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THE STORY OF  
TWO NOBLE LIVES

VOL. I.

THE STORY OF  
TWO NOBLE LIVES







*The Hon. Charlotte Canning and The Hon. Louisa Stuart.  
From a Line Engraving after Thorburn's Miniature.*

THE STORY OF  
TWO NOBLE LIVES

BEING

MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS CANNING,  
AND LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," ETC. ETC.

*"Nil nisi Cruce."—Waterford Motto*

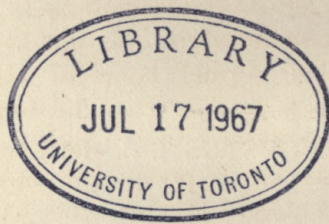
VOLUME I.

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD  
AND SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON

1893

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## PREFACE

SURVIVING friends and relations have urged a gathering up of the precious fragments from the lives of two gifted and beautiful sisters, well known and greatly beloved in their lifetime, but who have left no descendants behind them, and whose contemporaries are rapidly passing away. In their former home of Highcliffe, immense masses remain from the letters and journals of the elder sister, Charlotte, Lady Canning, preserved as precious memorials by her mother and sister, when the hand that wrote them was still for ever. With these, have been found many letters from the group of remarkable women by whom the childhood and youth of the sisters were surrounded—sometimes of general interest and historic in themselves, and more often valuable to a narrower circle from the glimpses they give of the family life at Paris, Bure, Tyttenhanger, and Highcliffe.

Of the life of the younger sister, Louisa, Lady Waterford, the want of material makes it

impossible to give the detailed account which might be looked for. She left scarcely any journals, and all her correspondence with her husband, and most of that with her mother and sister, has been destroyed. From scattered letters which remain, and from the recollection of those who loved her best, it has been only possible to construct a fragmentary memorial. Those who were much in the sunshine of her gracious presence need no reminder of what she was: her noble simplicity of character, her playful humour, her warm interest, her gentle sympathy, her utter forgetfulness of self, her enthusiasm for all things good and beautiful, must be ever present with them. But it has been thought that there are many outside the quiet circle in which she lived, who may care to know the little that can be told of one who might be described by Longfellow's lines—

“Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction upon  
her :

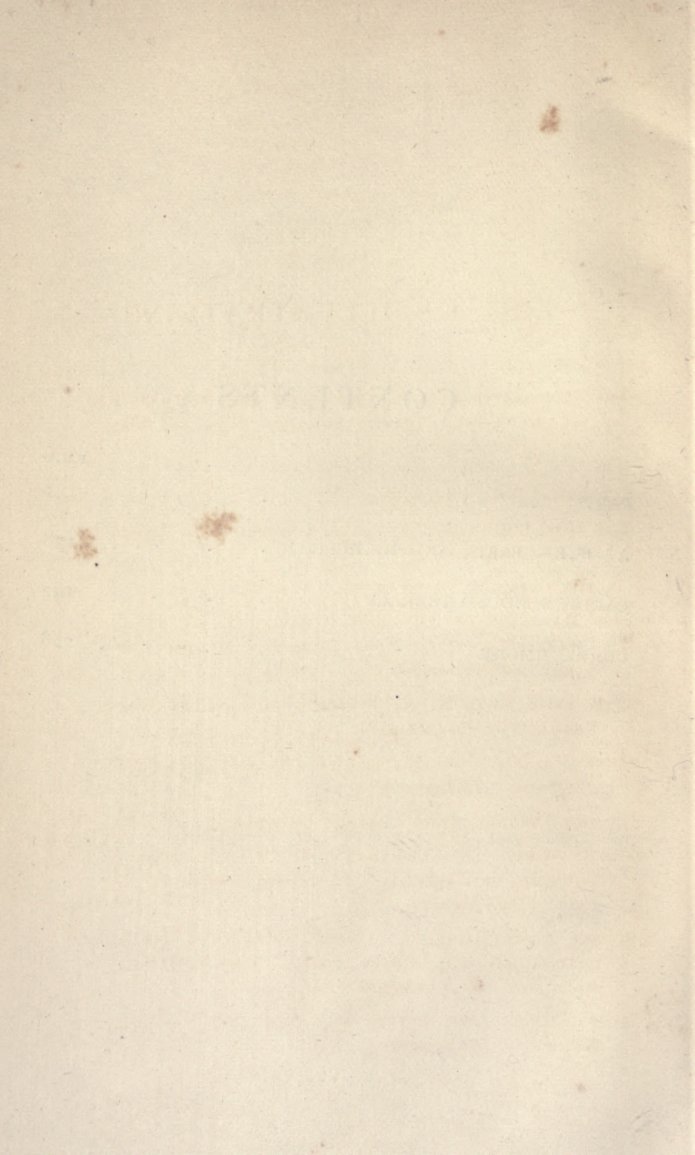
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite  
music.”

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

*Holmhurst*, 1893.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PARIS . . . . .	I
AT BURE, PARIS, AND HIGHCLIFFE . . . . .	138
CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE . . . . .	192
CURRAGHMORE . . . . .	228





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE HON. CHARLOTTE CANNING AND THE HON. LOUISA STUART. <i>From a Line Engraving after Thorburn's Miniature. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	Frontispiece
TITTENHANGER. ( <i>Woodcut</i> ) . . . . .	166
THE HON. LOUISA STUART. <i>From a Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	180
ON THE CLIFF AT HIGHCLIFFE. ( <i>Woodcut</i> ) . . . . .	184
THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. CHARLOTTE STUART AND CHARLES CANNING. <i>From a Sketch by the Hon. Louisa Stuart. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	190
VIEW FROM LORD STUART'S HOUSE IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE. ( <i>Woodcut</i> ) . . . . .	193
HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD. <i>From a Miniature by Thorburn. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	228
ON THE TERRACE, FORD CASTLE. ( <i>Woodcut</i> ) . . . . .	234
FAMILY GROUP AT CURRAGHMORE, WITH CATHERINE, COUNTESS OF CALEDON. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	244
SUPPER AFTER HUNTING. HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, AND LORD JOHN BERESFORD. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	252
HENRY, MARQUIS OF WATERFORD. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book. (Photogravure)</i> . . . . .	274

	PAGE
THREE CHILDREN. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book.</i> (Photogravure) . . . . .	294
ON THE TERRACE AT CURRAGHMORE. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book.</i> (Photogravure) . . . . .	324
LORD JOHN GEORGE BERESFORD, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book.</i> (Photogravure) . . . . .	332
"FEED MY LAMBS." <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book.</i> (Photogravure) . . . . .	352
LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD. <i>From a Sketch by Sir J. Leslie.</i> (Steel Engraving) . . . . .	362
FAMILY GROUP AT CURRAGHMORE, WITH THE PRIMATE. <i>From Lady Waterford's Note-Book.</i> (Photogravure) . . . . .	370

# I.

## PARIS.

“Those relations are commonly of most value in which the writer tells his own story.”—DR. JOHNSON, *Idler*.

“As keys do open chests,  
So letters open breasts.”—HOWELL.

“On parent knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled ;  
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.”  
—SIR W. JONES, *from the Persian*.

“Avito viret honore.”—*Stuart Family Motto*.

