune he squandered. Lady Victoria Long Wellesley, whom I knew well, was their only child. She had the remnants of her mother's wasted fortune. In the latter years of Long Wellesley's life, after he became Lord Mornington, the great Duke of Wellington gave Mivart, the hotel-keeper, a weekly sum to dole out to him, and an allowance for his dinner. Long Wellesley could never keep a penny in his pocket.

¹ Daughter of Sir Charles Bagot, and second wife of the late Lord Winchilsea and Nottingham. She and her sister, Lady Uxbridge, mother of the late Lord Anglesey and his brothers, and of Lady Hastings, were noted for their remarkable beauty. Both died comparatively young.

CHAPTER II

EARLY YEARS

Hatherton Hall—Mrs. Walhouse—The Portal Family—Sir Edward Littleton—Bishton—Alnwick Castle—Northumberland House—Sir Watkin Wynn—Hertfordshire—Stafford House—Lady Ashburnham—Lord Huntly and Marie Antoinette—Almack's—Charles Bagot, &c.

AMONG the pleasantest recollections of my childhood and youth up to the year 1840, when my father was appointed as Rear-Admiral to the command of the Cape of Good Hope Station, were our yearly autumn and winter visits to Hatherton, the abode of my grandmother, Mrs. Walhouse, the mother of the first Lord Hatherton. She was a very remarkable woman, far ahead of her day. She was *née* Miss Portal. At that time the English Church was asleep. Its duties to the sick and the poor, and to the education of their children, were left to take care of themselves. My grandmother, unlike most of her class, built and endowed schools, and attended indefatigably not only to her own property but also to the parishes and the poor upon it. I wondered, as a child, why her bailiff and some of the poor people called her at times "Sir," but she commanded them and the place with great ability.

The service in the church at Cannock, in which parish Hatherton was situated, was only conducive to sleep. The Cannock band accompanied the choir, and this was at times rather enlivening, and, in certain hymns, almost dramatic! No one appeared to listen to the sermon, which was a dry essay divided into parts, and every one rejoiced when it came to "lastly," and sprang up with alacrity at the words, "and now, &c." The growth of Dissent in those days is not to be wondered at.

My grandmother was immensely respected throughout Staffordshire, and most hospitable at Hatherton, though I never recollect her paying a visit even for a night away from Hatherton, except to her son's house at Teddesley, and even there she usually only drove over to luncheon.

She used to be up at six every morning, and in all weathers walk off to teach at her school near Cannock. She had all the vivacity, natural cleverness, and good spirit of her French ancestors on her father's side. As a child I thought a walk with her in autumn or winter, "between the light," the most enjoyable thing of the day. The work of her busy day was done. Her memory was excellent; even as we walked she used to tell me stories from books, and repeat poetry, of which she was very fond. She made ancient history delightful in this way, and I felt personally acquainted with Leonidas and Alcibiades, and disliked Aristides as a terrible bore!

Her father was a very literary man, but he would not allow his daughter to learn to read until she was twelve years old. She made good use of her time after learning. She appeared to have read every classic in our language in prose, besides Shakespeare, Milton, and all the best poets. She was a keen politician, and a strong Tory, to the last day of her life.

At the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, her family, the de Portals, who were Huguenots, left France. Louis de Portal, his wife, and, I believe, one child were massacred at Cannes, and the remaining four children were for some time hidden in a cave. These children—William, Henry, Stephen, and Mary—afterwards fled to Montanbars. Stephen dropped from exhaustion and was taken in by a baker, who brought him up as his son; the others were shipped in barrels and taken to Holland. After five years in the Netherlands, Henry and William came to England in the train of the Prince of Orange. William entered the Church, and got preferment at Derby, Farnbridge, and in Essex, and subsequently became tutor to George III. when Prince of Wales. From him descended Abraham Portal, his grandson, the heir to the house. Henry became the manufacturer of the bank notes of the Bank of England, and grew rich. Abraham, on the contrary, became extremely poor and had to try to turn an amateur love of watchmaking to some account in

the city of London. Pierre Paul Frederic, Baron de Portal, springs from Stephen. From 1204 the name of Portal is mentioned in French history; Alaric de Portal as Minister at Toulouse, a Minister of State and Peer of France. At the restoration of the Bourbons the present Baron's father became Minister of Marine and Colonies, a Councillor of State, and Peer of France as Baron de Portal d'Abaredes. I copied the greater part of this account of the family from a paper in my mother's possession bearing the date of 1683.

My maternal grandfather died before I was born. He pulled down the old hall at Hatherton, which his children greatly deplored. It was in parts over 500 years old. The architectural taste of the day, in which the present hall is built, was very bad; but probably the new house is more comfortable than its predecessor.

Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, was a frequent visitor to Hatherton in my childhood, and I can recollect her father, who was an artist, also being there. After one visit to Hatherton, we usually went to Teddesley, belonging to my mother's only brother, then Mr. Littleton. To my grandmother's extreme disapproval, he accepted a peerage given him by the Whig Government. She had a profound contempt for modern peerages, and certainly would have been surprised at some of those bestowed in the present day. He went into Parlia-

ment when he was twenty-one, inherited the fine estate of Teddesley, and married at the same age. His wife was the beautiful Hyacinthe Wellesley, Lord Wellesley's daughter. She was as good as she was beautiful; entirely without vanity or selfishness of any kind—a *perfect* woman.

Before I take leave of my grandmother, I must mention that she showed me in her dressing-room a drawer quite full of long, thick chestnut curls, which, to please her husband, she had cut off when the frightful French fashion of short-cropped heads of curls came in after the Revolution—a fashion which had a grim origin; for it was, I believe, introduced in order to sweep away all recollection of the long curls which had been so often removed in order to allow the blade of the guillotine to do its work.

My parents and I always paid a yearly visit to another Staffordshire house in the neighbourhood of Teddesley. This was Bishton, belonging to Mrs. Sparrow. She was a very imposing old lady in her black velvet dress, and I felt in great awe of her as a child. Her only daughter and heiress also lived to be a great age, and remained to her death a warm friend to me and mine. The first time I saw her, as a small child, she had ridden across Cannock Chase to luncheon at Teddesley. With the want of tact of my years, I asked her why her face was so red.

“Oh, my dear,” was her reply, “as I rode across

the Chase rude Boreas caught my face." I concluded he was one of the giants I had read about, and always hoped, when our nurse took us out on Cannock Chase, that I should have the luck to meet him. What a loss it is, when we outgrow our belief in fairies, giants, gnomes, &c. Our modern children seem to be sceptics from their cradles; but I do not believe their childish lives are the happier for being made so practical and matter of fact.

In 1837 my father paid off his ship, H.M.S. *Canopus*, and in the autumn of that year we went to Rose Castle to visit the Bishop of Carlisle. Thence we went to Alnwick Castle, where I greatly enjoyed myself with so large a party of young cousins—the sons and daughters of the Bishop of Carlisle, the Duke of Atholl and his brother, James Murray, and his sister, Frances Murray, &c. There were also two old Miss Walpoles staying at Alnwick, Archdeacon Singleton, and various other guests. Archdeacon Singleton was considered to be as witty as Sydney Smith by many people, and by some people more so. We thought Atholl very much to be admired for going out to sleep on the snow all night with only his plaid as a covering; it impressed all the young members of the party, but not his elders!

The autumn of 1837 in the North was an unusually beautiful one. We arrived at Alnwick when all the heather was out in the beautiful, wild

deer-park, on the "Cloudy Crag," and Alnwick Moor, and we left when snow covered the Cheviots and lay deep in the courtyards, and on the towers of the grim old Castle. A delightful visit it was, of the old-fashioned sort, the Duke and Duchess full of thought and kindness for all their guests. All that large family party and the old friends staying at Alnwick Castle at that time have passed away; all gone to their rest, some very many years ago! The interior of Alnwick has been entirely altered since those days. One now enters an Italian *palazzo*, after passing through Norman courtyards and gateways. So great a contrast, and so daring a mixture of styles, cannot but lay itself open to criticism; and, no doubt, the imposing exterior of Alnwick, its ancient barbican, its towers and walls of Hotspur's time, will always impress the visitor more than its interior, which, notwithstanding the beauty of some of its details, remains, nevertheless, a modern imitation of the decoration in vogue in a foreign country, and suitable rather to a house in a southern clime than to a Northumbrian feudal castle. The Prudhoe Tower is much to be admired, and no one seeing Alnwick Castle since its erection could suppose it was an addition to the old building. Duke Algernon (the fourth Duke) might well be proud of it, and of all the exterior which Salvin restored under his orders. But the proudest recollection of Duke Algernon for his family and

friends is, that he would not touch his own castle until all his farms and tenants' houses were in perfect order—and what he did for the lifeboats on the stormy Northumbrian coast is well known in the North, where he was so much beloved and lamented as “Algernon the Good.” As Lord Prudhoe he was a great traveller in the East, more especially in Egypt, which in his day was less visited than now, and to the end of his life he surrounded himself with learned and interesting society, and was full of information on a great variety of subjects.

When my father commissioned H.M.S. *Canopus*, the Duke invited my mother and all of us to come and keep house for him at Stanwick, in Yorkshire, but this kind offer she was obliged to decline, as she could not leave her own home. His widow, a sister of the late Duke of Westminster, survives him, and has carried on many of the good works they started together in her home at Stanwick, where is a pretty and quaint old garden, laid out, I believe, by a French *émigré*. My father told me that when Duke Algernon was First Lord of the Admiralty, all the naval officers were devoted to the Duchess, who entertained them so kindly at the Admiralty; she was also greatly beloved at Alnwick, and wherever she lived, being so full of thoughtful kindness for others.

Some of that merry young party met again in London the following spring at Northumberland

House, for a ball which the Duchess meant to have given there, at which Lady Frances Murray and I were to have come out. The Queen was to have honoured it with her presence. I was staying at Northumberland House at that time, and remember, as though it had been yesterday, the Duchess sending for me into her sitting-room to introduce me to Baron Lebzelter,¹ who very formally asked me to dance a quadrille with him on the night of the ball. This gentleman, I see, is mentioned by Mrs. Fenton in her journal, which Mr. Arnold has recently published.

The Duchess told Frances Murray and me that we were not to waltz—she disapproved of all round dances. The ball, however, which was to have been a very magnificent function (and old Northumberland House, the stateliest of the great houses of London, was particularly adapted to such entertainments) was destined not to take place that year. Our ball-dresses, which the Duchess presented us with, were all ready, and all the invitations had been sent out, when the Duchess's father, Lord Powis, died. I was sent to Sir Watkin William Wynn's house in St. James' Square. I recollect driving with old Sir Watkin. He had become childish, and only cared to drive to Westminster, his old school, and look at the ditches he used to

¹ Austrian Ambassador. He was a very popular diplomatist, and had been accredited to the principal European courts. He died in 1856.

jump over as a schoolboy. He used to clap his hands, and seemed to return to life when he saw them. I was delighted to return to Scotsbridge and to my father, and not to come out that year, and remember feeling quite grateful to poor Lord Powis for dying and so enabling me to return to the country.

Riding with my father I thought far more enjoyable than parties and balls could ever be, and especially as he had only recently returned to us from four years spent at sea. During those four years (1833-1837) our visits to Russell Farm were a source of great pleasure to my mother and myself. Sir Charles and Lady Colville and family, with their delightful and invaluable governess, Miss Baigrie, lived there, and our visits to them, and theirs to us, were the greatest pleasures and red-letter days of our quiet country lives. Christmas at Russell Farm is as fresh in my memory as though I had passed it there last year, and I seem to hear Sir Charles' warm Christmas greeting at his hall-door as we got out of our carriage.

How pleased I was when, after my marriage, I heard the Duke of Wellington say that he considered Sir Charles Colville one of his best, if not the best, of his generals. We had very charming friends and neighbours in that part of Hertfordshire in those days. Lord and Lady William Fitz-Roy and their family lived at Goldingtons, and our dear friends, Lord and Lady Clarendon, at the Grove;

Mrs. Grey at Grove Mill, and the delightful Miss Sheriff lived with her. Then there was Miss Campbell, Lord Clyde's sister, at Chorley Wood, of whom we were very fond, and at Denham my aunt Lady Emily Drummond and her family. That country in spring and summer is delightful with its beech woods and wild flowers, and we had the run of the beautiful woods and parks of Cassiobury and Latimer to ride and picnic in.

In those days in the country there were always eccentric people of strong individualities to be met with, and they were probably more numerous and more eccentric than in these times of travelling and of wider interchange of ideas. One wishes one could reproduce them and have their photographs. Their angles had not been ground down by going to London and travelling abroad. Some quite well-to-do people of the upper middle class, and even of the landed classes, lived and died in their own homes and on their own properties. Their prejudices were unassailable, and they were narrow-minded and insular to a degree. Such people could scarcely exist nowadays. They were relics of 1800, some even of 1700. They had a profound contempt for "foreigners," especially for the French, and an entire ignorance of the character and customs of these "foreigners," and of their language and literature. They were insufferable bores to live with, but amusing to see and listen to for a short time.

The old-fashioned country poor people of those days were delightful, with their entire absence of education (in the South of England at least), their strong mother wit, and excellent manners.

I wish I had written down the prayers of an old woman I knew who rejoiced in the name of "Puddifoot." They were long verses, which she said she recited every morning and night. They were not about God or religion, but about lambs and green fields, and I suspect of great antiquity. They answered the purpose of prayer to her, and doubtless were accepted as such, for she recited them as an act of worship.

She used to reckon time as so many months or years before "the Sally-come-o'er-us" visited or left England. This, I at last discovered, was the cholera which in 1830 visited Rickmansworth. It was the old woman's Hejira, and she counted all events as occurring before or after "the Sally-come-o'er-us."

There was much dissent of all sorts, and superstition. Many of the poor people would declare, and firmly believe, that they had "met the Lord" on such and such a road. Perhaps they did in their hearts. They also would relate how they "had met the Enemy," and how he had tempted them, which is also not improbable. The Watford road appeared to be the usual place where this dread personage was to be met with. He seems to have frequented it on market days, when farmers and their men

would return from Watford "market pert" (pronounced *peart*), as the old Staffordshire expression had it.¹

I conclude that no girl of sixteen would in these days retire to the roof of a house or climb into the recesses of a great Portugal laurel tree in order to read Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" undisturbed. In summer days at Scotsbridge these were my favourite places, and here I revelled in old war histories, and French memoirs of the Revolution, and also in Walter Scott's novels. In these retreats no visitors could find me, and I well remember the satisfaction I had in seeing people hunting in vain for me in the gardens.

My grandfather, Lord Beverley, was a prisoner in France for twenty-one years. He was on *parole* at Tours and Moulins. As he was a peer, Buonaparte would only consent to exchange him for two general officers, and my grandfather considered that he was serving his country better by remaining a *détenu* in France. His son, Algernon Percy, was taken prisoner with him.

At the Peace, Algernon Percy, who was in the Diplomatic Service, was appointed Minister at Berne. In the year of the cholera visitation he came to England to see Lord Palmerston about a reduction which had been made in his pay, or pension, I cannot remember which. My father was

¹ *I.e.* drunk.

at sea, and my mother was expecting my uncle Algernon by the six o'clock coach to stay with us at Scotsbridge. There were no telegrams in those days, but next morning she received a letter from my grandfather's old confidential servant, Mr. Deans, to say that my uncle had died of cholera after an illness of a very few hours. It appears that he had had a very stormy interview with Lord Palmerston, in the course of which both had lost their tempers. On returning to his father's house in Portman Square, Algernon had been seized with cramps. Locksley, the family doctor, was sent for, but nothing availed. I recollect Mr. Locksley very well, and also the hall porter at 8 Portman Square, who was an old Waterloo man.

My uncle Algernon left all he possessed to my father. His will was made in French, a language which was more familiar to him than English, owing to his long years of detention in France during his boyhood. He disliked England and never felt at home there. His will opened by giving a most curious reason as to why he had been led to make it. It stated that a famous French fortune-teller, Mademoiselle Le Normand, had told him that within six months' time he would go to England—*à cause des affaires*—and that he would die there of a sudden and painful illness. His death occurred within six months from the date on which the prediction was made to him. He declared that the

prophecy had made so profound an impression upon him that in consequence he had at once made his will. My father being absent at sea, Mr. Deans was despatched to Berne with instructions to sell the greater part of my uncle's effects. The sale must have been grossly mismanaged, for he had some beautiful things which went for nothing at all. There is at Levens, my son's place in Westmorland, among other things which belonged to him, a pretty miniature of Miss Rosa Bathurst. This Miss Bathurst was the daughter of Benjamin Bathurst, third son of Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich. She and my uncle Algernon were engaged to one another, and she met with her death in a very tragic way. They were spending the winter at Rome, and the marriage was soon to have taken place. Miss Bathurst was a beautiful girl, and a splendid horsewoman. My uncle had made her a present of a horse, and he and others were riding with her along the narrow road by the Tiber between Acqua Acetosa and the Ponte Molle.

The Tiber was in flood at the time, and Miss Bathurst's horse suddenly grew restive, and backing, slipped down the bank into the river. She called out to her uncle who was just behind her—"Save me, Uncle!" but neither he nor any present could swim. A groom, who was a good swimmer, had just been sent back to Rome in charge of an unmanageable horse. Poor Miss Bathurst was swept

away by the rapid current and drowned. My uncle wore widower's mourning for her for two years. It is a curious coincidence that three members of this family should have come to untimely ends—two of them while riding in Rome. Rosa Bathurst's brother was killed by a fall from his horse while riding a race in Rome, and her father disappeared in a most mysterious manner. He had been sent as Emissary from the British Government to the Emperor of Austria. He disappeared at an inn between Hamburg and Berlin, which he was seen to enter. Nothing was ever seen or heard of him again. It was supposed that he had been murdered in order to obtain possession of important papers which he carried with him. The inquiries conducted by the French and German Governments led to no result. Possibly it was not intended that they should ever do so. Miss Mary Bagot alludes to this strange incident in a passage which I shall, in a succeeding chapter, quote from her journals.

My "coming out" was delayed until the following year. The first big London party I ever attended was that given at Stafford House by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland on the evening of the Queen's wedding-day. It was a magnificent sight, and, of course, being my first experience of the kind, I was greatly impressed by it. All the remarkable people of Society, both English and foreign, were there, as the Royal Marriage had

brought people to London from all quarters of Europe. The staircase at Stafford House, thronged with foreign princes, ambassadors, and officers of foreign armies and of our own in brilliant uniforms, the beautiful women and gorgeous display of jewels, was a sight not to be forgotten.

I stayed with my aunt, Lady Ashburnham, in Eaton Square, for my first and only London season as an unmarried girl.

She was one of the finest of the fine ladies in the London world of that day, together with Lady Jersey and Lady Palmerston. I remember dancing with old Lord Huntly, who made a point of dancing with every *débutante* because he had danced at the Tuileries with Marie Antoinette. He used to be much at the old French Court before the Revolution of 1789.

I imagine that there are not very many left alive in the world who have danced with a partner of Marie Antoinette's.

I recollect going to a ball at Almack's on one occasion. Lady Jersey, who was all powerful at Almack's in those days, and who once refused the Duke of Wellington himself a voucher for one of the balls there, was extremely kind to me. The quadrilles had all been made up, and there was no place for my partner, and future husband, Captain Charles Bagot and myself to dance. Lady Jersey saw this, and exclaiming—"What? no room for

Captain Bagot and Miss Percy to dance?" immediately made up another set for the quadrille. My husband at that time was one of the very "smartest" of the young men "about town." I well remember my first acquaintance with him. It was at a dinner-party at Cassiobury.

I had often heard of him as being wonderfully good-looking and a great "dandy," and was very much disgusted when I heard that he was to take me in to dinner. I was determined that I would show him that I did not care whether he was a "dandy" or not, and showed my indifference by scarcely addressing a word to him during dinner, though he tried hard to induce me to talk.

He asked me afterwards why I had been so rude to him.

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER'S NAVAL SERVICES

Josceline Percy—The *Sans Pareil*—The “House of Lords”—Lord Nelson—Queen of Naples—Lady Hamilton—H.M.S. *Medusa*—Lisbon—H.M.S. *Hotspur*—A treacherous pilot—Two young heroes—Portsmouth—Miss Agnes Weston—Junot—Lord Nelson—Captain Hardy.

My father, Josceline Percy, was born on the 29th January 1784. He and his twin brother Hugh (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), who was born three minutes before him, were distinguished apart by a piece of red thread tied on to the latter's wrist. His eldest brother, Lord Beverley, eventually succeeded to the Dukedom of Northumberland on the death in 1864 of his first cousin Algernon, the fourth duke.

At the age of eleven my father entered, at his own wish, the Royal Navy. He was appointed a volunteer of the first class to H.M.S. *Sans Pareil*, carrying Lord Hugh Seymour's flag, and joined her at the Nore in 1797.

George Seymour, afterwards Admiral Sir George Seymour, joined the *Sans Pareil* at the same time as my father, and through life they continued to be dearest friends, often sharing their prize money

together in the old war. Soon after the two boys joined, the first lieutenant found them so much in the way on one occasion, that he sent them below to skylark together.

They observed the men gathered together in knots on the lower deck, in earnest conversation. Listening to their talk, they discovered that they were plotting to join the mutiny of the Fleet at the Nore. The men observed that the lads were listening to them, and threatened them. The boys rushed up the companion-ladder, and one of them, I forget whether it was my father or not, had his foot caught by a mutineer, but contrived to wriggle away from the man's clutches and get up the ladder. They reached the quarter-deck safely, and reported what they had heard to the first lieutenant.

On joining the *Sans Pareil* my father had been presented by the Northumberlands with a medicine-chest and a chest full of valuable plate. He was so unmercifully chaffed by the middies for bringing such things on board that he threw the medicine-chest over the side. The plate nearly shared the same fate, but was rescued in time, and given into the charge of the purser. All the silver now at Levens bearing the Percy lion belonged to it. After the mutiny of the Nore, the *Sans Pareil* was ordered to the North Sea, and then to the West Indies. During the latter voyage the ship's

company suffered severely from yellow fever, and my father told me that his aunt's despised drugs were greatly regretted, as the medicines on board were bad.

For the first two years my father had a very rough time of it. He and the other newly-joined boys were not allowed inside the midshipman's berth, and had to snatch their meals as best they could and eat them outside on their lockers. The *Sans Pareil* had several peers' sons on board, and was ironically called the "House of Lords"—the unlucky boys getting an extra rough treatment for what was certainly no fault of their own. My father said he often wished, in those two years, that he had never gone to sea; but he was ashamed to write home to say so. After the two years of roughing it, he declared he would not have exchanged his profession for anything else in the world.

From 1801 to 1803 he served on board the *Amphion* in the West Indies and in the Channel. In 1803 he was appointed to H.M.S. *Victory* under Lord Nelson, then on the Mediterranean station.

Lord Nelson gave him despatches to take to the Queen of Naples, and private letters to Lady Hamilton, which he was charged only to deliver into her own hands. The Queen of Naples gave him two silver lamps. On his return from Naples

Lord Nelson gave him a sword, which is now at Levens, saying to him: "Young man, I envy you. At your age, and in these times, you ought to have a fine career before you." Lord Nelson got him his lieutenancy, and on leaving the *Victory* he was appointed to H.M.S. *Medusa*. She engaged four Spanish frigates off Cadiz, one of which blew up, and the remaining three were captured. The *Medusa* also took the Spanish frigate *Matilda* off Cape St. Mary.

From 1805 to 1806 on board H.M.S. *Diadem*; was present at the blockade and capture of the Cape of Good Hope, and, in command of the *Diadem's* boats, he took possession of the French man-of-war, the *Volontaire*, while entering Table Bay. As commander he was appointed to the *Espoir*, 1806, serving at the Cape of Good Hope. He was appointed acting post captain to the captured *Volontaire*, taking her to England from the Cape.

In 1807 Josceline Percy commissioned H.M.S. *Comus* as captain, served in her till 1808 in the Azores, and on the coast of Portugal. As captain of the *Comus* he destroyed two forts in the Bay of St. Ubes, for which he was thanked on the quarter-deck by Admiral Sir Charles Cotton.

From 1808 to 1810, as captain of H.M.S. *Nymph*, he was employed in the blockade of the Tagus, until Lisbon was taken. There he fell in with his brother, Captain William Percy, R.N., in

command of a ship; with his brother, Henry Percy, 14th Light Dragoons, A.D.C. to Sir John Moore; with his brother Francis, a soldier under Sir John Moore's command, in which regiment I forget (Francis had overgrown his strength, and died of fatigue in the campaign); also with his eldest brother, Lord Lovaine, who, I believe, had volunteered on some general's staff—a very unexpected and delightful meeting for all these brothers on active war service!

On 5th November 1810 my father commissioned H.M.S. *Hotspur*. When he paid off H.M.S. *Nymph* he turned up all hands and asked them on the quarter-deck if they would volunteer to follow him to the *Hotspur*. The men had previously served under his command in the *Comus*. To a man they said, "Aye, aye, sir!" so in the *Hotspur* he had a tried ship's company which would have followed him to the world's end. As captain of the *Hotspur* he was employed on the blockade of Cherbourg, Havre, Brest, and the Loire. Whilst off Cherbourg, Captain Percy engaged two line-of-battle ships, one frigate, and two corvettes, for which he received the thanks of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm publicly on the quarter-deck of his flagship. Afterwards the *Hotspur* attacked a flotilla under the protection of the Forts of Calvados. One vessel was sunk and two run on shore, and the forts were silenced, for which Captain

Percy received the thanks of the Admiralty, conveyed through Sir R. Curteis, Commander-in-Chief, which were publicly read on the quarter-deck of the *Hotspur* at Portsmouth, by orders of the admiral. The *Hotspur* also captured off the Loire the *Imperatrice Reine*, letter of marque corvette.

I recollect my father telling me that the *Hotspur* was ordered to destroy to the uttermost some gun-boats which had received orders to make an attack on Guernsey from the opposite coast. The French pilot treacherously took the *Hotspur* under the French forts. This action, in which poor young Alick Hay was killed, is related in letters to Henry Drummond, which were in Robert Hay's possession, now, I believe, in Lord Kinnoull's. The commander of the *Hotspur*, whom I recollect, but do not remember his name, said my father was in such rage at the French pilot's treachery that had his arms not been held he would have shot him with his pistol on the poop of the *Hotspur*. She sunk three gun-boats, and silenced the batteries of the forts, though aground almost *under* them. The action was a hard-fought one, lasting six hours.

When the men were mustered previous to going into action, to see if they were in fit state for it, they all passed; but immediately afterwards one was brought forward by his shipmates as intoxicated, this being sufficiently evident. The captain ordered him into his own galley, which was hoisted up amid-

ships. A voice was heard several times during the action, proceeding from the captain's galley, announcing in what direction the French were firing, and in what quarter the shots fell short; only when the violence of the action abated, and the din and smoke lessened, could the words of the captain as to whom they proceeded from be attended to. He was answered that the shouts came from the man whose situation in the galley had been entirely forgotten. When the poor fellow was ordered down, it was found he had long been sober, but, true to discipline, he had never moved. He could see much from the boat, and exerted his voice to the uttermost to be of use to those more actively employed. He came down unhurt, but the galley was riddled with shots which had passed through her.

At the onset of the action Captain Percy selected two of the youngest boys to be his A.D.C.'s, hoping in this way to keep them safely by his side on the poop. He chaffed them when they ducked their heads, as shots whizzed over them, and they soon became steady. It was the first time the boys had been under fire. During the heat of the action my father was obliged to despatch one of the boys from his side on the poop to take charge of a gun on the quarter-deck, whose firing seemed to slacken; almost simultaneously a 24-pounder struck the lad, who fell dead at the post he had been so proud to fill. My father felt this order had been the

boy's doom ; but from losing so many men he had afterwards reluctantly to order the remaining A.D.C., young Alick Hay, to take a rope and shove it through a port on the quarter-deck. Captain Percy then turned to give an order to the first lieutenant. Whilst they were speaking a groan was heard ; it proceeded from poor young Hay, who was shot through the lungs in the act of obeying his orders. He was carried below by the first lieutenant, and put into the surgeon's care, close to a marine whose leg had to be amputated. This marine, a very fine fellow, supported poor Hay with his shoulder, and, regardless of his own sufferings and thirst, gave the poor lad every drop of the water procured for his own parched lips. The surgeon at once saw Hay's case was hopeless. He lived one hour from the time he was hit. During that time two cheers were given on deck for the sinking of the French vessels ; the gallant young Hay joined in both cheers, spending his last breath in faint hurrahs for the honour of England. The bodies of the two lads were laid together, covered with a Union Jack, at the door of the fore cabin. On leaving the cabin next morning, my father found the flag partially removed, their young faces being exposed. Some old Frenchmen (who had been taken prisoners before the action in little coasting vessels) were kneeling by the side of the bodies, saying prayers for the souls

of the two lads. They told Captain Percy, "Not all the injury you can do to our countrymen will compensate for the loss of such lads as these." These boys had treated the old French prisoners with much kindness. The latter were returned safely to their native coast in a boat which brought a Frenchman to the *Hotspur*, entreating to be taken on board. The man threw himself overboard in the night, and was supposed to have gone mad.

In the heat of a very severe action my father was standing on the deck of his vessel the *Hotspur* frigate and giving directions to the first lieutenant where to find the keys of his private escritoire, in case he should fall. A remarkably fine lad, a midshipman, had also just received an order as to moving a rope. My father felt his eye struck and that he saw nothing. On putting his hand up to the injured part he found it bleeding profusely, which was visible in the bright moonshine. He tied his head up in a silk handkerchief and soon found something was loose within it, which he imagined was his eye, but examination proved it to be a piece of flesh, which had been struck from another body, had occasioned the bleeding, and during the time of its adhesion had blinded him. In turning round to see who the real victim had been, they found the poor midshipman stretched on the deck close to the rope which he had been ordered to move.

My father raised him: the boy said, "I am

hit, sir, but not much, I believe." He attempted to walk in vain, and my father carried him to the cockpit, an awful place at such a time. The poor midshipman was placed close to a man who had the tourniquet on, previous to amputation, but unmindful of his own pain he continued to give the dying boy water to the last. The midshipman's arm had been taken off at the shoulder by a shot. It was impossible to save him, but his mind was clear to the last, and he rejoiced over the victory gained. The marine lived, his leg was taken off above the knee—a twenty-four pounder had struck him from a gun: he got up, but was unable to walk or stand: again he fell, and succeeded in his earnest wish to discharge the piece before he was carried below.

After the action was over and the enemy had hauled down his colours, the surgeon came to Captain Percy and begged him to go to dinner in the fore-cabin. My father most unluckily looked under the table, feeling something under it with his feet. He was horrified to find a mass of arms and legs that had been amputated. There was of course an end of *his* dinner, and also of that of most of those he had asked to join him.

The worst part of the day, he said, was after the action was over, when the surgeon came to him with requests from the wounded men to come down to the cockpit to see the operations that had to take place—the men saying, "If Captain Percy would

only come down and stay with them, they should not mind losing their leg," &c. No braver man ever lived than my father, but he hated looking on at operations, and after a man had been flogged I have seen him come down to the fore-cabin, unbuckle his sword, ask for a glass of water, and turn faint. On first going to sea with a new crew, when the men were "trying their captain," punishments were necessary. A marine made it a point of honour to take a flogging in silence—the sailor thought it no shame to "sing out."

As a child I dreaded Saturday nights at Portsmouth, from the crews of the different men-of-war fighting in the streets, the noise waking one up with a start. How orderly and different now are the streets of Portsmouth on Saturday nights, thanks to Miss Weston and other good influences. Education has done much for Jack, and yet deprived him of none of his pluck and dash, as the South African war has proved so recently. But of Miss Weston's homes it is impossible to speak too highly. She has indeed been a "Mother" to the Navy.

After the action with the Cherbourg Forts the *Hotspur* was obliged to leave the French coast and go to Portsmouth to refit, she had lost so many men, and had so many others seriously wounded. The frigate had also sustained such serious injuries, her bulwarks being shot away in some places, that she was a mere raft. The passage to Portsmouth was

an anxious one, but luckily the weather was calm and beautiful, and wind fair. One man threw himself overboard in the night, unable to bear his wounds and thirst, and many of the wounded had to be laid on the quarter-deck for air.

When the *Hotspur* made her number at Spit-head, she was towed into the harbour for repairs; crowds lined the shores, and she was cheered all the way to her moorings by them and by the big ships she passed in her damaged condition. My father told me that all the honour the *Hotspur* received could not console him for the loss of young Hay! He spoke of him, when I first heard the story, with tears in his eyes. The *Hotspur* carried the Percy crescent, our family badge, at her main topmast, and was a very smart frigate in all senses of the word.

The *Hotspur*, when again fit for sea, was ordered to the Brazils.

When we were at Rio Janeiro in 1842, in H.M.S. *Winchester*, my father gave a dance on board, and a lady who brought her daughters (a Spanish family) told me she recollected my father as captain of the *Hotspur* at Buenos Ayres, a slight man, with bright reddish hair, and his frigate, the cabins of which were lined with blue silk, and painted white and gold, and the uniform of the band was blue and silver, with the Percy crescent on their arms; and that all the ladies were in love with the young English captain, and his smart frigate, which prided

herself in beating to quarters, reefing topsails, &c., in less time than other ships. I can just recollect an old, one-legged sailor coming to stay at Scotsbridge in 1828; he had served with my father in the *Nymph*, *Comus*, and *Hotspur*. He was Irish, and used to spin long yarns to my brother Alan and me about the fun they had landing and cattle-lifting on the coast of Brittany, and stealing fowls and eggs. He said my father was dreaded on the French coast, and called "Bully Rouge," from the colour of his hair. The old sailor used to sing our family dirge of "Chevy Chase" to us, and endless sea songs. "The Saucy *Arethusa*" he taught us to sing, with his old cracked voice. It sent my brother Alan to sea later on, as he and I used to sing all these sea songs with enthusiasm, and I recollect crying because I could not turn into a boy to fight the French! This old man often came from Greenwich Hospital to Scotsbridge, but after we went to Ireland in 1829 he died. I also recollect the carpenter of the *Hotspur* bringing the model of her, which he made, to Scotsbridge. He lost his eyesight doing the fine work with his penknife. My father gave him a pension till he died, which was during the time my father commanded the Royal yacht *Charlotte* at Kingstown. This model was, many years afterwards, re-rigged for me in Portsmouth Dockyard and is now at Levens.

After the convention of Cintra, 1808, when the

French agreed to evacuate Portugal, my father had orders to convey General Junot to La Rochelle. I suppose General Junot was taken prisoner at the battle of Vimeira. Junot and my father became great friends. Junot had intended making himself King of Portugal. He told my father that he was the son of a French avocat. He could read and write—which in those days was an honourable distinction in the French line, and gained him his first step in the service. After having acted as secretary to Napoleon on some field of battle (I forget which), he wrote on a drum-head at Napoleon's dictation. A ball threw up the earth very near them and Junot said, "Nous ne manquons pas de poussière, mon Colonel." Junot traced his career from that day, when he said Napoleon was a colonel and he a sergeant in the line, and in the same regiment. "Now I am a Duke (Abrantès) and he is an Emperor."

"Not acknowledged in England, however," said Captain Percy, "and still less do we acknowledge that he has the power and right to confer titles in another kingdom, more especially when that rank and title already belongs to a native of it."

At that time there was a Portuguese Marquis d'Abrantès. Every evening Junot used to take out his wife's miniature and show it to my father, and kiss it. She was a beautiful woman.

On leaving my father's ship Junot gave him a

magnificent dressing-case, with gold fittings, which, unluckily, my father sold on his return to England to meet the expenses of fitting out another vessel, the *Hotspur*. Whilst at La Rochelle, an invitation came to my father to dine with the officers of the French Navy there; he declined it on the grounds that he might not be permitted to return to his ship. Junot himself came off to urge his acceptance of the invitation, saying he "would pledge his honour all would be right."

"Would you pledge your honour that if orders arrived from Headquarters at Paris to secure and detain my ship you would not obey them?"

Junot said he could not promise *that*, and retired. His visit was followed by a visit from the French admiral, to the same purport, and answered by the English captain that, although he confided thoroughly in the honour of a French officer when pledged—"I do not acknowledge your Emperor, and will not trust his government, and therefore beg to decline the invitation which you have bestowed upon me."

When Lord Nelson was commanding the Mediterranean Squadron, and lying off the Bay of Biscay, the captains of two Spanish frigates lately arrived from America sent to entreat the honour of an audience with the admiral, merely to give themselves the gratification of seeing a person whom they considered to be the greatest man in the world.

Captain Hardy took their request to Lord Nelson, and urged compliance with it, notwithstanding the admiral's querulous reply of, "What is there to see in an old, withered fellow like myself?" Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at this moment his legs were bound at the knee and ankle with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar, and tied with red tape. The application was to allay the irritation of some mosquito bites. Quite forgetting this, and the extraordinary appearance it presented, he went on deck to the Spanish captains, and conducted the interview with such perfect good breeding and courtesy that his odd appearance was quite forgotten in the charm of his manners, and the Spaniards went away with every high opinion confirmed which they had previously formed of Lord Nelson.

My father spoke of Lord Nelson as having a singular power of attaching to himself all under his command, from the highest officer to the lowest cabin-boy under his flag. Lord Nelson's sense of religion was sincere and strong; he brought it with him into his profession and it never left him to the last. My father said, "Though it did not keep him from the fatal error of his life, it ought to be remembered that few were so strongly tempted, and I believe it may safely be affirmed that had Nelson's home been made to him what a wife of good temper and judgment would have rendered it, never would

he have forsaken it." A great cause of disunion between them was Lady Nelson's affection for her son by her former marriage. She expected his stepfather to push him forward in the service, but Captain Nisbet was, in Lord Nelson's opinion, unfitted to command, and he considered that it would be impossible, or at least very unwise, to put him in any responsible position. When at length Commander Nisbet was made post-captain the admiral placed a person upon whom he could depend as first lieutenant in the ship, and shortly after this first lieutenant came to Lord Nelson and told him privately, "You must remove me, for if I remain with Captain Nisbet I must break him or neglect my own duty to the service." Nelson granted the first lieutenant's request.

In the battle of the Nile, on board one of the ships, a midshipman, a very little fellow, was the only officer left on deck. He continued sitting on a gun-carriage encouraging the men. Lord Nelson heard of it and sent for him, and promised that when he had served his time he would make him a lieutenant. The very first opportunity he had, six years afterwards, he did so in preference to many others for whom great interest was made on the occasion. Afterwards Nelson always befriended him, my father said.

My father never forgave Captain Hardy for turning up all hands and ordering the ship's tailor

to sew up Mr. Percy's pockets on the quarter-deck. It was bitterly cold, and my father had the morning watch (in the North Sea). Captain Hardy came on deck and found him on watch with his hands in his pockets.

My father, as a midshipman, was bathing at Jamaica with others and was as nearly drowned as possible. He said his last recollection was seeing all his life spread out before him, as it might be, at the Judgment day; then he lost consciousness, and afterwards thought he was dreaming that he fell asleep in a green meadow through which a brook flowed, and that he smelt violets and heard sheep bells tinkling. He had been seen by a nigger, who rescued him from the reeds and mud. The sensation of returning to life in the black man's cabin was most painful.

My father commanded H.M.S. *Malabar*; he was appointed to her on the 16th November 1832, and employed in the North Sea in blockading the Texel, then sent to Constantinople with a present of guns to the Sultan, who presented him with a gold snuff-box with an enamel view of the Bosphorus set in large diamonds.

Captain Josceline Percy commissioned H.M.S. *Canopus* 25th November 1833 to February 1837. She was sent to the Mediterranean. She saw no special service there, but was the crack show ship of the squadron. Her first lieutenant, Mr. Jellicoe, was

a great tartar, but had the ship in splendid order. She carried a glass star at her main-top, seen from a great distance when the sun shone on it. As rear-admiral, my father was appointed to the Cape of Good Hope Station, and hoisted his flag on board H.M.S. *Winchester*. He got his commission the 17th December 1841.

CHAPTER IV

MY NAVAL EXPERIENCES

H.M.S. *Winchester*—Rio Janiero—Tropical scenery—A black ball—A big gale—Mauritius—Monsieur Genève—*La chasse au cerf*—Reduit—A kitchen tragedy—The West Coast of Africa—Among the natives—Benguela—The capture of a slaver—Bourbon—Admiral Bazoche—A breach of etiquette—Madagascar and French jealousy—St. Helena—An eccentric governor—The troubles of an A.D.C.—Port Natal—Ascension—Sir James Ross—H.M.S.S. *Erebus* and *Terror*—Life at Admiralty House—A tribe of baboons—Harry Keppel—Boer life—The Cloete family—Farmer Peck—My brother's death—Return to England.

My father sailed from Portsmouth on the 9th June 1842, in his flagship, H.M.S. *Winchester*, to take up his command of the Cape of Good Hope Station. My mother, my two younger sisters and myself accompanied him, and also my only brother, Alan, who was a midshipman on board the *Winchester*.

We touched at Madeira, and then went on to Rio Janeiro, where we remained some time. My brother made us get up and go on deck when we made Cape Frio, sixty miles from Rio Janeiro.

So lovely a sight I never saw or could have imagined. The tropical moon was setting, and the sun rising. The frigate with mainsails and top-gallant sails, &c., set, slipping through the water

—the sea on that coast so deep at times that we could have thrown a biscuit ashore from the poop. The blue morning mists floating over the mountains and ravines—mahogany trees, and palm trees, in all their varieties, cotton trees, and every kind of flowering shrub; the fantastic shape of the Organ Mountains were all, with the colouring, beautiful beyond description. Was it *real*, one felt. Or would it fade away like a dream?

The *Winchester* was saluted by the forts at the entrance of the harbour, and men-of-war of several nationalities, and we returned all these salutes before we anchored.

All the voyage from England, after dinner in the after-cabin, we played *ecarté* with the admiral, flag-captain, flag-lieutenant, secretary, &c., for *paint*. All the winnings were expended on painting the ship, to appear smart on entering Rio, and a most sickening smell of paint the quarter-deck had in the blazing tropical sun. Soon after anchoring, a boat and A.D.C. came off with a letter to my father from Mr. Hamilton, the English minister, offering us rooms, and inviting us to a dinner and ball at the British Legation. Our finery was in the hold of the *Winchester*; however, young Hyde Parker went on shore and bought some very pretty artificial flowers for our hair, some gloves and sashes, and we managed to rig ourselves out (my sister Emily and I) for the dinner and ball.

We went ashore (it was a very long pull from our anchorage) in the Admiral's barge, which was hurricane-rigged, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. The Hamiltons asked us to stay with them, but my father thought we had better sleep on board. The nights were gloriously beautiful.

The Hamiltons provided us with luncheon every day, and mounted us well. We went ashore to them every morning. My father, the flag-captain, and lieutenant, sometimes my brother Alan, would accompany us. Hyde Parker and Geoffrey Hornby usually landed with us daily and shared our fun; and a most agreeable Russian minister, Count Lomonosoff, who knew the rides well, rode daily with us. We rode up the Organ Mountains through virgin forests; in one of these forests there were a hundred different kinds of passion-flowers. The air plants were wonderful; laced and draped from one enormous tree to another. The small horses climb like cats, but I was terribly frightened going up the Corcovado, and put my arms round my horse's neck to stick on.

One of our picnic luncheons was interrupted by my father hearing a rattle-snake close to us; I neither heard nor saw it. But at TI Juca we saw in the pool into which the waterfall emptied itself a huge water-snake, immensely long, as well as big—a perfect monster.

We rode all day and danced all night. The

balls there ended about midnight, so by one o'clock we left the Hamiltons and returned to the *Winchester* in the hurricane-rigged barge. Our partners used to vow they should get leave and come out to the Cape to dance with us there. Needless to say they never did!

We vowed eternal friendship to many people who were most kind to us, and whom we never saw again!

We went to a curious *Catete* ball given by blacks. We and the Hamilton party, and the members of the other Legations, were the only white people there. It was curious, but not at all agreeable, as the black gentlemen were very odorous, and after dancing they would "promenade" for ever round the room. This habit had many disagreeables on a tropical night!

The Brazils were in 1842 part of the Cape of Good Hope command.

My father gave Mr. Hamilton and the Legations a very pretty ball on board the *Winchester* on our leaving for the Cape of Good Hope.

The Brazils were taken away from the Admiral's command before my father left the Cape. It was a fine command in 1842, extending from near the Equator nominally to the South Pole, and including the East and West Coasts of Africa; but its extent was much curtailed before we left in 1846.

We were very anxious to see a big gale of wind,

and we were gratified! In Table Bay, when not far from our anchorage in Simon's Bay, we came in for a tremendous south-easter. We had to put out to sea and get clear of the land for many days. Topmasts were taken down, jury-mast rigged, and only very small storm-sails set. Life-ropes were placed on the quarter-deck, and no meals could be placed on the tables even with the "fiddles" on them. We sat on the deck of the forecabin for all our meals, which consisted of pea-soup or cocoa, which we took out of a basin and conveyed to our mouths as best we could. No other food could be cooked.

We saw a convict ship and a troopship standing in for Table Bay. We then realised the force of the gale and the heavy sea we were in by the fearful rolling of these two vessels. My father hailed them through a speaking-trumpet, and told them if they stood in to Table Bay they would be wrecked. They paid no attention and continued their course. They were wrecked and fired guns of distress. Sir George Napier, the Governor of the Cape, jumped up in bed when he heard the guns, and said, "Good God! that's the *Winchester!*" They were expecting us at Government House. Sir George and his staff got up and at once went down to the shore, and there were the two wretched vessels on the beach—a fearfully steep and dangerous one. No boat could live. Nothing could be done for the drowning troops

and convicts; in such a sea it was hopeless. The only people rescued from the waves were saved by an officer of the 25th Regiment, who had a very clever white horse who was not at all afraid of the surf. The few men saved were got hold of by this officer by the hair of their heads or anything he could seize hold of. He and his horse went in most gallantly several times. We saw these two unfortunate wrecks when we went to Government House; they were lying close in shore.

We anchored in Simon's Bay on the 1st of September 1842, and went up to Cape Town to stay at Government House with Sir George and Lady Napier till the Admiralty House at Simon's Bay was ready for us.

Six months after this we went to Mauritius to stay with the Governor and his wife, Sir William and Lady Gomm. Port Louis was then very healthy, and we stayed there and also at Reduit, their country place, for a month. Mauritius was then included in the Admiral's command. Balls and dinners were endless! But the only really interesting visit we paid, excepting that to the Governor, was to a very old gentleman, a Monsieur Genève, who was upwards of ninety. He had left France when the old Revolution broke out, and in manners and everything else he belonged to the *ancien régime*, and was a perfect gentleman. He had a large property near the Black River. He and all

the three generations of his family received us under a tree about five o'clock in the afternoon. Monsieur Genève's dwelling consisted of a number of wooden pavilions, situated in beautiful grounds. His family occupied some of them, while he himself lived in another in which were the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms. These pavilions looked so picturesque at night when each one had a light, like glow-worms, in it. They were built on the grass, and the ground framed by mountains and tropical trees, ebony, mahogany, banyans, tamarind trees, and the Rivière Noire, so called from the colour of its water, running through the valley. We were told it was not wholesome to sit under tamarind trees after sunset for fear of fever. There was no glass to the windows of the pavilions, the windows had only wooden shutters, and in the morning the black population came and put their heads and faces through them to watch our toilettes, which was very embarrassing. They were especially interested in seeing us brush our teeth, as they only used sugar-cane to clean theirs.

Monsieur Genève used to receive us before six o'clock dinner, sitting under a tamarind tree in evening dress, looking as if he had stepped out of an old French print of 1798. When dinner was served we walked up a wooden staircase of his pavilion to the dining-room. M. Genève was much beloved by his former slaves; after their emancipa-

tion they would not leave him, but lived in a village of wooden habitations which clustered round their old master's pavilions. What they did I do not know; they seemed like children, always grinning and chattering, and, like all black people I ever saw, extremely fond of flowers.

We made our pilgrimage to Pamplémousse to visit the tombs of that very tiresome couple, Paul and Virginia. We also saw the whole island, which must have been grievously spoilt after our time by the cutting down of the virgin forests and the planting of rice-fields and sugar-cane in their places; thereby destroying the great beauty of the island, and producing fevers unknown in 1844. Port Louis was then a very healthy town, and the Government House, so pretty and comfortable, was built round an open court, *entre cour et jardin*—in the old French style. The different *étages*, with French windows opening on to the galleries, were all brilliantly lighted at night by bell-shaped glass lamps, burning cocoa-nut oil.

We were invited, when we left M. Genève, to visit the colonel of a regiment, the name of which I have forgotten, quartered a few miles off, under canvas. The colonel and his wife were most kind, and we dined at mess. The evening and morning bugle-calls sounded so well, and unlike anything we had heard. The absence in Mauritius of all venomous snakes and insects made one able to sit out on

the grass or under trees—so enjoyable, and different to the Cape or Bourbon.

One Sunday at the Rivière Noire a young French gentleman informed us there would be a *chasse au cerf* in our honour. We found we all had to walk, which we did all day long through woods and across streams. We never saw the *cerf*, and, what was far worse, we never saw the luncheon—which we were told some black men had been ordered to carry on ahead of us to the “Montagne des Jackos.” Of course they had taken it to some quite different place. Had it not been for Geoffrey Hornby climbing trees and battering down fruits and cocoa-nuts, we should have been starved.

The destruction of the trees and forests, and planting of sugar-cane in their place, have destroyed the beauty and the health of the island. Though Port Louis was, in 1842, perfectly healthy, and the Government House a charming residence, when my son, Richard, went there during a voyage to Australia, the Governor and officials could not live in Port Louis, for fever there assumed a bad type. My son also stayed at Reduit, and found the gardens of the Government House much the same as he had heard me describe them, as I remember them nearly sixty years ago. The balls in Mauritius began in those days at 9 P.M., and ended at 12 o'clock. At Reduit we asked to see the “Cook’s Tree,” which we had heard of from Sir

Charles Colville, who had been Governor of the island. He gave a ball on the occasion, and because a leg of mutton did not arrive in time for the supper, his French cook, like Vattel in Madame de Sévigny's time, hung himself from a mango tree in the garden.

Mauritius had been visited by a hurricane just before our arrival, and the devastation in the harbours and surrounding country was great. Lady Gomm told me they had to have their horses brought from the stables into the halls and passages of the house at Reduit. The house was slightly built, and *bent* to the hurricane. Solid foundations were very dangerous at Mauritius. There were then many rich Parsee merchants there, some of them very interesting people. Once a year they made at Port Louis a bonfire of valuable things. They were Fire Worshippers, and probably this bonfire was a kind of sacrificial offering to the Sun and Light. They were cultivated people, and spoke French well. When we were at Mauritius, French was generally spoken. My father gave a very pretty ball on board the *Winchester* before leaving, to return the many and great civilities shown us. As my mother never could go to sea with my father, except for the voyage out and home (it was against the rules of the service that wives of officers should do more than this), I had to take her place, and receive my father's guests.

The *Winchester* went up to the West Coast of

Africa for her next cruise. My father asked my sister and me if we should like to go. Of course, we did. We first anchored in Elephant's Bay, but were not allowed to land. The natives were then cannibals. Thence we went to Quicombo, where we landed with several officers, my father, and the doctor of H.M.S. *Sappho*, who knew the coast well and was a great naturalist. We walked two miles from the landing, or rather the beach, to a native kraal, under a broiling sun. The women turned out of the kraal and made a circle round us, putting a silly mad woman in the centre. She, like all mad people in uncivilised parts, was greatly venerated, and thought to be holy. A dance began, which soon became wild and furious. The women were nearly naked, and the men still more so. The doctor of the *Sappho* told me they had never seen white women before, only Portuguese slave-dealers came there, and they thought we were spirits. The doctor could understand their language a little. He advised me to give the mad woman something as a present. I could spare nothing except a *tour de tête*—a kind of cap border, made of blonde and artificial yellow flowers, which was then (1843) the fashion to wear loose under the bonnet, with a yellow ribbon, and a sort of back-stay to keep it on the head, tied like a cap under the chin! Two years after this the doctor returned to Quicombo. He went to the kraal, and found my *tour de tête* hung up at

the entrance to the chief hut, and he believed it was thought great "medicine," and worshipped as some sort of fetish. The men, after the dance, came in great crowds and approached too near us. The doctor thereupon advised our return to the boats; the savages ran into the sea and swam out a little way. When it became too deep for them to stand up we were so afraid they would clutch hold of the boats, but they did not do so. Crowds of these tall, naked savages seemed to spring up out of the ground, like Roderick Dhu's men, till we happily lost sight of them, and got away from the shore and on board the *Winchester*. H.M.S. *Sappho*, Captain George Hope; *Bittern*; *Thunderer*, Captain George Broke; and *Conway* accompanied the flagship up the West Coast.

The *Winchester* always lay to at dinner-time, and the captains of the other ships came on board and dined with us. It was so pretty, when their gigs had taken them back to their own ships, to see these vessels pass under the stern of the *Winchester*, and dip their ensigns to the Admiral's flag.

We went on to Benguela. Fever was raging there, and we were not allowed to land. The sea was very deep, and the *Winchester* anchored near in shore. The mangroves grew close up the sides of the ship, their brilliant, bright metallic green looked deadly. It thundered incessantly, day and night, all the time we were there: the storms

were never near, but one growl was taken up by another all round. The sky at mid-day was hazy, of lurid copper colour, and the sea yellow and oily. It was intensely hot, damp, and oppressive. The surgeon ordered the ports to be shut a quarter of an hour before sunset. The ship's carpenter came into our cabin and shut them. The moment he had obeyed his orders we opened them again. We never got fever. Often when we got up to dress in the morning we longed for a fire to dry the clothes we took off at night. The only creature who enjoyed it was our pet chameleon.

The Portuguese Governor of Benguela came on board to pay his respects to the Admiral. He was rowed on board by a crew of black men, with scarcely any covering to their naked bodies. Every stroke of their oars was accompanied by a harsh short chant, very wild and savage. He was asked to stay to dinner, which he did, although he had the shivering fit of coast fever on him. I sat by him and saw that he kept quinine loose in his waistcoat pocket, which he took in pinches all dinner time. Next year, when ships of the squadron went up to Benguela, he was dead.

After we left Benguela and were steering south, the officer of the watch came down to the fore cabin whilst we were all at luncheon at twelve o'clock, and said to my father, "A sail in sight, sir, with very raking masts—a slaver, probably."

“Make all sail,” said the Admiral, “and give chase.” An officer often came down to report how we gained upon her. A gun was fired from the *Winchester*, and answered by a small gun from the rakish-looking slaver. The boats were then ordered out—two cutters, launch, &c., armed. The slaver went about, and meant to run for a river on the coast. However, the boats took her, and next morning her captain was ordered to come on board the *Winchester*. My father interviewed him in the after cabin. He was a very fine young Spaniard, in a beautiful sort of uniform with silver filagree buttons—a great dandy. He and my father spoke Spanish, which I could not understand; he said the captain was not on board, and that he was only the supercargo. But they always said that when captured. We went on board the slaver with my father. The captain’s cabin was very smart—his guitar with blue ribbons lay on his couch, with nice books and every luxury. The slave deck was an *awful* sight. How human beings could be packed into it was marvellous and horrible! They were doubled up, their knees meeting their chins. Twice a day the poor wretches were ordered up on deck that they might not die, as many tried to do; and if they would not walk, and stand upright, they were flogged until they did. This slaver was condemned. Condemned slavers were at times sent to Sierra Leone, St.

Helena, and the Cape: the slaves were liberated and made apprentices. If apprenticed to Boers, they were often more cruelly treated, and regretted the days of slavery and good masters.

We had a black servant called Jumbo; he was a Christian, well educated, and very intelligent. He was said to have been a prince in his own country. He recollected the agony of being torn when very young from his own family, taken down country with other niggers, and shut up in a "corral" or stockade, into which the blacks were driven and kept till a slaver could come up the nearest river, and the poor creatures could be embarked and sold as slaves in the Brazils, &c. When a slaver came in to be condemned, Jumbo used to forget his civilisation and dance his war dance and sing for joy. He came home with us, but could not stand the cold, and when he saw his breath steaming he was frightened, and thought his inside was on fire. He was sent back from Portsmouth in the first man-of-war to Admiral Dacres, my father's successor at Simon's Bay. We were so sorry to part with him.

We had a Lieutenant Aldrich on board the *Winchester*, a fine fellow, but quite an enthusiast, very Low Church. He devoted his life to slaving expeditions; it was quite a passion with him—from one slaving expedition he volunteered for another. He had a fine voice, and used to sing

all the old sea songs. He did not care for promotion, or for money, only for the abolition of slavery. He used to bore my father very much, but we delighted in him.

In this narrative I ought to have said that from the Mauritius the *Winchester* went to Bourbon, twenty-four hours' sail from Mauritius. At Bourbon we were the guests of the French Governor, Admiral Bazoche, whom my father had met as an enemy in the old war. Admiral Bazoche had no wife. He showed us the greatest hospitality, inviting the French military officers, the two captains of the French men-of-war anchored off Bourbon, and the residents to meet us at dinner. He and my father used to sit out all day long in a large verandah, when we were not riding over the island, spinning old war yarns, each in their own language. I was at times called in to interpret when Admiral Bazoche could not understand my father. The Governor gave a dance in his own house in our honour, and a large official dinner before it. After dinner he got up and proposed the Queen of England's health. He took me in to dinner. I was "absent," and forgetting we were not in England, and thinking he meant the ladies to withdraw, I got up and walked out. His aide-de-camp followed me and said, "Mais, Mademoiselle, on boit à la santé de la Reine d'Angleterre!" so, ignominiously, I had to walk back to my place at the dinner-table

and apologise. As they were all French, they were much too civil to laugh, but no doubt thought I was only one more mad Englishwoman, and more or less of a barbarian.

Though so near Mauritius there were snakes and scorpions on this island. St. Patrick had not come from Mauritius to Bourbon to exorcise and destroy reptiles. The tropical fruits at Bourbon were delicious—such Mangosteins and Avocado pears—“Alligator” pears, as the sailors call them. The *Winchester* was to have gone from Bourbon to Madagascar, but the French captains (how I hated them!) told my father that fever was raging there, and that in consequence the ladies could not land at Tamatave, and so dissuaded him from going there. I was furious, and thought at the time that they merely wanted to keep English men-of-war away from Madagascar; as long ago as in 1843 the French meant to be paramount in Madagascar.

We had to leave Bourbon in a hurry. The glass was going down for a gale, and the *Winchester* and all the large ships would have had to put to sea. The anchorage is not safe, and the coast of that island is a fearful one to go ashore on—steep volcanic mountains, reefs of rocks running far out into the sea, and high cliffs—very unlike the coast of Mauritius.

From Bourbon we went to St. Helena, landing at James Town, with our heads full of Napoleon

Buonaparte. We found on landing two pony carriages and a cart for our maid, valet, and luggage, and a letter of invitation to my father and us from the Governor, delivered by his aide-de-camp, who said our rooms were ready for us, and that he was there to escort us to Government House. So we drove up the winding road, Captain —— riding at the wheel like an equerry! At last we got to the top of the long hilly road, and at the entrance of the grounds of Plantation House found a man who was placed to open the gate. He shrieked out "Welcome to St. Helena!" Further on, another servant in livery appeared, who also shrieked the same "Welcome," &c. This upset my father's and my gravity, and we were inwardly convulsed, when lo! the Governor, in full Windsor uniform, with white Berlin gloves on his large hands, and a quite gigantic spud in one hand, stood near the last entrance gate and called out, "Welcome to St. Helena!" He was a very tall, fine man, much over six feet. He handed me out of the pony carriage. I felt shaking with suppressed laughter, and did not dare to look at my father; he, the Governor, very pompously conducted us into the drawing-room and introduced us to his wife and daughters, and to other ladies of his family and staff. We were taken to our rooms, but the Governor's wife soon came to tell us to make haste and dress, as there was to be a large dinner party,

and then a ball! When my father and we two girls came into the drawing-room, the pompous presentations were enough to make one scream with laughter. My father was introduced to the colonel of the regiment quartered there, and the chief officials, as “a most distinguished officer, a gentleman of most illustrious birth, &c., a Percy of Northumberland, &c., &c. ;” I, as “a lovely and accomplished young lady,” and we saw a twinkle in every one’s eye so introduced to us! The Governor took me down to dinner—served at long tables with plates touching each other; one could not sit square to the table, and the scuffle of the servants trying to wait on so many guests jammed together was indescribable. All the naval and military officers were in full uniform. The worst part of the dinner was the then general, but intolerable, custom of drinking wine with ladies. The Governor kept on, “Miss Percy, may I have the honour of drinking a glass of wine with you. Colonel So-and-so—Major—Captain—&c., will you join us?” And so it went on incessantly, the servants filling up my glass each time, and I could not tell where all these strange officers sat, or who to bow to. Luckily I saw them bow *their* heads and stare at me! I was so afraid, with the heat of the room, the amusement of it all, and the wine, of falling under the table!

At last it was over. The Governor’s wife and

the ladies took us into the drawing-rooms, where the ladies talked Island scandal, and then sang songs. "Vivi tu," "Nora Creena," Irish ballads, and "Hey, the bonny breast-knots," were the favourites. Then in due time came the ball, and the ridiculous introductions to me of officers as partners. One young soldier and I burst out laughing in each other's faces when the Governor described my attractions to him, and the honour it was for him to dance with me!

Of course we went to see Longwood and the whole island. The Governor was most kind in providing my father and us with nice horses, and his unfortunate aide-de-camp had to attend us everywhere. This aide-de-camp and son-in-law's patience surpassed Job's—it was "Dear," all day long from the ladies, "do this," "do that;" he certainly was having his purgatory, and was a perfect *souffre douleur* in Plantation House.

On Sunday we were taken down to church in James Town. The ladies did not go to church. The Governor asked us into his square pew, in which was a small table with a bottle of eau-de-cologne upon it. Immediately after I had entered the pew, the Governor in a loud voice said, "Dab your face over with eau-de-cologne, Miss Percy." During the service he made all the responses in a stentorian voice; during the sermon, when he approved of what the preacher said, he stood up and exclaimed,

“Very good—Amen!” “Very proper—indeed—Amen!” with emphasis. We could not help shaking with laughter, which “dear,” the aide-de-camp, who sat opposite to us, of course saw.

After the West Coast of Africa, the climate, though delicious, felt damp, and, I thought, cold. The most pathetic thing I saw at St. Helena was a small triangular field, a ploughed field, on the slant of the steep hill, where the great Emperor Napoleon, a conqueror in so many battles, used to dig for exercise. It struck one very much and made one hate Sir Hudson Lowe.

My father gave a farewell ball on board the *Winchester*. Most of the ladies on the island were not on speaking terms, gossip and scandal being their only conversation. I tried to apologise to the Governor’s wife for my fits of laughing, which I often could not control, and as an excuse said that after the West Coast I felt St. Helena so very invigorating. She kindly said, “My dear, you are so cheerful, we shall miss you very much,” and I felt so guilty and uncomfortable.

The young officers of the *Winchester*, my brother Alan, Geoffrey Hornby, and Hyde Parker nearly died of amusement at the Governor; he was so pompous and surpassed himself on the quarter-deck of the *Winchester* when he took leave of the Admiral, us, the staff, officers of the watch, and even the men—before he went over the side of the

ship and returned to his island. It is a pity that in those days there were no photographs. I should like to have had one of him, with his spud, fit for Goliath, in his hand. He was of a good old Cornish family, and really exceedingly kind and hospitable.

We were a fortnight at St. Helena, and then up-anchored for Port Natal. The weather was so stormy that we could not anchor off Port Natal, and the boats could not safely shoot the bar, as the surf was too great; the men said a shark *always* accompanied a boat going to shoot the bar. We saw through a telescope the oars of the crossing boat tossed up like spillikins—not safe for women. It blew a gale, and a very heavy sea ran off the bank of Agulhas; there is—or was in 1843—a bell-rock there, and in a gale it sounded very weird, so like a knell, for many have perished on that spot.

On our voyage home we again touched at St. Helena, but “a change had come o’er the spirit of the dream,” and I could see no amusement in the new Governor. From St. Helena we went to Ascension, a most curious volcanic island. Artists ought to go there to study colour. The Governor was Lieutenant Robinson, R.N. We had to walk up to Government House from the beach over cinders so hot it spoilt our shoes and hurt our feet. We were entertained at luncheon by the Governor. The madeira seemed so fiery that I had the bad taste to ask for water.

There was no drinking water on the island; they had not then learnt to distil sea water; and there were no light wines. We asked the Governor and his daughters to come on board on Sunday for divine service and luncheon. They had not had service in church for so long that the ladies were so affected they burst into tears. At sunset the glare and lights on the rocks of the island gave the most strange appearance—reds, yellows, black—one could only think of the infernal regions. The morning and evening guns were not allowed to be fired there, in order not to disturb the turtle, who are very nervous creatures. They gave my father a turtle, and very tired we got of turtle soup. We asked the ladies what they would like to have of our possessions, and they said *Pins!* They had none. The heat there was great. There was one mountain they called Green Mountain, but I saw no *green* on it. The island was a study in colouring of the *Satanic* kind. I think they said there were in all six ladies on the island, and the Governor's two daughters; but as none of them could speak to one another they could not be asked to meet us. The Miss Robinsons' hair looked like fried parsley, from the dryness of the climate.

I forgot to say that at St. Helena we were told that we were at war with America, so we were greatly excited. General quarters often took place

at night, to practise the officers and men to be ready for action. My father told us privately the hour he meant to beat to quarters, that we might be ready to come on deck to see. The men came up in an incredibly short time, like ants, with their hammocks rolled up and stowed away on the top of the bulwarks to protect them from shot. The guns were exercised and sometimes fired, as if really in action, starboard boarders ordered with cutlasses to the gangway, &c., exactly as if the ship were engaging an enemy. It was *most* exciting when the guns really fired—there is nothing, to my mind, so exhilarating as the firing of heavy guns.

We had a big black tom-cat who always came up on deck if there was firing, and sat on the hammocks in the bulwarks.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier, in H.M.S.S. *Erebus* and *Terror*, anchored in Simon's Bay on their way from the Antarctic to England. The two captains spent a month with us at the Admiralty House. They remained at Simon's Bay, &c., for scientific purposes and observation there and at the Magnetic Observatory at Cape Town. The Astronomer Royal, Mr. M'Clear, was a great friend of ours. My father invited him to meet them. I used to make little bouquets for the men who dined with us as guests—not for the staff. I gave one buttonhole to Mr. M'Clear, and in his broad Scotch he looked at the flowers and said: "Is there any peculearity,

Ma'am, in these flowers?" He could not understand anything not having reference to science. Nevertheless, the Astronomer Royal had a beautiful wife; they used to sit hand in hand and watch the sun rise from the Observatory.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier were like brothers; so attached by their mutual tastes, and dangers shared together. Their hands shook so much they could hardly hold a glass or cup. Sir James Ross told me when he took me in to dinner one day: "You see how our hands shake? One night in the Antarctic did this for both of us. A fearful gale arose, and a heavy sea was running—icebergs, lumps of ice in some parts, and a wall of ice before us, through a hole and rent in which we knew we must steer and find a passage. It was a pitch dark night, and the only way by which we could know where the division in the ice wall was, was a darker gap, which we knew must be the rent, or passage. Both *Erebus* and *Terror* steered for the blackest gap. We could not see each other, and we both thought we had run each other down, as we could not see or find our companion ship." They were twenty-four hours before they sighted each other; it shook their nerves more than anything that had yet befallen them. Crew and officers on board both vessels were picked men. Captain (Commander) Fitz James we had known in Hertfordshire; he was the strongest, most energetic man I ever saw, and for long we

could never believe he had perished at the North Pole—death and he appeared to have nothing in common. Captain Crozier said in neither of the two ships had their medicines and surgery stores ever been used except once for an accident to a man's hand. In Simon's Bay the men fell ill. They all felt the heat intensely, though it was the Cape winter. We were very sorry to part with the *Erebus* and *Terror*. They described the weather at the South Pole as so far worse in storms than at the North Polar regions. We never saw any of them again.

My sister Alice and I made many long excursions on horseback and foot. My father allowed it, provided we always took two Kroomen with us. There were six black Kroomen attached as housemaids and under-gardeners to Admiralty House. It was an understood thing that no officers joined us in our expeditions without my father—who had no wish to join in them! We got up one morning at 3 A.M., had breakfast, took two Kroomen, who slung a large basket of provisions on a pole over their shoulders, and started to walk up Simon's Berg. The officers of the *Winchester* said we could not do it. We asked my father to give us an old Union Jack, and a long pole, which the Kroomen carried. A quarter of the way up the mountain I told my sister Alice that my heart was so bad I could not go a step further. She laughed at me and said, "Nonsense!" So, after a rest, on we went, often resting, with the constant

dread of puff adders which abounded on that hill. We got to the top about 7 A.M. and found rocks, and the highest with a hole in it; and by 8 o'clock, on the stroke of it, as we said, the pole was made fast by the Kroomen, and the Union Jack hoisted. The men-of-war in the harbour looked like tiny boats, but when all were up on the quarter-deck of the *Winchester* and "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" played, every telescope and glass was focussed on the top of Simon's Berg, the officers told us, and our flag showed them we were at the top! The Kroomen were making a fire for our breakfast, when, by some instinct—for nothing was to be seen—they said baboons were approaching, and that we and they must hide in a big hole, nearly a cave, in the rocks, with bushes in front of it. In we went; before long a rush and a whirr was heard, and a troop of baboons dashed by at a great pace. It was a great escape, for they are very fierce and dangerous in a wild state. The Kroomen said it was very dry in the mountains, and that the baboons were going down in search of water.

We were ravenous, and coffee and food I never thought so good before. The Kroomen spread a tablecloth, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, surrounded by gorgeous heaths, arums, and enormous bushes of geraniums like trees, mimosa of all sorts, and bulbs, ixias, &c.

The names of our two Kroomen were "Half

Dinner" and "After Dinner." They were upwards of six feet. They had no form of religion, but before drinking they always poured out a little water on the earth. We asked them why they did it. They only grinned and said, "Not know ; black men always do : " but only Kroomen did it.

They were fine men, but hideously ugly ; just like merry, tiresome children ; extremely fond of flowers and bright colours, and very disobedient. If told to go one way, they made a point of going the other ; and we often thought we had lost them.

The next thing was to get down Simon's Berg, which we meant to do on the opposite side, so as to get a view of the other sea. It was too steep to walk, so we had to sit and slide, and get down sitting as best we could, in dreadful fear of puff adders and cobras. We never saw one. We got back to Simon's Bay about 5 P.M. or so, had a warm bath, a good supper, and went to bed, then got up and danced !

Another time my sisters took the horses up to a cave, but they could not and would not at first go down the hill. They got off and petted them in vain. Then they had to pelt them down, with their bridles tied up to prevent their putting their feet in them. The horses were so good, but very nervous. Up that hill the flowers were gorgeous and beautiful, and if one went the same ride a fortnight later there was a different and fresh crop of bulbs and ixias.

Some green ones like chrysophrases. There were no trees, only mimosa bushes. We always took the horses' food in bags over the pommel of our saddles, knee-haltered them, and the Kroomen gave them a roll, with their bridles still on, of course! They were as tame as dogs, and never ill.

They were terrified at snakes. We were sitting down one day for tea; the two horses plunged, reared, and nearly broke away from where we had tied them up. We looked down and saw a huge snake wriggling under the tablecloth the Kroomen had spread on the ground. We rushed away and the Kroomen killed the snake, a venomous and very large one.

My sister Alice and I took delightful rides early, before the sun was up, to the end of Cape Point. Once up the hill—"mountain," they called it, or "Red Hill"—it was a delightful hand gallop over turf flat for miles. At Cape Point we rested, breakfasted, and fed the horses, who enjoyed it as much as we did, and if we wanted to get off and walk, followed us. They did all but speak.

We saw a wonderful scourge of locusts at the Cape, like the description of the plague of them in the Old Testament. They came down with an east wind, devouring the crops, and vines, and all vegetation in their passage south, devastating Constantia, &c., &c. In the sea they were so thick that the captain's gig could hardly make its way through

their dead bodies. We started to ride to Constantia to see the devastation of the vines, but had to turn back in the first bay as the horses would not face them, and they flew in our faces and all over us. It was a plague, and ruined Constantia vines for that year. Short of seeing it one could not have believed it.

The *Bellerophon* and *Andromache* came in from China. Their crews always fought desperately when they ever met. The sailors called them the "Billy Ruffian" and the "Andrew Macky." The captain of the *Andromache* invited us to dinner and a dance on board. In an absent fit, when I was bored to death dancing with him, I heard myself asking him "How long the 'Andrew Macky' had been on the Chinese station?" He looked at me with surprise and contempt. He was a stupid, stiff, matter-of-fact man who could understand no joke.

Captain, now Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, H.M.S. *Dido*, came into Simon's Bay from China. When she left to be paid off in England Harry Keppel did a most venturesome thing; he took the *Dido* full sail inside the Roman Rock at Simon's Bay, a thing never done before except by very small boats. My father was watching her go out through his glass and was greatly alarmed, and said if she struck on a rock Harry Keppel would be tried by a court-martial and broke. Luckily there was a good breeze and Harry

Keppel, who no doubt knew what he was about, being a splendid sailor, crammed on canvas and she got through. The men of the *Dido* used to tell stories about her, and said their captain carried on such an amount of sail that in the Indian Ocean one night the *Dido* turned round under water, and that only the captain's luck ever righted her. The men said they could prove this miracle by their hammocks! She cost the dockyard at Simon's Bay a great deal in spars and sails. Harry Keppel drove tandems furiously down absolute precipices; one place was always shown to new-comers, and called "Keppel's Folly." He laid a bet he would drive tandem down it, and he did.

While we were at Simon's Bay we made a journey up the country to the Paarl and other places. My mother and her maid travelled in a waggon which the Governor lent to us, and my sisters and I rode with my father.

We stayed at the houses of various Boer farmers, as in those days there were no hotels, and indeed scarcely any roads in the country. The Boers took in travellers, who paid for their accommodation and food as though at an inn.

I recollect on one occasion arriving at a Boer's house, where we were obliged to put up for the night. The farmer, a gigantic individual, came up to me and said, "Get down from your horse." told him we were very hungry, and asked when we

could have some dinner or supper. He said the hour, and as it was a case of waiting a considerable time, I asked if we might have some bread to eat.

He simply replied, "No!"

We were obliged to wait for supper, at which the Boer's family appeared and ate with us. There were two pretty girls, and a tutor, and a very fat mother.

The vrows seemed to drink tea all day long; I saw no coffee in those days. They sat with their feet on a kind of footstool containing charcoal. The old lady asked a great many questions. "How old are you?" "Are you married?" "Why not?" "Why are you so thin?" &c.

After supper we walked about with the young ladies and the tutor, and after that they sang. It was not at all amusing. Our bedrooms we would willingly have exchanged for the bare ground, and would have done so had we not been afraid of hurting our host's feelings. The rooms smelt of cockroaches, and the beds were horribly stuffy with feather mattresses and huge eider-down quilts. Luckily we were very tired from riding all day, and so slept in spite of many disagreeables.

We left early next morning, with no regret, as soon as my father had paid our bill. The fat house vrow was really very kind, but her husband was very grumpy and rude, though I daresay he did not mean to be so.

We rode through a beautiful wood of quite large orange trees laden with fruit. The Dutch called it the "Wait-a-bit Valley," as waggons halted there and were "outspanned," horses were knee-haltered, and human beings and animals rested and had their luncheons under the trees.

I always thought "outspanning" delightful. The waggons had no springs, and as there were no roads, riding was much the more agreeable way of travelling, and far less tiring.

There was, in 1844, a delightful farm and house belonging to Laurence Cloete called Zandoliet, on the Cape Flats. We spent a few very pleasant days there. It was most interesting to see all the vast herds of cattle and ostriches go out in the mornings and return at evening to the farm, and made one think of Jacob and Laban's herds. The house was most comfortable, and the family who owned it were charming. They used to dance every evening. Before dinner, Mr. Laurence Cloete used to stand on his door-step, put his hands to his mouth, and give a tremendous "View halloa," in case any traveller had lost his way—true patriarchal hospitality! The last day of our stay with the Cloetes we had a jackal hunt over the Flats. My saddle kept turning round and round, and I was frightened to death, as the ground was very rough and full of holes. However, nothing happened to me.

I hope that Zandoliet is as delightful now as it was between 1842 and 1846, with equally nice and hospitable owners.

There was a "half-way house" at a place called Kalks Bay, about seven miles from Simon's Bay, where we often used to breakfast on our rides from Cape Town. It was owned by a well-known character at the Cape in those days called Farmer Peck. I believe he had been a famous smuggler. He gave excellent breakfasts, and had some very good champagne, which he used to produce if we had luncheon or dinner there. He was an old rogue, if ever there was one, but very amusing! He waited on his guests, talking to them all the while they ate. The dining-room walls were covered with glaring-coloured prints. One of these, to our amusement, represented my uncle Henry Percy bringing the despatches home from Waterloo. My uncle was depicted in uniform, inside a post-chaise, out of the windows of which stuck the captured eagles, the horses galloping away from Dover *en route* for London. The print was labelled—

"LORD PERCY *bringing home the* DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
Despatch from Waterloo."

I always regret that we did not ask Farmer Peck to let us purchase this print from him, as I have never seen another of the same subject.

I describe the incident which it represents in another chapter of this book.

I remember asking Farmer Peck what was his reason for building another house across the road immediately opposite to his own. He replied, "For change of air for Mrs. Peck," accompanying his words with a wink.

Farmer Peck must long ago have joined the majority. He was reputed to be very rich, and certainly he could not have spent much upon his personal adornment, for he was never seen except in his shirt-sleeves. He was very kind always to us and to our horses, which we often sent on ahead of us to be put up at his house, in order to be fresh for the next day's ride.

Big game of all kinds was, of course, much more plentiful, and found much nearer Cape Town, than is now the case.

My brother Alan returned to us at Simon's Bay at Christmas 1843 from Mauritius, ill with fever. He had volunteered for service on the East Coast of Africa, thinking that he would learn his profession better than in the flagship.

At Mauritius he caught a severe chill from imprudent bathing. This brought on fever, and eventually consumption. He died at Admiralty House on 25th June 1844, and lies buried in the cemetery at Simon's Bay.

He was made lieutenant before his death, and fretted terribly when the doctors told him he must give up the service if he wished to live. He felt leaving his profession to be worse than death, and used to say, "Oh, if I could die in action and not live rotting here!" He was so full of life, energy, and fun. He went to sea first in H.M.S. *Herald* to join H.M.S. *Melville* in China. He went through the Chinese war, and had severe fever at Chusan, which weakened his constitution. Captain Dundas of the *Melville* said that when a vessel they had captured at the Bogus Forts was sinking, Alan was missed. When the men and officers had been ordered off the sinking ship to their boats, Alan had gone below to bring up two cages of birds, and narrowly escaped going down with the vessel. The family love for animals was strong in him. He knew the ship was sinking, but would not let the birds drown.

Our voyage home to England was uneventful. When we made our number at Spithead the excitement on board was great to know if we were at war with the United States.

We landed at Portsmouth on the 22nd of April 1846.

My father got a severe chill while engaged in paying off the *Winchester*. We were detained in the George Hotel by his very dangerous illness

through May and most of June. My future husband, to whom I had been engaged since 30th May 1840, was at Portsmouth to meet us. My father never really recovered this illness. The doctors were very stupid and gave him strong tonics, instead of treating him for his real malady, which was internal gout.

CHAPTER V

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLY MARRIED LIFE

My marriage—Country visits—Nice—Paris—Lord and Lady Cowley—The Wellesleys—The Praslin murder—Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie—Lady Mary Bagot—The Emperor—Sir Charles Bagot—The Duke of Wellington—Tynninghame—Drumlanrig—The Buccleuchs—The Grevilles—Lord Alvanley—Lady Mornington—Admiral Byng—Brussels and Waterloo—Family anecdotes—How the Waterloo despatches reached London—Henry Percy—Sir William Ponsonby—The Duke of Wellington and Waterloo—Sir Peregrine Maitland—Louis XVIII. and Fouché—Letters of Lord Charles Percy—George III. and the Prince of Wales—Sir Charles Napier—Lady Ashburnham—The Duchess of Gloucester.

I WAS married on the 7th July 1846 in Rickmansworth Church, by my uncle, the Bishop of Carlisle. My husband and I spent our honeymoon at Elford Hall, near Tamworth, which his cousin, Mrs. Greville Howard, lent to us for the occasion.

My dear father was so weak from his illness that he could with great difficulty get to the church to give me away, and I cried the whole way from Watford to Rugby at being obliged to leave him still so ill.

At Rugby my husband said it was rather hard upon him, after waiting so many years for me, that I should spend my wedding-day in tears, so I thought I had better stop crying and try to pull

myself together. We were at Elford six weeks, and then paid visits to King's Bromley, Blithfield, Teddesley, and other places belonging to my husband's and my own relatives.

I became delicate from the cold of England after having been so long in warm climates, and we went to Nice for the winter, where we took a house close to where Sir George and Lady Napier were living; they were delighted with my husband, and he with them, and we saw a great deal of each other.

On our return from Nice we spent some months in Paris.

Lord Cowley, the Duke of Wellington's brother and my husband's great-uncle, was our Ambassador at Paris at that period, and both he and Lady Cowley were very kind to me.