LADY ELIZABETH LINDSAY was one of a strange procession of children who were met in a desolate road in Scotland, walking in single file, headed by the eldest boy, who was carrying the baby, gipsy-fashion, on his back. They were the eleven children of Anne, Countess of Balcarres, making their escape from her harsh treatment, and going forth to seek their fortunes in the world. One of the younger boys had displeased his mother, and she had ordered a footman to throw him into the pond in front of

the house. He managed to scramble out, and she desired that he might be thrown in again. Once more he clambered out, and she shouted, "Throw him in again," when, with comic solemnity, the child looked up in her face and exclaimed, "Woman, wad ye droon your ain son?" and she desisted, but forthwith the children determined to make their escape.

Their father, James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, had been what was then called "out in the '45." He was tried for it, and one of his men was called to swear that he had not been present at a time when he was. He swore it, and Lord Balcarres got off. When they were going away safe, he said to his man, "Come now, tell me, how *could* you swear to such a lie?" "Because I had rather trust my sowle to God," said the man, "than your body to deevils." The first wife of Lord Balcarres' father<sup>1</sup> was Mauritia of Nassau, who was given away at the altar by Charles II. When the service began, the bridegroom found that he had forgotten the ring. In a great fright, he asked if one of the bystanders could supply him with one, and a friend lent him a ring. He did not find out then that it bore the device of a death's-head and cross-bones; but Mauritia of Nassau found

<sup>1</sup> Colin, third Earl of Balcarres.

it out : she considered it an omen of death, and she died within the year.

When he was considered quite an old man, James, Lord Balcarres, went to stay with old Lady Keith. There were a number of young ladies in the house, and before he arrived Lady Keith said to them, "Now, there is this old gentleman coming to stay, and I particularly wish that you should all endeavour to make yourselves as pleasant to him as you can." They all agreed to do so, but a Miss Dalrymple<sup>1</sup> said, "You may all do what you like, but I'll bet you anything you please that I'll make the old gentleman like me the best of us all." And so she did ; she made him perfectly devoted to her all the time he was there ; yet, when he asked her to marry him, she laughed in his face. Lord Balcarres was exceedingly crestfallen, but, when he went away, he made a will settling everything he could upon Miss Dalrymple. Somehow, she heard of this, and said, "Then, after all, he must really care for me, and I will marry him," and she did. He was fifty-eight then, but they had eleven children.

In spite of their mother's severities, the many children of Lady Balcarres did justice to her training, and grew up wise, clever, cultivated,

<sup>1</sup> Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton.

and God-fearing men and women. Of the sons, the eldest was Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarres ; the sixth was Charles, Bishop of Kildare ; the seventh, John, was the husband of Lady Charlotte,<sup>1</sup> the intimate friend of the Berrys, who played an important part at Queen Caroline's trial ; and the eighth, Hugh, only died in 1844, deeply beloved and lamented.

It was on the second daughter, Lady Margaret Lindsay, whose beautiful portrait was painted by Gainsborough, that Sheridan wrote :—

“Marked you her eye of heavenly blue?  
 . Marked you her cheek of rosy hue?  
 That eye in liquid circles roving,  
 That cheek abashed at man's approving,  
 The one, Love's arrows darting round,  
 The other, blushing at the wound.”

Her sweet and attractive character is, however, better described in the words of Haller's monody on his wife, which Lady Margaret herself translated :—

“One who ne'er felt the pride of human will,  
 But meekly bent beneath the will of God ;  
 Cheerful, sedate, zealous, yet calm and still,  
 The patient victim of misfortune's rod.”

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte North, third daughter of the second Earl of Guilford.

Her especial misfortune was that, while her heart was given to the handsome young James Burgess, she was compelled to marry an old Mr. Fordyce: though her romance had a happy ending, for after Mr. Fordyce's death she did marry Sir James Burgess, the "Jamie" of her early life. Her story, much altered, and placed in a different rank of life, formed the foundation of the famous ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," which was written by her elder sister, Lady Anne Barnard, who loved the tune, which already existed, but considered the words originally set to it as bad and unfit for a lady to sing. The pathos of the song made the greatest sensation at the time. "*Voilà l'auteur du fameux roman de 'Robin Gray,'*" people used to say in Paris when Lady Anne visited it. When she had written most of the poem, she could not tell how to bring the climax about, and read it to her sisters. "Mak' the coo dee," said her little sister, Elizabeth, who spoke broad Scotch.

Lady Anne Barnard's own married life was a very happy one, though her husband was singularly unattractive to outsiders, especially in his appearance. One day a nephew asked her what first attracted her to his uncle. "Go into the garden," she said, "and bring me the most beautiful rose you can find." He was away

a long time, and when he came back with a flower which had nothing special to recommend it, he said that there were so many beautiful roses "it was impossible to pick out the best." "And that was just my case," said Lady Anne.

On the 24th of July 1782, the youngest of the three charming sisters, Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, was married to Philip Yorke (son of Charles Yorke, Lord High Chancellor<sup>1</sup>), who, on the death of his uncle in 1796,<sup>2</sup> became third Earl of Hardwicke, and succeeded to the family property of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, with its huge and stately but most unpicturesque house, approached by immensely wide elm avenues.

Lord and Lady Hardwicke had three sons, two of whom died in childhood, and four daughters, Anne, Catherine, Elizabeth, and Caroline, who all lived to a very old age, seldom long separated from the clever and affectionate mother, to whom they were passionately devoted from infancy, and who made their early home of Wimpole a very temple of the Arts, con-

<sup>1</sup> Who married Catherine Freeman, heiress of Tittenhanger through her mother, Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Pope Blount.

<sup>2</sup> Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke, left only two daughters, Amabel, Countess De Grey, and Jemima, wife of Thomas, second Lord Grantham.



stantly filled with all that was most brilliant and intellectual in English society. A long absence from Cambridgeshire was, however, involved by the appointment of Lord Hardwicke to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland from 1801 to 1806. Some extracts from Lady Hardwicke's letters at this time may give the best idea of the family life and its interests.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to* (her husband's stepmother) THE HON. MRS. YORKE.<sup>1</sup>

"*Phoenix Park, Nov. 13, 1801.*—I know you like a little account of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, so I propose to tell you of our appearance in the Dublin theatre on the 13th of November, where for several years no Lord and Lady Lieutenant have appeared. Lord Cornwallis declined going during the rebellion, and afterwards on the Union, lest the galleries should insult him. He paid his 100 guineas per annum, but begged to be excused from appearing in person. Lord Hardwicke went, as you may remember, on his first arrival, but the theatre closed before I came. I was a good deal alarmed, on inquiring into the usual forms, to find that, from time immemorial, the Lady-Lieutenant enters before his Excellency. I proposed, therefore, with all becoming humility, that I should be permitted to follow him in; but I presently found that my humility was *presumption*, and that we were to

<sup>1</sup> Agneta, daughter of Henry Johnston of Great Berkhamstead, second wife of the Hon. Charles Yorke, Lord High Chancellor, who died January 1770, when about to be created Baron Morden.

enter in Coronation order. During a whole week the important subject of my dress was discussed. My chamberlain, who is fully impressed with the importance of his office, and wrapt in the shadow of my shoe-tie, was half-laughing, half-serious, in the greatest anxiety that I should make as good an appearance as the other actresses who had gone before me. (What a pity that I could not add a cubit to my stature!) At last it was settled by Sir Charles Vernon, Knight, Chamberlain, and Prime Minister of the Lady-Lieutenant, that a blue poplin of a beautiful colour, with blue feathers and diamonds, would be very much the thing. Behold then the poplin bought, cut, made, tried on at the dread hour of night in preparation for the next day: behold also that it *would not do!* It was flat, it was dead, it was blue, it was not white satin—would that it had been!