It was an interesting time. Louis Philippe's throne was tottering. The Queen, Amélie, often came to the English Embassy; she was the only man among those Bourbon-Orléans, and, had she had her way, would never have fled from Paris without a fight for the crown. She was also the best woman possible—really a saint. Lord Cowley died, when we were in Paris, at the Embassy, from the effects of a severe cold. My husband of course went to his funeral. He was the most charming of all that Wellesley family, and the most lovable. Only one of them, Lord Mornington, sat in the House

of Lords by inheritance; the others, Lord Wellesley, the Duke, and Lord Cowley, won their seats by their deeds and talents. The Duke had a wonderful memory. He knew all the Psalms by heart. An old lady once pushed her Prayer-book into his hand at the Chapel Royal, shocked that he had none of his own; he told her he did not require it. As boys, in their father Lord Mornington's private chapel at Dangan Castle in Ireland, they had daily service and a band, and the Duke would play the violin. They were all more or less musical.

The clouds were gathering, and the storm brewing that swept away Louis Philippe in 1848. Bad omens in the shape of bank failures, money losses, and Bourse panics ruining many people, occurred in 1847. Later came the shocking murder of the poor Duchesse de Praslin by her husband, which brought contempt and disgrace on the upper class. The unfortunate Duchess thought their house was haunted, as her husband often prowled round her room and bed in the dead of night before he could nerve himself to commit the crime. His poor wife complained that she saw *des revenants* at nights about her bed, and that when these *revenants* came to her room one of them wearing a green mask would approach her bedside and bend over her.

His green mask was one of the things that convicted the Duc de Praslin of murdering her.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, Queen Marie

Amélie showed the greatest courage. When she urged Louis Philippe to show himself to his people and put himself at the head of his troops, he declined, and afterwards said: "Que pouvais-je faire donc? entre Montpensier qui pleurait, et Nemours qui se trouvait mal!"

I never saw Louis Philippe while we were in Paris in 1847; but the high-couraged Queen drove about in her State carriage and showed herself in the streets to the people, who were already very disaffected towards the Monarchy. During Lord Cowley's fatal illness she repeatedly came to the British Embassy to inquire after him.

Had the Duke d'Orléans lived he would have put himself at the head of the troops in Paris, and died rather than make his escape to England, giving up all his rights to the mob. He was a very different man from the present possessor of that title.

When my father-in-law, Sir Charles Bagot, was Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, my mother-in-law went to Notre Dame to see the Emperor Napoleon go to offer thanksgiving there. She ought not to have gone and so went as a private person. Sir Charles Bagot, in his capacity of Chargé d'Affaires to the King's Government, could not go. The Emperor passed close to Lady Mary Bagot, who was in the nave of the Cathedral. He clearly saw her and knew who she was, for, as she went *incognita*, she had ordered her carriage to go to a small door

at the side of the Cathedral; when she went for it, it was not there, but had been told to go to the great entrance of the Cathedral, evidently by command, in order to let her know that her presence had been perceived! She told my husband and his brothers that she never saw such an eye as that of the Emperor. He seemed to see every single person and everything. It struck Lady Mary as something absolutely wonderful.

Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B, was born in 1781. He was a son of the first Lord Bagot and the Hon. Louisa St. John, his wife, a daughter of the second Lord St. John. In 1806 he married Lady Mary Wellesley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Mornington. In 1807 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in 1814 Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Court. In 1815 he went to the United States as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, where he remained until 1819, gaining the sympathy of the American Government and contributing not a little to the consolidation of a good feeling with England.

In 1820 he was appointed Ambassador to the Czar Alexander I. at St. Petersburg. In November 1824 he was appointed Ambassador at the Hague. At this time Belgium and the Netherlands were under the same Government, and Great Britain was represented at the capitals of the two countries by an Embassy of the First Class. At the Revolu-

tion, which ended in the division of the two States, Sir Charles returned to England, and was soon afterwards reappointed to St. Petersburg, and was at the same time appointed special Ambassador to the Emperor of Austria. These appointments, however, were never taken up, as Mr. Canning went out of office. He was subsequently offered the Governor-Generalship of India, but declined it.

Whilst at Washington he had contracted a disease of the liver, and his doctors warned him that a hot climate would infallibly prove fatal to him.¹

Owing to his popularity with the United States Government he was urged to accept the Governor-Generalship of Canada at the commencement of the difficulties arising in connection with the Canadian Boundary question. Though in ill-health he considered it to be his duty to go, and during his term of office he was successful in framing the negotiations on the Boundary question, which were eventually continued and completed by his successor, Lord Durham. He died at Kingston, in Canada, on the 19th of May 1843, and his remains were brought to this country and interred in the family vaults in Blithfield Church.

He was an extremely witty, agreeable, and handsome man ; a close friend of Canning's, and of most of the political and literary men of his day of all

¹ Mr. Canning's letter offering the Viceroyalty of India to Sir Charles Bagot is dated 4th June 1827.

nationalities. It was to Sir Charles Bagot, when Ambassador at the Hague, that Mr. Canning addressed his famous despatch in verse, which, as I have seen it wrongly quoted on several occasions, I venture to append—

“In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
 Is giving too little and asking too much ;
 With equal advantage the French are content,
 So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms at twenty per cent.
 Twenty per cent.,
 Twenty per cent.,
Nous frapperons Falk with twenty per cent.”

A dispute on a question of tariffs with Falk, the Dutch Prime Minister, was the subject of this despatch.

There is a mass of interesting correspondence belonging to Sir Charles Bagot preserved at Levens, including journals kept during his Embassy to the Russian Court, where he and Lady Mary Bagot were very popular.

My husband was at Paris with his father, who was at the Embassy there, when Napoleon first escaped from Elba. He was taken as a boy of seven by his father's confidential servant to the Tuileries, and saw Napoleon carried shoulder high by the soldiers in triumph to the private entrance in the courtyard of the Tuileries. My husband took me in 1847 to look at the entrance and staircase. It is grievous now to look at the ground upon which the great historical palace, which

I remember so well, stood—passed away for ever, with all its memories of the old Monarchy and Empire.

I remember interesting dinners at Sir Robert Peel's, but Lady Jersey's evening parties dwell in my recollection as by far the most agreeable of any, for they were never crowded. No one better knew how to *tenir salon* than Lady Jersey. One dinner at Lady Westmorland's remains in my memory: it was an early dinner, and we were to go to the opera after it. The Duke of Wellington came into Lady Westmorland's box, and then she reminded him that I had become his great-niece. He took my hand and kept it throughout the act. My husband said to me afterwards, "Why did you not speak to the Duke?" I had been brought up with such intense admiration of him by my father and uncles that I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting hand in hand with the saviour of England and Europe!

In the autumns of 1848-49-50 we went from Blithfield and Levens to Tynninghame. Lord Haddington had been a great friend of Sir Charles Bagot's, and his friendship continued to my husband and to me, for my father-in-law's sake. No place could be more enjoyable in autumn than Tynninghame. What delightful mornings I have spent in the Fir Links (wood), close to the sea, watching the solan geese fish and fly about the Bass Rock. After

the great gale that did such havoc in Binning Wood I never saw Tynninghame, being unable to go there with my husband. We went one autumn before going to Tynninghame to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig, and had a very pleasant visit there. The border county is so full of interest, and Walter Scott—how much of its charm Scotland owes to him! I recollect the Duchess of Buccleuch telling me that some little time before we were there they had tried to revive old border games, but they had to be stopped; the old border rivalry broke out dangerously, and Scott and Percy retainers took to serious fighting. Also, she said, one of their retainers had asked whether he and his men might not pull some small English border town down, to revenge an imaginary slight to the Scots! I cannot recollect what year that was in, or the name of the small town. The old border spirit was long in dying out; indeed, it has not entirely died out yet. The terraced gardens at Drumlanrig are most beautiful, and were, when I saw them, a mass of brilliant colour.

On our first visit to Drumlanrig, among other guests in the large party we found assembled there, were Lord and Lady Dalmeny.¹ Lady Dalmeny was extremely handsome in those years, and, indeed,

¹ *Née* Lady Catherine Stanhope, daughter of fourth Lord Stanhope, mother of the present Lord Rosebery. She married, after her first husband's death, the late Duke of Cleveland, and died in 1901.

preserved her beauty long, and her charm and talents to the last days of her life. She made all our expeditions in the beautiful neighbourhood of Drumlanrig so interesting by her intimate knowledge of the old border stories and legends, her skill as an artist, and her general cleverness. I also recollect Charles and Henry Greville being of that party, and their mother, Lady Charlotte Greville. The colonel commanding my husband's regiment, the Grenadier Guards, was also there. I cannot remember his name, but recollect his being taxed with having a quarrel with Henry Greville, and being told that he would have to meet him in a duel. His reply to this was: "Good Lord! I should as soon think of calling out my mother's maid."

During the years 1851 and 1854 my father was commander-in-chief at the Nore. He began his naval career there, and was present on the *Sans Pareil* at the Mutiny of the Nore, as I have mentioned elsewhere, and it was his last command as an admiral. Naturally enough at dinner at the Admiralty House there were always naval officers present. The conversation frequently turned upon the deplorable state of our national defences. The fortifications at Sheerness were said to be not worth a straw. I recollect my father saying: "There is nothing to prevent half-a-dozen French steamers going up the river and burning what they please, and reaching London Bridge. I do not say that

they would come safely back again, but I have not a doubt they might get there to-morrow. I am persuaded that some day or other they will try to attack us on our own ground. I would not advise any one to suppose they will wait for a just ground of quarrel, or announce by preliminaries that they *have* quarrelled; their best chance, and they know it, is by a sudden blow. It will be an awful thing, come when it may, but it is my firm belief that come it will. I only wish we may meet them in the Channel, but by the improved gunnery and various other scientific improvements such encounters must henceforth be much more tremendous than they were heretofore. Supposing two first-rate ships to be engaged, in one quarter of an hour it would be all over with one or both of them. Such must be the effects of the broadsides of these days. The French have a fine fleet, well manned; their officers, generally speaking, are better trained and educated than ours; I believe even that they know our own coast and its soundings better than we do ourselves. Some of their people have been detected making observations and sketches, which could have had but one object; and they have made many unheeded. The successive Governments of this country have neglected, not to say discouraged, the service they ought to have fostered, and have not dared to ask for funds to keep up its necessary establishments, and will repent too late. I am

old enough to remember the threatened invasion many years ago, but the spirit is wanting *now* which *then* led almost every child to shoulder a musket.”¹

Captain Stafford said: “If they effect a landing in Ireland they would surely be joined by the larger body of the Roman Catholics. I wish,” my father said, laughing, “if they land in England, they would march straight to Manchester and fall in with Mr. Cobden and his associate in the first instance. They are the people who have reduced us to our present straits, and would reduce us still lower if they could. The Queen has taken some degree of alarm about Osborne, and that certainly will not be a fit or safe place for her.”

Sheerness, Feb. 7.—The *Rattlesnake* under weigh this morning, loaded, my father thinks over-loaded, with provisions for the Arctic crews, and going to Behring Straits in search of Sir John Franklin, &c. The Admiral has not a hope of their being found.

Our visits to Sheerness were never of long duration, as my husband did not get long leave. In 1852 he left the Guards. In the autumn of 1853 Mrs. Greville Howard lent us Elford Hall, near Lichfield, for six months, and when the Crimean war

¹ My father would have modified his opinion had he lived to see the volunteer movements of last year when the South African war broke out, and the enthusiasm of all ranks to defend the empire.

broke out, my husband was given the command of the 3rd Staffordshire Militia.

Captain Whitby, on a previous occasion, commanded H.M.S. *Cerberus*, frigate, in the gallant action in the Adriatic (1811); also H.M.S. *Leopard* of fifty guns against the *Chesapeake*, American frigate. I shall have occasion to allude again in these pages to this distinguished officer's services.

We saw a great deal in these years of Lord Alvanley, who was an old friend of my husband's, and our near neighbour in London. His witticisms were the most delightful, from being spontaneous and made without any effort. I recollect once being at a meet of hounds where Mr. Gunter, the famous confectioner, was riding. Mr. Gunter complained that his horse was very fidgetty and hot tempered, upon which Lord Alvanley replied, "Oh, ice him, Gunter, ice him!"

During all the earlier years of my married life, my husband's grandmother, Lady Mornington, was extremely kind to me—a kindness which lasted till her death. She was the Duke of Wellington's favourite sister-in-law. Her eldest daughter, Lady Mary Wellesley, my husband's mother, was a beautiful woman. Her two younger daughters married Lord Westmorland and Lord Fitz-Roy Somerset (afterwards created Lord Raglan). She had only one son.

Lady Mornington lived to a very great age. She and Lady Clarendon, whom I have already mentioned in these pages, were twin daughters of Admiral Forbes, of a family distinguished for good looks and brains. Admiral Forbes absolutely refused to sign the warrant for the death of Admiral Byng. The latter, as is well known, was accused of "showing the white feather," and pretending to be unaware of the vicinity of the French fleet when he should have given chase to it. There was a fog at the time, which Admiral Forbes was convinced prevented the French fleet from being seen by the ill-fated Admiral Byng, who was tried by a court-martial and shot.

On each anniversary of the execution the family of that unfortunate admiral used to pay a solemn visit to Lady Mornington, dressed in deep mourning, as a testimony to her of their gratitude for Admiral Forbes's conduct.

Lady Mornington was at Brussels at the time of the battle of Waterloo. She went there in order to be near her family, who were at the front with the Duke of Wellington, and especially to be with her daughter, Lady Fitz-Roy Somerset, whose husband lost an arm at Waterloo, and who was expecting her confinement. When the sound of the firing of Waterloo commenced, she took Lady Fitz-Roy into the park, hoping to distract her attention. They were sitting on a bench when a Frenchwoman

said to them, "Mon Dieu, Mesdames, n'entendez vous pas le canon?"

Shortly afterwards the wounded began to arrive, and among them Lord Fitz-Roy Somerset.

Lady Mornington told many interesting and characteristic anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington.

As an instance of the confidence the Duke's presence inspired, she told me that when firing was heard in Brussels at the commencement of the battle of Waterloo, she went to wake her maid, a woman called Finlay. The woman merely sat up in her bed and said, "Is the Duke between us and the French army, my lady?" "Yes, Finlay." "Oh, then, my lady, I shall lie down and go to sleep again." This same old Finlay gave me, in 1847, the page's dress my husband wore as a boy of twelve years old at George IV.'s coronation. The dress is at Levens Hall, and also a picture of him wearing it. Lady Mornington told me she took my husband to see George IV., who desired her to do so, and she particularly exhorted him to be good, touch nothing, and ask no questions. I think she said he was eight years old then. There was a very curious shield of beautiful workmanship on the wall over where the King sat. The boy forgot his grandmother's injunctions, and, after staring at the shield, said, "I wish, sir, you would take that down and let me look at it." The King was so amused, and so kind to children, that he did so.

My husband was a very handsome boy, and at the banquet at George IV.'s coronation the King gave him a message to take to a lady at the end of Westminster Hall, in order to show his page off to his guests.

My father wished that the bees which formed the clasp of Napoleon Bonaparte's cloak should be left to me. They are now at Levens. My uncle, Major Henry Percy, A.D.C. to the Duke, saw the cloak left by Bonaparte on a mound on the field of Waterloo. The cloak was too heavy to take, and my uncle cut off the clasp with the imperial bees, which clasp he gave my father.

The Duke sent home the despatches with the news of the glorious victory by Henry Percy, who had no time to change the coat he wore at the Duke of Richmond's ball, and in which he fought at Waterloo. As a child of seven I saw this coat at No. 8 Portman Square, a large stain of blood on one shoulder of it.

My uncle proceeded, in the fastest sailing-boat then procurable, from Antwerp to Dover, where he landed in the afternoon. He found that a rumour, not only of a battle but of a victory, had preceded him. My father told me Rothschild had a schooner lying off and on at Antwerp, with orders to proceed immediately with the news of the allied armies' defeat or victory, whichever it might be—news the knowledge of which was to be used for stockbroking

purposes. My memory is vague about the details of this schooner.

The confirmation of the report of victory was received with tremendous acclamation. The posting then on the Dover and London line was entirely in the hands of a Mr. Wright, master of the Ship Hotel at Dover, who instantly ordered an express to procure horses at each stage to be ready for Major Percy, he providing a post-chaise with four of his best horses. It was found that the captured eagles my uncle carried could not be contained in the post-chaise. They were placed so that their heads appeared out of the front windows; a better announcement there could not have been of the glorious news, which was received with enthusiastic thankfulness everywhere.

Major Percy drove straight to the Horse Guards. The Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York, was dining out. He proceeded to Lord Castlereagh's and heard the same account at his door, and finding that he and the Duke of York were at the same dinner, given by a rich widow in St. James's Square, there he went, and heard that the Prince Regent was also at this party. He requested to be shown into the dining-room, which he entered with his despatches and eagles, covered with dust and all the marks of battle. The dessert was being placed on the table. At the same moment the Prince Regent commanded the ladies to leave the room,

which they did. He put out his hand to the bearer of these glad tidings and said, "Welcome, Colonel Percy."

"Go down on one knee," said the Duke of York, "and kiss hands for the step you have gained!"

Before the Duke of Wellington's despatch could be read, he was anxiously asked after many distinguished officers, and had to answer "Dead" or "Severely wounded." The Prince burst into tears.¹

Meantime Colonel Percy was sinking from fatigue, and begged to be allowed to go to his father's house in Portman Square. The crowds were so great he had difficulty in reaching it, and all night the house was besieged by multitudes of anxious inquirers. He had no power to say more than that the victory was complete, and the loss in killed and wounded very heavy, and that, as far as he could, he would answer all questions next day. The agony of suspense and affliction he witnessed was so intense that, in his own words, he could only feel the awful price of the victory; the heart-rending grief he had to inflict made his ear deaf to the sounds of triumphant joy with which London resounded.

In one instance he announced what proved not to be true. It was believed that Sir William

¹ Sir Herbert Maxwell mentions this incident in his life of the Duke of Wellington. I had previously published the account of it in *Blackwood's Magazine* (March 1899).

Ponsonby was killed, and his name returned in the list as dead; he had fallen covered with wounds, met with cruelty on one hand and kindness on another. The thrust of a spear had been given to end his life by one French soldier, another poured brandy from his own canteen down his throat and saved his life. The name of this soldier was asked when Sir William Ponsonby recovered and was able to join the allied armies at Paris. Every effort was made to discover him, but without success; he had probably died after saving the life of an enemy. Colonel Percy was thought never quite to have recovered the fatigues of the Waterloo campaign; he had, also, as Sir John Moore's aide-de-camp, been through the retreat of Corunna. He always wore a locket (now at Levens) with Sir John Moore's hair in it, given by Miss Moore to all her brother's aides-de-camp after he fell at Corunna. The locket was left to my father and after his death to me.

As a child of three years old I was lifted on to my uncle Henry's bed in Portman Square. He was then a dying man, and I felt very frightened, when he kissed me, at his very white face and black hair. He gave me a necklace, which he put round my throat. This necklace, alas, was stolen from me at Portsmouth in 1846.

The gloves which the Duke of Wellington wore at Waterloo are now at Levens, and lie beside the sword that Lord Nelson gave to my father. These

gloves Lady Mornington took off his hands on his return from Brussels after the battle. She also gave my husband the pen, an old and well-worn quill, with which the Duke and the other signatories of the Capitulation of Paris signed their names to the Treaty of Capitulation on the entrance into the city of the allied armies. This pen, I regret to say, mysteriously disappeared from a house we had in Staffordshire, possibly "annexed" by a too keen collector of historical relics. As a souvenir of his services as aide-de-camp, and of taking home the despatches from Waterloo, the Duke presented Henry Percy with a gold watch (made by Bréguet), set with diamonds, which he had made in Paris. This watch is also in my son's possession at Levens.

Paris, July 27th, 1815.—The Duke of Wellington said that when the account was brought to him at Brussels on the night of the 15th that the French had driven back the Prussians and advanced to Quatre Bras (thirty-six miles in one day), of which thirty were fought, he looked on the map and would not believe it possible.

The Duke said: "Bonaparte was the most unfortunate general who ever lived, for he lost more armies than any one else ever did—Egypt, Portugal, I do not know how many in Spain, Russia, &c., &c.

"When the Commissioners came to me the day after they had proclaimed the 'Roi de Rome,' they

wanted to proclaim in his place the Duc d'Orléans, from a belief in which they were quite wrong, that the allies did not care about the old king."

The Duke of Wellington, respecting the battle of Waterloo, at Paris, July 1815, said: "I have taken a good deal of pains with many of my battles, but I never took half the pains I did at Waterloo.

"By God! there never was in the annals of the world such a battle! 150,000 men *hors de combat*. Blucher lost 30—I can account for 20,000. The French may fairly be reckoned at one hundred."

Arthur Upton (Colonel Greville Howard's brother) asked him: "What would you have done, sir, if the Prussians had not come up?"

The Duke of Wellington replied: "The Prussians were of the greatest use in the pursuit, but if they had *not* come up, what should we have done? Why—we should have held our ground: *that's* what we should have done.

"Our army was drawn up into a great many squares; many of these were diminished to a quarter, and the cavalry was riding amongst them. I saw it was necessary to present a length of front to the enemy. I made them fall into line, four deep, and we completely drove them back. *That* manœuvre won the battle; it never was tried before."

Henry Percy remarked to the Duke one day: "I thought, sir, you were taken when you got amongst the French."

“No, I got away through the 95th. I got through the 95th two or three times that day.”

After the battle of Waterloo, when the Prussians were in full pursuit, they came up with the division of Guards, who had so heroically distinguished themselves. The Prussians instantly halted, formed, and played “God save the King,” after which they proceeded in their pursuit.

The following remarks by the Duke of Wellington on his tactics at the battle of Waterloo were taken down by Lord Hatherton in writing at the time of their delivery, and were by him communicated to my husband.

On the 8th December 1825 the following persons were assembled at Teddesley: the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Richard and Lady Harriet Bagot, the Right Hon. Robert Peel, Mr. Croker, Mr. George Fortescue, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Cunliffe, Mr. Algernon Percy, Mr. and Mrs. G. Chetwode, Mr. Littleton (subsequently Lord Hatherton), and Mrs. Littleton.

After dinner when we were talking of the campaign of Waterloo, Croker alluded to the criticisms of the French military writers, some of whom declared that the Duke had fought the battle in a position full of danger, as he had no practical retreat.

The Duke said—“They failed in their attempt

to put it to the test. The road to Brussels, however, was, every yard of it, practicable for such a purpose. I knew that every yard of the plain beyond the forest on each side of the *Chaussée* was open enough for infantry and cavalry and even for artillery, and very defensible. Had I retreated through it, could they have followed me? The Prussians were on their flank, and would have been in their rear.

“The co-operation of the Prussians in the operations which I undertook was part of my plan, and I was not deceived. But I never contemplated a retreat on Brussels. Had I been forced, I should have retreated by my right towards the coast, the shipping, and my resources. I had placed Hill where he could lend me important assistance in many contingencies that might have been. And again I ask, if I had retreated on my right, could Napoleon have ventured to follow me? The Prussians, already on his flank, would have been in his rear. But my plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared and then to attack the French position—and I executed my plan.”

Lord Hatherton added—“As we left the dining-room, Croker, who had been in the Duke’s company more than most men since the Duke’s return to England, said to me, ‘I never heard the Duke say so much on this subject before.’”

Sir Peregrine Maitland told me that for the

three days of the battle of Waterloo he had such a raging toothache that he never knew how he got into the wood in which the Guards lost so many officers and men, and that he really could not tell me anything about the battle of Waterloo!

He, Sir Peregrine Maitland, and his wife, Lady Sarah Lennox, ran away with each other, as the Duke and Duchess of Richmond would not allow the marriage, he being of no particular family and poor. The Duchess always spoke of that daughter as "Barrack Sal." They were both very handsome, and were my father's and our intimate friends. Sir Peregrine was Governor at the Cape during the latter part of the time that we were there, and succeeded my father's dearest friend, Sir George Napier.

Lady Mornington told me that when she first saw the Duke at Brussels after the battle and congratulated him, he put his face between his hands to hide his tears and said, "Oh! do not *congratulate* me—I have lost all my dearest friends." Sir Herbert Maxwell's inference, in his *Life of Wellington*, that the Duke had no feeling, does not seem to be borne out by the experience of those who knew him best.

When the Duke of Wellington was told that Alick Gordon was dead of his wounds he shed tears.

After pursuing the retreating army to Genappes

the Duke of Wellington and Henry Percy returned to Waterloo. The Duke was very low and said, "I believe you are the only one of my aides-de-camp left."

"But we ought, sir, to be very thankful that you are safe," said my uncle.

"The finger of God was upon me all day—nothing else could have saved me."

Charles Greville used to relate that when Talleyrand was returning from Congress, Monsieur le Duc de Berry persuaded the King to part with him. At his first audience he perceived a great change in Louis' manner. This was again evident in another audience. Talleyrand demanded some explanation, and it was intimated to him that the King had withdrawn his confidence from him. Talleyrand went privately to Lord Wellington. The result was that Lord Wellington informed the King that the only condition on which he would make common cause with his interests was that he should continue Talleyrand in his office.

Just before the King was obliged to quit Paris in 1815, he sent for Fouché and asked him to take the department of the Police. Fouché told him it was too late, and frankly informed him of his reasons for thinking so. Blacas, who was present, twice interrupted him by saying, "M. Fouché, you forget that you are speaking to the King." Fouché, indignant at being thus interrupted, turned angrily

round to Blacas, saying, "Monsieur Blacas, your impertinence compels me to inform the King that you were ten years in my pay as a spy upon him in England." The King broke up the conference and burst into tears.

On Louis XVIII.'s second arrival in Paris, July 1815, he would not receive anybody, because the Prussians bivouacked in the Place Carrousel, saying that he felt himself a prisoner in his own palace.

When the manufactory at Sèvres was taken, a beautiful chocolate service of green Sèvres porcelain was found ready packed. The Emperor Napoleon had ordered it to be made as a present from him to "Madame Mère." The different pieces of the service are adorned with hunting scenes in the park of Vincennes, and the figures depicted in these scenes are portraits of Napoleon and various generals belonging to his staff.

This service was left to me by my mother-in-law, to whom it was given by the Duke of Wellington, and is now at Levens.

General Maitland told us the enthusiasm of the fickle Parisians was great when the allied armies entered Paris after Waterloo; and they made themselves hoarse shouting, "Vive nos amis les ennemis!" "Moitié singe—moitié tigre" is true of Parisian nature—at least, of their mob.

The instances of bad taste on the staff of the

Duke seem to have been many. The following happened at Paris in 1815. The first ball the Duke gave, after his entry into Paris, not suiting the feeling of the time, the Parisians refused to attend. The royal family notified their intention of coming. In the course of the evening, an officer of Monsieur's staff was sent to ask whether it was a full-dress ball, and how Monsieur was to come.

"Tell him," said one of the pert A.D.C.'s, "that he may come if he likes *sans culottes*," which sally was received by shouts of laughter. None of the royal family came, which was hardly to be wondered at.—CHARLES PERCY.

My uncle Henry Percy told my father that in the house where Sir John Moore died mass was said all night, both before and after his death, by the Spanish priests.

Lord Fitz-Roy Somerset told Lady Mornington that the Duke of Wellington slept during the battle of Talavera, after making every arrangement, worn out by fatigue.

When La Bédoyère went to be shot, 19th August 1815, Lord Apsley was present, and said he appeared perfectly calm and undaunted, placed his hand on his heart, said a few words, advanced, gave the word, "Un, deux, trois—*feu!*" and fell motionless. About 150 people present; no expression of pity, sorrow, or exultation. It was beyond the *barrière* de Grenelle.

Bonaparte, in one of his conversations in Elba, speaking of Louis XVIII., predicted that the system he pursued must fail; "for," said he, "Il faut gouverner ce peuple avec une main de fer et des pattes de velours."—SEYMOUR BATHURST.

*Copy of a Letter from CHARLES PERCY to his
Sister, LADY SUSAN PERCY.*

"PERONNE, 2nd July 1815.

"DEAREST SUSAN,—I could not spare a moment to write from Brussels, nor have I had any opportunity since. I will give you a detailed account of my operations from my arrival until the present time. On Monday morning at 3 o'clock, after a very disagreeable passage in company with Lord Alvanley, we reached Ostend, where we were detained two hours. From there we pushed our journey, famished and still suffering from nausea, to Brussels, by Bruges, Ghent, &c., &c. We arrived about 5 o'clock. We dined with Lady Sidney Smith, and Henry pursued his course with despatches to Lord Wellington, who was supposed to be at Compiègne, but I have heard nothing of him since.

"I stayed two days at Brussels, which place I delight in, and recommend by all manner of means for Louisa (Lady Lovaine) to summer there. Saw Waterloo, but, alas! the dead were all buried; the ground was covered with blood, and looked like a

field of crows, it was so covered with caps and helmets. The horror that those who stayed at Brussels suffered is indescribable. All the firing was heard distinctly, and as it receded or advanced their hopes and fears predominated. To add to their alarm, the Cumberland Hussars galloped into the town declaring it was all lost! The Rumbolds and the Duke of Richmond determined to remain. Every moment the dying and the wounded were brought into the town and laid in the Park, where the ladies dressed the less severe wounds, and administered every comfort and consolation in their power.

“English and Belgians seem equally to have devoted themselves to the care of the troops. As far as I could ascertain, there were 10,000 wounded in Brussels. You probably have seen the returns long before this. I have not. Sir Sidney Smith saved 117 men, who were left mingled with the dead. He went in his carriage with wine, bread, and ice on purpose. One great inconvenience was the want of a sufficient number of surgeons.

“But to return to my journal. Henry procured me a bed at Lord Wellington’s. Lady Smith feasted me all day, so that I had none of the little inconveniences which render life burthensome. Our party there consisted of Lady Smith and the Rumbolds, the Duke of Richmond, Berkeley Paget, Lord G. Lennox, and Horace Seymour. I was so

busy about horses, commissary, &c., that I saw nothing of Brussels.

“I must confess that I felt some dread of setting out on my route to Paris all alone, neither the servants or myself able to speak French! However, I had a pass, an officer’s, which ensured me a bed, and some eatables. But then the misery of that indescribable, unmanageable word and thing, ‘a billet’—how was I to manage for my breakfast, dinner, washing? There was a load of anticipated affliction. The first day I rode to Mons. You know the road, therefore I shall make no *guidish* remarks! All the churches, houses, &c., were ornamented with lilies and flags, &c. One would have thought that the people were enthusiastically attached to the Bourbons! But only a week before they appeared with equal enthusiasm as fierce Napoleonists.

“You used always to *fret* me, and say when I was squeamishly delicate, ‘If you were to travel, what would you do?’ And I always answered that when I had no right to expect comfort and cleanliness, I should do without it as well as my neighbours. And I find I was quite right. My anticipations had so far exceeded the reality, that I was delighted with my room at Mons (which was by far the most wretched you can conceive), and I felt fearful that I should not have so good again. I dined at a *traiteur*’s, and paid a boy to show me all the lions. The only one I saw was on the principle of the tea

garden at Bayswater ; and in the centre was a stage where the good people waltzed, and, in my opinion, exquisitely ill. On my return mine host conveyed me to a café, where he smoked into my mouth, obliged me to drink beer and punch, panegyrised his wife, a scarecrow of sixty hung over with loose yellow skin, and told me she was esteemed very like an Englishwoman, so much so that all our countrymen mistook her for one !

“ The next day I proceeded from Mons to Beauvais, and, after two hours’ rest, to Cateau, where I was billeted with a pharmacien. From Cateau to Cotelet (two hours’ rest), to Peronne, where I am writing to you, in the *étude* of a notaire ; he is quite a doat of an attorney, and everything comfortable and clean, like the best inn in England, with much more civility. In consequence, I have decided to give the horses a day’s rest here. In three days I shall be at Paris, and from thence I will write the conclusion of Captain Percy’s adventures on the staff of General Maitland. They tell me that the King and Lord Wellington are to enter that place to-day.

“ Nothing can be more flattering hitherto than the reception of the English. The Prussians are detested, and I believe with reason ; they pay the French in their own coin. Your affectionate brother,

“ CHARLES PERCY.”

“PARIS, 8th July 1815.

“DEAREST SUSAN,—I wrote to my father from Neuilly two days ago ; you will therefore be prepared for a continuance of my journal, dated Paris.

“Lord Wellington decided to enter it yesterday. I *believe* none of the Parisians knew of it. I am sure none of his A.D.C.’s did ; they, good souls, are left in a state of edifying ignorance of all his measures, even those of least importance—so much so that when we quitted headquarters upon our several horses, not one person present except the Lord Paramount knew in the least how he was to enter it, and whether there was to be a review previously. The result was that he rode into Paris perfectly quietly, followed by his suite—no demonstration of any kind, nor were there twenty people of any kind assembled. His house is situated at the extremity of the Champs Elysées and the Place Louis Quinze. Therefore, before any rumour could reach the inhabitants, he was safely housed. The tricolour flag continued to fly over the Tuileries, the Invalides, the Place Vendome, &c., and the Corps Legislatif continued their sitting under the shadow of that accursed ensign, as indifferently as if the town had not capitulated, and as if they were still masters of their own proceedings.

“20,000 Prussians marched immediately into the town, and the Boulevards were crowded to see the sight, but no feeling was discoverable.

“To-day 20,000 more troops marched in, and the same proportion is to enter daily until the whole 80,000 are billeted upon the worthy citizens. In the meantime the English troops are encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, and have possession of the Barrières, but are not to take up their quarters at all within the walls of Paris.

“About three o'clock to-day the King made his entry into the town. Half-an-hour only before that event the tricolour made room for the legitimate standard of France, and white cockades appeared in the hats of the National Guards. There was no great crowd to witness the ceremony, which was very imposing from the number of troops which the King had assembled. ‘Vive le Roi!’ was not very enthusiastically repeated by the people, but no dissatisfaction was in any way manifested. Louis did not appear in an open carriage as they expected, nor was he at all gracious to them.

“I trust this augurs the restoration of the Sainte Guillotine. ‘Let a scaffold be erected of fifty cubits, and hang the Marshals thereupon,’ is the first order I should give, if I were the King. But I fear he is too full of the milk of human kindness. I have seen no sights. I am grievously disappointed in the wonder of wonders—but of that hereafter.

“The bugles are now playing the downfall of Paris. Any other nation would be humbled, but

humility is a virtue which Frenchmen do not possess by nature, and I fear are not competent to acquire.

“How silly is the Triumphal Arch in the middle of the Place du Carrousel.

“Good-night; I am very sleepy, and not over well. Your affectionate,
CHARLES PERCY.”

At the Pavilion at Brighton, where I can never forget the kindness I experienced, I heard the Prince Regent relate the following anecdote of the King. It is very touching that the King's sense of duty was so strong that in his illness he felt, as King of England, his place was at the head of his army.

His Majesty once, during a lucid interval, inquired after some individual, and was answered by his medical attendant that he was with the army in France. “What army?” “Your Majesty's army, which is at present in France” (1815). When this fact was made clear to the King he exclaimed, “Thank God! But where is the King of England, who ought to be at its head?” He then inquired under whose command it was. When the Duke of Wellington's name was mentioned he said, “No such person,” and afterwards when they explained he was Sir Arthur Wellesley, the King went off into a paroxysm, saying, “It is a lie, he was shot yesterday in Hyde Park.”—CHARLES PERCY.

The King at the settlement of the Regency was

supposed to be convalescent. The Prince of Wales spoke to him about it. The King said, "Only, Prince of Wales, be careful that the whole thing was to be arranged correctly; take care to have the Spencer livery—it has been quite wrong going on all this time with Brunswick livery."

Once, during the King's illness, when the Prince of Wales went to see him, the King said:—

"If I did not know that he was dead, I should think that the Prince of Wales was here, from the smell of *perfumery*."

The Duke of Wellington as Sir Arthur Wellesley, before he went to India, was engaged to the Hon. Catherine Pakenham. She wrote to him, just before he left India, to tell him she was altered in appearance, and that now he was a distinguished man, she wrote to release him of his engagement. Sir Arthur's only answer was that he would meet her to fulfil his promised marriage at the church door. He was so poor when he went to India that Lady Mornington gave him his outfit, and even paid for his socks.

Previous to the issue of the new coinage a good deal of conversation took place respecting the legend of *Britt. Rex*. I met Wellesley Pole, the Master of the Mint, at Houghton; he told me that he had consulted Parr, and many other learned men, that the reduplication of the last letter in every instance in offices, &c., bore them

out by *analogy*, though they had no *precedent*, applying to countries. I suggested the King of Spain and *Indies*, which had not been thought of or remembered. Sovereign was a name applied to a coin, I believe, of similar value in the reign of Henry VII.—LORD CHARLES PERCY AND WELLESLEY POLE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF MORNINGTON.

25th February 1817.—I was present last night at the debate in the House of Lords on the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. I came in when Lord Wellesley was speaking. He spoke well; seeing Lord Aberdeen smile, he advised himself to say, “I should wish the noble lord to answer me with his arguments, and not with his insolence.” (Order, order.) Lord Aberdeen said he would not stand such language from any one, nor should he manage his smiles according to the pleasure of the noble Marquis.

In adverting to something which had previously fallen from Lord Sidmouth respecting the quiet state of Ireland, Lord Wellesley said, “It is quiet, like gunpowder.”—CHARLES PERCY.

My father told me that when Sir Charles Napier was returned as dead, after one of the battles of the Peninsular War, which of the battles it was I forget, his brother, Captain William Percy, R.N., undertook to break the news to his mother, Lady Sarah Napier, who was blind. Sir Charles was found alive, under

a heap of wounded, and taken prisoner by the French, but not heard of for a year. My father conveyed the news to England of his being alive, and went to Lady Sarah's house to tell her. She heard my father's voice in a room where he was speaking to her daughters, and said when asked to see Captain Percy, "No, no, I will *not* see Captain Percy. He has only come to tell me of the death of another son." Her daughters told her it was Captain *Josceline* Percy who had come to break very *good* news to her. My father found them all in very deep mourning, and it was most difficult to convince Lady Sarah that her son Charles was really alive. She was the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, whom George III. was so much in love with and wished he could marry. She married first Sir Thomas Bunbury, and secondly, in 1864, Hon. George Napier. She was the mother of Sir William the historian, Sir George Napier, and Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde, all distinguished soldiers, who rarely went into action without being wounded. Lady Sarah Napier went quite blind. She mistook my father's voice for my uncle, William Percy's. They were much alike in their voices and manner of speaking.

Sir George Napier was one of my father's greatest friends. He was Governor of the Cape of Good Hope when we first went there in 1842.

He lost an arm in the Peninsular War, I think, and used to tell me delightful stories that I wish I had written down, about the Peninsular War, &c.

He told me that when as a lad he joined "the old 52nd Regiment," he wore his hair in long curls down his back, that he was kept more or less drunk for the first fortnight by the regiment, and for that fortnight he *hated* the army, till he got over this dreadful "breaking in" of a youngster.

Lady Ashburnham (*née* Lady Charlotte Percy) was a great friend of the Princess Sophia, and of the Duchess of Gloucester. She married Lord St. Asaph, eldest son of Lord Ashburnham, who was George III.'s godson. I used often to go with her to visit these princesses. At her first ball, Queen Charlotte introduced Lord St. Asaph to my aunt, and she danced her first dance with him. I believe he was older than her father by a year or two, but very good-looking and witty. She was very beautiful. The Duchess of Gloucester was most kind to me and my husband. She used to honour us with visits at our little house in London, 5 Eaton Place, South, and when we first took it insisted upon seeing every hole and corner in it. I thought it very kind of one accustomed only to royal palaces taking so much interest in our modest establishment. She was a most delightful person, with such pretty, gracious, and at the same time dignified manners.

CHAPTER VI

MISCELLANIES

Blithfield and the Bagots—Bagot's Park—John Sneyd—Lady Wilmot Horton—A ghost story—A case of second sight—The "Tracts for the Times"—Mr. Bennett—St. Barnabas, Pimlico—Mrs. Greville Howard—Levens—A description of Princess Charlotte's marriage and funeral—Lady Derby—The Chartist Riots.

I SHALL never forget the impression made upon me by my first visit to Blithfield, Lord Bagot's fine old place in Staffordshire. As I am not a Bagot by birth, I may be forgiven, perhaps, for attempting to record those impressions; the more so as they were formed before I had any idea that I should marry into the family and become a Bagot myself.

My first acquaintance with Blithfield was on the last night of the year 1839.

My parents and myself were staying with the Levetts of Milford, about five or six miles from Blithfield, and drove over to dance the New Year in at a ball given by Lord Bagot to his tenantry, to which any of his neighbours who cared to do so were cordially invited to come, and bring their guests with them. It was a beautiful sight, and even after the lapse of sixty years the scene remains vividly before my eyes. The Bagots were all so

handsome—famous in those days for their good looks—the old lord so high bred and courteous in his manners; and his brother, the Bishop of Oxford, as he then was, and the Bishop's wife, Lady Harriet, and their family, so strikingly good-looking.

All the country houses in the neighbourhood of Blithfield were filled and brought their guests to the ball, besides the tenants for whom it was given, and servants and retainers of all sorts. As the clock struck twelve the dancing ceased, and in came the head forester, Henry Turner, with the magnificent bloodhounds from Bagot's Park. Every one admired the dogs, and shook hands with every one else and their partners. Mine was a Grenadier, my future husband, Captain Charles Bagot. One dance more, and the "quality" went to supper, and left the old hall to the servants, tenants, &c.; and they kept the ball up till morning. There was an indescribable charm in old Blithfield as I knew it first at the age of eighteen. A sort of feudal attachment to it of all ranks; so respected by the county, and all branches of the family received there with such hospitality, kindness, and old-world courtesy by the dear old lord, who at eighty welcomed every one on their arrival, and took them to their carriage when they left, after visits of weeks or more.

The drive from Blithfield through Bagot's Woods to Bagot's Park struck me, and all new comers, immensely. Lilies-of-the-valley grow wild in these

woods, and flowers of many kinds. Bagot's Park is four miles from Blithfield. The Bagots held the land undisturbed at the coming of William the Conqueror, and the family has held them ever since. The residence of the family was at Bagot's Bromley before they migrated to Blithfield, which latter estate came to them by the marriage, in Henry II.'s reign, of the then head of the house with the heiress of the Blithfields. The great features of Bagot's Park are the oaks and a herd of wild goats. The "Beggar's" oak, mentioned in Domesday Book, is still a mighty tree; the girth of its trunk so large that a carriage and four horses are almost concealed from view when drawn up behind it. The "King's" and the "Venison" oaks are also enormous trees, and, could they speak, would tell strange tales of centuries long passed.

My son Richard has, under the names of "Abbotsbury" and "Redman's Cross," described Blithfield and Bagot's Park in one of his novels—"Casting of Nets."

The great affection the Bagots had for Blithfield, and the kind of feudal hospitality kept up there in old days, no one belonging even by marriage to the family could ever forget.

My husband was extremely attached to the memory of his cousin the Rev. John Sneyd, Rector of Elford, who, with Lord Lyttelton, had been his guardian during his father's foreign embassies.

Elford Rectory and Blithfield were his homes in his earlier years. John Sneyd was a great friend of the Duke of Dorset, of Canning, Charles Ellis, Sir Charles Bagot, and all the writers of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and they all visited Elford Rectory frequently, and often wrote their articles there. Canning was in regular correspondence, and a constant guest in the retired Rectory of Elford; Mr. Sneyd was succeeded as Rector by Francis E. Paget, son of Sir Edward Paget and the Hon. Miss Bagot, a nephew of Lord Anglesey of Waterloo celebrity.

I once asked Lady Wilmot Horton, of whom Lord Byron wrote the sonnet, "She walks in beauty like the night," &c., who was the person she would prefer to call back to this world as the most agreeable member of it she had known in her life. She replied, without hesitation, "John Sneyd." Lady Wilmot Horton was the heiress of Catton Hall, near Tamworth, and married Sir Robert Horton. She had lived with all the wits of her day, was beautiful, and as good and as lovable as any one could be.

After visits to Teddesley, Blithfield, and Guy's Cliff, we went to Levens Hall, Westmorland, where we found Lady Harriet Bentinck, Cavendishes, and Howards of Greystock, Finches, &c., all cousins of its then owner, Mrs. G. Howard, granddaughter to Lady Andover, Mrs. Delany's friend and correspondent; also Colonel Greville Howard's nephews,

Henry, George, Lord Templetown, and Arthur Upton—then young men. The house was full of people who remained for weeks, not the short visits of three nights in vogue now.

Henry Upton had a curious experience in Portugal, where he was then with his regiment. He and a friend were sitting talking in an anteroom to the messroom, when they saw a friend of theirs, whose name I forget, and whom they knew to be in England, pass through the room to another from which there was no outlet. He was in his shirt-sleeves—no waistcoat or coat—trousers and shirt only. The shirt, they noticed, was white, with a blue check. They were so surprised that they followed him, and found no one. They questioned the sentry, who declared that no such person had passed into the barracks or out of them. They looked at their watches, and Henry Upton wrote to his brother, George Upton, who was in London, to go to ——'s lodgings and find out what he was doing on that date and hour. George Upton went, but found their friend had died, but not on the day Henry Upton and his friend had seen him. Henry Upton wrote to George again to put the landlady on oath as to the *date* and *hour* of the officer's death, and to ask if he died in a white shirt. After much demur and evasion she said, "Well, sir, if you will not betray me, he did not die on the day I told you, but on the day and hour you mention. He

did not die in his own white shirt; I had to send all his linen that morning to the laundress, and put one of my husband's shirts on him, a blue check shirt. The date of his death was falsified on account of his pension, which was almost all his sisters had to look to for income.' He died on the day and hour Henry Upton and his friend saw him pass through the anteroom to their mess in Portugal.¹

This story was told me by Colonel the Hon. George Upton, afterwards General Lord Templetown; his eldest brother, Henry, could not bear to speak on the subject, and when I asked him referred me to his brother George.

In 1847 almost the pleasantest things were Mr. Rogers the poet's breakfasts at ten and eleven o'clock. My husband and I were frequently invited, and met all the literary men and scientists of the day. The great men were invariably simple, and so kind to the ignorant; the smaller lights, conceited and pompous. Rogers himself was very cynical, and looked as if he had been buried alive and dug up. He had great likes for some people and aversions from others, and in the latter case could say very disagreeable things with a civil manner and cold smile.

At Mr. Rogers' breakfasts were often Sir David

¹ Mr. Augustus Hare has published a somewhat different version of this story in his autobiography; he probably did not hear it at first hand as I did.—S. L. B.

Brewster, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, and Macaulay the historian. The latter was a great talker; a "few brilliant flashes of silence," as was so truly said of him by Sydney Smith, intermixed with his conversation, would have made him a more agreeable one. His memory was painfully good, and he poured forth information like a stream of water that could never be exhausted. Consequently, his brilliant writings are more agreeable than his flood of conversation could be.

There were a great number of very beautiful *débutantes* from 1840 to 1850, and young married women. The handsome sisters of Sydney Herbert; Lady Fanny Cooper, afterwards Lady Jocelyn; Miss Lane Fox, who died young; Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, late Duchess of Cleveland; Lady Canning, Lady Waterford, and many more. It seems to me that before bicycling, and when complexions in youth were taken care of, the young women were much more beautiful. They had no hard lines about the mouth, and their beautiful skins and complexions were preserved by the cottage straw bonnets of the early Victorian period. Then came in "uglies," which I thought a torture, put over the straw poke bonnet to protect eyes and complexion from the sun. When the governess was out of sight I usually tied my "ugly" round my waist. Gloves were sewn on with tapes to the gingham sleeves of girls' frocks to keep their hands white in the country. Girls rode

walked, danced, but were allowed to play no athletic games, and few fathers allowed their daughters to ride to hounds, only to the meet. In 1840 no sitting out at balls with partners was heard of—a girl's partner, after the dance was over, took her back to her chaperone with a bow to the latter.

I recollect a curious story of second sight told to me by William, second Lord Bagot, when a very old man. As far as I can remember, I will try and write it in Lord Bagot's own words. It was related to him as a special favour by Dr. Kirkland, who had the vision, very many years ago, at the time of his attendance at Blithfield during an illness of Lord Bagot, the grandfather of the present lord. "I must preface the story," Lord Bagot said, "by observing that Dr. Kirkland bore a high character for veracity as well as for skill in his profession. On the 18th January 1760, Mr. Kirkland, surgeon, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, went with a friend to a meeting of gentlemen at a neighbouring village, where there was a bowling-green. After an early dinner, and the sports of the day were over, Dr. Kirkland and his friend set off on horseback to return to Ashby-de-la-Zouch. When they were about half-way home, Dr. Kirkland got off his horse to give it some water; he lagged behind his companion, and said he felt in a sort of trance. Suddenly he was roused by a magnificent funeral procession, which appeared to pass by him very quickly. There

was a hearse drawn by six horses, adorned by coronets, and bearing the arms of the house of Shirley, attended by mourners on horseback. Dr. Kirkland mounted, put spurs to his horse, and rode after and joined his companion. 'Did you see it? Which way has it gone?' he exclaimed, when he had overtaken his friend. To his surprise he found that the latter had seen nothing of the sort, and insisted that no funeral cortège had passed that way. They returned to Ashby, and were sitting down to supper, when an express arrived to fetch Dr. Kirkland to Staunton Harold with the news that Lord Ferrers had shot Mr. Johnstone, his steward. The melancholy termination of the story is too well known. Lord Ferrers was tried for the murder and hanged; but I may add, as corroboration of this singular instance of second sight, that the fatal shot was ascertained to have been fired at the exact time when Mr. Kirkland saw what had been related. The murder was on Friday, the 18th of January 1760, about 4 P.M."

Talking of supernatural appearances, the following letter, sent to me by the late Rev. Francis E. Paget, Rector of Elford, from Elford.

"In the house in which these pages are written, a tall and wide staircase window, with a southern aspect, throws a strong side light on the entrance into the chief living room, which stands at the end of a passage running nearly the length of the house.

It was after midday in mid-winter, many years since, that the writer left his study, which opens into the passage just mentioned, on his way to his early dinner. The day was rather foggy, but there was no density of vapour, yet the door at the end of the passage seemed obscured by mist; as he advanced, the mist (so to call it) gathered into one spot, deepened, and formed itself into the outline of a human figure, the head and shoulders becoming more and more distinct, while the rest of the body seemed enveloped in a gauzy cloak, like a vestment of many folds, reaching downwards so as to hide the feet, and from its width as it rested on the flagged passage giving a pyramidal outline. The full light of the window fell on this object, which was so thin and tenuous in its consistency that the light on the panels of a highly-varnished door were visible through the lower part of the dress. It was altogether colourless—a statue carved in mist. The writer was so startled that he is uncertain whether he moved forward or stood still. He was rather astonished than terrified, for his first notion was that he was witnessing some hitherto unnoticed effect of light and shade. He had no thought of anything supernatural till, as he gazed, the head was turned towards him, and he at once recognised the features of a very dear friend. The expression of his countenance was that of holy, peaceful repose, and the gentle, kindly aspect which it wore in daily life was intensified (so the writer,

in recalling the sight, has ever since felt) into a parting glance of deep affection; and then, in an instant, all passed away. The writer can only compare the manner of the evanescence to the way in which a jet of steam is dissipated on exposure to cold air. Hardly, till then, did he realise that he had been brought into close communion with the supernatural. The result was great awe, but no terror; so that, instead of retreating to his study, he went forward and opened the door, close to which the apparition had stood. Of course, he could not doubt the import of what he had seen, and the morrow or the next day's post brought the tidings that his friend had tranquilly passed out of this world at the time he was seen by the writer. It must be stated that it was a sudden summons, that the writer had heard nothing of him for some weeks previously, and that nothing had brought him to his thoughts on the day of his decease. The writer never crosses the spot where the figure stood but imagination reproduces the scene, but it has no element of pain and fear.

“ELFORD RECTORY, 1877.”

On my first visit, in 1847, to Ashtead Park, Epsom, the Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard's, every one was talking of the “Tracts for the Times.” They were spoken of as rank Popery, and “those views” alluded to with horror by some under their breath, and with enthusiastic admiration by others.

I read them at Ashtead, out of curiosity about "those views," during a time I was there alone, my husband being in command of his battalion at Chichester. The result was I was quite converted to "those views," and became acquainted with Archdeacon Manning, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Richards, &c. We were at the dedication of "St. Barnabas," Pimlico. Henry and Robert Wilberforce and Archdeacon Manning preached their last sermons there in the English Church.

Mr. Bennett, after doing a great work at St. Barnabas amongst the poor, and having great influence for good, especially with *men* of all classes, resigned. For the last Sundays of his ministry at St. Barnabas, mobs in omnibuses used to come down to interrupt the service and shout "No Popery!" On one, the last Sunday, I recollect Mr. De Gex, one of the curates, was chanting the Litany, and the mob forced their way up to the fald stool in the middle aisle of the church. Mr. De Gex's voice never faltered, and though they pressed behind him he paid no sort of attention. My husband and Sir John Harington, and others, were close to the pulpit to protect the clergy if necessary, especially as the mob, or rather its leaders, declared they meant to force their way up to the altar and find "under it the stone image of the Virgin Mary,¹ worshipped secretly by the congregation!" Mr. Bennett's sermon

¹ There was no statue of the Virgin Mary in the church.

that morning was most striking. Most quietly he told the mob, stopping in the sermon to do it, that they would only reach the altar over his dead body; but he then paused and entreated them to stop and recollect their thoughts and actions were then being recorded by the Angel, and implored them so to act as they would wish to have done on their dying day. The calm courage, and the quiet of his manner, words, and look, impressed them, and they quietly withdrew, and there was no further interruption to the service.

After Mr. Bennett's last service at St. Barnabas of evensong, the scene was very affecting, the clergy and choir walking down the aisle to the west door chanting the psalm "By the waters of Babylon," to a Gregorian chant. The congregation were much overcome, and one poor woman fainted. Mr. Bennett was greatly beloved by the poor—he would sit up with a poor parishioner all night if a nurse could not be afforded. His work was well carried on by his successor, the Rev. James Skinner, though he had not Mr. Bennett's personal and almost magnetic influence over men.

Mr. Bennett, in a letter to the Rev. F. E. Paget of Elford, his friend, dated January 3, 1851, speaking of his leaving St. Barnabas, writes: "Your cousin, Colonel Charles Bagot, has behaved like a truly Christian soldier. He has been one of my right hand defenders. So suddenly raised up too, for I

never knew or saw him before this. How God raises up friends just as we require them."

Mrs. Greville Howard, whom I have mentioned above, was a first cousin of my husband's father, Sir Charles Bagot.

She was the only child and heiress of the Hon. Richard Bagot and Frances Howard, Lady Andover's daughter and heiress of the estates of the Suffolk and Berkshire Howards.

Richard Bagot took the name of Howard on his marriage. His wife's only brother, Lord Andover, was killed as a young man at Elford, by his horse running away with him, and his head being struck against a tree. Hence, at his mother's death, the estates of Elford, Ashted Park near Epsom, Castle Rising in Norfolk, and Levens Hall in Westmorland, passed to his sister. At the death of Richard Bagot and his wife all these properties went to their only surviving child, Mary, who married Colonel Greville Upton, a brother of Lord Templetown. Greville Upton also took the name of Howard. They had no children, and their beautiful Westmorland property, Levens, eventually passed by entail to my eldest son, Josceline, my husband not living to succeed to it.

No one who had once known Mrs. Greville Howard could ever forget her. There is nobody left like her now; it is an extinct type in England. Though she was a *grande dame* of the past, she

nevertheless went with her day. All young people delighted in her, and found her a most sympathetic and interesting companion. She had had an excellent education, and had a man's understanding with a woman's tenderness, and the playfulness and simplicity of a child. Yet she was *fine mouche* as well, seeing through every one, and possessed of a great sense of humour. She was a good linguist, and an excellent water-colour artist, being one of De Wint's best pupils.

The last of her race, with all its simplicity and high breeding, she was far too much of a gentlewoman to understand finery or airs of any sort, yet nobody could have taken a liberty with her.

There is a picture of her in her youth, I believe at Castle Upton, and one of her as an old woman, painted by Weigall, which hangs on the staircase at Levens.

Levens was her favourite place. When there were many guests there she always dined in the old oak-panelled Hall, lighted by wax candles in brass sconces, and very picturesque she looked in her black dress, with her white face and snowy hair, and a large bouquet, arranged as a breast-knot, composed of old-fashioned flowers. She was never without these, sweet-smelling clove-carnations, cabbage roses, balm of Gilead, jessamine, &c., of all which old-world flowers the Levens gardens were and are full.

Two bouquets a day were a part of her toilette,

and the old head-gardener at Levens, a Scotchman named Forbes, used to take the greatest pride in arranging these nosegays, and in the beautiful gardens under his charge.

Levens, with its clipped yews and quaint grounds, its perfect old Tudor house and lovely park and river scenery, has become too well known of recent years, through pictures in illustrated papers and works on topiary gardening, to make it necessary for me to describe it here. It is sufficient to say that its present owners have the same affection and care for it as its past proprietors, and that, for the first time for more than two hundred years, a direct male heir, my only grandson, is growing to boyhood in the old place ; for which, please God, he will one day have the same love as his predecessors.

As an instance of the quaint formality of the times, Mrs. Greville Howard told me that after playing all day with her cousins, Lord Bagot's daughters, in London, a maid came to fetch her back to her aunt, Lady Suffolk's house.

She had to make a low curtsy to her cousins, and to say, "Ladies, I quit you with regret, though about to rejoin my grandmother."

What, I wonder, would be thought in these days at a child's party of the twentieth century, of such a leave-taking from a little girl of twelve addressed to others of her own age?

I extract the following account of Princess

Charlotte's death and funeral from Lord Charles Percy's journal, dated May 8th, 1816:—

“On Thursday, May 2nd, at six I received an order from Lord Hertford to command my attendance at Carlton House to be present at the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte Augusta with the Prince of Coburg at eight, or between eight and nine. Accordingly, at half-past eight, I reached Carlton House; Pall Mall was pretty full of people, a guard of honour in the courtyard, &c. I was first conducted through the great hall into one of the apartments in which were the foreigners, grand officers, &c. In a few minutes Princess Charlotte's old and new establishments were ordered into the room where the Queen's attendants were. After waiting about five minutes loud cheering announced the arrival of Prince Leopold, and in a quarter of an hour we moved forward across the great hall, to be present at the ceremony. The Queen, Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia of Gloucester were led out into the room appropriated for the ceremony.

“There was of course considerable crowding after them. When I got into the ball-room I got round behind the Queen and Royal Family. The Queen sat on a sofa, on the left of the altar, the Princesses in a row on her right. Opposite were placed the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent. At the end of the altar, on the right hand side, stood the

Archbishop of Canterbury, and behind him the Archbishop of York; at the other end of the altar the Bishop of London. The altar itself was covered with crimson velvet, with Prayer-books, &c., upon it; two large gold candlesticks, some pieces of gold plate; behind it was another erection of nearly the same size and shape, covered with crimson velvet and loaded with gold plate, candlesticks, &c., &c.

“The company stood in an elongated semi-circle the whole length of the room, the right and left horn of the semicircle converging to the ends of the altar, about three deep, the foreigners chiefly in front. The Prince Regent stood before the altar a little on the right hand.

“When everybody was settled in their places the Lord Chamberlain returned to the closet and brought forward Prince Leopold, dressed as a full general. He walked up to the altar, bowed to the Prince, Queen and Royal Family, and looked a little distressed. The Lord Chamberlain then returned for Princess Charlotte; every eye was towards the door in silence. She came forward neither looking to the right nor to the left, in a white silver tissue dress with diamonds round her head, and no feathers. The Prince Regent led her up to the altar, and pressed her hand affectionately. She betrayed no other emotion than blushing deeply. The Archbishop commenced the service, which he read very distinctly, though somewhat tremulously, and the

Princess Charlotte was very attentive, repeating the prayers to herself after him. When he addressed himself to Prince Leopold, 'Will you take this woman, Charlotte, for your wedded wife?' the Prince answered in a low tone, 'I will.' When he addressed Princess Charlotte a similar question, she answered, 'I will,' very decidedly, and in rather too loud a voice. She looked extremely handsome, and her manner was resolute and dignified, without being bold. In her repetitions after the Archbishop she was particularly audible, which he, Prince Leopold, was not.

"Immediately upon the conclusion of the ceremony she threw herself upon her knees, seized the Prince Regent's hand and kissed it with a strong appearance of gratitude and affection. He in return kissed her on her forehead and raised her up. She then kissed the Queen's hand, and then the Princesses on the cheek, the Duchess of York, and Princess Sophia. She kissed Princess Mary frequently and said, 'You are a dear, good creature, and I love you very much.'

"The ladies then came up to congratulate her. She shook hands with them very cordially and said, 'Did I not behave well—you heard my answers?'

"The signatures then took place. The Queen, Princesses, Princes, grand officers of state, &c. &c. When this was over, which was a rather tedious

business, the Queen and Royal Family went into the closet, where the Princess Charlotte presented me to the Queen, and I kissed hands. We were then dismissed from the closet; Prince Leopold went with his attendants to undress, and Princess Charlotte retired for the same purpose. They set off from the back of the house through the parks in their travelling chariot and four grey horses for Oatlands.

“I ought to have been there to hand H.R.H. into the carriage, but I did not know my duty, and was absent. I have since heard that they got down to Oatlands in an hour and twenty minutes. Their house in London is ordered to be in readiness for to-morrow, the 9th. The crowds in the Park desecrated them and cheered. The Park and Tower guns also fired. When they were off a circle was made, and the Queen went round with the Prince Regent. She then played at cards. The Princesses sat in different rooms, and fruit, ices, tea, and bride-cake were liberally dispensed. About one o'clock the Royal Family returned to Buckingham House. The Prince kept some of the ministers and household to supper. The whole ceremony was very impressive and splendid.

“November 6, 1817, was a heavy day to these kingdoms. Princess Charlotte died at Claremont at two o'clock in the morning, after being delivered of a still-born male child at nine the previous night,

and having got through her very long labour favourably. The calamity was first announced to Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York, who were the two individuals nearest Claremont. Lord Bathurst met the Duke of York at York House, and both proceeded to Carlton House to send off a message to the Prince. When they arrived there, they found the Prince had already arrived, and was lying down. The Prince had passed the express on the road, and on his arrival at Carlton House found no tidings from Claremont. He sent to the Home Department, and there got the last bulletin of her delivery, and that she was going on extremely well.

“Bloomfield was immediately summoned, and was desired to call the Regent, and communicate the deplorable event. This he refused, saying ‘he thought it would kill him.’

“The Duke of York then desired he would go in to the Prince and announce his and Lord Bathurst’s arrival from Claremont, intending thereby to alarm him, and in some measure to break the intelligence to him. It unhappily had no such effect, and when they entered the room the Prince said, ‘It is a sad disappointment to me and the country; but, thank God, my daughter is safe and doing remarkably well.’ A long pause succeeded, and Lord Bathurst said, ‘Sir, I am sorry to say our news is bad.’ ‘What is it? Tell me instantly, I command you,

the whole extent of my misfortune.' Then they announced the death. The Prince remained ten minutes aghast and speechless, with his two hands pressed against his head. He then rose, held out his hand to the Duke of York, could not support himself, fell into his arms and wept bitterly. This relieved him. Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York then went to Claremont and found Prince Leopold as composed as he could be in his broken-hearted state. This calamity has caused the deepest and most universal grief, and united the sorrow of a general loss with the sympathy of a private calamity.

"This account from Lord Bathurst (8th November 1813). When Sir Richard Croft said to Princess Charlotte that the child was still-born, she answered, 'I am satisfied. God's will be done.'

"The Prince Regent sent word to Lady Emily Murray that if she felt herself unwilling or unequal to attend the funeral of Princess Charlotte, either from ill-health or the recent loss of her father, he begged she would not think of doing so—one out of a thousand instances of his kindness, when he was himself in the deepest grief and distress.

"The Prince of Coburg will not allow anything that was Princess Charlotte's to be touched. He follows the tracks of the wheels of the carriage in which she last went out with him, and appears

perfectly overwhelmed with his calamity. He was much shocked at her embalmment, which was unexpected, and having got admission into the room with the coffin, was found on his knees beside it almost senseless.

“*14th November 1816.*—Mrs. A. Stanhope told Ralph Sneyd that when it was notified to the Queen that Princess Charlotte intended to be confined at Claremont, the Queen wrote to her to recommend her to change her determination, and offered to lend her Buckingham House, as she heard Princess Charlotte thought Camelfort House inconvenient. This was refused. The Queen next wrote that she should take a house at Esher that she might be near her. This was declined, and it was Princess Charlotte’s own choice to have nobody with her.

“*19th November 1815.*—Before Princess Charlotte’s accouchement her size was enormous—monstrous! She never would see any one but Sir R. Crofts, M.D. The Queen was very anxious she should see some other medical man, saying, ‘I never saw any woman so large with a first child!’

“I went yesterday, 18th November, down to Windsor to be present at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte with the Lord Steward, Lord Cholmeley, and Sir William Keppel. The whole road from London was covered with carriages, caravans, horsemen, pedestrians, all hurrying down to Windsor. We reached the Queen’s Lodge, nearly dressed,

about a quarter to four.¹ There appeared to be no assembly room prepared, but two or three.

“I went through the garden to the Lower Lodge, where was the Prince of Coburg and his attendants, and also those of the Princess. In the garden I met the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland returning from paying Prince Leopold a visit. On reaching the Lodge, I received a paper of instructions, ticket, scarf, and hat-band of crape.

“I remained at the Lodge, and I dined with Baron Addenbrock and Sir Richard Gardiner and Dr. Short. The dinner was silent and gloomy, and the only two who appeared not much impressed were Short and Addenbrock, who had known Princess Charlotte from her childhood. Before dinner the Prince of Coburg retired, as has been usual since her death, into the room where the coffin was, to weep and pray. His dinner was sent from our table, as also that of Lady John Thynne and Mrs. Campbell. Dr. Stockmar dined with him. Prince Leopold sent down for some woodcock.

“After dinner I wished to go into the room where was the coffin, but Prince Leopold was again there. About half-past seven a royal carriage conveyed Colonel Gardiner, Baron Addenbrock, and me to the cloister door. I proceeded to take up

¹ On examining the body of Princess Charlotte, the seeds of disease that would have terminated her life in eight years were discovered; also something else the matter with her.—Mrs. CAMPBELL.

my station in the procession, and had to remain on the cold stones at least an hour. During this time of course there was a great deal of conversation, which is one of the reasons, I conclude, that I found the assembly so little affecting. When the coffin moved into the body of the church, and the choristers sung, we, the equerries, were arranged on the floor, the lords in the stalls, &c., &c. This caused some confusion. Prince Leopold and the ladies, supported by the Dukes of York and Clarence, walked composedly up after the coffin. He was crying, and his lips quivered violently. They sat on three chairs of black cloth, fronting the altar, and having the altar in front of them. The singing commenced, and was very ill performed. The Dean of Windsor read the service extremely ill, and when he left his stall, instead of going close up to the coffin, he read the service over the heads of the chief mourners and supporters. He also read the prayer consigning the body to the dust before it was lowered in the grave; and then followed some singing, also previously; when the singing finished there was a long pause. I left my place and advanced near. They were letting the corpse into the vault, which was done so quietly that scarcely any one could, at a distance, know what they were about. He cast in dust upon it as usual. It was more like a stage burial, as it seemed to be carried down a trap-door. Prince Leopold remained composed. The ceremony

concluded by Sir Isaac Herd, a very old man, in his full robes of Garter King-at-Arms, rehearsing the style. He did this in a very feeling manner, and was so overcome that he dropped into the arms of the persons behind. Prince Leopold, attended by his train-bearers, only then retired, having previously given orders that the vault should be left open for him to pay a last farewell to the coffin.

“The rest of the company retired *pell-mell*, having first crowded round the vault and cast a sorrowing look at the coffin deposited in its final receptacle.

“May God of His mercy receive her soul into blessedness and extend His right hand to comfort and protect her sorrowing consort, and may He, having punished these nations with His heavy visitations, receive us again under His wings, and keep us, as He has hitherto done, in glory, happiness, and prosperity.

“It is singular that the troops presented instead of grounding their arms.

“Addenbrock, by the Prince Leopold’s command, wrote to Bloomfield to beg that the Prince Regent would cause a vacant place by the Princess Charlotte’s coffin to be reserved for his, which is to be done.”—LORD CHARLES PERCY’S *Journal*.

(Of course, as Prince Leopold became King of the Belgians, this wish could not be carried into effect. When King of the Belgians, the late Sir

Edward Cust managed his property at Claremont for him.—S. L. BAGOT.)

The Prince Regent would not allow Lady Jersey (Lady Harriet Bagot's mother) to be presented to or to see Princess Charlotte. Once Lady Jersey went to the Prince Regent and asked His Royal Highness the reason of that prohibition. The Prince was startled by the question and answered, "I will tell your ladyship the reason, as you insist upon it. I do not wish the Princess Charlotte to be contaminated by the example of a bad daughter."

Lady Harriet Villiers married the Hon. and Rev. Richard Bagot at seventeen, and went down to Blithfield Rectory when her husband was only a curate.¹ She was almost the best person I ever knew, quite adored in the parish, and by all her husband's family, and a beautiful woman. Lady Jersey had been powerless to contaminate her. Every one at Blithfield reveres and loves her memory to this day.

I have always heard that at their wedding they were a singularly handsome couple. He was tall—Lady Harriet lovely, middle-sized, and with such charms of manners and voice.

When Lady Derby had conducted herself ill, her mother, the Duchess of Argyll, was very anxious

¹ The Hon. Richard Bagot was Bishop of Oxford during all the Tractarian movement and died Bishop of Bath and Wells. His action and attitude towards the Tractarians are too well known by those who have followed the history of that movement to need recording here.

that Queen Charlotte should receive her at Court. All her importunities were in vain. At last the Duchess said, "What shall I say from your Majesty?" The Queen paused, and answered, "I will tell you what you shall say—that you did not dare ask me!"

Copy of a Note sent me by my husband, Colonel CHARLES BAGOT, dated Monday, 10th April 1848.

"6 P.M.—UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

"Just in time to say that the meeting (Chartist) is over, and was a regular humbug. Never above 10,000 people on the ground. The Duke of Wellington announced to us his intention of taking the command himself in case of a row. It would be too bad for his last appearance in arms to be against a street mob.

"If there had been anything, I should have had the cream of it, for I had the command of the picquet of 100 men ordered to be the first to turn out.

"CHARLES BAGOT, Grenadier Guards."

Copy of a Letter from WILLIAM PERCY to me.

"EXCISE OFFICE, 10th April 1848.

"MY DEAR S.,—Half-past two o'clock. The meeting is over and the people disappearing.

“Fergus O’Connor was sent for by Rowan and told that if they attempted to pass the bridge in procession the troops would fire on them. He returned to the meeting and told the mob, and then put the question whether they would quietly disperse or cross the bridge, those who were for the first proposition to hold up their hands, when it appeared a large majority were for that more pacific proposition, and they all quickly dispersed.

“I have heard the whole reckoned at 40,000, but the day has been very fine, and there were many spectators. They threaten another meeting on Friday. I have not seen Charles Bagot yet.

“It is not, however, improbable that we may have some street disturbance at night, but we are rich in Special Constables (P. Louis Napoleon amongst the number), and the regular Police will be on their beats.

“(Signed) WILLIAM PERCY.”

CHAPTER VII

STAFFORDSHIRE A CENTURY AGO

Miss Mary Bagot—Characteristics and dialect—Wednesbury—Can-nock Wood—Tamworth—Needwood Forest—Tutbury—Lichfield—Doctor Johnson—Lichfield Cathedral—The Staffords—Chil-lington—The Giffords—Boscobel—Wychnor and the Flich of Bacon—Tixall—Bellamour—Beaudesert—Ingestrie—Shugborough—Keele Hall—Blithfield—Bagot's Bromley—Colonel Richard Bagot and Prince Rupert—Blithfield Church—Morris-dancers—The Beggar's Oak—The Bagots.

THE description of country life in Staffordshire, and of society generally in the earlier years of the last century, contained in the following chapters, I have taken from the unpublished journals of Miss Mary Bagot.

She was a daughter of the Rev. Walter Bagot,¹ who held the family livings of Blithfield and Leigh for many years. Her journals, a collection of some forty volumes of closely written manuscript, extend over a considerable number of years. I knew Mary Bagot well in former times, and had a sincere respect and affection for her.

Notwithstanding the prejudices common to the times and surroundings in which she lived—prejudices of which, as her writings clearly show,

¹ Brother of the first Lord Bagot.

she had her full share, she was nevertheless keenly interested in the changes which were everywhere beginning to make themselves apparent in the England of her day. A shrewd observer, she was a clever student of character, and a reader of the natures of those with whom she was brought into contact.

In some cases her criticism may be a little severe, and perhaps not altogether free from that bitterness which is supposed occasionally to show itself in even the gentlest among maiden ladies. Her comments and descriptions, however, bring the past life, and vanished scenes of which she writes, so vividly and so picturesquely to the minds of those who, like myself, can remember many of the individuals and circumstances mentioned by her, that I venture to believe they will be of interest also to those to whom they are matters of ancient history.

I have preferred, therefore, to trust to Mary Bagot's graphic journalism rather than to my own unaided memory in the following pages, and, except where otherwise stated, her pen is responsible for the matter to be found in them.

Many of the people and events mentioned by her I can also remember; but as she was grown up when I was yet a child, and as, unlike me, she did not destroy the notes she had taken of the events passing around her, I feel that her account of them

must necessarily be of a more trustworthy nature than those which I could furnish ; while the quaint, old-world language in which her thoughts and comments are occasionally expressed is assuredly more suitable to the days she describes than any words of mine could be.

In the preceding chapters, I have given some description of Blithfield, and other old Staffordshire houses as I remember them. In reading through Mary Bagot's journals, however, I find the following descriptions of the county, which I make no apology, at least to my Staffordshire friends, for reproducing in their entirety.

The paper is signed Mary Bagot, and dated St. Julian's, Malta, March 1817.

It is preceded by the following introductory lines:—

“This paper prepared for writing has for several days been lying in my desk—it was the only real step I had ever made towards the execution of a plan, which has long been in my mind, and never so strongly as since my residence in the country (Malta) from whence I often look back upon England and Home, and not unfrequently upon Blithfield, with a degree of affection and veneration which increases with my years ; on that subject I wish to write—for that I have made this little preparation Preface. Every day steals something from

the certainty of recollection; our former home is destroyed, some of its inhabitants are passed away. I am anxious to secure every vestige of both which remains with me. The time may come when I should in vain attempt to do so."

THE COUNTY.

"The very seed-plot of gentry," old Camden says, in speaking of some county; it was a term that might have been bestowed upon ours. Staffordshire has, I think, a sort of pre-eminence over its neighbours. In the days of which I write it was inhabited by a race of ancient nobility and gentry, to whom this honour seemed due, and was in general deserved. It contained a great variety of country in this respect. I do not know any other in England of the same size to be compared with it. The north-west part, which borders upon Cheshire and Derbyshire, is a wild tract, known by the name of the Moorlands, inhabited by a sturdy but uncivilised race. The farmers grow rich upon their dairy-farms, and, as in the patriarchal times, their wealth is estimated by their number of cattle—thirty milch cows and upwards are frequently the property of one man. The lower orders amongst them lived much upon butter and milk and oatcakes. Uttoxeter (or Uchater, according to the provincial pronunciation), an old town upon the Dove, might be reckoned the metropolis of this part of the country.

The dialect has many of the northern peculiarities, and was much broader than that of the Southern people, who were indeed a very different race, their manners and morals having been affected by the neighbourhood of Birmingham (Bromwich-ham).

Along the western boundary adjoining Shropshire is a strange district of coal-mines, worked by a set of people more savage in appearance than any I ever saw in England. Their territory is devoid of any recommendation except the wealth derived from its mines, which seem to have been known in early ages, for, according to the tradition of the country, the town of Wednesbury in the heart of this district was anciently the capital of Mercia, and derived its name from Woden, the Vulcan of the Britons.

Wodensbury, in its immediate neighbourhood, is a tract said to be undermined by subterranean fires; in many places the earth has fallen in, to the injury of houses built upon this land, known by the name of "Wedgbury burning-field." The only object of any interest with which I am acquainted in this district is Dudley Castle, once a magnificent baronial residence, and according to the print in Plot's "Staffordshire," it was formerly surrounded by fine woods. Adjoining to this country, and stretching into the very heart of the county, is an immense heath, which, though now without a tree, is still

called Cannock Wood, and there was a time when a squirrel could have hopped on branches from one end to the other, a distance, I should think, of twenty miles. An eagle was once shot here; my father had one of his wing feathers.

On Cannock Wood was an extra-parochial place called Wyrley Bank, which was the haunt of all the beggars in the county. The south-east side of Staffordshire is fertile, flat, and cultivated; the river Tame waters part of it, and near Elford runs through some of the largest and richest meadows I ever saw. It is crowned by "Tamworth tower and town." The Castle was, I believe, for some years deserted by its owners; Lord Townshend has lately repaired it; the arms of Marmion are still to be seen in the windows of the great hall. The title of Tamworth belongs to the Ferrers family, while that of Chartley, which is *their* place, is the name of the eldest son of Townshend. They were originally of the same stock, and bear in their arms three horse-shoes, to which their name may be traced, with the tradition that one of their ancestors was blacksmith to the Conqueror. On the north-eastern side of Staffordshire formerly extended Needwood Forest, which once equalled, if not exceeded, in beauty any scenery of the kind in England. Alas, that I am obliged to speak of this as a thing over and gone! I do remember it in its glory, and can recollect the disturbance

occasioned in y^o county by its destruction. Almost every one of note objected and deplored, and yet nobody was found sufficiently powerful or active to prevent the measure from being carried in Parliament. How I know not, but Mr. Bolton of Birmingham was said to have been its chief promoter. When the mischief was done and there was no redress the lamentation was universal, and has, I believe, never ceased. The gentlemen who lived on the Forest purchased land round their houses; and the giant Swilcar was, with a little lawn round his mighty trunk, also saved; and this is all that remains of Needwood! Its former glory and its fall have both been celebrated by Mr. Mundy in poems of no common beauty, and much more merit than any I am acquainted with, merely descriptive of local scenery. Of the various Forest lodges one will ever be remembered as the residence of Mr. Gisborne—I recollect Yoxall well, being the first spot I ever saw beyond the immediate territory of Blithfield;* it was at a time when a journey of eight miles was a great under-

* An incumbent of Yoxal, Rev. — Gisborne, of the same family, was living there about 1860. He was a friend of Lady Wilmot Horton, in whose home at Catton I saw him. A local story (he was extremely thin) asserted that he was once attacked and pinned to the ground by a bull and was rescued unhurt, his body being between the horns.—S. L. BAGOT.

taking, and made me considered as a traveller on my return. This was the first romantic scenery I had ever seen, and though I could not in those days understand my own feelings, I can even now remember how delighted I was in seeing the beautiful holly trees of gigantic size, observing the herds of deer, and looking along y^e glades of what appeared to me a boundless wood.

The church of Barton, where Mr. Gisborne officiated as parish priest, is large and handsome, and was, I believe, endowed by Henry VII.

Eton Lodge formerly belonged to Lord Bagot, and I remember some parties consisting of happy people, and venison pasties which were much enjoyed there. Holly Bush, too, was another very pretty spot, and once inhabited by the same family. Near the house was a sycamore of great size. Adjoining the Forest and Derbyshire, but I think within the bounds of our county, is Tutbury. The Castle is finely situated; every place which poor Mary of Scotland ever inhabited is interesting, and here she was for several years a prisoner. I think I have heard of an inscription on a pane of glass in a window at Abbots Bromley, written on the day she passed through that place on her road to Chartley. The west door of Tutbury Church is highly wrought with zigzag mouldings, and is reckoned one of the most beautiful specimens of Saxon architecture we have. It was to the bull-

baiting of this place Clarinda was going when met by Robin Hood. I have seen in the library at Blithfield papers marked as belonging to Tutbury *Honour*, and never heard that word so used except by Waverley.