“Great occasions call for great exertions. ‘Say the word,’ cried Sutton, ‘and you shall have a white satin by four o’clock to-morrow;’ and accordingly by four o’clock there lay on my bed at full length the whitest white satin that ever was seen. We set out so as to reach the playhouse at seven exactly. The house was as full as it would hold. The patentee, Mr. Jones, and the acting manager, Mr. Holman, in dress coats, were ready to receive us, with candles in their hands, and to light us up the private way. In the anteroom were the pages, the aides-de-camp, the two chamberlains, the gold-stick, the comptroller of household, gentlemen at large, and battle-axes. I must here stop to take breath. I was frightened out of my wits, and more frightened to appear so. What would become of me if I should

cry? It would suit my daughter very well, but would not be at all in character for me. That was a fortunate thought, so I voted it out of the question. The moment the box-door opened a loud applause began. Sir Charles handed me to the arm-chair next the stage, and then I made a most profound obeisance to the audience, and a second on a second applause. Then entered all his Excellency's household, himself the last, and, with a coolness most provoking to one who had stood shaking, he made his semicircular bow to the audience, 'God save the King' playing all the time. The moment we sat down—for all the house were also standing—the play began. None of our poor attendants sit in the box, but when we are established we shall give them a seat or two behind, that they may sit by turns. The girls and Mrs. Lindsay were in the next box to us. When the whole was over, we departed with curtseys and bows, after the fashion of royalty. The box was beautifully decorated, and had a crimson velvet canopy with the crown at the top. The pages were in the box above."

"*Dublin*, 1801.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer carried us lately to see the Dowager Lady Aldborough's house. It is newly finished. 'Otium cum dignitate' is the motto displayed on the front, and when you enter the *porte-cochère*, another motto tells you to look around and you will find nothing but beauties. The staircase is richly adorned with paintings. Let one be in your idea a model for the rest. Imagine a large panel occupied by the 'Triumph of Amphitrite,' personated by Lady Aldborough in a riding-habit, with Minerva's

helmet, sitting on the knee of Lord Aldborough in a complete suit of regimentals, Neptune having politely resigned his seat in the car to his Lordship, and contenting himself with the office of coachman to the six well-fed tritons. The whole corps of sea-nymphs attend the car in the dress of—nereids! But each, instead of a vocal shell, bears in her hand a medallion with the picture (the head and shoulders as large as life) of an admiral—wigs, baldheads, crops, &c. Think of a whole mansion decorated in this way! But the unhappy Amphitrite, now in weeds for her lord, has promised at the end of the wretched period of her woe to mount again the triumphal car of Hymen, seated on the knee of the late Lord Mayor of Dublin.

“Yesterday, Lady Margaret, Anne, and I went to the very pretty cascade at the salmon-leap, where we ate boiled potatoes, drank glasses of milk, and devoured newly-caught trout broiled by the good woman of the cottage.”

“*Dublin*, 1802.—You are kind enough to invite Anne’s correspondence, very much to her honour, pleasure, and profit; but I will not give it up to her hands to ask when you will grace us with your presence. You will look most dignified and noble as Vice-Queen-Dowager, and I think that, besides your affection for us, you will be amused with the scene and the novelty of the pantomime. Behind the curtain remains the same, and the green-room is warm, snug, and comfortable. Your coming will make us both equally happy.

“You will be surprised to learn the news of Mr. Abbot’s change.<sup>1</sup> It is a great exaltation, and I selfishly regret that he leaves us: no one could act more agreeably together than Lord Hardwicke and he. It is a female reason, but—he is too little for that great wig. I thoroughly believe that no wig ever covered greater abilities, but ‘good wine needs no bush.’ I would have him be great and wise in some station without a wig, for I cannot think of him but with a smile. A great-uncle of mine was President of the Court of Session, the first law-office in Scotland, and, at the age of eighty, he opened his mind to a friend on the prevailing foible of his life, that had been the bane of his happiness. ‘But thank God,’ said he, ‘I have got over it, and as a proof of this, I can venture to tell you my unceasing, unavailing regret at being *a little man!*’ I hope this coincidence will not distress Abbot as much as it did the President, who took a most laudable care of the stature of posterity by marrying in succession four wives of six feet high—for the effects of which *vide*—the Clan Dalrymple.”

The summer of 1803 was rendered memorable in Ireland by the riots consequent on the conspiracy of Emmett and Quigley, during which Viscount Kilwarden, Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland, and his nephew, were dragged from their coach and brutally murdered in the streets of Dublin.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Abbot (afterwards the first Lord Colchester), Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1802.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE HON. MRS. YORKE.

"*Dublin Castle, July 20* [?], 1803.—I think a few lines from your dear Irish friends will be very acceptable in these moments of alarm. We left the Park this morning to take the more secure station of the Castle. There was an apprehension last night that an attempt would be made from the county of Kildare to seize the Lord-Lieutenant. A good strong reinforcement set us at ease, in some degree, for the night, but it was thought better to adjourn to-day. The yeomanry have shown the greatest zeal and activity. The plans have certainly broke out prematurely. We are all in good spirits, so do not be too much worried about us. The attempt on the Phœnix Lodge did not take place, probably from seeing that the design was discovered. We hope that this matter is far from general. You will not expect a long letter, but I was determined to tell you myself that we were all safe and well."

"*Dublin Castle, July 24* [?], 1803.—I write a hurried line to say that Emmett<sup>1</sup> is *just* taken. It is thought most important, as he was supposed to be the master-mover in this business. He is younger brother to the Emmett who was banished with O'Connor, and who is not supposed to have been in Ireland, though at first it was said he had been here. The account of his being brought in was given to Lord Hardwicke just as we ladies rose from dinner. Amongst the company was

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Emmett, aged twenty-four, son of the state physician at Dublin, who had plotted, as did his brother at an earlier date, an Irish republic and separation from Great Britain.

Lord Lecale, formerly Lord Charles Fitz Gerald, brother to Lord Edward. I could not help feeling that the conversation must be most painful to him, but he seemed to be more of a loyal subject than a tender brother, and he rejoiced most heartily at the event, although the names of Emmett and Major Sirr were enough to recall bitter recollections.

“The Commission for trying the rebels was opened to-day; but, according to form in such cases, is put off by them for six days. Only sixteen are at present indicted, but many more, I suppose, will be tried. Some of the most consequential, I see, are not in the first list. I do not know why, but probably for further information. . . . I would not delay giving you and your friends this important news: it must be of consequence from the evident satisfaction it has given to *all* the great folks. I congratulate you and us, the King and the country, on the Secretary of State.”