I have not had the advantage of a map in endeavouring to trace out the boundaries and various divisions of the county, I may therefore be very incorrect. Lichfield, I think, is situated in the south-eastern quarter, its position is low, and I do not recollect the remains of fortifications, a castle, or anything that bespeaks it was a place of strength; it is, however, an ancient and respectable little city, undisturbed by manufactories, and unfrequented now except by its regular inhabitants, who form a considerable society, very different from what it was in Johnson's days; all the people of that time are still remembered by some of the oldest who remain, even Garrick himself; some of his family are left, and seem to be honoured for his sake. Johnson's house (or rather that in which he was born) is pointed out with pride, also a willow tree under which he frequently sat on his way to Stowe. The window, too, out of which Lord Brooke received that shot* which deprived him of the power of fulfilling his impious

* At the siege of Lichfield in the Civil War. It was fired by one "Dumb Dyott," a member of an old family of the name, the Dyotts of Freeford.—S. L. BAGOT.

wish of *seeing* all the cathedrals levelled with the ground; he saw no more, and Lichfield still stands the boast and beauty of the county. Its three spires were distinctly seen from the Parsonage (of Blithfield), and many a time have I stood in the nursery window gazing¹ at them, and longing to be nearer to what appeared to me then as the most wonderful work of man. Of the wood *beyond* those spires I had no idea—that distance was greater than my mind could take in. This cathedral is, I suppose, one of the most perfect, if not the most beautiful we have. The design is graceful, the execution rich and delicate, and amongst so many beauties, I have no great reverence for those who dwell upon its defective proportions. The east window, which is an immense oriel, completely occupying that end of the church, is now filled with the richest old painted glass, saved by Sir Brooke Boothby from some religious building on the Continent during the havoc of the Revolution. In this country, I suppose, there is no finer specimen of an art which seems to be nearly lost. In the cathedral is a tablet to the memory of Colonel Richard Bagot,¹ governor of this city during the Civil Wars, and who fell on the *right* side at Naseby. My father had a ring which had be-

¹ His Highness Prince Rupert committed the government of Lichfield to Colonel Bagot, a son of a good and powerful family in that county.—Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, folio, p.182, vol ii.

longed to him and to the third son of the house ever since Colonel Richard Bagot's days; it was unfortunately lost. The church at Stowe is the mother church of Lichfield. The city derives its name from two Saxon words signifying "the field of death," in memory of a bloody battle, in which three kings were slain (they are borne as the arms of the town), which was fought here. The cathedral is dedicated to Saint Chad, or *Ceadda*, as it is written in the Saxon Chronicle. (Does not this person become St. *Sid* in the west country?) A bell is tolled every night during the winter and early spring months, from the endowment of a man who considered himself as saved from perishing in the snow by hearing the sound of a bell at Lichfield.* Walter Scott says "antique Lichfield's moated pile," and Mr. Mundy, I think, calls its spires "the ladies of the vale." This cathedral has an advantage over most others from the little unencumbered lawn on which it stands. But there is no church in England, perhaps in the world, which in point of situation can be compared to Durham Cathedral; "huge and vast, looking down upon the Wear" and over the whole country in the most commanding manner. The people who

* A similar custom is observed at Rome. The great bell of the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore is tolled at night during certain months, in conformity with a bequest, to guide those lost in the Campagna.—S. L. BAGOT.

could build such a church and fix upon such a spot for it must have been a noble race. But to return to Staffordshire—of Lichfield I do not recollect anything more to be said, and Stafford, the only other town of any note in the county, is one of the most *uninteresting* places I know. It is towards the north-east, stands in a low wet situation, watered by the Sow, which joins the Trent in its immediate neighbourhood. This is a town which has for several years been on the decline; it was once inhabited by a respectable little set of gentry now entirely extinct or dispersed; and there is a stillness and gloom about the place I never saw excelled. The trade carried on here is of hats and shoes, but there is not enough to give any appearance of bustle or activity to the town. The Church of St. Mary is the principal one of the place; it is ancient, built of red stone, and has a singular octagonal tower. Of the castle, which is distant a little way from the town, there was not much left except a part of a tower which from its lofty situation was quite a landmark over the country; it belongs to the Jerningham family, who have lately rebuilt this tower, which has a good effect, as a feature was much wanted in this part of the country. I think I have heard that this castle and those of Chartley and Beeston (in Cheshire) were all built by the same family, the very ancient stock bearing the

name of Stafford.* Blore Heath (see Clarendon) is not far from Stafford. The only thing I can recollect to the honour of the place itself is that old Izaake (*sic*) Walton was born there. His books are a treasure of wisdom, simplicity, and piety. "The Compleat Angler," with cuts by Grignon, was an early and great favourite of mine. I was pleased to find some years ago in Our Lady's Chapel, Worcester Cathedral, a tablet to the memory of Izaake's wife. The inscription, I have no doubt, was written by himself; it began, "Here lyeth so much as could die of Ann, wife of Izaake Walton."

I will now mention some spots in Staffordshire, all I am acquainted with, "whereby there hangs a tale." One of the finest places in the county is Chillington, on the Shropshire border, belonging to the ancient family of Giffard; he *beareth* three stirrups, denoting the office an ancestor is said to have held under the Conqueror. His crest is the head of a wild animal pierced with an arrow, said to have been shot by a Giffard from the house at Chillington to the end of an avenue, killing at this

* Hervey Bagot, younger brother of Simon Bagot of Bagot's Bromley, in the reign of Richard I. married Millicent Stafford, sister and heiress of Robert, last Baron Stafford of that creation, taking her name. From them were descended in direct line the Stafford Dukes of Buckingham.—S. L. BAGOT.

distance the creature at which he took aim, a story which might match those of Robin Hood and Little John. This avenue, two miles long, is one of the few and the finest the country has still to boast. The present¹ possessor of Chillington is on some points quite deranged, and in many respects I really think it is an advantage to his estate—he will not suffer a stick of the timber to be cut down, and the oaks of Chillington stand unrivalled, except by those in Bagot's Park; here, too, is the largest piece of water in the county. Mr. Giffard—or the “Old Squire,” as he is called—rides over his immense property (followed by a troop of sons he has never suffered to go to school), dressed in scarlet with a great pair of rusty spurs, and sometimes a fox's brush in his hat. Here, and here only, I believe, the old custom of making a feast for the tenants, when they come to pay their rents, is now kept up; quantities of roast beef and plum puddings on that day smoke in the hall at Chillington. In this immediate neighbourhood is Boscobel, now a farmhouse, the property of Fitzherbert of Swinnerton. The remains of King Charles' oak are guarded with a wall, and the descendants of his friends, the Penderels, are living nearly on the same spot and in the same situation in which they gave him shelter. In this county too is a lineal descendant of Jane Lane's,² who duly honours the loyalty of his ancestress: his crest is a

¹ 1817.

² The Lanes of King's Bromley.

roan horse supporting a crown. There are still some other places to be mentioned in Staffordshire before we come to Blithfield, which, perhaps because it is best, I keep to the last. Wychnor, on the Forest side of the county, is one of the many old halls which abound in this part of the world.

Every one who reads the *Spectator* (and who does not?) knows the story of Sir Philip de Somerville's singular bequest, which is still belonging to the place; and at this moment I believe the flitch of bacon is hanging up in the great hall at Wychnor, now the property of Mr. Levett.

Tixall is one of the most respectable and ancient abodes in the county—a magnificent gateway is all that remains of the old house, which was the seat of the Astons, and came in the female line to the Clifford family during the last century; one of them has published the family MSS. lately, I know not whether they were worth it. At Blithfield is the portrait of Sir Walter Aston, who was Ambassador to Charles the Fifth from this country. The Tixall property devolved to two sisters: the eldest, as I have said, married a Clifford; the second, Sir Walter Blount, of that ancient family. To Lady Blount was bequeathed an estate in Staffordshire, very near to Blithfield, called Bel-amour,* as I find, from the great

* Bellamour Hall is now the property of the Horsfall family, so long and honourably connected with Liverpool.—S. L. BAGOT.

assistance which one of the Aston family received from his friends in building a hall there. It was reported that treasure was concealed here, and in taking the house down Lady Blount gave orders to be informed of anything which was discovered; a small brick enclosure between two floors was found, and within "Poison for Rats!" Lady Blount found great difficulty in building her house and making her plantations from the great hatred of Papists which prevailed in the country in those days. Her ricks were burnt, her young trees broken, and verses stuck up, of which I recollect only the first lines, which allude to the screen she was supposed to be contriving to shut out a view of Colton Church:—

"Down with your heads, ye Popish crew,
The church shall rear its head in spite of you!"

Lady Blount had the good sense to be more amused than angry. I remember well meeting our old gardener in great wrath at the track which her carriage wheels had made in the court before our house, saying, as he hastened with a rake to repair the injury (which from any other person he would not have minded), that "the Romans had been in the Ring!"

Beaudesert,¹ a word strangely pronounced by the country people, is a fine, respectable old place near

¹ The property of Lord Anglesey.

to Lichfield, in the parish of Langdon, which is so extensive that it is said—

“The stoutest beggar who begs on the way,
Can't beg through Lang on a summer's day.”

The hawthorns in Beaudesert Park are of uncommon size and beauty. There was a time which my father remembered when a coach-and-six might have driven *into* the great hall, but the place is much altered now. The lands of the rich Abbey of Burton were bestowed by Henry the Eighth upon a Lord Paget, who was a favourite and, I think, a minister of his.

Ingestrie is now perhaps one of the most desirable places in the country; it was, I believe, originally built by one of the Chetwynds in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The church is exactly upon the same plan as that at Blithfield, and was probably built from it by Walter Chetwynd, who married a Bagot. This property now belongs to Lord Talbot, but how he acquired it or his title I know not. The old *Chetwynd* seat was at Heywood Park, a domain which was partly if not entirely purchased by Lord Anson (who has for years been trying to make a name and interest in the county). The house is in ruins, and was one of the many old halls in which this county abounds. The grounds are much finer than those about Lord Anson's own place, Shugborough, which is an immense modern house of the usual class, steps, wings, and a portico, situated in a dead

flat loaded in a variety of ways. There is a Chinese house, a circular village, a set of *artificial* ruins, and all the modern contrivances for farming on the most extensive scale. There are also several buildings which, I believe, were faithfully copied from Stuart's "Athens," but are much out of character in this country: for instance, the Temple of the Winds, and what is called Diogenes' Lanthorn; round the latter was an entablature representing many dancing figures, described by a country boy who saw it for the first time as "folks a pleeing them under th' easen." Besides all these devices, in a very exposed situation was a triumphal arch, of which the following is the truest and best character:—

"What means this pompous pile, this cumbrous arch,
Nor fit for Hero's bust or Soldier's march?
Upon it then be this inscription placed,
Here lie interr'd Propriety and Taste."

I believe these lines to be my father's.

Tixall, and all the places I have mentioned since, are in the centre of the county, and the best part of it; "the sunny and silver Trent" waters it, and is crossed just under Wolseley Park by a simple bridge of three arches and great beauty; it was erected after the great flood of 1795 or 1796, I forget which. On the Warwickshire boundary is Great Aston,¹ now the property of Mr.

¹ Aston Hall, Birmingham.

Legge, once of the Holts, to be inherited by the Bracebridges, and alas! to be demolished by creditors and Jews. This is one of the most respectable houses in the county, and very much resembles Holland House and Westwood Park in Worcestershire. It stood a siege during the Civil Wars. Some of the cannon-balls are still preserved, and their marks shown upon the walls; part of the staircase balustrade was shattered by one in the Great Rebellion. There is a gallery of immense length, with painted window where "glows the pictured crest." In the garden are some Portugal laurels of great size; there is also an avenue and some good timber in the park, but the comfort of the place is sadly impaired by the neighbourhood of Birmingham, whose suburbs come up to the very walls of the parks; its smoke infects the whole country. The sound too of its large hammers and the proving of guns are equally disadvantageous to this place. Alas! all England is defaced in some way or other by manufactories. Canals are cut through the most peaceful and pretty parts of the country. Forests are destroyed, old walnut trees felled for gun stocks, and even the beautiful scenery of the lakes is disfigured by the villas of Liverpool merchants! No doubt steamboats will soon be established on Ulswater. At Milan I heard with dismay a prize medal voted in the Brera to a man who had formed a plan for introducing one on the Lago Maggiore!

But to return to Staffordshire, I can scarcely recollect any other place as worthy of notice even by me in these streets. Sandon, where now there is a large modern house of Lord Harrowby's, must, I think, be the place, or near it, which is in Plot's history of the county called "Gerrard's Bromley" in a plate representing a fine old mansion dedicated to Viscount Mazereen (*sic*) as the owner. How different are plates and houses since these were engraved! where angels are represented carrying a shield or some such device in the clouds, bearing the name of the place and the family.

Staffordshire abounded with halls, as the mansions of the gentry are universally called (in Worcestershire and Herefordshire they are termed *courts*). Keel, near Newcastle, is one of the most perfect that is left, or perhaps that ever was built; it has been altered in modern days, but its original character preserved with a stone in the building, which bears its date 1581. *Sneyd* is one of the most ancient Staffordshire families. It is the old English word for Scythe, which with a fleur-de-lys he bears in his arms. I have now forgotten an old country ditty whose burden was, "Here's a health to the Sneyds of Keel." *

* Keele Hall, the property of Ralph Sneyd, Esq.—S. L. BAGOT.

Blithfield is situated nearly in the centre of Staffordshire, four miles north of the Trent, which, according to the old division of the county, places it in the Moorlands. The soil is deep and marly, excellent for the growth of timber, particularly oaks. The climate of this part of the county is cold; patches of the winter snows used to remain longer with us in spring than in any other part of the neighbourhood. To speak first of the Hall, I well remember the time when, according to my childish knowledge and belief, there was not such another magnificent place in the kingdom, and yet, in fact, at that period perhaps there were few so mean, considering the property to which it belonged. The house was situated, like most old ones, in a bottom, with a southern aspect. On the west was a green slope crowned with a grove in which were some limes of size and beauty; to the north was the church, which, according to the custom constantly observed in "good old times," had its place in the most honourable part of the parish; to the east were the gardens. In all my wanderings since I left Blithfield such large fantastic old oaks as Lord Bagot's I have never seen; those at Croft Castle in Herefordshire will best admit of a comparison. The present Lord Bagot¹ gave the Queen a chair made of his famous timber and finely carved by Westmacott. The original

¹ 1817.

house at Blithfield was probably very ancient; indeed it was proved to be so from many discoveries which were made in taking down a part for the alterations after the death of the last possessor in 1798. Several of the main beams were in several places reduced almost to nothing. I remember a slight touch of my father's stick bringing one down in powder; the tradition was that part of the house was as old as the Conquest. It came into the Bagot family by the marriage of one of them with Elizabeth de Blithfield in the reign of Henry II.—“tempus Henricus secundus” is inscribed on various parts of the walls. Before those days the abode of our ancestors was at Bagot's Bromley, adjoining the park. In an old farm or barn which was taken down there some of the original timbers and pillars of the house were found in such preservation that they were used by Lord Bagot in making the last alterations in the Pillar Parlour. I have heard that the library was built to receive Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex (son of the favourite), who was Lord-Lieutenant of the county. There is a strange little geometrical staircase or “Hob-Nob,” as it is called; why it was so contrived, or by whom, I know not—it is very old. In the lower part of the house were two rooms formerly called “Paradise” and “Jerusalem.” The first name was given, I have heard, from the beauty of one of the daughters of the house, whose apart-

ment it was. The cap which Charles I. wore at his execution is also here, how it came into the family I know not. As usual with houses of the same date it was built round a quadrangular court.

I delight to remember and record here what I look upon as a completely English scene: the blazing fire lighting up the great hall on Christmas night, the baron of beef smoking on the table, the black boar's head garnished with evergreens, the great pie ornamented with quaint devices of pastry; old Leonard in attendance, serving all with equal alacrity and respect, from the owner of the feast to his lowest guest: every person in the parish had on that day a good dinner and a good fire to eat it by.

The long galleries above stairs were filled with family portraits, valuable only as showing the dress and habits of the country through several centuries. There is an old Welsh Mrs. Salusbury and her grandchildren, who is represented in a high-crowned hat such as witches wear in fairy tales. Her daughter was an heiress, and brought in the Welsh property and blood into the family. "My grandmother Salusbury's red petticoat" was said to show itself in the cheeks of her descendants whenever passion mounted there. I believe it was her father, Colonel Salusbury, who defended Denbigh Castle against Sir Thomas Mytton and the Parliament, the last fortress which held out for the King. The church is a model of its kind, and contains many curious

old family tombs and monuments, tracing the sculpture of the latter from the rude flat stone to the perfection of this art, which seems to have been brought from Italy. In my time, in "Lord Bagot's canopy seat," as it was called, there were still hanging the remains of old paper garlands and gloves which had been placed there at some burial, but the oldest person did not remember the time. This custom is mentioned, I think, in Brand's "Popular Antiquities." I remember the pulpit with respect. From thence my father instructed his parishioners for upwards of forty years, and no people ever received more genuine doctrines of Christianity. How often I look back upon them with veneration and gratitude, since it has been my fate to see the mischief of many sectaries, the wild preaching of some enthusiasts, the desponding tenets of others, and the world, as it now seems to be, overrun with Methodism. His sermons were by his own desire burnt after his decease. It was always his custom to read the Communion Service from the altar. Part of what was once the glebe is still called the Priest's Croft. From the Parsonage we had an extensive view, with the Wrekin, in Shropshire, nearly due west, its most striking object. I do not suppose any little territory ever afforded more hours of happiness to its possessors. With what eagerness we watched the opening of the first flowers, the green tips of snowdrops and crocuses in January

under the south wall, and hailed the delight of seeing their white and golden faces on a sunny day in February or March. About the same time the rooks began their labours in one of the groves, which was exclusively their territory. Great complaints were frequently made by many gardeners of their proceedings, but they were my father's friends, and stood their ground against every attack. He took delight in their building and regular return after an evening's flight, and the expedition with which they repaired mischief occasioned by the violent March winds to their nests. The cawing of these birds is a sound for ever associated in my mind with the thoughts of home. After the useful labour, perhaps rousing all the best faculties of the mind, of repairing the injuries of winter to the garden, the soil of which, a marly clay, indeed required it (some flowers such as pinks and carnations we never got in perfection), the most brilliant and beautiful time with us was early June, when the laburnums and guelder roses were in their glory, and peonies and white naucies were alternately in blow all along the borders. Just at that time was Rugeley Horse Fair, a great *festa* with us. The road, which during the rest of the year was chiefly tracked by waggons and teams of oxen, was then crowded with women and children from the northern villages and hamlets who passed by our grounds to resort to this fair. The fourteen lime-trees planted

by Sir Walter Bagot used then to be in their beauty. We also had pear-trees of enormous size, a very large Portugal laurel in the court, and in other parts of the garden immense hollies, which I think were the indigenous growth of the country. From the firs we collected a pile of cones, with which we delighted to make the parlour fires more bright and beautiful. Our retired, quiet situation and the abundance of trees and shrubs brought numbers of birds into our territory. We were well acquainted with their haunts and nests, and frequently tried our skill in imitating the latter, from the large rook's nest, formed chiefly of sticks and thorns, to the beautiful little mossy shelter of the wren, which, with wonder and delight, we saw wedged into the trunk of an old oak or under the thatch of a house. The hedge-sparrow's home of twigs and bents, containing in general four gleaming blue eggs, was to be found in almost every bush. The robin was a more careful and retired builder, generally chusing (*sic*) the shelter of a ditch bank or hole in an old wall. The firm, compact abodes of thrushes and blackbirds were distinguishable from two circumstances—one lined with clay, the other deposited her darker blue eggs on a bed of bents. Another bird of the same species was not uncommon with us, and at Blithfield called the thrice-cock, by Bewick the missel-thrush, and in Worcestershire the storm-cock, from the weather which its loud, shrill note is

supposed to foretell. I love the whole race, and think a thrush in full song the first of our singing-birds, and without any offence to the nightingales, whose notes they often imitate, believe that every one would think so if both sang at the same romantic hour.

The chaffinch and goldfinch build perhaps more dexterously and delicately than any birds we have, and form a texture like that of the richest and finest blanket within, inlaid without with moss and grey lichen. I have seen them beautifully placed amongst the blossoms of an old apple-tree. The wonderful nest of the long-tailed tit-mouse I have only seen twice. The bill of the bird is almost as delicate as a needle. I remember a little fly-catcher who built on the hinge of a door frequently opened at Blithfield, and to have heard of an owl's nest brought to my father which contained more than I dare relate of food for its young—a lamb and a rabbit, however, am sure there were.*

Beyond an extensive garden and the glebe was a great hayfield; in the middle of it a gigantic oak, under which my father often sat to watch the work. His haymakers were the very old, the very young, the infirm, who for these reasons were refused employment in other places and found it with us. Notwithstanding the lapse of time and this distant situation, I identify myself so completely with the

* This owl surely had a very abnormal appetite.—S. L. B

scenes and spots I am describing that, after writing of Staffordshire and Blithfield, on looking up from my paper I start as if awaked from a happy dream on seeing the reality of Malta and the Mediterranean before me.

I examined a very beautiful "Pedigree" covering several feet of parchment splendidly emblazoned, containing various noble and some royal quarterings, commencing in the time of the Saxons, and proved at the Heralds' Office. A more perfect document of the kind could scarcely be seen, yet it had been sold, with various other similar relics, as mere rubbish when Hampton Court in Herefordshire passed by purchase from Lord Essex to Mr. Arkwright. That noble dwelling was formerly the seat of the Coningsbys, and the pedigree was of their ancient family. I found it had been connected with our own in the time of Henry III.; Sir Roger de Coningsbye, having put himself under the protection of his kinsman Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, by his means espoused Joan, daughter and heiress of William Bagot of Moreton Bagot, and of Hide *juxta* Stafford. Thomas de Coningsbye, grandson of Sir Roger and Joan Bagot, attended the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers, 1356.*

* One John Bagot, with nine men-at-arms, was at the battle of Agincourt; another of the family, Sir Hervey, was Governor of Calais in Edward III.'s reign.—S. L. BAGOT.

In Ellis's curious publication of "Letters Illustrative of English History" is a letter from Sir Amias Paulet to Secretary Walsingham, upon seizing of the Queen of Scots' money and dispersal of her servants (Cotton MS.). In it Sir Amias says, "I thought good for the better discharge in these money matters to crave the assistance of Mr. Richard Bagot, who, repairing unto me next morning, we had access to this Queen, whom we found in bed, troubled in the old manner with a defluxion which has fallen down to her neck and bereft her of the use of one of her hands. The parcels of money were bestowed in bags and sealed by Mr. Richard Bagot."—S. L. B.

The late Rev. Francis E. Paget, author of the "Owlet of Owlstone Edge," and some other interesting and amusing works now out of print, writes in 1872 of events in 1764:—

"The seven daughters of Sir Walter and Lady Barbara Bagot were initiated into household duties and domestic work with most minute attention to details, but this was no detriment to them as gentlewomen—rather an advantage I have always thought—and they were self-educated far in advance of their time. I knew them all except Mrs. Sneyd and Mrs. Wingfield, and best of all one whose memory is ever dear to me, the youngest and last survivor of that large family. They all wrote

beautiful handwritings, all were good French and Italian scholars; two were fair artists in crayons, several were skilled in embroidery, and I possess a few very fine damask napkins, traditionally said to have been woven from thread of Mrs. Sneyd's spinning. I just remember Mr. Wingfield as an old man."

"On one occasion it is said that there was a dinner party of Royalist officers dining at Blithfield during the Civil War. Consternation was felt by them on hearing the drum beat, and till they were told of the old family custom of announcing meals by sound of drum,* they imagined that they had been betrayed into the hands of Cromwell's soldiery."—Rev. F. E. PAGET to S. L. BAGOT.

BLITHFIELD CHURCH.

(From the writings of the late Rev. F. E. Paget, 1848.)

"There is one venerable and dearly loved fabric which I now seldom see, but into which, whenever I am able to revisit it, I never fail to enter and linger alone amid its aisles to hold communion with the unseen world around me. It is there that my childish feet first trod on holy ground; there with mingled feelings of pride in being admitted to so great a privilege of wonder and of

* A custom still maintained.—S. L. BAGOT.

awe, I first heard the public service of the Church, and tried to follow and love the prayers which I long had known that all good people loved. There, as Christmas after Christmas returned through all the happy years of boyhood, I was sure to find myself in all the bliss of family reunion, with the same dear friends and companions beside me, and the same associations, the same *admonitus locorum et temporum* growing stronger year by year. There I have lived to offer up the prayers and administer the blessed sacraments. There I have seen kinsfolk and acquaintance committed to the dust in sure and certain hope; there, are some sleeping whom I have loved as I never can love again; there, when my own work is done, I would gladly lay my bones beside their bones, and not part in death with those from whom in life I was not divided. . . . Thus, thought I, as I stood at the close of a sunny autumn day, gazing on shaft, and niche, and monument, glowing in ruby light, will it be while this old fabric stands. How great have been the vicissitudes of human things since Saxon Herman raised the first rude oratory on this site! Manifold indeed have been these changes, yet, whether they who assert or those who deny the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy were administering here, these old grey walls have had the same calming soothing influence upon successive generations. . . . And yet a briefer space than these eight hundred years

will suffice to tell of the effects of chance and change. Of those well-remembered faces which I used to see here Sunday after Sunday as a child, how few are still among us! The generation which was then old has long since been swept from the face of the earth; the brightest, the fairest, the best of the present one, with some few precious exceptions who have been left for our comfort and example, have been taken; they have entered that land where there are more who are like them than are left in this world! And of those who yet survive, some indeed, like myself, though dwelling at a distance, still occasionally revisit the home of our youth; but the majority are scattered far asunder, with other objects, interests, and affections than those of their childhood. And the few, the very few, who have continued here through the whole of their pilgrimage, now seem like spectres haunting the scenes of their former happiness; yet when I look on these grey walls I remember I am but sharing the emotions of whole races of Christian pilgrims gone before."—Rev. F. PAGET.

The Parsonage was a good square red brick house, built during the early part of Sir Walter Bagot's life: plain usefulness and the convenience of a large family had alone been considered in its structure; many children, many servants, and often

many friends were comfortably lodged here. The parlour (a good old word now wearing out) contained some fairly good pictures; the one I liked best to look at was of a Miss Bagot, one of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, and said by Grammont to have been "the only woman belonging to it who could blush, and the only one who had no reason to do so." Her first husband was a Lord Falmouth, her second, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset. She obtained this picture by a stratagem for her brother.

What would I not give to have a portrait of my father in this parlour in a winter's evening when after dinner the sofas were wheeled round a blazing fire; he used to take great delight in playing with the youngest children, and would take off his wig that they might see and touch his bald head. On Sundays and birthdays a glass of wine was given to all, and a Latin toast to be repeated. He possessed in his study a valuable collection of divinity and classics, and spent hours of every day in unwearied reading till within a short time of his death.

There were some old customs belonging to the place. On All Soul's Eve our doors were beset by all the boys of the parish shouting—

"An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,
Or any good thing to make us merry."

During the twelve days of Christmas we were sure of a visit from the Morrice-dancers, who per-

formed their antics dressed in ribbons, armed with light sticks which they struck to the time of the tune, attended by a fool with a bell and motley coat, and often they danced on the snow in the court.

“Who list may in their mummery see
Traces of ancient mystery.”

I remember a party from Abbot's Bromley who, from the faint recollection I have of their proceedings, must, I think, have performed Maid Marian's dance, which is a very old national diversion. St. George and the Dragon was once enacted by some boys from Rugeley; this is exactly the mumming of the western counties. Since that time I have heard much and fine music; but none, I really believe, ever gave me so much pleasure as the Christmas Carols, the old ditties of the church singers, who used to be ranged in the “Little Hall” on Christmas Day, while we were allowed to look and listen from “the best stairs.” On St. Thomas's Day all the parishioners received bread and beef for a Christmas dinner, and after the “getting in of the hay” how well I remember the loud shouts of “Harvest Home” before the supper for the workpeople on that joyful day.

The Park is distant nearly four miles from Blithfield, and singular from remaining exactly in the same state in which it had been at the Conquest; of course, trees had fallen by decay

and others grown up into beauty, but nothing had been cleared away by man. No cultivation had been carried on; the deer were lords of the ground, and, I believe, commanded not less than 12,000 acres. One tree there was of immense size called "Beggar's Oak,"* from a tradition in the family that a poor man under this tree once asked alms of the lord of the domain and was refused. The beggar's curse was a wish that the first-born of the house might never thrive, and, according to the history of the family, the wish has been granted. A flock of originally wild goats is kept there. The parish of Blithfield did not contain a meeting-house, an ale-house, or a workhouse. I do not recollect any instances of poverty such as I have since become acquainted with in other places and later times. Our poor were a laborious, simple, sober race; they were tended and noticed, well instructed from the pulpit and in the schools. One of my first recollections is of the master of the small endowed school for boys; he was also parish clerk, by all the village considered as a learned man and by some as an astrologer; another of the village tailor, to which (for he was a person of ingenuity) he later added the vocation of upholsterer. A better man than he never lived. He fulfilled all the duties of his humble station kindly

* It still stands, majestic as ever (1901).—S. L. BAGOT.

and well, and to the extent of his abilities and knowledge; his house was a home, and his kindness a support to a numerous family. He was often employed at Blithfield, and from years of faithful service and a certain quaintness of manner he became a great favourite. A sketch of him is still preserved exactly representing his grotesque appearance in his crooked old wig, green baize apron, and great scissors sticking out of his pocket; on Sundays he wore a handsome wig and hat, and drab-coloured coat. He survived his old "master," as he called my father, several years. Amongst various beggars was one called, from his county, "Cheshire" Jack; his madness, whether real or feigned, was mixed with much method and native humour. Various stories were told as to his real origin and situation. Our village wake or feast of the patron saint of the parish, St. Leonard, was held in September. I well remember the sugared cakes and furmity made of the new wheat. The wake at Leigh, near Cheadle, was kept with much more solemnity; wealthy farmers brewed ale for it at the rate of fourteen bushels to the hogshead, thus producing a beverage nearly as strong as brandy.

It is only of the last generation of my family I am anxious to speak, one which is now nearly passed away, the last of a class and character which, "take them for all in all, we shall not look upon their like again."

Sir Walter Bagot was reckoned the most amiable, popular, and one of the handsomest men of his day. The first person of the county he then certainly was, though it contained many of superior rank, but none more beloved, of greater respectability, or one whose opinion carried more weight. He represented Staffordshire several years, succeeding in a contested election against the Gower interest. "Sir Walter's days" were long talked of by the old people. He married Lady Barbara Legge, and was said never to have smiled during the two years he survived her. She appears to have been somewhat feared by children and dependants, but respected by every one; she was the mother of twenty children, of whom fourteen survived. William, the eldest son, afterwards Lord Bagot, accepted the peerage his father had refused; he was plain in person, and had a manner which did injustice to the good sense, taste, and information he possessed. He travelled in Italy and was all his life enamoured of that country.

Charles, the second son, inherited the property of his uncle Sir Charles Chester, whose name he assumed, and is still affectionately remembered, though deceased many years ago. No man ever possessed more estimable qualities or more genuine wit, *that* is inherited by some of his children.

Walter, the third son, was my father; the world did not possess a character which stood more fair—

in every way he was *above* it. Like all the rest of his family he was educated at Westminster and Christchurch, and to the last retained a strong attachment to both; at school he was the chosen friend and companion of Cowper.

His virtues had their foundation in that which only is stable—our holy religion.

His divinity was of the old school, untouched with enthusiasm, unperverted by party. The last book we saw him read was Butler's "Analogy"; he much prized his Polyglot Bible, and bequeathed it to the living at Blithfield.

He had a relish for humour, and possessed with several others of the family a strong and native vein of it. In early life he was a good rider, a bold hunter, and excelled in the sport of fly-fishing; in his youth, too, he had been handsome. Of his dress he was neglectful, but had "Parson Bagot" been clad in rags and tatters there would still have been something in him to "show the world he was a gentleman."

Lewis, the fourth son of Sir Walter Bagot, was one of those characters with which not many bless this world; to piety, learning, strong sense, and wit, he added a delicacy of feeling, a refinement of taste, a brightness of fancy and placidity of temper peculiarly his own. His health was feeble, and it appeared as if in proportion as his frame was weak his spirit had been finely touched; he was at once

the most holy and most agreeable of men. Though long dead, I think there are still left amongst the many educated under his eye at Christchurch (a college of which he was in a manner the second founder) who from his instruction and example acquired that spirit which, as long as it remains, will make England deserve her post at the head of the nations for true wisdom and sound policy. Lewis Bagot was Bishop of Bristol and Dean of Christchurch, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, and finally of St. Asaph, where he was buried in June 1802.

Richard Bagot, the youngest son, went abroad early in life as Secretary to Lord Northampton's embassy to Venice; he married the daughter and heiress of the Suffolk branch of the Howards, whose name he took.

Of the seven daughters of Sir Walter and Lady Barbara Bagot, two alone were married; the eldest, Barbara, was a beautiful, amiable, estimable, and clever woman, who early married Ralph Sneyd of Keele.* She was an excellent mother, the support of the family, the manager of the estate, and a kind wife to a husband every way her inferior. Her works of ingenuity were many and great.

Mary married Roland Wingfield, Esq., who

* I have heard that Mrs. Sneyd of Keele was taken by Wedgwood as the model for the pretty little lady seated on the teapot lids of the now somewhat rare black Wedgwood ware.

had an estate in Shropshire; she was little known, and I think little beloved by the rest of the family; of the pride of ancestry which is said to belong to it she had her full share, but I believe she had also estimable qualities.

Of the other sisters two only are left (1817), the melancholy remains of a sisterhood who had lived together in Park Street beloved by all for near half a century; they form with Mr. Howard the last of that generation, and seem to be the living chronicles of other times.

CHAPTER VIII

EXTRACTS FROM MISS MARY BAGOT'S JOURNALS

The Ladies of Llangollen—The “Wakes”—A Romance—Walter Scott—The Executioner of Charles I.—Dr. Tennison—Sir Charles Bagot—Lord Liverpool—Mrs. Bowdler—Lord St. Vincent's ghost story—Disappearance of Mr. Bathurst—Funeral of George IV.—Charles X.—Guy's Cliffe—Mrs. Siddons—North Court—Mrs. Bennett—Doctor Johnson.

FOR upwards of fifty years the Ladies of Llangollen * have resided at their cottage, never leaving it for more than a day and that very rarely, and never going to a great distance. It is not often that a scheme, decided by ourselves, and for ourselves, succeeds as that union did. Had I wished to show a human being to an inhabitant of another planet, and to have given a favourable impression of the race, I should have exhibited Miss Ponsonby, such as she was in her youth.

In 1829 the annual Festival of the “Wakes,” as it is called, was still observed in its primitive simplicity, hospitality, and cordiality. The season is the first week in November; a peculiar kind of sweet cake belongs to it, also furmity, made of the new wheat, and excellent ale, pure new milk cheese,

* Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. They were devoted friends, and lived all their lives together.—S. L. BAGOT.

may then be found at Leigh (Staffordshire) as would be sought for in vain in any other parts of England. Mrs. Kent gave me an account of the "Wakes," which she attended, which assembles all the numerous family within reach under the roof of the eldest brother, who supplies the place of the father they have lost. These "Wakes," the remains of the old "Wachen," to watch the vigil of the Saints' day of the parish church, were a bit of "Merrie England," but in later years degenerated into drunken and immoral revels, were put down, and gradually fell into disuse.

The sight of a lady whom I have lately met brought into my mind (how little did she suspect it!) some strange and melancholy circumstances with which her early life had been connected: a long succession of years of good conduct have to the world obliterated the share she took in them. Many, many seasons have come round since the heiress of that family in Worcestershire sacrificed her own happiness to gratify her father's, it is said, in marrying the representative of one of the proudest names in England, with the prospect of a marquissate, which was the fatal *lure*. The match took place. The father died; the daughter, though kindly treated, was wretched with a husband she could not love, and in an evil hour formed habits of intimacy with the young clergyman of her parish. They became mutually and culpably attached, with-



Miss. Mary Bayet.

L. M. S. W. A.

out exciting suspicion in the neighbourhood. They left it and fled together, accompanied only by one female servant of Mrs. C.—'s. The cause was brought into a court of justice, a divorce pronounced. The guilty parties married, Mr. S—— fell into bad health, on which account they went to Lisbon, where he died. She returned to her native land, and to the family property, which could not be alienated, where she subsequently married a person of respectability, who had had the charge of it; as an agent his conduct to her was exemplary. She necessarily lived in great seclusion, and voluntarily distributed much of her ample fortune in acts of charity. After many years so spent a sickness came on which she felt would be her last. She entreated that the servant who had accompanied her to Lisbon might be sent for. She had subsequently married and settled at W——. The woman arrived, and appeared to give great satisfaction to her old mistress, whose orders she was enjoined by her present husband in all respects to obey. The invalid died, the melancholy offices which immediately follow death were performed by her old servant, and a large and mysterious packet which she had brought with her opened; the body was enveloped in part of its contents, she followed it to the grave, and the solemn words "Ashes to ashes," "Dust to dust," were no sooner uttered, than she scattered a quantity of mould upon the coffin, which she had brought concealed in a large

cloth under her mourning cloak, together with something of a harder nature, as the sound testified. The woman never clearly stated what had been her measures; but from hints she dropped, it was supposed that she had fulfilled a solemn promise to her mistress in wrapping her remains for their last abode in the sheet which had covered Mr. S—— when a corpse, and that mould from his foreign grave was scattered upon her coffin. Mrs. —— had given a strict charge not to be interred in the family vault, as she could not bear the idea that even their ashes should mingle! The history of her first husband after their separation is not less remarkable. He justly attributed his misery in married life to the ambitious motives which led to his union with Miss V—— on her part, or rather on that of her father. He changed his name, did not adopt the title which shortly fell to him, went into a part of the country where he was entirely unknown, lived with the second class as one of themselves, passed himself off as an artist, obtained the affections of a farmer's daughter, married her, and not till she was within the gates of Burghley, the most splendid mansion in England, and hailed as its mistress, had she an idea that her husband was not her equal; she was completely overcome and fainted away; she did not live long to enjoy her honours. Her husband's next choice was the beautiful Duchess of H——, an amiable and injured woman. This long narration

is perhaps not worth writing, but some of the circumstances connected with it had come rather strangely to my knowledge, and the sight of Mrs. S—— brought them to my mind.

Extract of a Letter from SIR WALTER SCOTT,
June 1818.

“You do me too much honour on the subject of our Scotch isles. I assure you I have no interest whatsoever in them, and so far from having acknowledged them by word or deed to Sir Alexander Gordon, I am not aware of ever having seen the person in question. I *did* know a Sir Alexander Gordon, who fell gloriously at Waterloo! and I do know a Sir A. Gordon of Dumfriesshire, but another of the name is as much a stranger to me as the subject of his assertions. However, all this has been, I believe, conveyed already to you through Mrs., or rather our dear Jeanie Baillie, who we know possesses every endearing and estimable quality of head and heart.

“I am very much obliged by your commendation of my attempts in poetry—in one point of view they certainly stand in need of indulgence, for they are like orphans, cast on the world, for whom their ostrich parent has never cared since they were sent forth. To say the truth, an early experience of what authors suffer who place much of their happi-

ness in the success of their literary productions determined me to be as indifferent as possible to mine, and I assure you I have never looked at one of them since they left me till last summer, when I read 'The Lady of the Lake,' and found it better than I expected; however, I did not like it well enough to venture upon the rest, and I may say with Macbeth, 'I am afraid to think what I have done; look on't again, I dare not!' I am glad you were pleased with my Matilda; perhaps I was able to give a little more interest to the character from its having been drawn from the life when I wrote 'Rokeby.' I was happy in the society of its charming and truly amiable original, who is now no more.

"There is such a clatter about me, I scarcely know what I write—two young Borderers, my son and nephew, are at this moment combating before me, with their naked broadswords, to the imminent peril of their eyes and ears, while a domestic musician is tuning a new pair of bagpipes. It is at least a consolation to know that one's family is making a noise in the world!"

Dr. Richard Smallbrook, Bishop of St. David's, sayeth, that when he was chaplain to Archbishop Tennison, the Archbishop told him as follows concerning the person that executed King Charles I.

When the Archbishop was Rector of St. Martin's

he was sent for to pray by a dying man in a poor house in Garden Lane, Westminster. He made haste, but found the man had just expired. The people of the house told him that the man had been very anxious to see him, and to confess to him that he had been the executioner of King Charles I. That he was a trooper of Oliver's, and that every man in the troop having refused to do that office, Oliver made them draw lots, and the lot falling upon him, he did the work in a mask, and that he mixed immediately with the crowd, hiding the mask. That he had never been easy in his mind since. He had lived some time in the house of the persons who made this statement, was grave and melancholy, and much distressed for want of religious consolation from Dr. Tennison.

Dr. Tennison was in much esteem for his good offices about dying persons.

Charles I. lay one night, Saturday, May the 10th, at the Vicarage of Inkberrow, Worcestershire, where there is still a picture of him; when the back was removed some time ago to be cleaned, the above account was found written on a sheet of paper, which I have seen and copied.

1820.—A Jacobite being called upon for a toast, or rather to drink King William's health, replied, "The tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly member. James 3rd and 8th!"

LICHFIELD, 1827.—I spent one evening this week at the house which formerly belonged to Lucy Porter, where Johnson so often visited her. I have seen also in this place some reliques of the Sage, which had been inherited by the family, to whom his daughter-in-law bequeathed her property, and I remember particularly a collection of letters tied up in an old silk handkerchief, and his walking-stick, which had been newly varnished, and was threatened with a brass ferrule, which, however, I begged might not be applied.

We drank tea last night with a niece of the late Bishop Porteous, who showed us what I should think was the strongest relic of Popery which our church has retained. A box of scarlet and gold containing three bags of the same materials for offerings similar to those of the Wise Men, which is yearly presented at the Chapel Royal by the Queen's Almoner on Epiphany Sunday, is consecrated by the Bishop, and afterwards becomes his perquisite. What was formerly an ingot in the offering is now reduced to a roll of gold leaf.