“*Dublin, Oct. 7, 1803.*—I have been too long silent to you, and proceed to repair my omission by telling you of a great fête given this morning by a most extraordinary man, a certain Mr. Luke White, whose name you have probably seen lately in the newspapers, justly famous for his waiting on Mr. Wickham a fortnight ago and requesting that he would inform the Lord-Lieutenant that, if it would be any accommodation to Government, he had five hundred thousand pounds at their service, one half to be paid down, the other in two months, at five per cent. And this was done without any bargain or job whatever, and with even the appearance of obligation for the manner in

which his proposal was received. You will naturally ask, 'Who is this man of five hundred thousand?' He was the servant of an auctioneer of books (some say he first cried newspapers about the streets). As he rose in his finances, he sold a few pamphlets on his own account from his apron, while still in service. His talent for figures soon made him his master's clerk, and he afterwards was taken into a lottery-office, where his calculations soon procured him a partnership. Good luck attended him in every speculation, and he knew how to profit by it, but *with the fairest fame*. He continued his trade in books on the great scale, and was equally successful in all the train of money transactions so inconceivable to the ignorant (meaning myself). His next view was landed property to a great amount. Lord Carhampton becoming disgusted with Ireland after the Rebellion, determined to sell his estate at Lutterel's Town, five miles from Dublin, which place Mr. Luke White bought, to the great offence of all the aristocrats in Ireland: it had been six hundred years in Lord Carhampton's family.

"As it was wished by Lord Hardwicke that some attention should be paid this extraordinary man, I suggested, as I had not seen the place, that we should propose to come and see it: both Mr. White and his wife being too modest to invite us, without our previously intimating that we wished it. A breakfast was therefore settled for this day, and no doubt the loan, the lottery, or the stocks never gave Mr. White half the trouble and perplexity of this party. 'Mrs. White knows none of the fine folks: what must she do?' said he to Sir Edward L. 'Let all her cards be sent—



“To meet their Excellencies,” said he with authority. ‘And what shall we do if it rains?’ said he, feeling that half-a-million would not secure a fine day. But good luck did, and the day was excellent, and we all proceeded in grand cavalcade to Woodlands, the name of the place being changed, some say at the desire of Lord Carhampton.

“Mr. White is a very well-looking man of fifty, and has a very fine countenance, sensible and penetrating, and his yeomanry uniform gave him perhaps more of a noble air than he might have had in a brown coat. Mrs. White is a very well-behaved little woman, without fuss or bustle. His manners I thought particularly good. There were about sixty people, with a magnificent breakfast, and the party afterwards walked or drove about the grounds, which are most extremely beautiful. We then returned to the house, and found ices, &c., and after a little very good music we departed, much pleased with our day on our own account, and far more for our hosts, for it would have been very uncomfortable had there been any mishap or awkwardness that could have raised a smile on the saucy faces of Dublin. For great wealth does not get a man forward here as in London: the society is small and the individuals proud. But it was not Mr. White’s wealth, but the *application* of his wealth that carried their Excellencies, the Chief Secretary, and all other secretaries, and the male and female Chancellor to Woodlands. Mr. White has thirteen children to inherit his fortune.

“In going through the town, I saw the spot where the wretched Redmond had the day before been executed before his own door. I was relieved by

seeing that 'the fatal tree' was removed. I have felt more sorrow for this poor young man than for any other: he was young, independent, and violent, with just enough of education to render him honoured and fascinated by the talents and dangerous enthusiasm of Emmett. His agony and despair when in prison led them to suppose he would have been glad to buy his life by useful discoveries. At first he rejected the idea, but hearing at last that Emmett was taken, he offered to tell all he knew provided he was permitted first to *see* Emmett. This was rejected, and I am now convinced that he meant either to assure him that he would disclose *nothing*, or else play the part of Pierre and Jaffier and to cheat the Senate. His attempt on his own life I think proved this. During his doubtful recovery it was hoped that, his friend being no more, he would then disclose enough to give the Government the pretext to save him, for they really pitied his sufferings: but, alas! such was his perverted sense of honour, that he conceived himself the martyr of liberty, and, while he seemed to feel the horror of death with even more than usual acuteness, nothing could prevail on him to disclose anything whatever. The melancholy part of this is that such heroism should be so universally misplaced. . . . I own I have always a desire to know how men act and feel at such awful moments. Pope's lines in the 'Universal Prayer' are more striking from their sincerity than their poetry:—

'If I am *right*, thy grace impart, still in the right to stay:  
If I am *wrong*, oh! teach my heart to find the better way.'

Had these poor men but ever felt a doubt, conviction

of a different sort would have followed. I am glad, however, that nothing of religion mixed with the plot; for Emmett, the master-mover of the business, was a Protestant of the Church of England; Russell is a Presbyterian, and Redmond was a Catholic. Mackintosh had left the Kirk for the Mass, and I much suspect had fled from Scotland for treasonable practices, but this I do not know.

“I understand that part of Mr. White’s former history was keeping a stall for books on Essex Bridge, near the Castle.”

Lord and Lady Hardwicke had the sorrow of losing their second and third sons in childhood. Before he was twenty, their idolised eldest son, Philip, Lord Royston, left home, on what was then the grand tour, in which he spent four years.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
MISS BERRY.

“1807.—We have long letters—tremendous letters—from Royston. I shall continue very anxious till I hear again, though he had got out of the countries desolated by the plague, and was entering the Crimea. Would to heaven that he were again in any of the neighbouring towns. Moscow or Vienna I should think quite at home, but Baku and Mosdoc are not to be endured. He was very ill at Tiflis, and lost a valuable person, a sort of secretary (it was not so grand a name). All the party, two gentlemen and

four servants, were taken ill of the horrid fever. Royston recovered his strength by travelling over Mount Caucasus."

On the 5th of May 1808, when Lord Royston would have been just approaching his twenty-fourth birthday, and when his parents were most joyfully anticipating his return, they heard that, on the 7th of the preceding April, he had been lost at sea by the wreck of the Lübeck ship *Agathe*, on entering the port of Memel.

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE *to* (his stepmother)  
THE HON. (AGNETA) MRS. YORKE.

"*St. James's Square, May 25, 1808.*—I was so much affected by the great kindness of your letter, as well as by the subject of it, that I have been unable to acknowledge it as I ought. Nothing can exceed the grief and affliction which Lady Hardwicke and myself have felt; and I must indeed say that all the kind relations I have seen have sincerely felt for us under this heavy calamity.

"It is perfectly true that no consolation can be offered upon such an occasion by the kindest and best friends, and none is to be found but in religion and in an entire resignation to the will of God. In the enjoyment of domestic and worldly, but innocent happiness, the mind is less apt to turn to such a topic; but if it did not take this direction on the infliction of those severe strokes to which we are exposed, no person, I am persuaded, would be able to bear up against

them, or be equal to the duties which remain to be performed: . . . Lady Hardwicke has endeavoured to sustain herself as well as she can, and she will, I am sure, make exertion to return to her former habits. Her daughters are unremitting in their attention to her, either Catherine or Elizabeth having been almost constantly with her.

“Your kindness and affection to us upon this occasion, which is no more than I expected from the experience I have had of them from a very early period of my life, have affected me deeply. I can truly say I shall never forget it so long as I exist. Lady Hardwicke is equally sensible of the kind and affectionate manner in which you have felt for us. I remain, my dearest madam, with gratitude and affection, your obliged son,

HARDWICKE.”

“*June 24, 1808.*—I have had a painful interview this morning with Mr. Halliday, one of the few survivors of the fatal shipwreck, and of course one of the last persons who saw my dear son. They travelled together from Petersburg to Liebau, and he tells me they were detained three times on the road in consequence of poor Royston having an attack of the ague. He was lost in one of the boats soon after the ship struck; and, except the persons whose names have appeared, nothing whatever has been saved, so that even of that small consolation I must now despair. . . . These melancholy repetitions of this dreadful misfortune affect me at the time and renew my sorrow, but cannot add to my grief. Time may in some degree alleviate it, but I cannot expect ever to recover my

former state of mind; for it is a misfortune of which almost everything I see reminds me, and which meets me at every point."

MRS. CHARLES YORKE to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"Mrs. Pollen, whose husband was lost in the *Agathe*, remained a month at Memel, during which time, by the assistance of the magistracy, she employed three hundred men, who by turns watched the coast for more than a hundred miles in the hope of recovering the remains of those who were so dear to her. She had prepared leaden coffins for the purpose of bringing them over, and did not quit Memel till she had obtained a signature on oath from some of the magistrates that there never had been instances of a body being washed on shore after the lapse of so long a period. She had meant to have performed the same duties to Royston as to her husband, and thought very naturally that it might have been a consolation to our poor Lord Hardwicke that the precious remains of his son should rest in the tomb of his ancestors. But her benevolent intentions have not been fulfilled, and it has pleased Heaven that even the last sad trace of one so dear should be withheld from us.

"Mrs. Pollen says that there appeared to be quite a fatality respecting the whole of the melancholy loss. They were actually going on board the *Dorothea*, but finding the seamen—English seamen, alas!—drunk in the different houses, and the captain behaving very insolently to them, they determined at once upon

taking another vessel. She herself anxiously wished they should travel by land, and felt a reluctance to going on board *this* vessel, which she was almost ashamed to acknowledge, never having had the least fear of the sea, and having heard Colonel Pollen and Lord Royston speak with dislike of travelling again in their *kibitkas*. She thinks now that if she had pressed them on the subject they would have yielded to her wishes, and naturally, though vainly, regrets that she did not do so. The captain, they soon found, knew little or nothing of the seas he was navigating, and would have borne up for a Russian port, but one of the passengers not having a passport, our poor dear Royston opposed this, knowing he would be thrown into prison. Then a Mr. Smith, who had been mate of a ship, and who had formerly steered one into Memel, obtained from the captain the guidance of this, and promised to bring them safe into port.

“All went favourably. There was no storm and the wind was fair, and they were actually in sight of their destined haven. As the ship, however, required a good deal of management, and the passengers were all crowding upon deck, Mr. Smith told Lord Royston and Colonel Pollen that if they would go below the rest would follow, and he should then have more room to steer the ship. This request was eventually their destruction. Just as Mr. Smith was preparing to steer the ship through a narrow channel between the sandbanks, the wretched captain took fright, and, with the assistance of two of his seamen, violently, in spite of his struggles, forced the helm from Mr. Smith, and putting it about, drove the ship

upon the sandbank. Had our poor Royston and Colonel Pollen but remained upon the deck, their strength united with Mr. Smith's would have enabled him to have maintained his station, and we ought now to have been rejoicing, instead of mourning over our lost treasure. At the moment the ship struck, he was sitting with Colonel and Mrs. Pollen on the floor of the cabin, and they were settling their future plans, and determining where they would take lodgings when they got to Memel. As soon as they perceived the shock, they both ran upon deck, and whatever could be done was done by them. Mrs. Pollen attempted to go up soon afterwards, but was met by our poor Royston, who looked much agitated, and told her it would not do for her to be on deck, and gave her his arm to assist her into the cabin. She saw him no more, and it may be a consolation to us all to know that his sufferings were not protracted.

“God bless you, my dearest sister, and forgive me if I have distressed you unnecessarily in sending you all these particulars. I have often felt doubtful whether I ought or ought not. If I have done wrong, once more forgive me.”

Henceforward the most precious object at Wimpole, to which Lord and Lady Hardwicke had returned as a residence in 1806, was the exquisite portrait of “Philip Yorke with a dog,” which had been painted in his infancy by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The sorrowing parents could scarcely bear to look at it, yet



still less could bear to be long away from it, and one of the first motives which led their grand-daughter Louisa, afterwards Lady Waterford, to long to be able to paint herself, was that she might execute as good a copy as possible for her mother from the portrait of the brother to whom she had been devoted. Great as their sorrow had been, however, many happy memories were in time again connected for the whole family with Wimpole, to which they were greatly attached.

LADY ANNE BARNARD to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

*Berkeley Square, March 25, 1813.*—I promised your gardener, my dearest, before I left Wimpole, that I would mention to you that in the course of a week or so the four walnut trees should be transplanted into the situation that Lord Hardwicke and you are so good as to settle for them to spend their days in. They are of an age and growth that now require to have their spot fixed. On this occasion I wish to say a word on a long past and painful subject, and then to let it rest, and look with pleasure to the growth of the trees. As I planted and named them under peculiar circumstances, it will not appear extraordinary if some mark of respect should be conveyed by me to their situation. I wish for no building or monument, but I have in my will endowed them with a hundred pounds, the interest to be received annually by the gardener who takes care of them.

“The last day that my husband was with me, I gave him in cheerfulness six walnuts, which had grown at our little place at Wimbledon. I bid him kiss them, and said that I would plant them to await his return where I was sure they would be taken care of—he easily guessed where. He kissed each separately and said, ‘God bless them.’ The rest you know. You *have* taken care of them: I am grateful. Four fair trees remain: let them be named ‘Barnard’s Blessings’ when it is necessary to distinguish them, and long may they bless the name of Yorke through all its lines.—Ever most affectionately yours, dearest,

ANNE BARNARD.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
THE HON. (AGNETA) MRS. YORKE.

“*April* 24, 1814.—I never was so much pleased with an invitation in my life as with that to Carlton House on Thursday. I had never seen the Duchesse d’Angoulême nor the King, having been ill each time I was invited; and to these were added the novelty of the Grand-Duchess, and still more, the wonderful, unheard-of, unlooked-for occasion of their all meeting together at such a moment. A very superb dress having been ordered by me for the old story of the Regency, and not having been worn because of my indisposition, I was, with very slight alteration, rigged out full sail at once. As the Caledons were asked, as well as the girls, we mustered strong, and set out before nine, as commanded. A platform covered with red cloth was prepared, that poor Louis might walk upstairs on a flat surface. The company continued to

assemble for above an hour before the royal party appeared. They passed through the suite of rooms, speaking to the right and the left as they went. The Regent led the Queen, the Duke of York the poor lame Majesty of France, the Princess Elizabeth came next with Her Imperial Highness, and the Princess Mary with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, whose mild, placid, yet melancholy countenance rendered the scene doubly interesting, as it almost painfully connected the memory of past sufferings with the happiness and splendour of the present hours. They passed on to the farthest apartment, and when the Queen had assumed her chair of state on one side, and the King on the other, but not opposite, the company were told that they would be presented to the King.