November 6, 1829.—Sir Charles Bagot dined here. He was naturally clever, strikingly handsome, always agreeable, notwithstanding the extreme finery of his earlier days, but *that* has given place to better things. He has spent many years abroad, and is returned one of the most agreeable,

conversible, and entertaining of travelled men. His situation as our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, enabled him to witness the splendour of the Empire of all the Russias, in the Court of Alexander—whose state banquets or suppers are given in a saloon as large as Westminster Hall. The tables are pierced to admit the immense stems of the orange trees (which are brought from the Taurique Palace), the guests literally are seated under their shade, in all the abundance of fruit, leaf, and flower. The plateaux are formed of all that is most splendid and odoriferous, amidst “the fragrant progeny of milder climes,” and this is done when the temperature of the outward atmosphere is perhaps twenty-five degrees below zero!*

Lord Liverpool had a severe seizure last spring, 1827; but the world in his case, though in the midst

* At an official banquet given by Sir Charles Bagot at St. Petersburg, a handsome snuff-box was passed round the table and disappeared. The loss was put into the hands of the police. The snuff-box was found, but the head of the police asked Sir Charles to make no inquiries as to who had taken it—of course he did not.—S. L. B.

The Emperor Alexander I. was godfather to Sir Charles Bagot's son Alexander. The Empress thinking Lady Mary Bagot was cold, at the first visit she paid to the Empress after the christening, took an Indian shawl off her own shoulders and put it on my mother-in-law, who left the shawl to me. The Emperor gave Sir Charles a miniature of himself, and also a very striking miniature of Catherine II. These are now in my son's collection at Levens. Sir Charles

of its business and allurements, could not obtain the ascendant over his great and good mind, and religion, which he never neglected during any part of his life, has been his support at its most trying period. I was much interested in hearing an account from the clergyman who attended him of the devout manner in which he received the Holy Sacrament. The expression of piety in his countenance at those times might have been a subject for a Domenichino. The only question he asked last spring after his seizure, with regard to the world, was, Who had been his successor in office? On Mr. Canning being named he seemed perfectly satisfied, and asked no more; but at the commencement of this year he requested to see the Red Book by signs, for he has very little power of articulation, and turning to the list of the Cabinet, evinced the greatest astonishment on seeing the name of Lord

Bagot on one occasion invited the Czar Alexander to dinner. Sir Charles wishing to do him special honour, had a cup of coffee brought to the Emperor on a most beautiful small, old silver salver, which Sir Charles took from the servant, and presented himself. The Czar refused it, with a look of suspicion; seeing this, Sir Charles drank the cup of coffee himself, and ordered a servant to bring another cup for the Emperor, who then took some. This event occurred soon after Sir Charles's arrival in St. Petersburg. The Czar subsequently honoured him with his friendship and confidence. It is not to be wondered at that any one of the house of Romanoff in those days should suspect foul play.—
S. L. BAGOT.

Goodrich, a title with which he was not acquainted. It was explained to him, but he made no remark, and asked no more. What a singular moment was that in the life of a Minister!

1829.—Yesterday arrived our dear friend, Mrs. Bowdler. At her age one feels every visit may be her last. The following anecdote I have heard from her. It is one of a large stock, which no other person can relate as she did.

Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn, when upwards of ninety, told Mr. Bowdler that he had been a member of Queen Anne's last Parliament, when a numerous party ardently wished the succession should be secured to her brother. The adherents to his cause in the House of Commons, to the number of 275, met privately at the Cocoa Tree, in order to discuss the manner in which this measure should be publicly brought forward. Sir William Windham, who was in the chair, read a letter which he had received from Lord Bolingbroke advising them to postpone the meeting to a later day, as the step they proposed might be inimical to the Peace of Utrecht, not then finally adjusted. "Afterwards it would be brought forward with the sanction and support of her Majesty's Ministers." Sir Hugh went up to the chairman, saying, "Dinna trust him, Sir William; he's a d——d scoundrel, and will ruin us." Many coincided in this opinion,

indeed, the majority of the meeting, but they would have been a minority in the House of Commons. They broke up and met no more, and the result justified the truth of Sir Hugh Paterson's prediction.

Dr. Ratcliffe was summoned once to attend the Princess Anne of Denmark, and was ordered afterwards to make his report to her father, which he did. The ailment was very slight, and on being asked by James eagerly if it would be necessary for his daughter to go to Bath, he said, "Decidedly not," at which the King expressed much pleasure, being, he said, very anxious that she should be present at the Queen's delivery, which was not far distant. The same night the physician was roused from his bed by the Duchess of Marlborough (who did not then bear that title). She told him that he must the next day unsay what he had said to the King. The doctor thought it would be very difficult and not very creditable to himself to do this, but his objections were overruled by the assurance that the welfare of the State and the Protestant cause was concerned in the measure; so the next day, after having again seen the Princess, he informed the King that he now saw reason to think she ought to be removed to Bath without delay. There she went, and there she was, it is well known, at the time of her brother's birth. Had she been on the spot, it would have been more difficult to

have propagated the story of the supposititious child, and she was too honest a woman to have supported a falsehood knowing it to be one. She remained in error many years, but in error she did not *die*, and if her powers had been equal to her wishes she would certainly have been succeeded by her brother, James III.; but she was a weak woman, and outwitted by her Ministers. The above anecdote was related at the table of an old Jacobite, Lady Fitz-Williams, by Dr. Ratcliffe himself. He said, "I should not so act if it were to be done over again, but at *that* time, by God, madam, I would have done anything for the sake of the Protestant Succession." Mrs. Bowdler heard this conversation, and it is recorded in her own handwriting.

Mrs. Ricketts, who was nearly related to Lord St. Vincent, became the tenant of an old house in the country, where the peace of her family was grievously disturbed by noises which could not be accounted for. After having endured it for some time, and stated the case to Lord St. Vincent, he and his friend Admiral Barrington determined to watch through the night in the room supposed to be haunted, or rather at the two doors which were the only means of access to it, each leading to another apartment. Both gentlemen took their station provided with pistols, and certainly were the last persons to be frightened. In the dead of the night

Lord St. Vincent rushed into the room exclaiming, "I have it, I have it," and found he had seized upon his friend, who had entered at the same moment by the same impulse. What they saw or heard they never would impart, but Lord St. Vincent in consequence of it urged Mrs. Ricketts to leave the house, and she did so, but her nerves never recovered what she had there undergone. One of her predecessors in that habitation, and one, I believe, of whom she had never heard, was a Lord Z——, who was supposed there to have promoted the end of a young woman whom he had seduced.

Mrs. Bowdler when very young was sent by her father to see Garrick, as he thought not having done so would be a thing to regret during after life, and our great actor was then upon the eve of retirement from the stage. Mrs. B. saw him perform five of his most celebrated parts, and upon the whole rated his comic more highly than his tragic powers; she had been more moved by others, but never so irresistibly amused. As a performer to act with, Mrs. Siddons stated Garrick to have been extremely disagreeable from the sort of despotism he maintained on the stage, and the subordination in which all the other parts were to be kept. Mrs. Clive said she was convinced the "Beggars' Opera" had done more essential

harm to the morals of the country than any other piece which has ever been brought forward. She was a respectable woman and a competent judge.

Napoleon Buonaparte, when a boy at the military school of —, received much kindness at the hands of an English lady who happened to be resident in the town. She subsequently returned to her own country. At the Peace of Amiens, when the intercourse between the two nations was revived after a long cessation, Buonaparte, then First Consul, was frequently in the habit of inquiring after this lady of the many English who were presented to him, and did this so often that at length it came to her knowledge, and various applications were made for her interest with him; this she steadily refused till the extraordinary disappearance of Mr. Bathurst took place, when she wrote to Buonaparte and stated that she *never* would have done so but for the power which rested with him of alleviating deep and individual distress, divested of political feeling; she therefore besought him if any light could be thrown upon the business that, for the sake of the unfortunate family, it might be given. This letter could not be answered, but a fortnight after it was received the writer had the satisfaction of knowing that advertisements appeared in almost every gazette of Europe describing Mr. Bathurst, and offering

a considerable reward to any one who would give information as to his fate.

July 15.—This being the day of the funeral of George IV., it was observed in London by the closing of all the shops. The appearance of the town was very singular, and never, I should think, could it have been seen before so completely deserted. The day, with the exception of a very few drops of rain, was fine, and myriads had poured out of town, some to enjoy it in the country, others to witness the solemn pageant at Windsor. The few who were left, being in mourning, except those of the lowest classes, and no holiday attire to be seen, as on Sundays, produced an effect such as I certainly had never before seen in the streets of the Metropolis.

At nine o'clock the minute guns were fired and answered by a solemn toll from the Abbey bell during an hour, which, from being very near to it, overpowered, to us, similar sounds from all the other churches. The general feeling of this day was, I should think, little more than that of awe, which any circumstance bringing death strongly before us must inspire. It requires but trifling exertion on the part of the great to be popular, and nature, in having bestowed a graceful appearance and fine manners on George the Fourth, might have rendered it peculiarly easy to *him*,

but he had latterly neglected all the means to secure the affection and respect of his subjects by living entirely secluded from them. However, he is gone to his account, and it will be well for his memory if no rude hand throws back the curtain which he had drawn so closely round his private life and closing years.*

July 30th, 1830.—We heard of all the convulsions into which France has been thrown by the infatuated conduct of Charles X. The positive state of the case is not known, as the mails had not arrived as usual, and all that is known seems to be by means of a commercial express. It is said that the King has fled to Fontainebleau, that a conflict took place in the streets of Paris in which 1000 men were slain, and that the capital is now besieged by a general of the King's. Other accounts state that Charles has abdicated in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, that a regency is appointed, and the Duc d'Orleans is at the head of it. Intelligence like this forms a striking contrast to the peaceful and apparently prosperous country around us.

* One cannot help contrasting with this account the very different feelings exhibited on the 2nd February, 1901, not only by a nation, but by an empire, not only by white races but by coloured, and the love and sorrow with which Queen Victoria was followed to her grave.—
S. L. BAGOT.

August 4th and 14th.—Accounts from France are now most eagerly looked for, and read with astonishment, in some respects not unmingled with admiration. Carnage in the Paris streets, but to the credit of the contending parties no savage butchery, private property respected, and public faith kept towards the strangers of all nations, and the intercepted letters and packets returned to the different ambassadors unopened.

October 9th, 1830.—A fellow traveller in our Southampton coach had just arrived from the Continent, where he was an eye-witness of the French Revolution. . . . He had seen the fine trees of the boulevards with all their leafy branches thrown across the streets to form barricades; he had seen the blazing barriers, the destruction of the furniture of the Tuileries, which was thrown from the windows and lying *untouched* below; the insurgents with their swords, &c., knocking the heads from the casks of champagne in the royal cellars and drinking from the barrels, but not to excess. He had seen many bodies of the Swiss guard lying dead, with the twenty-five francs untouched in their pockets, which they had received as a reward for their resistance to the people who did not deprive their fallen foes of anything except their cartouche boxes; he had seen an overturned diligence and paving stones torn from the streets

used to form defences, and had heard on the morning of the 20th the "liseurs" of the prohibited gazettes in the Palais Royal, which acted as the igniting sparks to the immense explosion which followed. These and many more details did we hear from our travelling companion as we were rolling through the fine forest district which surrounds Southampton, and through bleak downs, hop grounds, and fir woods, finally reached the mighty metropolis under a dense atmosphere of yellow fog, cheered by the blazing gas which was already lighted, and left the coach at the old White Horse Cellar."

The following extract from Miss Mary Bagot's journal well illustrates the changed temper of the present times and the proportion in which events are viewed :—

October 20th.—We dined this day with one of our few neighbours, a mercantile person, who returned from London with an alarming account of the depressed and fluctuating state of the funds, occasioned by the convulsed situation of the Continent, and still more perhaps by the prospect of affairs in Ireland, where the repeal of the union is loudly, and, may be, *violently* demanded by that formidable body who attend the orders of O'Connor, "the Liberator," as they affect to term him. The

papers announced what seems to be the certain establishment of railroads. The change which such a system may effect cannot be foreseen in *all* its bearings, but the tremendous fluctuation of property (so much of which is vested in canals) which it must occasion is certain. What *awful* times are these, when the topics I have mentioned form the conversation of *one* afternoon!

May 23rd, 1823.—Went to Guy's Cliffe,¹ which perhaps never looked more beautiful, the clear strong lights and deep shadows showed to great advantage the picturesque irregularities of the house and all its singular accompaniments; a romantic and delightful spot. We wandered through the walks by the river and meadow to the ancient mill, and under the cliff, shaded as it were by flowery tresses of lilac and laburnum, visiting Guy in his chapel, where his gaunt and gigantic figure carved in the living rock, though mutilated, is still majestic. This place is thoroughly enjoyed by its possessors,* to whose kindness I am much indebted, and to-day it was contrasted with the finery and folly of one of the party who assembled at dinner. Saw Mr. Greathead's study full of books and delightful means of

* Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Greathead.—S. L. BAGOT.

¹ Now the property of Lord Algernon Percy, brother to the Duke of Northumberland.

enjoyment; he read some curious extracts from Philippe de Comines, and lent me a German work.

The only son of this family, who died young,* was a very wonderful artist—many of his works, of course, are in this house. The most extraordinary is a representation of Spenser's Cave of Despair—a dreadful subject. It is now fixed behind some sliding oak panels in one of the rooms and only shown when it is requested.†

There is also a portrait of Bonaparte, taken in 1801, the first, I believe, that ever was in this country, by the same hand.‡

Mrs. Siddons passed two years of her early life in this family as the servant of Lady Mary

* Father of Lady Charles Bertie Percy, from whom the present owner inherits.—S. L. BAGOT.

† Many years later a respectable-looking man called at the house and civilly begged to be shown the "portrait of his father," who, he said, had sat as a model to young Mr. Greathead. None of the pictures were what he wished to see, till at last the panel was slid back which covers the Cave of Despair. He immediately recognised his father, who had been a "skeleton man" in some travelling circus abroad.—S. L. BAGOT.

‡ The study for this portrait of Bonaparte, now in the possession of Sir Edward Durand, was first executed on his thumb nail by young Greathead, from the view he had of the First Consul in some public place, I forget where. It is said by contemporaries to have been a striking likeness, and "Madame Mère" said it was the best portrait there was of her son.—S. L. BAGOT.

Greathead (*née* Bertie), the mother of the present possessor whom, as a boy, she used to delight by reading Shakespeare. Their friendship has continued through life to the honour of both parties. The tradition of this place is that Guy of Warwick, several years after his return from the Holy Land, used to share the distributions made by fair Phyllis at this door; he then occupied a hermit's cell in the rock, and only on his deathbed made himself known to her by sending a ring, which had been her gift, back to her hands.*

September 4th, 1823. A lovely autumn day. I went with Mrs. Percy † to North Court,¹ a place after my own heart. An old, grey stone house, of the best Queen Elizabeth style, situated on a most verdant lawn, sheltered by huge trees, and surrounded with sunny, smooth terraces rising above each other, and here and there bordered with dahlias and hollyhocks, and other splendid flowers of the season. A most picturesque village joins the

* The two Miss Berrys were frequent visitors at Guy's Cliffe to the Greathead family. The late Duke of Northumberland, who died in 1898, told me he had danced with one of the Miss Berrys at a children's party in London.

The Miss Berrys were well-known in London society and great friends of Horace Walpole's.—S. L. BAGOT.

† My mother.—S. L. BAGOT.

¹ In the Isle of Wight.

grounds, though not seen from them, and the whole domain (it is no mean compliment) seems as if it were lying in a fertile *English* valley. All within the abode bore marks of antiquity, good sense, and good taste, as well as wealth. The long oriel windows were enriched with painted glass, and shelves of the library filled with an admirable collection of books and prints, and the walls decorated with many old and curious portraits. Through a Gothic conservatory, which joins the sitting-room, the eye is carried along a green turf terrace to what appears to be an interminable woodland vista. Mrs. Bennett,* the owner of North Court, though several years turned of seventy, from her activity and appearance might well be supposed only to have reached middle age. Through her long life she has lived in the best society, but the high polish of good breeding has not obscured or diminished her native originality of mind in any degree. She is also a person of considerable observation and information; the conversation of such a character is delightful.

I copied the following inscription from a curious old painting over the chimney-piece in the dining-room at North Court :

“This . is . the . Pictor . of . Sqr . Willyam . Walworth . Knight .
that . Kyled . Jake . Stran . in . Kynge . Richard’s . sight.”

* *Née* Burrell, daughter of Sir Peter Burrell, afterwards Lord Gwydyr.—S. L. BAGOT.

North Court, 30th September.—We left the Undercliffe at the most brilliant moment of a very brilliant evening, when the bright lights and deep shadows seemed to add beauty by apparently increasing the inequality of the long line of rock which extends like a fortification through this singular and romantic district. The sun was setting with all possible pomp as we arrived at the summit of St. Catherine's. Behind the distant Dorsetshire coast of Purbeck and Portland all the rest of the prospect had faded into cold blue and grey tints, different as the brilliant hopes of youth compared with the sober reflection and experience of age. An autumn evening soon becomes *night*, and it was dark and cold when we arrived at this comfortable old place.

The portraits which illustrated Mrs. Bennett's "Sevigné" fill four volumes of imperial quarto; the views, two of the same size. She has also two original MS. letters, and an invaluable medal of the number of those struck by Monsieur de Grignan, and presented by him to the friends of Madame de Sevigné after her death instead of a mourning ring. On one side of the medal is her head, her age, her name, and the date of her decease; on the other is represented her coffin, upon it a withering rose, with this motto: "The flower is dead, but its sweetness remains." This was given by Sanvare the traveller to Mrs. Bennett.

There is at Niton (just below the Sand Rock) a mound known by the name of the Old Castle. In part at least it appears to be artificial. There is a vague tradition that it once was searched into, and some pottery found. On better authority this is supposed to have been one of the stations from whence the early tin trade of this country was carried on, and the principal passage to Gaul, made by those adventurous rebels that had previously coasted along Cornwall, Devonshire, and Dorset. The little cove below the Old Castle is called "Wraiths Bay," as it appears from the bodies which are generally washed ashore here, with other vestiges of wrecks, as the current here drives with great force. The great currents of the great seas are very wonderful. That which is the most so, because it is the best known, certainly passes through the Bay of Mexico before it sets into the Gulf of Gibraltar. It is known by the higher temperature of the water and a peculiar kind of sea-weed.

The same cause accounts for the productions of Florida and that part of the world being frequently found on the shores of the Orkneys. A poor woman of Brixton parish during the last fortnight picked up a bottle at Brook Point, in this immediate neighbourhood, containing a paper dated from the *Shannon* at sea, specifying the latitude and longitude, stating herself to be in great distress,

with several feet of water in the hold. It was dated June 23, and in what anguish of mind may one suppose that bottle was committed to the waves!

The honours of the University of Cambridge were once performed by Dr. Watson, the late Bishop of Llandaff, and then a professor there, to Doctor Johnson. After having spent the morning in seeing all that was worthy of notice, the sage dined at his conductor's table, which was surrounded by various persons, all anxious to see so remarkable a person, but the moment was not favourable. He had been wearied by his previous exertions, and would not talk. After the party had dispersed, and Johnson remained alone with his host, he said, "I was tired, and would not take the trouble, or I could have set them right upon several subjects, sir. For instance, the gentleman who said he could not imagine how any pleasure could be derived from hunting. Now, sir, the reason is, because man feels his own vanity less in action than when at rest."

Took long and lonely walks in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, which is not particularly interesting except from recollections of Johnson. The following anecdote of him was lately new to me.

Lord R——, when a youth at Eaton (*sic*), felt particularly anxious to see the sage. A friend pro-

mised to manage it, and soon afterwards took the boy to Mrs. Thrale's sale, where almost the first object they saw was Johnson, in his character of executor, full dressed with a waistcoat trimmed with silver and powdered wig, leaning against a huge cask. Lord R——'s companion made some remark to the Doctor upon the incongruity of *his* appearance in a scene of such traffic, and had for answer, "Sir, I am not selling staves and tubs, but disposing of the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

CHAPTER IX

FROM MISS MARY BAGOT'S JOURNALS (1823).

Dean Stanley—A primitive Curate—Merton College—Bath—Lord North—Interview with Dr. Johnson—Somerford and the Moncktons—Chillington—Jack Mytton—Archery at Blithfield—Lichfield races—Mrs. Somerville—Lady Augusta Murray's birthmark—A white dromedary and a poor Monarch—Cheneys and the Russells—Harriet Bagot's death-warning—Captain Whitby—Death of Mr. Canning—Prince Charles Edward—Mr. Bowdler—Lord Edward Fitzgerald—A dream—A true history—The earthquake at Lisbon—Edmund Sabine—Lord Macaulay—Mr. Canning—A ghost story.

June 1829.—Whilst we were at the Water Colour Exhibition I was introduced to an elderly clergyman, with dark intelligent eyes, as the father of "Arthur Stanley," in whose "Tour to the Pyrenees" I had found so much pleasure and felt so much astonishment last November. Since that time he has been placed at Rugby, and Mr. Stanley told me his last communication from him was as follows:—

"DEAR FATHER,—I have been very unwell. I therefore took a dose of physic, and locked my door, being anxious to be well by Thursday, when we are to have an examination, and our head-master will examine us himself."

I should think this anecdote must be unrivalled

in school history, and feel more than ever convinced that, if he lives, the world will hear more of Arthur Stanley.¹

*Sketch of a Primitive Curate and the Moorland
Country of Staffordshire, 1829.*

1829.—Heard on my return of the death of Mr. Thomas, many years curate to my father (Reverend Walter Bagot), at Leigh in Staffordshire, and who has remained in the parish and same situation ever since his death, having lived there upwards of forty years. He was the last link in that preferment connected with *ourselves*, and still felt so warmly towards the family that when my brother Ralph met him, at the visitation last year, he burst into tears on seeing him, recollecting my father. Mr. Thomas was of a good Welsh family, he was a respectable, humble-minded, but illiterate man, and never wished for other or better society than was afforded by the farmers who inhabited that moorland parish, some of whom were very wealthy. They had immense dairies, made excellent cheeses, and brewed very strong ale, to wit, 14 *strike* to the hogshead. From the name of *Hall*, which several of their dwellings retained, it may be supposed they had once been occupied by gentry, but certainly not in the memory of man, and altogether it was a very primitive district. The church was very handsome, and

¹ Subsequently Dean of Westminster.

in honour of it the parish was designated *Church Leigh*. Uttoxeter, the market town and the capital of the Moorlands, was at the distance of seven miles. From Blithfield it was twelve miles, but notwithstanding that, during four months of the year, from Whit Sunday to Michaelmas, my father always went over, generally on horseback, and setting out early in the morning, to perform the Sunday duty: Mr. Thomas coming to Blithfield, and the sound of his voice in the lessons rings in my ear, even now, in hearing them, notwithstanding the lapse of more than twenty years.

Archery parties were the great fashion in the Midland counties, &c., and meetings, bye-meetings; costumes, the great subject of conversation amongst the young ladies—an archery hat, though made of the coarsest straw, and containing two green feathers, was to cost one of the young ladies *five guineas*.

19th August 1829.—I left Straldon this morning. Mr. Williams conveyed me to London in his gig, and *chemin faisant* gave me the following particulars of his little parish, which was the site of one of the very earliest ecclesiastical establishments for the promotion of learning, and was founded by Walter de Merton, who was Bishop of Rochester, and Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry III., and at the termination of the Barons' wars,

removed his infant institution from this retired spot to Oxford, giving it the name of Merton College, and endowing it with the lands of the parish where it had been originally established, and which since those days has undergone very little change, and known but little of the improvements which other districts have derived from their resident gentry and landowners. The Palace of Nonsuch itself stood very near to Ewell; of its two parks, one extended to the boundary of this parish. Why it is called *Worcester* is not known, but on the spot now occupied by a farm, Charles the Second built a house for the Duchess of Cleveland, where she frequently resided.

Mrs. B—— remembers Bath for many, many years, when Alfred Street was in the country, and afterwards when Anstey's "Bath Guide" was not a caricature, but a faithful portrait sketched with the utmost truth and spirit. Sir Boreas Blubber was Colonel Burton, ancestor of the present Marquis of C——. He was very tall and proportionably large, and once hired a chair in the South Parade to convey him to his dwelling in the Crescent. The threatened storm did not come on, and he never entered the chair. When he paid the fare the men were not satisfied, and when he remonstrated was told, "though you never did get into the chair, please to remember how we trembled

for fear you should." This was irresistible, and the additional shilling was paid. Seven balls a week used to be given during the season at the Bath Rooms, which now cannot support one (1829); it is supposed they will be closed altogether.

Lord North had been very rudely designated as "that *thing* calling itself a Minister," in a speech by Lord Lansdowne, who was subsequently attacked for abusive words by some one who had been wounded by them, and whose temper was not so equable as Lord North's, who simply observed, "I wonder any one can feel aggrieved by the expressions of that noble Lord. I never am—for instance, he lately called me '*that thing*'—now, I know very well what he means; namely, I am '*that thing*' he wishes to be—First Lord of the Treasury."

Mrs. P—— read an interesting extract from Mr. Windham's diary, containing an account of his last interview with Dr. Johnson, and the solemn exhortation of the latter to his friend on the subject of religion. His own firm profession of faith, and some principal evidences upon which it has been early grounded. One expression I particularly remember was: "We have no such proof that Cæsar died in the Capitol, as we possess that Christ suffered in the manner revealed in the Gospels."

Dr. Johnson consigned his servant, Frank, particularly to Mr. Windham's care, and took leave of him in a very affectionate manner, expressing a fervent hope of meeting again hereafter in a better world—"through Jesus Christ." During the earlier part of the conversation—Dr. Johnson began it by placing the New Testament in Mr. Windham's hands—he had earnestly exhorted him as to the observation of the Sabbath, in examining the state of his own soul, and held it to be peculiarly necessary in his situation, entering upon a line of life one of whose dangers must necessarily be making this world predominate in his estimation over that which is to come.

During the week I spent in Brook Street I went to visit Judge Barton, who is now 92, and quite blind. He spoke of Blithfield, and the beauties of Needwood, which he recollects, and for him, in his mind's eye, still exist, and of Tom Bagot as his chum at Westminster, whose remains

* Of Somerford, a house in Staffordshire that my father and mother and myself as a child often visited, Mary Bagot gives a very graphic account.

The Moncktons of Somerford were great friends of my mother's. I can just recollect old Mrs. Monckton, and feeling great awe of her, in a long black velvet dress, and all the signs of age alarming to a child. Sophy, Anna Maria, and Eleanora were the daughters. Anna Maria was the wit—Eleanora the beauty.—S. L. BAGOT.

have lain, I should think, during the last seventy years in the garden of a convent at Naples, where he died, a very young man.

Miss Mary Bagot says, "We came to Somerford—a most singularly constituted family it is. The head of it is in his 84th year. He made his fortune (in India) many years ago, where successively he sent all his numerous sons except two. They have returned (all, at least, who lived to do so, with the exception of one), finding their parents still in existence, their sisters unmarried, the house unaltered; and together they continue to live, and certainly nothing can be more singular than all these elderly men and women performing the part of the young people, and showing the same implicit obedience they probably did as children of five years old, notwithstanding their deafness, their grey heads, and failing sight. The daughters excite great respect in my mind, from their admirable conduct towards a set of orphan nephews and nieces whom they have instructed, and, out of their own small allowances, *clothed*. They seem, indeed, to have kept themselves "unspotted from the world" and free from all its vanities, notwithstanding an immense acquaintance in London, a house constantly full in the country, and being, moreover, the nieces of Lady Cork. There was at Somerford much hospitality, much good will, good sense, and good principle; much to admire, much

to respect, but there was the absence of *something* to interest."

December 10th, 1829.—I was delighted with an excursion to Chillington, and astonished by the beauty of the place, notwithstanding all I had heard, and certainly I had never seen anything in this country to compare with its woods and water. It is the property of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in this country, originally Norman; the first owner of these broad lands, after the Conquest, came over with King William, it is said, as his stirrup-holder, in memory of which office the armorial bearings of Giffard are three stirrups. Boscobel was the property of a Giffard (inhabited by the brothers Pendrill) when it afforded a shelter to King Charles II., in memory of which an exemption from all kind of tax was granted to the property of the family.

The late representative (the brother of Cowper's "Marie") was for many years of his life insane, and remained so until its close; but no entreaties could induce his doating wife (a daughter of Lord Courte-

I remember my mother telling me that when one of the sons left Somerford for India the hall clock stood at a certain hour—many years afterwards on his return home the clock stood at the same hour. Nothing was altered in the drawing-rooms—he found them exactly as he had left them—a most conservative house.—S. L. BAGOT.

nay's) to have a statute of lunacy taken out against him. I have heard my mother say that after the birth of one of his children, to annoy his wife and prevent her sleeping, he used to take his violin and play outside her bedroom door. It would have been far better if Lady Charlotte had listened to those who advised her to put her husband under control as her numerous family grew up, the sons without discipline, and the handsome daughters ran wild in their splendid home, which from the state of its owner for many years was forsaken by the rest of the neighbourhood.

At the death of the late Mr. Giffard, which

* It was thought that Walter Scott took Chillington as his original of Osbaldiston Hall.

The young ladies of the Giffard family, when I first remember them, shot well and rode well; sport was the sole occupation of the family, except of Walter Giffard, whom I recollect at Teddesley. He was called by his brothers "the gentleman," because he avoided sports and liked books, and worked carpet work and knitted purses. He looked delicate. At Chillington I was told that in the old Squire's days (Lady Charlotte's husband) the port wine was not decanted—a barrel of it stood in the hall, and people drank it as they wished. A worse state of things could not exist. Barbara Giffard married the famous Jack Mytton, a well-known fox-hunting squire of his day. An account of his eccentric life was published some years ago. Luckily such types are extinct. I recollect her well with her beautiful lithe figure. She could not remain with her eccentric husband; in one of his moods he put her pet dog on her bedroom fire in her presence.—S. L. BAGOT.

took place a few years ago, his son inherited £20,000 per annum, 12,000 acres about his house in a ring fence, mines of coal and iron stone which had never been worked, and after cutting down timber to the amount of £1600 the estate was still the best wooded property in the county.

For the younger children there was scarcely any provision made, but their brother gives them and his mother a home in his large mansion. The fine avenue is two miles and a half long. The first part is formed of a double row of firs, the latter of oaks, with an interfringe of hollies; the width must I think be nearly a quarter of a mile, measuring from the outward row of trees to that which answers on the opposite side. The intermediate ground has a wild and forest-like appearance, excepting only the ribbon-like road which marks the centre, and leads straight to the house, which has a commanding situation, was once a venerable mansion, and is now a vast modern pile with a gigantic portico. There is a wooden cross near the avenue which marks the spot where the panther was slain.

December 11th.—We again went to Chillington; our visit was now to the house, and it is well worth seeing from its ample dimensions and handsome site. We found a large family party. One of the daughters was deputed to show us the house, and

made us feel she did not like the office, as she sauntered through the splendid rooms. The only interesting one is the great hall—all which now remains of the old mansion—and a magnificent relic it is. I suppose the dimensions were 80 by 40 feet, the height in proportion, and rising into a vaulted roof—the whole is lighted from the above.

Over the immense fireplace is much carving, representing the armorial bearings of the family, and Sir John Giffard in the act of slaying the panther, with the following motto in old French: *Prenez aleine—et tirez fort.*

In the great dining-room, which was being prepared for a party, we saw on one table five large gold cups, and were told that the house contained more, all won by Mr. Giffard on the turf. Nothing like a library or books appeared, and the few that lay on a table all on field sports, and one other book which appeared to be most read, not desirable to leave about where there were ladies. An enormous dog, and very handsome, of the great St. Bernard breed, stalked about the room; after having surveyed the company, he stretched himself on the rug.

Somerford, as usual, full of guests—some had arrived lately from India—others came from North Wales and Cheshire; this is one of the pleasant circumstances which sometimes occur in a large

country house, that it forms a link between widely distant parts of the country, and even of the globe.

Went to Newcastle, where we dined. The light of the furnaces and factories, which now surround the place, glared over the snowy surface of this wintry landscape.

We hear much of the struggle which is carried on between canals and railroads, or rather which *will be* if success attends the latter scheme, and probably that must be the result when thirty miles an hour has been accomplished with safety, and much more is promised! Should this project answer, the change which must take place in the state of the country, the situation of its inhabitants, and alas! in its own fair face, is beyond all calculation. It is possible that those who live ten years longer may survive green fields, retired lanes, and how many other enjoyments! In the present state of conveyance, the potter of this neighbourhood pays as much for the carriage of his crate of goods from hence to Lichfield as is afterwards necessary for its transference to America. Upon such facts are founded the hopes of the abettors of railroads!

Christmas Day, 1829.—We were disturbed at

* *À propos* of Chillington, my old nurse, a Staffordshire woman, told me bear-baiting was last seen there in her youth; she had frequently seen bear-baiting.—S. L. BAGOT.

night by the ringing of bells (the church being close), the singing of the mummers, continual interruptions on Christmas Eve, and carols, &c., all the evening of Christmas Day.

September 1827.—At Lichfield, where we arrived at about nine o'clock, I most thankfully left the coach, and not often has any one more nearly verified the expression of being "tired to death." Nevertheless, between two and three o'clock the next day, I found myself in the midst of a splendid crowd and of ostrich feathers, assembled in the halls of my fathers to attend an archery meeting given by Lord Bagot, who on such occasions spares no expense or trouble. When the guests were collected, leading out Lady Shrewsbury himself, he requested all to follow to the shooting ground, which was done to the sound of the excellent band, and halted on the very spot where stood the old Parsonage, where, notwithstanding the gay crowd and lively airs, "Auld Lang Syne" alone filled my head and heart. The principal target was placed in the centre of the green walk which I used to gaze at from the nursery window, scarcely supposing the country had anything to compare with it in wealth and beauty! One of the great pear trees, which formerly grew at the end of the house, which was cut down, has thrown up a stem, which is now in its turn a tree, and I saw it loaded with fruit, and

thought of the pleasure my father used to have in it. Many trees have been planted, many others removed, but I recognised some old familiar forms with pleasure. There was the gigantic Portugal laurel, on whose boughs we used to ride, under whose shade we built houses; the *lignum vitæ*, on whose bough the thrush always sang his evening ditty; the high holly trees, in whose lower branches birds' nests never failed the eager seekers, who, however, would as soon have cut off a hand as have wilfully disturbed or destroyed one. The waving grove of beech and elms, once thickly peopled by my father's friends, the rooks; the large firs, picking up whose cones was a pleasure, and burning them afterwards another, at that age, and those bygone days when pleasures were simple and thoroughly enjoyed! For the Strangers' Prize, the target was fixed on the very spot where, with poor Hervey and Humphrey, I shared a little garden, and even now I believe remember nearly all that it contained. I was able to ascertain the place by reason of a holly tree which is left, and whose summer shower of leaves have heretofore occasioned me much labour and vexation. In the midst of such recollections, I was carried away from the really splendid and present scene, striking and beautiful as it was, and to which I must return. A quiet observer of numbers collected for such a purpose, must be dull indeed, not to be amused

by dint of *observation*—at least, that is a source which never fails *me*, and certainly it did not at Blithfield. I saw some real enjoyment, natural, genuine; I saw some acts of disinterested kindness—but I also saw the extreme of vanity unabashed and undisguised, setting even common decorum at defiance, and making a beautiful girl little better than a disgusting object. I saw love of rank leading to all that is mean; and heard heartless attempts at merriment from some who have lived for the world, and from whom it is now beginning to pass away. The dress, generally speaking, was superb. Such hats—such brilliant colours—such flounced petticoats and such gorgeous bracelets I never before saw. The archery uniform for the ladies I did not think was in general very becoming, consisting of a dark green pelisse and hat of the same colour, ornamented with gold and white feathers. The prizes were very handsome; a gold chain, cameo brooch, garnet and gold clasp, gold wrought bracelet, gold earrings. These were adjudged by Lady Harriet Bagot, Ellen Anson, Miss Boothby and Caroline Gresley. The gentlemen's prizes were a chased snuff-box, a gold pencil, and silver sandwich case. They were won by Heneage Legge, Colonel Newdigate, and Richard Gresley. At six the shooting ended, and after a weary hour of total idleness and almost darkness, dinner was served in the hall, and a temporary room a hundred feet

long; it was sumptuous and abundant, and except turtle, venison, fish, and game, everything was cold. The decorations were of laurel, mingled with the emblems of archery, and such a multiplicity of lamps that the whole scene was light as day. The fruit formed the most beautiful part of the show, and nothing could be more picturesque than its arrangement. Pines, melons, grapes, and peaches, piled in silver vases placed upon the centre of every table, alternately with pine trees, about three feet high, in pots, and laden with bunches. This sight was really worth a journey to witness. After the dinner was over, and the rooms cleared, the ball began, before eleven o'clock, and was kept up till two. A little before four o'clock we were again in the Close at Lichfield.

September 12th, 1829.—Lichfield races—miserable day, rain and wind. We could not remain in the stand, and toiled up to a room, already full of ladies suffering from all the inconveniences of heat and crowd, immense hats, wet coats, and the rain, which made its way through the windows and ceiling. It was impossible to see anything externally. The dresses were of the same extraordinary kind, which have done so little credit to the taste of this year. The most remarkable person in that respect was Lady C. T. in a gown of brilliant yellow, with a bright pink hat of immense dimensions; if

these pages survive a few years, such a mixture will scarcely be credited.*

LICHFIELD.—The recollection of Dr. Johnson adds an interest to this place, indeed, is almost its *only* charm: opposite to me this evening was an old clergyman, perhaps the sole person now remaining who remembers his celebrated townsman and associated with him when here. During his last visit he caused to be repaired and replaced a simple stone in this cathedral over the remains of one of the very few victims who have ever fallen a sacrifice to hopeless affection, which had been entertained by a poor young woman for Johnson's father, who, when informed of her feeling, offered to marry her, but it was "too late," as she herself said. She died, and a few simple words record that "near this place are interred the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth laney, a stranger."

July 1823.—Dined at 49 Brook Street, and

* The young ladies in Staffordshire in those days frequently came out at the Lichfield and Stafford Race Balls, and partners who admired them came down by coach from London and elsewhere to dance the first dance with them. In these days I should doubt any partner taking a similar trouble! Our old nurse told me that, as a girl, she had heard my mother's and my aunt, Mrs. Chetwode's, names toasted, and their healths drunk as beauties at the Lichfield ball following the races.—S. L. BAGOT.

thought myself particularly happy in the party I met. Mrs. Somerville was of the number. She is without any exception the most extraordinary person, as to attainments, I have ever known, which perhaps is little to say, but I might safely add that this country ever owned amongst its female inhabitants. Her wonderful talents, many accomplishments, and deep scientific knowledge are all veiled under the most feminine, natural, and conciliatory manners it is possible to imagine; wisdom is, indeed, in her character, united with the gentleness of a dove. She has been principally self-taught. She was very early married, and very young a widow, when she returned to her father's house, and spent five years chiefly in solitude and in study.

1823, *August 4th*.—Miss Hay and Mrs. Bowdler, who are both with us, mentioned the following circumstance which both had *seen*. Lady Augusta Murray, who was born three months after the execution of her father, the Earl of Cromarty, came into the world with the mark of an axe and three drops of blood upon her throat, which she bore to her dying day.

1829.—Captain Lyon, on his return from his African travels, obtained a white dromedary of extraordinary beauty, and from its colour, which

is very uncommon, it was very valuable. He was also very spirited, but Captain Lyon treated him kindly and judiciously, and frequently he said he was indebted for his life to that animal's speed and exertions; and his great wish was to present it to the King on his arrival in England. This was done, and the dromedary, in the finest possible order, was placed in the Royal Mews, exact orders having been also transmitted as to how it ought to be treated. Some time afterwards, Captain Lyon went with a party to see his old friend, and was told by the keeper it had become very fierce. Captain L. went up to the noble animal, who was holding its head very high, as they do when displeased, but he instantly recognised his master, and without the slightest opposition suffered him to mount. Captain Lyon soon discovered his favourite was nearly starved, and remonstrated strongly and it may be supposed angrily. The next morning he received a note requesting him to remove the dromedary, as his Majesty could not *afford* to keep it. This order was promptly obeyed, and not without indignation, and the poor animal under kind treatment soon regained its flesh and its temper. The fame of his beauty spread, and the Master of Exeter Change, having seen and greatly admired it, said to Captain Lyon, "You are going abroad, and cannot want this creature, and I will gladly give you £500 for it." "No," said Lyon, "the King

cannot afford to keep it; of course, no one else can." After putting his arms round the dromedary's neck and kissing it, he shot it to the heart. It may now be seen stuffed in the British Museum.