“His Majesty was attended by the two Princesses, who never appeared to more advantage, as they looked like affectionate daughters, and so did their work clearly and briefly. It was at the moment of Sir Joseph's<sup>1</sup> presentation that the King regretted not seeing his brother, Mr. Yorke,<sup>2</sup> ‘whose speeches he had always read with pleasure, and whom he wished to have known in a more *tangible* shape’—a compliment well applied, and which gave great satisfaction, and will probably some day or other lead Mr. Yorke *tangibly* to Paris. During a short pause in the presentations the Grand-Duchess rose from her chair by the Queen, and begged to introduce her countrymen to his Majesty. She did it gracefully, but a more

<sup>1</sup> Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke, second son of Agneta, Mrs. Yorke, and half-brother of the third Earl of Hardwicke.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. Charles Philip Yorke, First Lord of the Admiralty.

hideous lady of honour than hers never attended royal personage: there are two, both bad, but one passes the permission of ugliness. Several Russians of distinction were presented by the Grand-Duchess, and also Marie Sublicoff (daughter of Mr. Angerstein), who is a Russian by marriage. The Duchess of Oldenburg is very fair and of a good figure, but her face is wide, and her eyes are very far apart. She is extremely white (not pale), and at first plain, but with a countenance that entices you to look again and judge better, and I have no doubt she grows handsome by the third reading. I wish I could transport you to the splendid scene; there was something *chivalrous* in it which made it unlike anything I ever saw or felt before, and which you will understand, though none of us are naturally courtiers. A King of France, attended by British Princesses, receiving homage in a London palace, where he was neither a conqueror nor a captive, is, to my imagination, as fine a moment for Britannia as I can conceive; and the Regent and his handsome young daughter contributed to the completion of the whole affair. The Princess is lovely for the moment, though almost too fat; yet she is a personification of youth, for it is not every one who is young that is youthful. The arrival of all the great men, who we are told are coming, is little after the reunion that I have been describing. The occasion can never return again; it has taken centuries to prepare it; but, as little events may even yet be interesting, the royal marriages will have their share. I hope there is truth in the report that the King of Prussia is likely to carry away the Princess Mary:

they are both amiable people, and would be much the better for each other.

“ I must not omit to mention that all the morning of Friday was occupied in dressing and arriving at Crillon’s Hotel to make my curtsy to the King, to whom good health and a quiet life.”

“ *St. James’s Square*, . . . 1814.— . . . Your grandchild, Caroline, is going hereafter to bestow herself—hand and heart—on Mr. Cocks, *alias* John Somers. I know you would not have his grandfather, and that your Caroline would not have his father, therefore *my* Caroline takes on herself to compensate (as far as she can), in the third generation, the wrongs you have done the first and second. We have so long and so intimately known Mr. Cocks, when no such views occurred, that, liking him as we do, we have neither fear nor doubt of the connection turning out happily, and therefore, dearest coy-grandmamma, give to the grandson the consent you refused to the ancestor.

“ Sometime will elapse before affairs admit of this event taking place ; so much the better for me ! An estate is to be sold which is Mr. Cocks’ own property, and came to him by Dr. Nash. Meantime, we shall all go abroad, though not together, but we meet at various headquarters. He will probably extend his tour rather farther than we shall, but all this will occupy our time very agreeably, and bring us by degrees nearer the period of parting, which is always a bad business for parents. I hope for a good six months’ respite at least.

“ The Caledons and their dear boy are arrived in perfect health.”

LADY ELIZABETH YORKE to  
THE HON. (AGNETA) MRS. YORKE.

"*Paris, Oct. 28, 1814.*—All goes on quietly here now, dearest grandmamma, and one neither sees nor hears anything to bring to one's mind the jeopardy this town was in six months ago. I hope the Bourbons are really firmly seated, though many sulky people, I don't doubt, internally regret Bonaparte, who made their own consequence, and many jealousies and divisions must be expected between the old and new nobility, and those emigrants who have recovered some of their possessions, and those who have not. We have been very frequently at evening parties, but scarcely in any so totally French as to judge of their society. When English people meet, they will walk, and talk, and laugh, and do as they please; but whatever spirit of liveliness may formerly have belonged to Paris manners, I am surprised to find that they are now all stiffness. . . . The Duchess of Wellington has arrived to take her station here. Her appearance, unfortunately, does not correspond with one's notion of an ambassadress or the wife of a hero, but she succeeds uncommonly well in her part, and takes all proper pains to make herself and her parties agreeable. Last night we had a pleasant ball there, given on the model of all I have seen here—fiddles and lemonade, but no regular supper, which is better than our London custom, where the expense prevents people enlivening their assemblies with dancing, because of the requisite food and wine it entails on them. As I neither waltz nor dance in quadrilles, I have the more time to look on and stare at the lions. Soult was new to me. He and several

other marshals who were there cannot but owe Lord Wellington many a grudge, and their countenances are not of the most placid cast. Berthier (Prince of Wagram), who was Bonaparte's right hand, holds a principal office about the King. Papa and mamma met him at a large collection of the same nature at a dinner they were invited to at the Tuileries, given upon the arrival of the Duchess of Wellington. There was a great rummaging of precedents as to how it was to be conducted, and I don't think it was particularly well judged to go by the oldest rules of etiquette, and determine that the company should come and go away without any one of the royal family blessing the sight. They think it answers best to make all approach as difficult as possible.

"The weather is now so cold that we shall make the best of our way by Calais to London, and shall wish to spend some days there with Lady Anne and Lady Margaret,<sup>1</sup> who has been a sad invalid."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
THE HON. (AGNETA) MRS. YORKE.

"*Tunbridge Wells*, . . . 1815.—Lord Grantham<sup>2</sup> returned suddenly on Saturday from Paris, having only left it on Wednesday night. You know that he had the good luck to go with Sir Lowry Cole, and, by means of a military greatcoat and fierce cocked hat, he voted himself, with perfect success, to be the General's aide-

<sup>1</sup> Her maternal aunts, Lady Anne Barnard and Lady Margaret Burgess. Lady Margaret died in this year.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas, Lord Grantham, who had married, in 1780, Lady Jemima Yorke, Lord Hardwicke's first cousin.

de-camp. In this capacity, having rode over the field of Waterloo, he proceeded (on duty) with the General to France, visited the Duke of Wellington at Neuilly (a most attractive villa of the Princess Borghese, sister of Napoleon), and admired the beautiful flower-garden, now in ruins, where soldiers were sleeping on the beds of flowers, and horses picqueted to marble pedestals, the Venus de Medicis herself being hung round with newly-scoured pantaloons. He said it was sad and laughable too. Their party was also quartered in some fine villa, where he said the looking-glasses and windows had suffered, but the Prussians did not do so much mischief thereabouts as was reported. At Malmaison no harm was done, except that some small clocks and china ornaments had disappeared from the chimney and tables. But that might not be entirely Prussian pillage, for Lord Grantham stole four volumes neatly bound in Russia leather, a translation of "Paul Jones," for my lady, while the General made lawful plunder of a "Don Quixote" for his bride.

"General Cole, with his real and his false aide-de-camp, entered Paris at the same time with the Duke, who did not appear in very triumphal military pomp. The two walked about afterwards, and amused themselves with going into shops to buy trinkets, as a curious memorial of the day they entered Paris, in which the greatest of the minor wonders was that they *paid* for them. A little mob had assembled round the door of the shop to see these three tall well-looking English officers, and the people in general did not seem sulky, except two or three, who appeared to have been in the army, and would have been glad



to have picked a quarrel; but Lord Grantham's English blood kept down Sir Lowry's Irish blood, which was mounting quickly to his cheeks, and all passed over quietly. In the course of the few days Lord Grantham remained, he often saw the English soldiers strolling about in small parties, and often singly, buying fruit and bargaining for it with the useful words *bone, not bone*, which settled the point very amicably.

"The Duke of Wellington gave a dinner to all the generals of the allied army, and there also Lord Grantham had the good luck to be invited, and was there in his own character and his brown coat among 150 generals in military garb. He was entirely among the men of war, which prevented his being able to accept an invitation to dine with our Ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where Lord Wellington was last year—a most beautiful house, superbly furnished by Pauline, and sold by her to the Embassy after Bonaparte's first abdication. . . . Lord Grantham says that, in comparison with the Prussians, the English are almost loved in Paris, and that the common people say the English soldiers are as well-behaved as young ladies (*doux comme des demoiselles*)."

LADY ELIZABETH YORKE to  
THE HON. (AGNETA) MRS. YORKE.

"*St. James's Square, March 11, 1815.*—I meant to have told you something more detailed about our little bride,<sup>1</sup> dearest grandmamma, but this week of mobs and rumours of mobs has been unpleasantly occupying our

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Yorke, married (February 4, 1815) to John Somers Cocks, afterwards second Earl Somers.

thoughts, though we have no more serious charge than the loss of two panes of glass to bring against them. . . . We may be just as bold about the escape of Bonaparte. This invasion of his gives a fair pretence for a masked ball if he keeps at a distance, or a rope if he is caught; and though a few desperate men may join him, he has now no chance of keeping his ground.

“Our honeymoon pair continue at Tyttenhanger, and remain in their solitude till they pay an Easter visit at Reygate. No one was ever more satisfied than Caroline in her fate, which everything promises to make a happy one, for I have the best opinion of her husband’s heart and disposition. Anne<sup>1</sup> has left us, impatient to unite her little flock again, but we have Catherine<sup>2</sup> and her dear little fellow with us in the house, a most comfortable thing at all times, but particularly useful after the loss of Caroline.”

On the 6th of February 1816, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, third daughter of Lord and Lady Hardwicke, married Sir Charles Stuart, recently appointed British Ambassador at Paris. Singularly undistinguished in appearance, he had great charm of manner and much sound wisdom and shrewdness, though of a kind rather fitted to cope with the important events than with the details of life. Sir Charles Stuart belonged

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Yorke, married (August 29, 1807) to John, Lord Pollington, afterwards third Earl of Mexborough.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Catherine Yorke, married (October 16, 1811) to Du Pré, second Earl of Caledon.

to a family whose members had been long celebrated for their cleverness and wit. His grandfather, the third Earl of Bute, Minister from 1737 to 1763, had married Mary, only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; one of his aunts was the charming Anne, Duchess of Northumberland, and another was Lady Louisa Stuart, who retained to her ninety-fourth year the charm of conversational vivacity for which she had been remarkable in her youth. His father, General Sir Charles Stuart, an officer of distinction, governor of the island of Minorca, had married Louisa, daughter and co-heiress (with her sister Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire) of Lord Vere Bertie (third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster), to whom a delightful residence in Richmond Park was continued after his death in 1801. Charles Stuart, who had been educated for the diplomatic service, was appointed, in the same year, Secretary to the Embassy at Vienna. His old tutor, Mr. Young, wrote to him:—

“*North Berwick, May 30, 1801.*—I cannot delay expressing the delight I have received from the news of your diplomatic appointment. It is so respectable a *début* in your favourite line, and to a place which, I suppose, of all places in the world, you would wish; not to mention that it is one where, of all others, from

your habits, your knowledge of the language, and your *connoissances*, you are likely to find yourself the most at your ease. Go then, my young friend, go, under happy auspices, and with the news of your success and the brilliancy of your acts, when you are called to act, make those who love you happy.

“I am not conceited enough to obtrude upon you any counsel purely diplomatic, yet there are some things I am tempted to press upon your attention. One is to increase as much as you can your stock of languages, and to labour hard to make yourself as perfect in their idioms, and in the facility of using them, as possible. You are now going to Vienna. God only knows where you go next, or how soon, or in what rank. Qualify yourself for all places, and get ready as soon as possible. I wish you to stand on high ground, and to be employed, not as a man for whom a place is found, but a man who is found for the place. With the determined and invincible propensities you have uniformly evinced to your profession, and the power of application you have shown, I count on your making no common figure in it, now that you are fairly launched.

“Do congratulate your mother, on my part, most affectionately, but most respectfully, on the solacement, such as it is, of retaining the Lodge.<sup>1</sup> I consider the continuance of this residence as a little natural memento of your father’s character. Good God! had he been alive at this moment, how precious he would have been!”

<sup>1</sup> The Lodge in Richmond Park, where Lady Stuart continued to reside till her death.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.<sup>1</sup>

“Feb. 8, 1816.—I am not well enough to write more that to express my hopes and wishes for the mutual happiness of our children, and I trust that you, my dear Lady Stuart, will be more confirmed in the good and kind feelings you have expressed towards my daughter. I, in truth, am *dismal*, and not well enough to make a good resistance to the attacks of a host of selfish regrets which, though they must not influence our actions, yet weigh for a time on the spirits.”

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to (her mother-in-law)  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

“Feb. 8, 1816.—I feel my first letter to be due to you, my dearest Madam, and I will not lose an opportunity of writing you a few lines to claim from you all the affection and indulgence our near connection makes me desirous to possess, and which I already feel I may rely upon, from the kind expressions you have ever used towards me, and if I know myself, you will not find me unworthy of them. . . . Mama is far from well, but I hope that she will have got her strength again before I am under the necessity of exchanging the quiet life I can now lead for the amusements and etiquettes of an introduction to the Paris world. What a comfort it is to me to feel that I may hope for some months to enjoy mama’s society *there!* At all times leaving such a home as mine, must be accompanied by a severe pang. But the day of separation is

<sup>1</sup> Mother of Sir Charles Stuart.

distant, and I do not dwell upon it, for I have too firm a reliance upon him to whom my future life is devoted to feel more anxiety in entering upon it than every change must produce on a mind that can think seriously upon the importance of such a step. Farewell, my dearest Madam. Henceforward count upon me as your most affectionate daughter, Elizabeth Stuart."

The old Hôtel Charost, in the Faubourg S. Honoré, had become celebrated under the First Empire as the residence of Pauline Borghese, the favourite sister of Napoleon I. After the fall of the Bonapartes, it was purchased for the British Embassy, and the arms of Great Britain have ever since surmounted the gateway which leads into its courtyard, though now, as then, much of the old furniture of the Empire remains in the Hôtel. There are many persons who still recollect the time when Lady Elizabeth Stuart ruled as its mistress. Of homely appearance, but with manners of the most captivating courtesy, with an unequalled conversational charm, and speaking French like a native, Lady Elizabeth (afterwards Lady Stuart de Rothesay) was perhaps the most popular ambassadress ever sent to Paris. Miss Berry, writing in March 1816, says—"I saw Elizabeth *chez moi*, for a few minutes on her return from court, in all her

*beaux atours*, and remarkably well she looked. Her success here, among the French, is, I assure you, very great, and she has already more French acquaintance than, I dare be sworn, any ambadress has had since the days of Lady Stormont, or any other one *du bon vieux temps*."