I went to-day to Cheney's, a little quiet village on the borders of Buckinghamshire, in order to see the church, an ancient modest structure whose exterior does not announce what it contains within. It is the mausoleum of the Bedford family, and one aisle or chapel, shut off from the other part of the edifice, contains their splendid tombs. In comparison of some of the noble families of England, that of the Earls of Bedford may be regarded as of *recent* origin, but higher honours than that mere antiquity can bestow belong to the name of Russell, which is incorporated for ever in the history of this country, a bright example in the worst of times. The founder of the house, with his wife, repose under an alabaster monument. This John Earl of Bedford may well be quoted as an instance of a prosperous statesman, originally a west country gentleman of no great note; he owed his *first* introduction at the court of Henry VIII. to his attendance upon the Archduke Philip of Austria, whom stress of weather had obliged to land on the Dorsetshire coast on his way to Spain, having married the heiress of that kingdom. Such being the case, it is curious that the *last* public business in which the

Earl of Bedford took part was the negotiation for the union of Mary Queen of England with the grandson of his first patron, Philip of Spain. The tomb bears the following proud record :—“ Here lieth John Lord Russell, Earle of Bedford, Controller and Privie Counsellor to King Henry the 8th, of the most honourable order of the Garter— Lord High Admiral to King Edward the 6th, Lord President of the Western Portes, and in Queen Marie’s time Lord Privie Seal. He died at Russell House in the Strand, 1554, in the 2nd year of Queen Marie’s reign.”

The immense property obtained by this first Lord Bedford was principally from the grants of church lands and the confiscated estates of Stafford, Earl of Buckingham. At the west end of Cheneys Chapel is a gorgeous monument in the bad taste of the period, to the first Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and their “ murdered son.” It is striking that such a character should have been the grandson of the infamous and celebrated Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, and the divorced wife of Essex. Her daughter by Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, was the first Duchess of Bedford, and *mother to William, Lord Russell*; “ that sweet saint who sat by Russell’s side ” apparently is not interred at Cheneys.

Lord Tavistock, father to the present duke, died suddenly in consequence of a fall from his horse, His wife sank under the affliction, and in the course

of a few months shared her husband's grave. Mr. Fox made an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Duke Francis. The following sentence is part of it:—"If in Rome a descendant of the family of Claudii was permitted to be aristocratical in his opinions, surely it might be allowed to one who bore the name of *Russell* to cherish the political opinions of his ancestors."

Cheneys Chapel is rich in great names—Lisle, Dudley, Bouchier, Chandos, Northumberland—amongst the alliances of the family of Russell.

The following inscription struck me for the sake of the princely donor: "Here lieth interred the body of the worthy maide, the Ladie Frances Bouchier, daughter of William, Earle of Bathe, by Eliz. Russell, daughter of the 2nd Earle of that family, who departed this lyfe the last daie of August 1612, in the 26th yeare of her age. In whose memorie the Lady Anne Clifford, Countesse of Dorset, her deare Cozen, *at her owne costes and charges*, hath erected this monument." This noble lady was married in this little church to her second husband, the Earl of Pembroke (whom she probably despised as he was illiterate, and a mere party tool). "She had known and admired Queen Elizabeth; refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of King James; rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain the interposition of a profligate minister under Charles II."

We may imagine her “smit with the love of sacred song,” as the tomb of Edmund Spenser was erected at her “costes and charges,” and of her filial affection she has left a proof in a stone carved and placed in one of the northern valleys to mark the spot where Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, parted for the last time with her mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland.

January 26th, 1824.—We have this day received the intelligence of the decease of our dear aunt Harriet (Bagot, Rev. Walter Bagot’s sister). Whilst she remained we still seemed to possess a vestige of my father, and she certainly formed the only link which connected *us* with many, I may say most of his family. She was the last of five sisters, who, I believe, commenced living together in the year 1764 or 1765. Since the summer of 1822 she has been alone, and all who had anticipated the old age of the last inhabitant of that house as dreary and melancholy, in no common degree found how greatly they had been mistaken, and a lesson of cheerfulness and submission was given by aunt Harriet which none who witnessed it will ever forget. She kept up her interests in life, increased in kindness towards those of her kindred who needed it, continued to read with zeal and eagerness, and spoke of her sisters merely as if a

short separation had taken place between them and herself. Her mind was naturally strong, her penetration exceedingly acute, and there was a degree of originality in her thoughts and expression which will always remain in my memory. But I shall never again see anything like it. The period which her life included is by much the most wonderful of modern times, or perhaps of *any* times, and the change which took place in private life and domestic manners kept pace with the extraordinary revolutions of states and empires. All this aunt Harriet clearly recollected, and many pleasant hours have I spent in listening to her narrations of the days of her youth, and of the lifetime of Sir Walter and Lady Barbara Bagot, who used to travel in three days every alternate year from Blithfield to London, whose sons rode post to Westminster school preceded by a servant with a horn, before the invention of stage-coaches—these sons who were, as young men, sometimes rebuked by their father for being *late* when they assembled by *four* o'clock in the morning to hunt in Cannock Wood! At the same period no carpet was ever spread in the “L. parlour,” or the old drawing-room, except on state occasions. Tea was considered as a treat, and rarely allowed to the daughters of the house. Sir Walter Bagot represented the county for many years, and entered the town of Stafford for his election at the head of

1500 freeholders on horseback. He was the chief of the Tory faction, and perhaps Lord Denbigh was not without some reason for the alarm he felt on hearing a drum beat (which was, in fact, only a signal for dinner) when he halted at Blithfield with his troops on his way to Derby in "the '45." All these things aunt Harriet remembered and many more which I wish I had the power to record, which with her are gone as a tale that is told! 57 Park Street, my aunt's abode, has been occupied by the same inhabitants since I can remember. I was there, probably for the last time, January 21st, 1824.

February 4th.—On this day the remains of aunt Harriet are to be deposited in the vault at Blithfield, Lord Bagot's principal tenantry to meet the funeral at Brereton Hill—Francis Paget to be chief mourner, and the pall supported by six of the neighbouring clergy. This is all as it should be, solemn and respectable; and in thinking of this day's melancholy ceremony, I cannot but remember that in one of my last visits to aunt Harriet, very contrary to her usual custom, she told me a *dream* she had lately, because, as she said, "she could not get rid of the impression it had made upon her mind." The circumstances merely were, that she had had a sudden summons to Blithfield, and that she was not allowed time to make any preparation for the journey,

and that she was not to go in her own carriage. I am sure from the *manner* of narrating these particulars, which at the time I thought *awful*, they had conveyed another meaning to her mind which this day has justified.

On *Sunday, November 29th*, we attended the service at Stafford Church,* and a very fine one it is, formerly attached to the Abbey of St. Mary. A gloomy, dusky drapery hanging from the lofty arches, between the choir and nave, I was told was formed by flags which had been struck to Captain

* In Stafford Church are some old French colours taken by Captain Whitby, whose name has already been mentioned in these pages. The Whitbys had long lived in Staffordshire and owned a place near Stafford called Cresswell, since sold. The following extract is from a letter from Lord Nelson to Admiral Cornwallis, found in a box by Mr. Wykeham Martin of Purton, a descendant of the latter; it was printed in 1897 by the Navy League with his permission:—

“‘*Victory*,’ off TOULON, July 31st, 1803.

“I have with me an élève of yours, whom I esteem most highly, not only as an active officer but as a gentleman. His ship is always perfectly ready for any service, and he executes it in the best style, and I am sure that Captain Whitby will give me support in the true Cornwallis style should the French come out. With, my dear friend, my most earnest wishes for your meeting the French fleet and for your health, believe me, ever your most obliged and faithful friend,

“NELSON AND BRONTE.”

Whitby, a native of this country and owner of property in this vicinity.*

July 1827.—It is lamentable that in the neighbourhood of London, amongst the lower orders at least, enjoyment and excess are nearly synonymous terms. Their superiors have in that respect very recently given a very bad example. At a splendid *fête breakfast*, I believe it was called, but which included every other meal and lasted twelve hours, was held at Thames Ditton by Lord Chesterfield, Lord (?),¹ Mr. de Ros, and Mr. Grosvenor, and 500 persons, at the expense of £2500. Amongst the great and gay there is no pleasure without *exclusion*, hence the charm of Almack's, and it was carried still further at this entertainment when the invitations were given in the most arbitrary manner, not to *whole* families, but to *selected* members, according to their fashion, beauty, or popularity. Mr. Grosvenor was not permitted to ask his own father or mother, "because they belonged to the order of 'quizzes.'" Many of the party became dreadfully intoxicated, and great political secrets are said to have been divulged!

* A weather-cock formerly stood on this church. A mark on it used to be shown, said to have been made by Prince Rupert practising upon it as a target.—S. L. BAGOT.

¹ Obliterated in original MS.

18th August.—The death of Mr. Canning is one of those awful events felt through all parts of the kingdom *as such*, and strange to say, known at Paris in *eight hours* after it had taken place, of course by means of telegraphic communication. Probably there was not another individual in Europe whose departure from the world could have occasioned so great a sensation. There are few in these realms, at least, who would not feel it *politically*, and *none* to whom it does not exhibit a striking moral lesson on the transient nature of everything which this world has to give! He had reached the summit of ambition. He was at the head of the Government of the country, and after a struggle, too, which must have increased the glory of the acquisition in his own opinion at least. He had promoted his friends and triumphed over his enemies. He had given laws and encouragement to rising states; his name was re-echoed from every quarter of the globe. Such he was at the commencement of that week whose close saw him restored—ashes to ashes, dust to dust! So little do *we* know of the busy world to which we are so near, that Mr. Canning's decease had taken place a day before any report had reached us of his illness.

The episode of Colonel Talbot in "Waverley" was probably founded on a somewhat similar event

which really took place in the '45, when a Whitegood, who owed his life to one of those unfortunate gentlemen who were condemned to suffer as rebels, obtained his pardon, but not till he had threatened to throw up his commission in a service "which show'd no mercy to the fatherless and the widow," "and I will not be added to one to make war upon women and children by depriving them of their natural support." The force of the plea was felt, and the life of Mr. Stuart was granted. John M'Kinnon, who was the faithful follower of Prince Charlie during all his perils and hairbreadth escapes, mentioned one in which he himself had been instrumental. During one of the days of flight from his pursuers, overcome with fatigue, the Prince laid himself down by the wayside, saying to his servant, "Save yourself and think not of me, for I can go no further." The faithful attendant entreated in vain, but at last insisted upon carrying his master to a spot of comparative safety, and taking him upon his shoulders, deposited him in a field adjoining, and had not done so ten minutes before the road which they quitted was traversed by a troop of English horse in search of the Prince! John M'Kinnon died in the Bath Hospital, having been placed there by means of Mr. Bowdler.

During the '45, and at the time Prince Charlie was advancing, the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State to George II., certainly closed with the

iniquitous proposal of assassinating him, unknown, however, to the King. Mr. Stone, his private secretary, became acquainted with the plot, and instantly communicated it to Mr. Bowdler, saying that although he was bound to keep all State secrets, he would not become accessory to a murder. He described the intended perpetrator, who was then in the camp of the Prince. Mr. Bowdler procured a person who undertook to convey the intelligence, but stated the difficulty, if not impossibility, of conveying it through Temple Bar without discovery. This part of the business was therefore undertaken by Mr. Bowdler himself in his carriage, which was stopped, like every other in those days, in order to be searched. The readiness with which he submitted to it, however, and the composure of his manner, so completely imposed upon the officers that they suffered him to pass almost without investigation, and the necessary paper was thus committed in safety to the person who had undertaken to convey it to the camp, and did so. The assassin was in consequence secured, but suffered to depart, as the Prince refused to take away the life of a man who, whatever his designs might have been, had not put them in execution against himself. This very person was a very important witness in the subsequent State trials, which condemned the unfortunate lords to the scaffold as rebels.

When the "foul fiend," rebellion, takes possession of a man, of what is he not capable?

A conspiracy had been formed under this revolutionary hero to destroy all the principal persons acting under Government or connected with it, who had been invited to a fête at the Castle of Dublin by the Lord Lieutenant, and the signal by which the motions of the conspirators were to be guided was the ringing of the dinner bell. This was made known to Mr. Pitt, but not till so late that it was necessary that the intelligence which he had received on *Monday* in London should be with the Government in Dublin on *Friday* morning, in order that the murders which had been planned for that evening might be prevented. Providentially, the winds and waves favoured the conveyance of this important despatch. The necessary measures were taken—the plot ruined. Mr. Carleton was sent to secure the papers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; his beautiful wife threw herself at the feet of the officer, acting grief, agony, and penitence (in a manner to which Mrs. Siddons is a joke) to supplicate his mercy. Mr. Carleton assured her of the wish to spare all unnecessary pain; his orders were to secure all papers, however; he must insist upon that which she held. Upon this, she sprang from the ground to the farthest end of the room, instantly changed her grief into rage, which she equally well performed, and tore the paper—which

it was believed contained a list of those marked out by the conspirators—into a thousand pieces. Lord Edward, then apprehended by two officers, was in his bed. His request of being allowed to rise and dress was civilly and respectfully complied with by the gentlemen, who regretted they had so unpleasant a duty to perform as that of securing his person and weapons—a sword and pistols being by his bedside. Another, however, was concealed, and Captain Ryan, when going to place his arm within that of Lord Edward, received a blow, which laid him instantly dead at his feet. The other officer drew, defended himself, and wounded Lord Edward severely, who afterwards died in prison in consequence of this affray and the fever occasioned by agitation of mind.

A JACOBITE ANECDOTE.

Colonel Farquharson and several gentlemen were confined in Newgate after the '45 for having been concerned in it. They were condemned to be executed, and the night before assembled together, in order to spend it as befitted men who were not to see another. About two o'clock in the morning they heard the trampling of horses in the direction of the prison. Soon afterwards the bolts of its ponderous doors were one by one withdrawn. The keeper entered their cell and said: "Colonel Farquharson, I am come to congratulate you on

your pardon." One of his less fortunate companions instantly fell on his knees, "to thank God that so brave a man was spared to defend that good cause in which it should be his glory to die." Colonel Farquharson, in relating the anecdote, said that he really believed he was at that moment the least happy of the party.

During the period of the illness of Lord Rochester at Blenheim (see Barnett's account of his conversation), which proved to be his last, his friend Mr. Home, a relation of Lord Chadworth's, came to the inn at Woodstock accompanied by his family, in order to be near him. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Home was struck by her husband's altered appearance, and inquired if he had rested ill. He replied, "I have had a *miserable* night." On being requested by his wife to explain himself he stated as follows (in her presence, that of his daughter, then a child, his son, and their tutor, a clergyman, the same who afterwards made the deposition in the Oxford Bible): "I saw Lord Rochester last night, as distinctly at the foot of my bed as I now see you. Moreover, he spoke to me. . . . I shall never forget the words—I think they could not have been his own—perhaps he had them from the Bible. 'Verily there is a reward for the righteous—doubtless there is a God who judgeth the earth.'" "Father," said the child, "those words

are in the Prayer Book." "May be so, but they were new to me," replied he. Mrs. Home persisted that it must all have been a dream, to which her husband answered, "That is surely impossible, for I have a clear recollection of having been for some time awake, and just before the appearance I have mentioned to you I recollect the clock had struck three. However, we will send and inquire after Lord Rochester." They did so, and received for answer that he died at *three* that morning.

The conclusion of that story is what it ought to be—that Mr. Home became an altered character.

This last story reminds me of another which I have heard from Mr. Bowdler on the subject of *dreams*.

The gardener of a Mr. Leigh of Shropshire, more than "sixty years since," was suddenly missing, as it appeared, without any reason which could be possibly assigned. The usual means were had recourse to, but not a trace led to any discovery, and like all other wonders this had nearly its day, when by successive posts two letters addressed to the gardener, from distant parts of the country, arrived, and were opened by Mr. Leigh in the hope they might throw some light upon his mysterious fate. They proved to be written by two nieces of the poor man, who had no near relatives, and to

whom he had been very kind ; one was married in Yorkshire, the other settled elsewhere. The first letter expressed anxiety about him, which had been increased by the strong impression which had been left upon the mind of the writer by a dream, in which she had seen her uncle with a *bleeding, crushed* head. The second letter was much to the same purport, but her warning had been different ; this niece having dreamed she beheld the poor gardener's grave, upon which *rabbits were scratching*.

Mr. Leigh being much astonished and perplexed after the perusal of these letters, took them to his neighbour, Sir Thomas Whitmore, for his advice, and brought him back to his house, which was again searched in vain. "Have you any rabbits?" said Sir Thomas. "Yes, a few tame ones." Mr. Leigh conducted his friend to the spot, but the rabbits had been removed ; on calling to the person who had been promoted from a subordinate situation to be gardener, he was asked where the animals were, and why they had been removed ? The man replied he had taken them away because they "*scratted*." "Send for men instantly to dig on the spot," said Sir Thomas. They did so, and found the body of the murdered gardener, with his head crushed by a sledge-hammer. His office had been imprudently promised, whenever it became vacant, to the perpetrator of this dreadful deed, who, it is

to be hoped, repented as well as suffered for it. This account was given by Mrs. Deane, the daughter of Sir Thomas Whitmore, to Mrs. Bowdler.

1745.—At the time when nearly all prisons were full of rebels, one of them escaped from Newgate and fled down Newgate Hill, pursued by the cry of “Stop thief!” which would probably soon have been done, as the crowd was beginning to close upon the fugitive, when the turnkey changed his note to “Stop the rebel!” The throng fell back instantly, shouting as they did so, “Make way for the *gentleman!*”

A TRUE HISTORY.

Mr. and Mrs. L—— married very early; they disoblged all their friends in so doing, were rich in mutual affection, but had no other possession. The regiment to which Mr. L—— belonged was ordered, almost immediately after their marriage, to America; his wife accompanied him thither. During the voyage one night she remarked her husband's disturbed sleep, and inquired the next morning as to its cause, and was told that he had had a distressing dream, wished to forget it, and therefore did not relate it to her. On arriving at Boston, the first intelligence they heard was from an English officer, that they had arrived but just in time, as the troops were on the point of going into action. Mr. L——'s services,

however, were not required, but he volunteered them. He was in the action of Bunker's Hill, and brought back to his wife mortally wounded. He lingered two days, and during one of them said to her, "Do you remember my dream? It is singular that it has come to pass in every particular, even to the wound in my heel." He died, and his young and beautiful wife (they had been reckoned the handsomest couple in England) found herself without friends or money in a foreign land. Her mind sunk under her affliction, and for two months she could scarcely be said to know her own mournful situation. She procured a passage afterwards in an English vessel, and there, with the attendance of a black woman (the only other female in the ship), her son, the present Sir J. L——, was born. On her arrival in England, the relations on both sides were unrelenting. Friends, however, proved more kind, and one who had known and honoured her husband told the story to the Queen (Charlotte), who was extremely affected by it, and instantly said, "The boy shall be mine!" The pension of an officer's widow was procured for Mrs. L——, and her son was placed at the University of Gottingen. On leaving it her Majesty gave him a commission, and also £100 per annum, telling him at the same time he would forfeit her favour if he ever took a shilling from his mother, and the Queen was strictly obeyed. The first action in which young L——

was engaged was on board the *Marlborough*, on "the glorious 1st of June." As commander of the Marines he had nothing to do but to walk the deck, and as he was so engaged a man cried out, "Keep as much as you can from *this* end. The other is safer." The words were scarcely uttered when a shot struck the speaker dead. The ship was in so terribly shattered a state, Lord Howe made a signal for her "to *go out*," which was answered by Admiral Berkeley's "Ready for action," which he set upon a pole, all his masts being gone. After the victory, when the fleet returned, numbers came to see the *Marlborough*, and more particularly a door five feet and a half high, where during the action a man had been stationed to give out powder to the right and left. He had done so, and escaped unhurt, though the door was pierced with shots. Amongst those who came to see the vessel was an old soldier, who went up to young L——, saying, "You are a brave lad, and I love to honour you. I have no right to speak so freely to an officer, but I knew your father, and fought beside him at Bunker's Hill, and when he was wounded he fell into my arms."

The next service in which young L. was engaged was in the West Indies. The yellow fever was raging, and his mother was miserable on hearing of it. She said so, and was well reproved by a friend who said, "Do you not suppose that God

Almighty can take care of your son in the West Indies as well as here?" Her words were soon verified, and after having expected nothing but to hear of his death, he one day knocked at his mother's door in good health, being with exception of one other person the only survivor of the company to which he belonged. He had risen in rank, and next went to Egypt, where he commanded the German Legion on the memorable day when Bonaparte's Invincible Standard was taken. On his return he was ordered with his regiment to Ireland, and when it was to return to England he was detained on business for one day ashore after his detachment sailed. The transport was lost, and in it upwards of 200 lives. He afterwards joined the army—in the Peninsular was in almost every action—everywhere distinguished himself, and returned at last to his native country covered with stars and honours, and without a scratch.

Some English tourists exploring the ruins of Inchnachona, in the Lake of Monteith, asked their Scotch guide some questions as to the present owner, the Duke of Montrose. "Ye ken he's little here—he's always tending the Court." "Indeed—what does he do there?" "Hech, sirs, he's just ostler to the King."

AN INCIDENT OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.¹

LISBON, *All Souls' Day*, 1755.—On that day Captain Anthony Haslam (father of the writer of these lines) being at Lisbon in His Britannic Majesty's 83rd Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Sir John Sebright, and in the twentieth year of his age, received orders to go with all the regiments belonging to Great Britain on board His Majesty's ships lying in the bay, lest the Protestant officers and soldiers should not comport themselves with due respect to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church, as that festival was passed in Processions and Elevation of the Host, and Illuminations in all their churches, chapels and streets. This order was strictly obeyed, and every Protestant was preserved. The ships they embarked in were ordered to stand out to sea two leagues. They felt the concussion, and the waves lifted the vessels to a considerable height. For a time the sea was greatly agitated, but not so as to give them an idea of the cause. They saw the flames of the city ascend, but thought it was a casual fire, and did not know till the next day the awful event that had occurred. Captain Haslam kept this day annually a strict Fast.

February 21st, 1821.—I am informed that you

¹ Copied from a paper written by Mrs. Wilmot, the daughter of Captain Haslam.

are desirous of learning the particulars of the volcano in the moon, which has lately been observed to be in a state of eruption. It is the same volcano which Helvetius describes as burning in his time. The appearance for some years past is described by Mr. Browne as resembling two craters, distinct, but near each other with very sharp edges. Kater was the first who noticed the present eruption on the night of Sunday fortnight, February 4th, when the moon was only two days old, and consequently had very little light. The volcano was in the dark part, and appeared as a light gleaming occasionally, equal in size to a star of the second or third magnitude. Mr. Browne saw the same occasional gleaming on Tuesday, and I think I saw it on Wednesday, though it was then very faint by reason of the increased light of the moon itself. Since the whole disc has been enlightened, the appearance of the volcano has been found to have undergone a considerable change. One of the craters is nearly filled up by two hills, possibly of ashes, or other erupted materials of some height, as they throw a large shadow. A stream of lava has flowed between the hills and extends for some distance of most dazzling brightness.—EDMUND SABINE.

The following anecdote of Dr. Johnson was related to Mrs. Bowdler by Mrs. William Deane (formerly Miss Johnson), the niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

During one of my visits to my uncle, when I was young and shy, he requested me to sit at the head of his table, on a day when he expected a large party; amongst the guests were Cumberland, Garrick, and *Dr. Johnson*. I trembled at the name of the latter, and in consequence of *his* presence begged that *mine* might be dispensed with. My uncle laughed at my folly, would not attend to my entreaties, and assured me if I would provide a good dinner, that nothing more would be required of me by his old friend, who probably would not trouble his head about me in any other capacity. I did my best as to the dinner, and took my place at the top of the table, determining not to offend by my words, by dint of not speaking at all. The conversation, by some unlucky chance, turned upon *Music*, to which *Dr. Johnson* was totally insensible. Whereupon, he indulged his eloquence at the expense of his sense, in a violent philippic against the art itself, concluding by his opinion, most positively delivered, that no man of talent, or who was in any degree capable of better things, ever had, ever could, or ever would devote any portion of his time and attention to so idle and frivolous a purpose. I happened to be exceedingly fond of music, which conquered my fear of the sage, and prompted me to say to my next neighbour, "I wonder what *Dr. Johnson* thinks of King David?" He (which I did not intend) heard the remark—started, laid

down his knife and fork, got up, walked to the head of the table—as I thought, to knock me down—but I did him injustice, for laying one of his large hands on each of my shoulders, he said, “Madam, I thank you. I stand rebuked before you, and promise that on *one* subject at least you shall never hear me talk nonsense again!”

During my visit to Barford, I saw a book called “The Memorie of the Somervills,” edited by Sir Walter Scott. It is a genuine history of an old Border family, and as such valuable; but it would have been far more interesting if the writer had given more of a private, *domestic* narrative and less of pomp and glory. The latter has now in great measure passed away, except that the present peer is still premier Baron of Scotland,* retains a small part of the ancient possessions only, but has still a residence on the banks of the Tweed, within sight of Melrose and Abbotsford. The founder of the family left a spot of the same name near Evreux, in Normandy, and accompanied the Conqueror to England, and by him was endowed with the lands of Wichnover, since celebrated by the custom of the Flicht of Bacon, there established by Sir Philip de Somervil, as recorded in the *Spectator*. A second

* This barony (Somerville) is dormant since the death of the nineteenth Baron in 1871.—S. L. B.

son of the House of Wichnover, reversing the order of general proceeding, migrated *northwards* and fixed himself at Cowthally in Lanarkshire; his descendants were ennobled, and now stand at the head of the Scotch Baronage. Their crest is a wheel and a wyvern, and the story attached to it is founded on a tradition of the destruction of a "Wrom" by one of the Somervills, somewhat similar to Schiller's "Kampf mit dem Drachen." The transaction is commemorated by a rude piece of sculpture over the doorway of Lintorn Church, and the following old lines are remembered in the neighbourhood:—

" Wood Willie Somervill
 Killed the worm of Wormandaill,
 For which he had all the Lands of Lintoune
 And five myles thereabout!"

King James VI. (I think) determining "to drive the deer with Hounds and Horn," in the neighbourhood of Cowthally, Lord Somervill, who was in attendance upon him, wrote to his lady to have all the "*spits and raxes*" (i.e. *ranges*) ready on such a day for his Majesty's reception in his way for Edinboro'. Lady Somervill was no scribe, and made the letter over to the steward, whose attainments were not of a much higher order. He, however, read "*spits and raxes*" into "*spears and jacks*," and summoned all his retainers far and near to be under arms on the Edinboro' road on the appointed day. On their appearance, the King imagined that

he was betrayed, Lord Somerville was charged with treason ; he pledged, however, the head of his eldest son, whilst he advanced to know the cause of this armament, which, when discovered, added greatly to the mirth of the day, and His Majesty's enjoyment. The Scotch and English branches of the family united (their possessions, at least) after the decease of Somerville the poet, who resided at Edstone in Warwickshire, and died childless, and with him expired the English branch of the name. They had also some possessions at Somervill Aston in Gloucestershire, where the face of a recumbent figure of Sir Roger de Somervill is used by the country people as a whetstone! "The Memorie," which, on the whole, is a curious book, concludes with the following passage from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, the friend and neighbour of the late lord:—"In removing the Scottish mansion of the family from the immediate vicinity of Edinboro' to the banks of the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of Melrose, his lordship may be consistent as having again established his family in that county where they first gained their estates and their honours. The beautiful situation of this seat differs, indeed, from the savage strength of Linton and Cowthally, as the pursuits of agriculture and other useful arts, which have honourably distinguished the noble proprietor, bear little resemblance to the military habits of their more remote ancestry. But the

same patriotism which armed the feudal baron to defend or restore the rights of his country is, in more happy days, exerted in increasing the sum of public wealth and general prosperity; nor ought we to omit that hospitality, long a characteristic of the family of Somervill, is still practised at Alwyn, with more elegance indeed, but with equal sincerity, as when it put in exercise the 'spits and raxes' of Cowthally."

"It made me also call to mind the omens that happened at the coronation of James II. *which I saw*, viz., the tottering of his crown upon his head, the broken canopy over it, and the rent flag hanging upon the White Tower over against my door, when I came home from the coronation."—G. HICKS.

10th July 1822.—Walked this lovely evening in the Physic Garden of Chelsea, and principally admired the wide-spreading cedars, which 200 years ago are mentioned as very fine trees, and now are indeed wonderful, their close, dark foliage quite shutting out the heavens, and throwing a deep shadow below. The Egyptian lotus and Scotch thistle are also observed with interest.

November 29th, 1827. — A fine bright day cheered, at least, but could not beautify, a drive of a few miles (*from Teddesley probably*) through bad roads and most uninteresting country to Wyrley

Hall, a curious dwelling of red brick, gable ends, small windows, and heavy stone ornaments. Such abodes are really becoming invaluable from their rarity, and as specimens of the "olden time." The house, I should think, was probably of the period of Charles I. or his predecessor. The family seemed to send me back a hundred years at least, as to civilisation. Great cordiality and hospitality, a love of good cheer and field sports, provincial accent and bad grammar. The daughter, about ten years old, is in the hands of a governess, "to make a gentlewoman of the wench." The heir-apparent, the first who had been born in a direct line in the family for a hundred years, and prized and spoilt accordingly, a rough, enormous boy, whose education is to commence at six years old, a period which is within a few weeks. At present, his literary attainments do not extend beyond spelling a few words with three letters. He was troubled on overhearing his father speaking about a public school, "for the *lad* when he was eight years old." "But I don't want to go to a public school." "But what do you think a public school is?" he was asked. "Oh! where there are many boys, and I shall be knocked about."

He looked wonderfully well able to return any knocks, but this day was considered rather an invalid in consequence of a cold; his father thought, however, "there were no dangerous symptoms about

the lad," and his mother had doctored him with syrup of violets! Our principal object in this visit was to look at a fine collection of prints, which, strange to say, have been amassed at great expense by the master of the mansion. It was very surprising to see the Florence and Orleans Gallery at Wyrley Hall, but here they are, and some other productions, which the owner assured us were the very *hackmee* of engraving. We spent several hours here, well amused in various ways.*

November 26th.—Went this evening to Teddesley Park, the house of the county member¹ (Staffordshire), which is apt to collect all sorts of company, from the vulgar constituent to the highest political characters, foreigners, and fashionables. The mistress of the mansion is singularly handsome; † the master of the house, I have already said,

* When there was a dinner party at Wyrley Hall, the mistress of it remained in the kitchen until the first dish had been sent up by the cook for dinner; then appeared in the drawing-room. The squire was one of the last of the old sort of country squires. As a child, I dreaded his dining at Hatherton, and after dessert chasing me round the dining-room table to kiss me. I always thought he *then* had had too much wine, as had been the fashion of his youth.—S. L. BAGOT.

† And the authoress might have added, good and lovable as she was beautiful.—S. L. BAGOT.

¹ Mr. Littleton. *Vide* Chapter II.

very hospitable. He has fine wines, a French cook, and the best shooting in the country. This was the eve of a *battue*. Guests arrived from various quarters—some, I fear, had travelled all Sunday (the day before), others all night. I came between five and six o'clock, and found the lady of the house had not returned from her morning walk.* We sat down to dinner at eight o'clock, but Lord C. did not make his appearance till the first course was nearly over; this it seems is a part of a system of which the sole aim and object is to make an effect, and by what follies the end may be accomplished is very immaterial. The beauty of the party was a very nonchalant person, brought up principally abroad.

The Speaker † was the most amusing person.

Next morning was bright and fine. The breakfast was splendid. Nothing was talked of but the coming sport—former *battues*; quantities of game, and *tayloring*! This kind of shooting came from abroad, and happy were they who had seen the “Grande Chasse” at Eisenstadt, the Hungarian abode of that most mighty of subjects, Prince Esterhazy, whose parks seem to be enclosed forests, who may number his retainers by thousands, the hogsheads of wine yearly produced by his vine-

* Very likely she had been to visit the poor—her constant occupation.—S. L. BAGOT.

† Charles Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury.

yards in the same way, who can go from Vienna to the frontiers of Turkey without ever sleeping out of his own houses! But, to return, it was agreed that the ladies should join the party, which I am *now* convinced they have no business to do. We set off in a little open carriage, and so long as we remained in it and surveyed the sport from a distance I was very well pleased and amused. The near ground was a good mixture of young plantations and old oaks; beyond the domain the grey church of Aston was a very pretty object, and on the horizon, Stafford Castle had a very good effect. We left the carriage and fell into the line of the shooters; the frequent reports were stunning, the smell of gunpowder stifling, the sight and sounds of dying animals were most distressing. Altogether I thought a *battue* must give some notion of a battle-field, and that women had about as much business in one place as the other. I thankfully left the party and the house soon afterwards. In dwellings of this kind there seems to be an incessant *battue*, of which *pleasure* is the object, driven in from all quarters, procured at any expense; but what is it, when compared in the balance with "fireside enjoyments and home-felt delights"?

FROM MR. CAZENOVE'S UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVES.

It may be recollected that soon after Bonaparte's accession to power a new concordat with the Pope

was drawn up to be subscribed by the clergy of France. The innovations which the act seemed to contain were such as could not conscientiously be admitted. Many, at the risk of losing their beneficiaries, refused their signatures. Of this number was the worthy curate of an obscure parish in the department of La Vendée, a man revered by his parishioners, but, from his obstinacy, obnoxious to the Government. He would not bow to the yoke, and, therefore, was torn from his flock and sent into exile at Moulins. He reached this place in a very weak state of health. The Prefect made use of every argument in his power to convert him; but he, with great mildness, answered, "Je vous prie, Monsieur, de ne plus me tourmenter; je puis être dans l'erreur, mais j'aime mieux errer avec dix huit siècles, qu'avec dix huit mois." The Prefect was so struck with the fortitude of the Abbé that he applied to the minister and obtained a small pension for him, which he enjoyed until his death, which happened in less than a twelve-month.

April 26th, 1827.—Last Saturday the King (George III.) summoned the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to his presence, and in a private audience, during which he talked almost *sans intermission* during five hours, giving the history of his own political life in order to

introduce his own opinions with regard to the Catholics, and firm determination, so long as he remained King of England, never to concede an inch to their claims. "He would rather relinquish his crown," &c. Previous to their departure, the auditors asked his Majesty if they were to consider what they had the honour to hear was confidential? Not at all, they were assured, they might consider themselves at perfect liberty to impart what had been stated to them. Of course, they have done so, and this goes far to prove that the King must be at war with almost every member of his Cabinet! Mr. Canning, who is at the head of it, is certainly a proof of what great talents in this country may attain, unassisted and alone; his birth is dubious, his parents very poor, his reputed father died, his mother was a second-rate actress, and there is a letter now in existence, and in the possession of the person to whom it was originally sent by young Canning, requesting patronage for his mother's benefit, and now his *own* is the greatest that can be bestowed. His appointment of the Duke of Clarence as Lord High Admiral is considered a master-stroke of policy, as it completely closes the door upon the late head of that department, who is suspected, with national caution, of having intended that his resignation would merely have been for a short ministry, and to be reappointed by a long one. The Duchess of M——, after having

been in the deepest mourning for the Duke of York, appeared last night at Almack's in colours, thus taking the first opportunity to show "she was no longer *Household*." The Duke of Devonshire has been most anxious for office, and is said to be as much pleased with his gold stick as a child with a new toy. He must be well qualified for his post from the constant practice he gives himself at his own house at Chatsworth in adjusting precedence according to the strictest rules of pedigree. The wife of the new Lord Chancellor is said to have spent two hours upon her knees urging her husband to accept of the office, which would raise her to the Peerage. The obstacle had been some expressions with regard to the Catholic question which he had uttered when Master of the Rolls, which were warmly animadverted upon by the present Premier. "How can Canning be such a fool as to believe I was in earnest?" said Copley. "I care nothing about the claims. I did not speak in my own proper person but for the University of Cambridge!" All the leading papers have been bought with the exception of the *Morning Herald*, which is not a whit better than the rest, but having been purchased some time ago out and out by Lady H——, it cannot now be sold to Lady C——. The present Lord Plunkett refused the Mastership of the Rolls and £8000 a year because all his interests and attachments were in

Ireland. His patriotism is all the more honourable. Mr. Abercrombie refuses office, as he says nothing of equal value would have been given to him with what he already receives as auditor of the Duke of Devonshire's estates. When poor Lord Liverpool recovers, if that should ever happen, what an astonishing and almost *awful* change awaits him! A greater could scarcely have occurred had he spent *years* in the sleep of the tomb and been permitted afterwards to look out again upon the world!

July 1824.—Amongst the singular “signs of the times” may be reckoned the numerous repositories of sales of fancy-work for charitable purposes. The bazaar held in London for the Spaniards at the Hanover Square Rooms was the most splendid and lucrative. Some of the finest ladies in London kept the stalls, and apparently had little scruple as to the means they employed of obtaining money, especially from their gentlemen customers. To those of their own sex they generally refused change. Altogether between £3000 and £4000 was collected. Every one paid 2s. on entering the rooms. £3 were given by the Duke of Wellington for a little pincushion, and a drawing of Lady Stafford's on a message card brought £1. Lady Morley got £80 by a little book which she wrote, and which was only sold at her own stall.

The following inscriptions were found on the walls of the Temple, Paris, and faithfully copied by Lieutenant Wright, who gave them to Mrs. Fanshawe, 1798:—

Marie Louise	Marie Thérèse	Marie
François Xavier	Amenoide	Thérèse
	Je desire faire	Charlotte.
	abzise (<i>sic</i>)	
Marie Thérèse	Marie Thérèse	
Charlotte	Charlotte est la plus malheureuse per-	
de France.	sonne du monde.	

Elle ne peut obtenir de savoir des nouvelles de ses parents, pas même d'être réuni à sa mère quoiqu'elle la demande mille fois.

Louis	Charlotte
François	Thérèse.

Vive ma bonne mère, que j'aime bien dont je ne puis savoir des nouvelles.

N.B.—The handwriting is such as might be expected of a child. I conjecture a pin's point to have been the instrument with which it was traced.
—MARY BAGOT.

On the same wall, a little higher up, in the Queen's handwriting, are these words: "La Tour du Temple est l'Enfer."

Lower down, in the same handwriting: "27 Mars 1793, 4 Pieds onze pouces, 3 lignes. Marie Thérèse."

“Trois Pieds onze Ponces.”

N.B.—Probably the Dauphin’s measure.*

August 27th.—Mr. Spode, the great china manufacturer, died lately, and we heard to-day a most interesting and creditable account of him from his partner. He rose quite unassisted, except from his own talent and integrity and ingenuity, from the situation of a workman. His gardens were splendid, and amongst several houses of the same kind was one grapery, the produce of which was devoted to the *sick poor*, and not a bunch would he allow to be gathered from thence for any other purpose. A cart loaded with vegetables went round twice a week amongst his dependants, from which they who were most in need were supplied. Any improvement which was suggested found a ready patron in him; he never grudged risking a few hundreds for the chance of success and the encouragement of ingenuity. He died universally respected and lamented, worth £400,000, the bulk of which he bequeathed equitably to his family, leaving also £500 to the Staffordshire Infirmary,

* The late Duchess of Northumberland told me that an *émigré* had related to her father, Mr. Henry Drummond, the pathetic story of a notice having been placed in the prisons of the Terror by some who were awaiting their fate with what cheerfulness they could command—“*Défense de parler misère après 9 heures.*”—S. L. BAGOT.

and the same sum towards the erection of a new church in his own crowded neighbourhood. He was followed to the grave by 10,000 workpeople, all of whom lamented in him a patron and friend. The invention which principally made Mr. Spode's fortune was of the blue-white ware. Wedgwood's was called "Queen's ware." *

An article on Macchiavelli in the last *Edinburgh Review*, the best paper which has *ever* appeared in it. A young man of Cambridge, T. B. Macauley, is the author, and after his first contribution, which was a criticism on Milton, he received a letter from the editor, announcing his intention of exerting the power he possessed of paying a *double* price for articles of superlative merit, such as had been received from Mr. Macauley. Colonel Campbell, who led the assault at St. Sebastien (afterwards Lord Clyde), mentioned to-day a slight inaccuracy in the subaltern's account of the manner in which our guns were directed during the attack—it was in an *oblique* direction, and not immediately over the heads of our advancing men, some of whom *did* fall by the means, notwithstanding the extreme skill with

* I was on friendly terms in 1866 to 1870 with his descendant, Mr. Josiah Spode of Hawkesyard Park (formerly Armytage Park), now a Roman Catholic monastery. Mr. Josiah Spode became a Roman Catholic. He died childless.—SOPHY BAGOT.

which they were pointed. Having just been reading Scott's account of the battle of Waterloo, where certainly the utmost credit is given to the Duke of Wellington in every way, I was shocked in hearing the expression by which he himself described the engagement when appealed to by officers for his opinion upon a particular point connected with it. "It was a *damned* smash!" was the only reply.* What the Emperor Alexander so well said with regard to Napoleon would have formed a good motto for Scott's life, "Il fit trop de bien, pour en dire du mal. Il fit trop de mal, pour en dire du bien!" Some one wrote under a print of this extraordinary man, "Si Dieu l'eut fait Anglais, l'Anglais l'eut fait Dieu."

Dined at Teddesley; found nearly the same party, one of them presuming upon being Lord C. to sanction all sorts of foolish and extravagant sayings and doings, and no one else worthy of note, as a member of society, but the Speaker (Charles Manners-Sutton, Speaker from 1817 to 1835, became first Lord Canterbury); but that, however, is a great exception—a more agreeable and amusing person I have rarely seen, his countenance and manner bearing testimony to the good sense and good temper which must be so indispensable to

* "Autres temps, autres mœurs!"—S. L. BAGOT.

the official situation of the first commoner in England. He gave a strong tribute to Mr. Canning's mind as the most brilliant he had ever known, and though there could be no more serious thinker on serious subjects, yet he said, "Canning has a ludicrous version for everything." In some motion of his, of immense importance, some delay intervening, he applied to the Speaker as to how long the House might be expected to wait with patience for its termination. A short period was named in reply, whereupon Canning said, "Don't you think they would begin to cry 'Music, Music, Nosey?'" His similes were very happy. Mr. Bright he compared to a bulldog under a baker's cart, Mr. M. to a kangaroo, and on his holding some paper near his eyes, "Aye, he is now standing on his hind legs." Lord Boxley's pompous entrance into the House he said always reminded him of the honest attorney at the end of the play coming in with the true will. Mr. Canning was particularly out of his element at a great dinner, at least he particularly disliked them. When attending upon the Lord Mayor, and in common with the rest of the company advancing towards the hall, they were checked by the information that owing to some mistake the feast was not ready. What was to be done? The Mayor proposed returning, Canning urged going forward. "But," said his Lordship, "it is not *usual*, and there will be nothing for us to do." "Oh! could we not get

through some of the toasts before dinner?" was the reply. At another time, dining with the Lord Mayor elect, on 30th September, his host apologised for the pheasants which smoked upon the board under the very eyes of a minister. "Oh," said Canning, "we may consider them as pheasants *elect*."

HARPSDEN COURT, 4th October 1851.—Mr. and Mrs. Leighton dined here. He was Rector of Harpsden. He related the following story, which had been told to him by the elder of the two sisters mentioned, a person not young, of perfect credulity, and he quite believed the veracity of her statement. She said: "My sister and I were some time after my father's death residing at our home in Ireland; it was a large house, and had not any other occupants. It was evening, doors and windows all closed, and candles burning. We were in the library, a spacious room, and sufficiently so to have two fireplaces. I was seated near one of them, and alone, my sister having left the room a short time before. I heard steps, as it seemed to me, in the hall, and supposed she was returning. The door opened, and my father entered. I was almost paralysed. I could neither stir nor speak, or after the first sight raise my eyes, but in an awful and indescribable manner I *felt* that he passed by me to his accustomed chair near the fire. How long this state lasted I do not know; again I heard the

approach of steps, I did not speak or move—I could not. This time it was my sister who entered. I heard her scream, and the fall of the candle she carried. I rushed forward, saying, “What is it you see?” She replied, “My father in his chair.” The next moment he had vanished from our eyes.

The account given by the sisters tallied, and as I have said, it was given by one of them to Mr. Leighton in Ireland, to which country his mother, a St. Leger, belonged.

CHAPTER X

SOME NOTES OF LATER YEARS

London society in 1842-1852—Lady Jersey—Princess Nicholas Esterhazy—The Duchess of Bedford's parties—Landseer—Lady Cork—Count and Countess Woronzow—Royal invitations—Lord Raglan—Crimean anecdotes—Marshal Canrobert—Funeral of Lord Raglan—Colonel Charles Bagot's letters—Death of the Prince Consort—Entry into London and marriage of the Princess of Wales—Naval review, 1867—Northumberland House—Palmer the murderer—My husband sees King Henry IV. !—Fatal accident to Alexander Bagot—His military services—Power of mind over body—William Pitt—An Eton story—"Little Jack Horner"—Family tales—My husband's death—The Queen's kindness—Cardinal Manning—Alan Bagot—The Jubilee—Messrs. Child—Conclusion.

My husband and I lived for some years in our little house in Eaton Place South, as his military duties obliged him to be a great deal in London.

Society in those years (1842-1852) was very small and limited in comparison to its present state. Lady Jersey's house was certainly one of the pleasantest that I can remember, and we were frequent guests at her dinners and evening parties. The latter were never crowded; yet all the best society, English and foreign, was to be met at them in the course of the London season, and every remarkable political and literary person. Lady Jersey's eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Villiers,

married Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. She was a most taking girl, but not so beautiful as her second sister, Lady Clementina, who, although she had more proposals than any girl of her time, died unmarried. Princess Esterhazy's life was not very happy. The Austrian and Hungarian magnates looked coldly upon her, because she was a foreigner, and also because she had not the complement of quarterings which they considered to be indispensable to one belonging to their order.

In those days garden parties were called "breakfasts," and most of the big houses gave them weekly during the summer months. The Duchess of Bedford's breakfasts at the house known later on as Argyll Lodge, at Campden Hill, were very popular entertainments. This house is now (1901) called by its old name, Cam House, and is the property of Sir Walter Phillimore. There was generally dancing after what was in reality a luncheon at those so-called breakfasts, and occasionally some of the male *habitués* not only remained to dinner, but also really breakfasted with their hosts the following morning! Of course, in those days when society was so much smaller, people who naturally belonged to it knew each other much more intimately than they do now.

I remember Landseer as being a frequent guest at the Duchess of Bedford's parties at Campden Hill.

Dinners then were not nearly so agreeable as

they are now. They were of interminable length. The great conversationalists "held forth," and told endless anecdotes to which people nowadays would neither have the time nor the patience to listen. We certainly owe much to our present King for setting the fashion of short dinners, consisting of well-served dishes—quality, not quantity—instead of the lengthy repasts and somewhat coarse profusion then in vogue in England.

I remember seeing the practising for the tournament in St. John's Wood. Louis Napoleon was one of the knights, and his sphinx-like face made a great impression upon me.

I also recollect parties at old Lady Cork's. She used to sit in a green arbour which was all lighted up, dressed entirely in white, and looking like an old fairy.

In 1851 we were asked by the Woronzows to spend the winter with them at their beautiful place in the Crimea. We wished very much to go, for the sake of seeing the country and the life of a great Russian establishment, and also on account of the delightful climate. But my husband was unable to obtain sufficiently long leave to allow of our accepting this tempting invitation.

We little thought then of the events which were so soon to make the Crimea famous. Had we done so, we should have still more regretted

not having been able to go. Count Woronzow and his wife were charming people, and we liked them extremely.

We were also invited by the King of the Belgians, and by the King of Holland, to visit them, but in both cases my husband and I were obliged to decline the honour offered to us. The expenses attendant on visits paid to foreign courts were very heavy, owing, principally, to the numerous and large "tips" which custom and etiquette demanded from the guests of crowned heads.

No man, I believe, who had served his country loyally to the last, has been the object of so much unfair criticism and ungenerous abuse as the gallant Lord Fitzroy Somerset, better known as Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, my husband's uncle by marriage.

Lord Raglan intended to follow up the first bombardment of Sebastopol, in October 1854, by a general assault. Marshal Canrobert absolutely refused, on the plea that the defences of the town were not sufficiently injured. When the Russians were in full retreat over the Bridge of the Tchernaya, after the battle of Inkermann, Lord Raglan implored Canrobert to follow up the victory by pursuing them, pointing out to him the probability that the Russian army would be completely annihilated. Canrobert refused.

After the first few days of the second bombardment of Sebastopol, Lord Raglan determined on an assault, and had made every preparation to attack the place, when Canrobert refused his consent and the co-operation of the French troops.

Lord Raglan planned the expedition to Kertch, and obtained with difficulty a promise from Canrobert to assist him with a body of his picked troops. On the evening before the day fixed for the expedition, Canrobert arrived at Lord Raglan's headquarters, and declared he could not venture on sending more than 6000 men. With this diminished force Lord Raglan still persisted in the enterprise, but early next morning he received a message from Canrobert informing him that a telegraph message from Paris had forbidden altogether the expedition.

His own deficiency of numbers obliged him to yield to the opposition offered by the French general, as he could not execute them with the numbers under his own command. He spoke always with peculiar regret of his inability to follow up the victory of Inkermann, and expressed his conviction that had the French done so the Russian army would have been destroyed.

When the French received their reinforcements, which made their army double the strength of ours,

they rejected Lord Raglan's request that a new division of the ground should be made, and that they should relieve our diminished troops who, in their state of exhaustion and destitution, were still holding the large share first allotted to them.

In the charge at Inkermann, Canrobert asked Lord Raglan to order the Guards to charge with the French. He represented that the Guards were fearfully cut up, and it was hard to expose them again, after all they had done. Canrobert insisted and said, "Les Zouaves feront mieux, s'ils voient les 'Black Caps.'" Sir J. MacNeill, who was present and related the episode, said, "I do not know what word a Frenchman would use."

All these took place at the time that our newspapers and many of their readers were accusing Lord Raglan of want of energy and enterprise, demanding his recall and the substitution of Canrobert (!) as Commander-in-Chief of the English army!

Accusations of want of daring were the only calumnies which appeared to give pain to Lord Raglan, but more because they affected the reputation of the British army than on his own account.

These facts Sir John MacNeill heard from Lord Raglan himself. Though the danger of *offending the French* must prevent their being published *at present*, he thinks they ought to be known and repeated amongst Lord Raglan's friends and society in general, in justice to the dead. (1858.)

Sir John MacNeill, speaking of Lord Raglan, said emphatically: "No man ever served his country with such entire devotion to the public good, I say advisedly, with such complete abnegation of self. Even his own military reputation was but a secondary consideration in his mind." Most of the above information was derived from Sir John MacNeill.

My husband went to Bristol to meet the *Caradoc*, on which vessel poor Lord Raglan's body was conveyed to England from the Crimea.

The following letters were written to me by him describing the arrival of the body:—

"WHITE LION, BRISTOL, 20th July 1855.

"We, Richard (the late Lord Raglan) and I got here comfortably by eight o'clock last night, but there is as yet no news of the *Caradoc*, and from all I hear it seems very likely that she will not be here for two or three days yet. You can have no idea of the feeling towards poor Lord Raglan in this

town. The whole town will turn out, every window to be closed, and every public body without exception has offered to follow, and this morning only we have accepted the offer (which the Mayor came to make) of two—each of which will be above a thousand people.

“I have little doubt that the procession out of Bristol will be from seven thousand to ten thousand people. But I think we have got everything very well arranged. The feeling is *admirable* in all classes.

“The *Caradoc* cannot come up the river here, but must remain in King Road, about seven miles off; but a smaller steamer is to go down to it, receive the body, and bring it up to Bristol. Richard and I intend to go down the river, and on board the *Caradoc*, by the smaller vessel. On landing we shall start immediately for Badminton with it, and on the following day the funeral will take place at half-past two, so as to enable people to get back to London the same night. I fear I shall be detained at Badminton till the middle of the week, which will not be particularly convenient. I saw both Lady Raglan and Charlotte.—Yours ever, affly.,

CHARLES BAGOT.”

“WHITE LION, BRISTOL, *Saturday, 21st July 1855.*

“I hope to be at Badminton on Tuesday. It is most probable that the removal from here will be

on that day, if the *Caradoc* comes in to-night or to-morrow; but as yet, 7 P.M., she has not made her number in the Channel. The tide is unluckily in such a state this week that nothing can be landed before two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The numbers of the *cortège* increase hourly, and the consequent difficulties of managing them and getting them fairly started, &c., for the localities are bad and contracted. I expect the procession will be three miles long. The feeling in all classes is most gratifying, and we have to decline many offers, some of which are very touching. Only this morning we declined an offer that the coffin should be brought up the river in a yacht belonging to a public company here, escorted by forty boats manned and pulled entirely by gentlemen—citizens of Bristol. But it was not voted quite safe in this river and would have entailed delay, so we were obliged to say “no” to it. I *hope* the *Caradoc* will come before to-morrow night. If she does we shall move from Bristol at about three on Tuesday, and the funeral will be on Wednesday, sooner I fear cannot be.—Ever yours, affly., CHARLES BAGOT.”

“BADMINTON, *Thursday, 26th July 1855.*

“You cannot *conceive* anything more gratifying than everything yesterday and (so far as we have got) to-day has been. The demonstration at Bristol and along the whole eighteen miles of road was *far*

beyond what I expected, and the respect and regard universal and most touching. I am certain I am within the mark in saying that two or three hundred thousand people turned out to show their respect in every way they could. There was not the slightest *hitch*, and everybody, high and low, behaved admirably.—Yours most affly.,

“C. BAGOT.”

In 1855 the Queen appointed my husband Assistant Master of the Ceremonies. Sir Edward Cust, the Master of the Ceremonies, was in failing health during the latter years of his life, and could not always attend at Court. My husband, therefore, had practically to undertake the entire duties of the office, which he continued to discharge until his death in 1881. Until the year 1871 I was comparatively little in London, as we had a house in Staffordshire, and my husband went backwards and forwards to the Court functions.

The 14th December 1861 was a most sad day for England, and one might say for the whole civilised world, as well as one of anguish and irreparable loss to the Queen, in the death of the Prince Consort, Albert the Good.

It seemed impossible to believe that the tolling of the bell of the beautiful old church at Elford, Staffordshire, where we were then living, was for a

Prince struck down in the prime of his life and full vigour of his intellect ; just when both appeared to be so essential to the Queen, her family, and the nation.

It needed the Prince Consort's death and loss to bring home to all ranks in the Empire, and to this country especially, his perfect character and great intellectual gifts. All who had ever seen him knew how handsome he was, but few among the middle and lower classes could realise his talents, and his unselfish, untiring devotion to the welfare of the Sovereign and country, and of all classes of the Queen's subjects. This was only fully understood when he had left them.

The example and beauty of such a character live on for ever, and do not end with this life. But when the fatal and unexpected end to his illness came, every one seemed stunned, and many for the first time realised what his work had been since his marriage, and how irreparable his loss would be, not only to the Queen, but also to the country.

The following is an account of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark's entry into London before her marriage to the Prince of Wales :—

“I have only time to write a line to say the sight is over, and all went off very well. The

people in the streets were more than I saw at the Coronation, or at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. I was at White's, where I saw better than I could have seen anywhere else, and very much more comfortably.

"The Princess is very pretty, with a good complexion. The procession was very poor, but the march of the different corps of volunteers to their stations well worth seeing.

"The only *contretemps* was in the City, when the mob knocked the commanding officer of the escort off his horse, and got at the Princess, and shook hands with her—so I hear, at least. The day was very cold, and occasionally threatening rain, but it never came down. CHARLES BAGOT."

CARLTON CLUB, *March* 1863.

"The town is so mad, and to do anything so difficult, that I can only write a line to thank you for to-day's letter. It seems as if all England was in the streets, which are really very pretty. I wish you could see the show, but to get about on foot is difficult, and all but impossible on wheels. I go down to Windsor by special train Tuesday at 10.25 A.M.

"The wedding begins at half-past twelve. After it, the breakfast, to which I am asked. I return by special train, and hope to see the illuminations, though with such a crowd I doubt it being possible.

“There were a great many handsome women present, but the Princess was far away the prettiest person at her wedding. CHARLES BAGOT.”

My husband wrote me the following account of the Naval Review of 1867 :—

“12 GREAT STANHOPE STREET,
“18th July 1867.

“I got my Portsmouth job over very satisfactorily yesterday, starting at 7 A.M. by a special train full of grandees. We were delayed an hour and a half, but it did not much signify, as the Viceroy of Egypt was with us.

“We found a very fine P. and O. steamer all ready for us, very clean, and with excellent food, and I was very glad to get some breakfast.

“The weather frightened a good many people, so we had only half our expected number on board, which was an advantage, as the most interesting of those invited came.

“We went out to Spithead in the rear of the *Sultan* and the *Viceroy*, and so through the lines of ships to Osborne to wait for the Queen.

“The three lines of ships—one of ironclads, one of wooden ships, and one of gunboats—was very fine, and about two miles long.

“On our arrival off Osborne, our steamer was directed to come alongside the Queen’s yacht, and

to keep abreast of her during her passage through the fleet, so we saw everything to perfection.

“The saluting in succession, with manned rigging, was very imposing, but it was blowing so hard with squalls of heavy rain, that for the fleet to weigh anchor was out of the question, so the Queen and her escort of yachts, &c., passed through the lines, and then took up a position to windward, while the two lines of iron and wooden ships engaged, which was the finest part of the play. There were forty men-of-war in line. Though it blew very hard all day, there was scarcely any sea and nobody was uncomfortable, and we were fed most luxuriously.

“I found William” (Lord Bagot) “on board, and we passed the day very much together. We got to the dockyard at a quarter before seven, and I, knowing that a special train was to start at seven, took advantage of my knowledge of the dockyard to cut away with William, and we got to the station just in time to jump into a second-class carriage, in such a scene of confusion as I never beheld, leaving half London behind at the dockyard.

“We got off and back to London by a quarter to ten—very tired. Upon the whole it was a very fine sight; not so *pretty* as the first naval review in 1853, but well worth the scramble 160 miles to see it.—Believe me, yrs. most aff.,

“CHARLES BAGOT.”

In 1871, the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland frequently invited us in summer to stay at Northumberland House, for my husband's Court duties in town, and we passed two or three London seasons there. It seems to me a dream now when I pass through Trafalgar Square, and see the big hotels standing on the site of the old house I knew so well in my youth, and during the last years of its existence. The absolute quiet upon which one entered after passing through the gateway under the old Lion, was very remarkable after the roar of the Strand and Charing Cross. The garden also, at the back of the house, was a charming possession to have in the very centre of London.

We went to many beautiful balls in those years; perhaps the finest I can remember as a *spectacle* was the ball at the Guildhall, given for the Shah of Persia by the City of London. Lady Holland's parties at Holland House also remain in my memory as being invariably pleasant and interesting, and the balls at Apsley House and those at Grosvenor House, in the days of the first Duchess of Westminster, who always looked so beautiful, and was such a good and charming hostess.

We had many friends among the Corps Diplomatique in London during those years, as my husband's duties at the Court brought him a great deal in contact with its members.

I employed (in 1867) as a servant in our house

near Rugeley in Staffordshire, a woman named Dutton, whose evidence had hung the famous poisoner, William Palmer.

Palmer was a doctor at Rugeley, had poisoned his wife and many other people before he was suspected. Dutton was chambermaid at the Shrewsbury Arms Hotel at Rugeley. Noticing a curious scum on the broth of the victim, a racing man called Cook, after Palmer's professional visits, she was the means of bringing to light the poison he always managed to drop into it. Palmer was rather a favourite member of his family in his native town of Rugeley, and much beloved by the poor people. There is no doubt he would have confessed to a turnkey before his execution had a harsher influence not been brought to bear on him by a tactless authority (now long dead) in Stafford gaol. The whole night before his execution the Stafford Road presented almost the appearance of the roads to Epsom before the Derby—such was the hardening effect of executions in public. Palmer had the misfortune to possess an extraordinary mother. She sat at a window the day of his execution, looking on to the road from Rugeley to Stafford, and remarked that "they had hung Bill, who was the best of the lot," and after his death spoke of him as "her sainted Bill." A brother who was a clergyman was far the least respected of the family. A deputation waited on Lord Palmerston after this *cause célèbre* to urge

the alteration of the name of the town. "You may call it after *me* if you like," was his witty reply!

My husband had the strange privilege of gazing for a few instants on the features of King Henry IV.

In 1832 a discussion arose as to whether Henry IV. was really buried in Canterbury Cathedral, according to tradition.

The then Dean of Canterbury, the Hon. and Very Rev. Richard Bagot (afterwards Bishop of Oxford), invited my husband to be present at the opening of the royal tomb. This was done in the middle of the night by torchlight, in the presence of a few of the cathedral authorities and specially invited spectators.

The body of the king was found wrapped in lead and leather. For a few moments after this covering was removed the face of the king was revealed in a state of perfect preservation as though still endued with life. As the spectators looked, all crumbled away into dust, and my husband declared that it was a most weird and impressive scene; which indeed, with the flickering torches and the solemn surroundings of the ancient cathedral, it must have been.

A portion of the king's beard, which was of a reddish colour, was cut off before the tomb was closed, and my husband was given a piece of it by his uncle. He gave this piece to the Duke of Northumberland of that day, feeling that the hair

of the monarch whom the Percys placed on the throne and then helped to overthrow, would find an appropriate place among the historical relics of the family. The hair is now preserved at Alnwick.

Of the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever, my husband wrote as follows :—

“CARLTON CLUB, 28th February 1872.

“One line—time for no more—to tell you that it is impossible for anything to have gone off better, or to have been better done. The sight in St. Paul's was really one of the most impressive and finest I ever saw, and the Queen's reception all along the line perfectly wonderful. I went early—the arrangements were so good—there was in reality no difficulty whatever, going or coming away. All my work was very successful, and indeed there was no *contretemps* anywhere.

“The Queen was much affected, both with the reception outside the Cathedral, and the Service. The Prince of Wales still looks weak and ill, but kept well through the function. C. BAGOT.”

We were greatly shocked, in October 1874, to hear of my brother-in-law Alexander Bagot's death in India from an accident. He had thirty-four years' distinguished service in the Indian army.

He was a very keen and good sportsman, and met with his death while on a shooting expedition. He and a party of friends were shooting big game. A quantity of arsenic powder had been sent for from their camp to be used in curing the skins of tigers and other beasts they had shot. At the same time the cook had sent for a fresh supply of baking powder. Poor Alexander and his friends came in very hungry for breakfast, and after eating several "chupatties," he and one of the party were taken very ill. After great suffering, poor Alexander died in the arms of his faithful native servant. His friend had eaten fewer of these "chupatties" and recovered.

The cook and all his native servants were much attached to Alexander, and were in despair. The cook, who had not known that arsenic had been sent for, took the packet containing the poison in mistake, believing it to be his baking powder, and used some of it in baking rolls, &c., for breakfast.

A monument was erected to his memory bearing the following inscription :—

"In memory of Colonel Alexander Bagot of Her Majesty's Indian Army—fourth son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Bagot and Lady Mary Bagot—who, after thirty-four years of distinguished active service, including the battles of Maharagpore, Moodkea, Ferzeshah, Sobraon, Alival, Ramnugger, Sadvolapore, Chillian-Wallah, Goojerat, the Passage of the Chanaub, and the suppression of the Great Indian Mutiny, in most of which his conspicuous

valour was recorded in the Despatches of his Commander-in-Chief, died on the 20th October 1874, at Busca Bhotan on the Eastern Frontier of British India, aged 52.

“Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.”

Alexander Bagot was never wounded in action, notwithstanding the many battles in which he had taken part, and it seemed truly sad that he should at last have died by a mere accident.

During the Indian Mutiny he commanded a Ghoorka regiment.

My father, when he returned to Sheerness (when he was Commander-in-Chief at the Nore), after attending the Duke of Wellington's funeral at St. Paul's, told us that he was so struck by the little breeze which, after the body had been received into St. Paul's, quite waved the plume of the hat placed on the coffin. He said, “It seemed to flutter just as one might suppose the spirit did and then gently sank to rest—and it moved no more.”

Lord Mornington¹ told my husband that when he joined his ship as a midy he was so impressed by the magnificent English fleet in the Downs, and that, boy as he was, only just eleven, he felt it was a prouder thing to belong to the Royal Navy than to possess any other position in the world. Every foreign sail they met on the high seas was an enemy.

¹ Brother to the Duke of Wellington.

My father told me, as an instance of the power of the mind and spirit over the body, that during his four years' service on the coast of France and Channel in the *Hotspur* he was ill in his cot with fever and rheumatism. The commander came below to tell him a French man-of-war was in sight. The doctor forbade my father leaving his cot, but he had himself wrapped in blankets, boat cloaks, &c. &c., and carried on to the poop and placed in an arm chair covered up; he was in too great pain to be dressed. It was a very raw, cold, misty, winter's day. The French vessel was fought and captured, and such was the excitement that at the end of the action my father's pains had left him, and instead of dying of the chill and exposure, the rheumatic gout and fever left him. I forget the name of the French man-of-war.

My father said that the thing he thought he *felt* the most was giving orders to run a French privateer down. The privateer came on most gallantly, cheering, &c., but there was but one thing to do—to put the helm up and run her down.

The great difference in going into action between the French and English in those days was, the English went into action in dead silence, nothing to be heard but the word of command and the vessel slipping through the water, or a sail flapping, till the English ship came alongside her enemy; and this dead silence tried every one's nerves before the

first shot was fired. The Frenchmen, on the contrary, came on cheering, "En avant, mes braves!" with a perfect din of noise.

I recollect when the *Winchester* got under weigh at Bourbon we were close to a French man-of-war doing the same. They chattered like monkeys. Once there was a voice heard from the *Winchester's* maintop, but instantly stopped by the captain's stern "Silence aloft!"

In the old sailing days it was the prettiest thing in the world during the first night-watch in the tropics to hear the men singing in the tops, the maintop-man starting the song by a verse, and then fore and mizzen tops taking up the chorus; sails set for the trade wind, often a moon and phosphorescent sea, and the soothing sound of the frigate slipping at such a pace through the water. Off the Azores one night the sea was quite alarming. The sky leaden, and the sea too, except where there seemed small islands of fire as far as could be seen. No wonder in old sailing days sailors were superstitious, and often really religious.

In their songs they were very sentimental, singing about lambs and green fields. One would so much more have liked to have heard "The Saucy Arethusa," &c.

The hotter the weather, the more furious the jig danced, one man at a time, on the main deck, to the small violin which played at the

capstan to encourage the men when it was "up anchor!"

A sentry was placed over the admiral's cow on the main deck, notwithstanding which the middies often contrived to milk her for the midshipmen's berth.

Lord Gwydyr used to tell the following anecdote of Pitt. One night Lord Spencer called upon him on business of vital importance. Pitt's servant made some difficulty about waking him, as he had received express orders not to do so. The business was so urgent that Lord Spencer went into the room and found Pitt asleep. Having roused him, he informed him of the Mutiny of the Nore. After a long conversation Lord Spencer retired, but when just leaving he remembered something which he had omitted to say, returned to Pitt's room, and found him again sound asleep. William Pitt's despatch-box, in which he always carried important papers to the Cabinet Councils, was given to Sir Charles Bagot, and is now at Levens.

When Frank North, afterwards Lord Guilford, was entered at Eton, Dr. Dampier was Headmaster. The Doctor had two sons, one of whom was extremely clever, and the other was quite the reverse. Dr. Dampier, who spoke in a slow, pompous style, and drawled, meeting Frank North shortly after his

admission, asked him, "Have you seen my son Thom-as, lately?"

"No, sir, but I have seen your son Jack-as." I never heard the sequel to the story, but it may be imagined.

I have seen the fan, or rather fly-flapper, with which the Bey of Algiers slapped the face of the French Ambassador, the immediate result of which was the war and French occupation of Algiers. It is now in the possession of Lord Llangattock.

Little "Jack Horner" was a serving-boy to a great Abbot of Glastonbury, who, thinking to propitiate Henry VIII., sent him the Abbey title-deeds disguised in a pie, which Jack Horner opened and meant to taste, but to his alarm found only the deeds, which he hid. The King not receiving them, sent to dissolve the monastery. Horner and his descendants came forward alarmed, obtained and kept a good slice of the Abbey lands. Jack Horner's estates have descended in the female line to the present Lord Ilchester.

Sir John Swinburne, grandfather of the poet, Algernon Swinburne, accidentally found a Jacobite hiding-place at his place, Capheaton, in Northumberland. *His* father had known of it, but never divulged its existence even to his own children.

At Ashburnham is a large Chinese screen of the best period of old Chinese work. It was found in Mexico. Recent discoveries have proved that Chinese travellers were in Mexico some hundreds of years ago!

The Descent of the Cross, over the altar in Dogmersfield Church, in Hampshire, was forty years ago pronounced priceless. Its history is unknown, the flesh-painting supposed to be Vandyke's.

I saw in 1881 an old soldier at the Invalides at Paris who fought as quite a youth at Wagram. He was childish, but on his old daughter of seventy awaking his attention he spoke of the Emperor, and said he could remember him "comme si je le voyais tous les jours," but his memory for recent events was gone.

There is an ancient bow in the Museum of British Antiquities at Alnwick Castle which was presented by Mr. John Wilkinson of Buston, whose family were tenants on the Percy estates before the battle of Sedgely Moor in 1464. Mr. Wilkinson was given the precedence as the oldest tenant on the laying of the foundation-stone of the column erected at Alnwick to the 2nd Duke of Northumberland in 1816. He produced the bow, which had always

been in his family, on this occasion, and presented it to the Museum at Alnwick.

In the armoury are many relics of Otterbourne and other battles and frays in which the Percy tenantry followed their liege lords, and which their descendants have since sent to the castle, often desiring on their deathbeds that these heirlooms should be taken there.

Hotspur's sword, and many of the original portraits of the family, are at Petworth, and not where they ought to be, at Alnwick.

The late Dr. Bruce, the well-known Northumbrian archæologist and antiquarian, whose studies of the Roman wall occupied many years of his life, told me that when the Northumberland militia, fitted out by my great-grandfather, and commanded by his son, my grandfather, went to London to assist in putting down Lord George Gordon's riot, it was taken for a German regiment, on account of the Northumbrian accent and "burr" of the men. The broad shoulders and height of the Northumbrians created surprise in the streets, and their uniform was unknown. Their arms and accoutrements are preserved in the Armourer's Towers at Alnwick Castle.

Speaking of family anecdotes, my father told me this one as having occurred during the lifetime of

his grandfather, the first Duke of Northumberland:—In a lumber room at Alnwick was found a large leathern trunk which had evidently been made to go on some carriage, and which was nearly full of gold pieces supposed to have been prepared for some foreign tour, before the period when letters of credit came into use. The journey probably did not take place, and the money was forgotten.

Some robbers made good their entrance into Northumberland House in the first Duke's time, intending to make a raid on the plate, and did so; but amongst it there happened to be an antique silver doll, which moved by clockwork, and the spring of which the thieves unconsciously touched. They were so terrified when it began to move and walk that they decamped, without taking a single article of the many which it had been in their power to remove. This doll is now at Syon.

On the 20th February 1881 my dear husband died, after a long illness supported with the greatest patience and resignation.

The Queen, on hearing that his illness had taken a serious turn, with her invariable kindness and thoughtfulness for her old servants, at once telegraphed to be informed of his condition, and this mark of his sovereign mistress's regard greatly

touched and cheered my husband in his last hours.

The Dean of Windsor, our cousin, Doctor Gerald Wellesley, wrote to me the day after my husband's death as follows:—

“I communicated to the Queen your interesting statement of his dying reception of the Queen's telegram and delight in it, and the gratitude felt by your children for the Queen's kindness. The Duchess of Roxburgh sent me in return the enclosed, which do not return.”

The following is a copy of the Duchess of Roxburgh's letter:—

“WINDSOR CASTLE, 21st *February* 1881.

“MY DEAR DEAN,—I am desired by the Queen to send you back poor Mrs. Bagot's note, and to request you to express to her the sincere sympathy felt by her Majesty for her whose overwhelming sorrow the Queen can so entirely understand, and her Majesty is much gratified to think that the last telegram of inquiry sent by the Queen afforded a moment's satisfaction to poor Colonel Bagot.”

I and my children were much touched by the numerous expressions of sympathy, both public and private, which we received from Staffordshire, the county in which my husband had passed so much of

his life, and where he was widely known, and, as we then realised, beloved.

I cannot write of recollections of the past without mentioning Cardinal Manning with affection and gratitude. My husband first knew him as Archdeacon Manning, when he was, I believe, the Bishop of Oxford's examining chaplain at Cuddesdon. The Hon. Richard Bagot was translated from Oxford to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells. My husband frequently stayed with his uncle when Bishop of Oxford, during the agitating days of the "Tracts for the Times." The Bishop stopped them at Newman's Tract 90. In Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua* there is an interesting account of it, and of the Bishop's kindness, and the respect and love for him the Tractarians had—fully returned by the Bishop. My husband was greatly struck by Manning, and wrote to me to the Cape about him.

In 1851 I heard him preach at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and became acquainted with him, and wishing to see him in private asked the Bishop of Brechin to ask him to see me.

Unlike what has been most untruly said of Manning, when he was wavering between the authority of the English and Roman Churches, he refused to do so, writing that his own mind was too perplexed and disturbed to give advice to any one else.

After he left the Church of England we saw him many times, and also during my husband's last illness—only as a friend—he never attempted to convert us. He was kindness itself, and wrote that he would have liked to come the last night of my husband's life, but thought his doing so might be misunderstood, and that instead of coming he had prayed for him in the night, and remembered him at the first mass in the morning.

I copy out the letter he wrote to me when all was over:—

“ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, *February 25th, 1881.*

“MY DEAR MRS. BAGOT,—Long as you have been awaiting your loss, it comes with its fresh sorrow and weight at last. May God console you and your children.

“You have the consolation of remembering a long, upright, and Christian life; and you know that our Divine Master loves him more than ever you did.

“The nights and days of suffering which you shared while you watched them are now over for ever. Be sure that I shall not forget him or you, or your children at the altar. Believe me, always yours very truly,

“HENRY E., *Card.-Archbishop.*”

I have heard people say Cardinal Manning did unfair things in trying to make converts. I think

what I have written proves how unfair and untrue such a charge was. Of course, if asked he gave his reasons for joining the Church of Rome; but he forced these reasons on no one, and in everything was a most honourable and upright English gentleman, as well as Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster.

On April 22nd, 1885, I had the great sorrow of losing my second son, Alan, who died at Bournemouth from illness originally induced by an accident received in a coal-mine four years previously, and aggravated by subsequent hard work and exposure. A voyage to Australia, ordered by Sir William Gull, was of no avail, and after spending a year there he returned home only to die. I can never forget the kindness of the late Sir Frederick Broome, at that time Governor of Western Australia, and Lady Broome to him. My youngest son, Richard, was then Sir Frederick's private secretary and A.D.C., and Sir Frederick and Lady Broome invited Alan to visit them at Perth and at their island summer quarters at Rottneest. They were kindness itself to him, but he grew rapidly worse in health, and his brother resigned his appointment and brought him to England.

I quote the following account of his career from the *Minutes of Proceedings of the Institute of Civil Engineers*, vol. lxxxi., Session 1884-85, Part III :—

“Alan Charles Bagot was educated at Eton and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He very early showed a love of natural science, and exhibited considerable inventive power. He was Demonstrator of Chemistry at the laboratories of Eton and of Cambridge, and was engaged before he left the University in special experiments for the late Mr. John Taylor, M.Inst.C.E., of Earsdon.

“At nineteen he patented a safety indicator for mines, which was adopted in the mines of the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Dudley, and others; the invention being equally applicable to guard against spontaneous combustion in ship cargoes.

“In 1876 Mr. Bagot was engaged in experimenting on spontaneous combustion in coal, cotton, and wool, and invented an electric detector that has been awarded several medals, and the First Order of Merit at the Melbourne Exhibition in 1881.

“His attention was soon engrossed by the earnest wish to save life in mines, and the prevention of the deplorable accidents caused by ignorance and carelessness. The self-extinguishing safety lamps instead of the old-fashioned Davy and Clanny lamps, and the increased care and efficiency in the lamp-rooms in collieries are largely due to his investigations and to his exertions in the cause of saving miners' lives.

“He possessed two gold medals for saving life at his own personal risk. He brought out many

improvements in electrical apparatus, amongst them being a portable set of resistance coils for use on railways and for torpedo work. He also introduced a block system electric signalling that has been well spoken of, and in 1883 an automatic electric transmitter.

“He was the author of several scientific papers and books. ‘Accidents in Mines’; ‘The Principles of Colliery Ventilation’; ‘The Application of Electricity to Mines’; and the recently published ‘Principles of Civil Engineering as applied to Agriculture and Estate Management,’ written during great suffering and advanced disease. These works are published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company.

“Mr. Bagot was in 1880 appointed Consulting Engineer to the Trent Board of Conservators on account of his especial knowledge of the pollution of rivers, and he published a pamphlet on the ‘Prevention of Floods.’ Under his guidance the Trent Fishery Board became one of the best organised in England, a service feelingly acknowledged at Quarter Sessions by the Lord-Lieutenant (of Staffordshire) upon Mr. Bagot’s enforced resignation from illness.

“Alan Bagot was buried at Blithfield, Staffordshire, where he had passed much time in boyhood and youth. When the body arrived at the Trent Valley (Rugely) Station, numbers of miners and

working men came to show respect, saying they had lost their best friend.

“He was a bright, clever man, and, before illness incapacitated him, of a most cheery disposition. He set an excellent example to men of his own age, being a very hard worker, thorough in what he did, and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

“He was elected an Associate Member of the Institution on the 2nd of May 1882; he was also a certificated Mining Engineer, a Fellow of the Chemical Society, and a Member of the Society of Arts.”

The late Sir John Fowler wrote me the following letter after my son's death:—

“THORNWOOD LODGE, CAMDEN HILL, W.,
June 8th, 1885.

“DEAR MRS. BAGOT,—I beg you to accept my sympathy in the great sorrow which has befallen you in the early death of your son Alan.

“You know how highly I appreciated his intellectual gifts, his remarkable and extensive knowledge, and what a brilliant future I always foretold for him. But perhaps he will be remembered by his friends still more for the attractive sweetness of disposition, which weakness and suffering failed to change. . . . These things will soften your sorrow. Believe me, with renewed sympathy, yours very truly,
JOHN FOWLER.”

My son Alan was taken from the brilliant career which scientific men such as Sir John Fowler, Professor Abel, and others predicted for him at the age of twenty-nine. I often think how much he would have been interested in the rapid progress science has made even in the few years which have elapsed since his death, and how he would have contributed to that progress by his eager spirit of investigation and inquiry, and his devotion to the true ends of science—the amelioration of the conditions of human life, and the advancement of human knowledge.

Having been present at the Queen's Coronation in 1837 I considered myself very fortunate in living to see her Majesty's first Jubilee in 1887.

My daughter and I were at Aix-les-Bains. The French showed much respect for the Queen, and were most kind on the occasion to all the English there. They gave free pass to all English persons to their Casino that night. Good fireworks at the Casino and a cry of "Les Anglais! En avant!" The greatest kindness shown. The poorest had free passes and seats at the Casino. A set piece was displayed and "Hommage à la reine Victoria." Unfortunately the letters made their appearance upside down.

We were in London for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee of 22nd June 1897. Every house in London

was crammed for the occasion. We took in young Grosvenor Hood, a cousin. The morning broke dull and cloudy. The sun shone out at the very moment the Queen sent off her memorable telegram to her people. We went quite early on board the *Shah* steamer, chartered by Messrs. Child, the well-known banking-house, which took us to a landing near the bank, which we reached by a back street. We had luncheon at Messrs. Child & Son's, and saw all to perfection, and had an excellent view of the Queen returning the civic sword to the Lord Mayor, Sir Faudel Phillips, with a graceful and dignified smile and bow. The acclamations and reception of the Queen in the streets were enthusiastic, and the self-effacement of the Prince and Princess of Wales charming and most touching.

We were much struck with the appearance of the Colonial troops in the Jubilee procession, little thinking of what a debt of gratitude the country would soon owe them and the Canadians in this South African war. The whole pageant was beyond description interesting, and in seeing it one realised the great empire our great and good Queen governed, and the deep love and veneration her subjects bore her Majesty; for all nations and tongues — Indians, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Christians, Mahometans, &c. — united to do her homage at her Diamond Jubilee by their presence.

I cannot omit to mention how kindly, hospitably, and handsomely was the entertainment given to their guests by Messrs. Child. Their guests had nothing to pay for the steamer that conveyed them to the bank in such comfort, and back to the Pimlico Pier without fatigue or inconvenience from the crowds—real hospitality, worthy of Messrs. Child's position and of the occasion.

In the evening (aged 75) I walked out alone to see a little of the illuminations in Grosvenor Place and Piccadilly, &c. The rest of the family had gone by steamer with a party to see them in the city, and were horrified when they returned and I confessed to them what I had done during their absence.

The last time I saw the Queen was in March 1900, when she came up to drive about London and identify herself with her people during the war and before her visit to Ireland, when the crowd received her with the greatest enthusiasm, love, and veneration. On that day she looked so well and happy. We little thought then it was the last time before her dead body was borne silently through the streets of London, and between grief-stricken crowds of her sorrowing subjects.

To the old, like myself, a chapter of the world's history closed with Queen Victoria—a chapter, too, and that the longest one, of our own lives. And with this chapter I bring these glimpses of old times

to a close, trusting that they may serve to awaken pleasant recollections in those who are interested in former things that have passed away, and afford to my contemporaries a fleeting renewal of old memories of half-forgotten events, and of people whose voices speak only in the echoes of the past.

THE END

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