Devoted as Lady Hardwicke was to all her daughters, Elizabeth, whom she had retained with her the longest, engrossed the largest share of her affection. Lady Elizabeth Stuart had not long taken up her residence at Paris before her mother—much sooner than most of the family thought prudent—had joined her.

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

"*Paris, Feb. 27, 1816.*—I could tell you a long story, my dear Madam, of the awful ceremony of my presentation yesterday, but as the ceremonial, which was sent me some days before, consists of *four pages*, yet only extended to half my day's work, you may conceive that I can only give a very short abridgment of a very long day. I was dressed in my high plume and long train at one o'clock, and conveyed to the Tuileries, followed by the gentlemen of the party, with the exception of Sir Charles, who was the only part of the company at the dinner given afterwards, but was not allowed to interrupt the four *tête-à-tête* drives with the same dull travelling companion throughout

the day. I found it a very alarming moment to be ushered into Madame's<sup>1</sup> room, where she sat with the whole Court about her, and a row of ladies on tabourets on each side, with one for me in the middle of the avenue. Equally alarming was it to have to answer her abrupt questions at long intervals, waiting the arrival of the King and the Princes, who appeared one after the other. I thought I had been tolerably valiant under the long process of having been stared at and commented upon, but I was told afterwards that my features betrayed a certain degree of apprehension. I had nothing to do with the royal family upon my second appearance there, and I could *eat* before fifty people without alarm, but I own I was rather fatigued at the end of what was anything but a day of rest.

"Mama was at the dinner, but could not accompany me in the morning. As yet I find it tiresome to be in the midst of so many persons who are strangers to me, but that feeling will wear away as I become acquainted with some of them. We stand upon the etiquette of my receiving the first visit, and I shall be at home next Thursday and Saturday for all who come: afterwards I may pick and choose for invited parties. I am not half so cowardly about first parties as Sir Charles, who is not at all sure whether he should prefer having too many or too few to begin with. But it is getting very late, dearest Madam, and I can write no more to-night."

<sup>1</sup> Marie Thérèse Charlotte, "Madame Royale," daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, married to Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Angoulême, afterwards Dauphin de France.



THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

"*Paris*, 1816. — Do not, my dear Lady Stuart, measure our dearest Elizabeth's disposition towards you by the present scantiness of her letters. The increasing and wide-extended detail of visitings and all the business of society occupy time and thought, and prevent her getting into that clear health and light spirit which used to mark the charm of her delightful society. In this respect our Ambassador can give her very little assistance, and his servants still less ; but the desire of filling properly *her* department has carried her through, and gained her a success of which Sir Charles acknowledges the difficulty as well as the importance. Then the desire of passing with him those very scarce, uncertain, and short intervals from company or business that *must* occupy him, make her lead a life of constant uncertainty and waiting, which causes an absolute necessity of sometimes recruiting, by total inaction of any kind. But I trust, when she knows better how to apportion her time, and when the little anxieties attendant on her very recent married life have all settled themselves, you will find her all you can wish.

"The small dinners at the Embassy are very comfortable, and the great dinners very handsome. The Hôtel is certainly a very fine one, and very fit for all purposes of show. The garden is delightful, though, from the extreme bad weather, it is only lately that Elizabeth has made use of it. The Duke [of Wellington] is still here, always going, but never gone. I am happy that we are still under his care, though all seems quiet enough."

“*Paris, March 7, 1816.*—Miss Berry reached us on Sunday. I wish she had arrived the day before, as on Saturday our new Ambassadors had her second day of reception, which was attended by all the French folks of the first class. These parties were without invitation; it was only made known that the Ambassadors received company on that day. I am happy to tell you that all succeeded perfectly well, and that our dear Elizabeth had very great success. You, my dear Lady Stuart, will say with truth and with civility that you did not doubt it, but I know there is always a chance in how matters of this sort may turn out; and as the French ladies did not at first seem over-fond of us, and were, many of them, inclined to see how others did before they stepped forward, it is very satisfactory to know that it is now the fashion to be mightily pleased with ‘Madame l’Ambassadrice,’ whom they pronounce to be ‘parfaitement bien mise, et d’avoir l’air très distingué.’ Very fortunately, too, Elizabeth has no particular fear of French society, though fully aware how desirable it is for her to be well received by it, and to receive it well in return. My long and frequent indispositions have so often placed her in the situation of hostess, that she is not embarrassed by what might otherwise be a trying position. . . . Though I must not say all I think of the members of French society to Sir Charles, yet I will whisper to you across the Channel that I think they look very far from being the bright examples of elegance and ease that we used to hear so much of in former days; and, I believe, in this opinion your sister, Lady Buckinghamshire, will concur.

“Elizabeth has been extremely plagued with severe colds, to which the *old-old*-fashioned custom of evening visits has much contributed—a custom in which the derangement is nearly equal to both parties, the one in making, and the other in receiving a visit in which both concur in wishing each other at the deuce; the full-dressed lady mounting a long and dirty staircase, and finding the undressed lady with her tallow candles or—still more disgraceful, her father or her *husband* sitting by the same fire! I hope Elizabeth’s cold will admit of her going to-night to her sister Ambassadors, the Spanish lady, as it is her first night. The Spanish Embassy is in the Hôtel of the late Maréchal Ney.”<sup>1</sup>

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

“*Paris, June 10, 1816.*—I am sure talking over Paris with Miss Berry has been a very satisfactory occupation to you, and will perhaps make you anticipate your visit to us with still more satisfaction. I am vain enough not to be afraid of nearer acquaintance for myself, and you will not find that I have made Sir Charles less your son than he was in his days of freedom. . . . We have a dinner of near forty on Wednesday to meet the Duke of Wellington, and I shall have a party on Thursday, and, in this wintry weather, I think we may open the gallery and let them dance, without the whole apparatus of a hall.

“I have now achieved at least knowing all the French people who come to my parties, but I am

<sup>1</sup> From which the fine old French furniture was afterwards purchased by Lord Stuart de Rothesay for Highcliffe.

puzzled now and then with the English, if I have not a clue to their names, when I see their faces. Mama has had some good parties in her nice house: I wish Miss Berry was still of them."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE HON. MRS YORKE.

"Paris, June 1—June 20 [!] 1816.—Our stay here has been protracted far beyond our first intention. I linger still in the neighbourhood of my Elizabeth, nor shall I feel as if I had quite lost my property in her till I leave her for the first time *completely*. She is well, and successful both at home and abroad. Her husband is well aware of his own good fortune in having obtained such a treasure, and it is also of considerable importance to the comfort of *both* that she is very much approved of by the society among whom she at present exists. So much for your granddaughter! But it will provoke you if I tell you how they express their praise. They say she has all the manners of a Frenchwoman, and is perfectly well-dressed. I know you, my dear Mrs. Yorke, will exclaim, 'Then she is spoiled both inside and out;' but we must take it as they mean it, and I must not forget that I caught myself in all sincerity telling a French lady that she had quite the appearance of an Englishwoman; she smiled, but took it in good part, as I meant it.

"This letter has remained so long in my bureau, that I scarce know what to do with it. Yet it shall go, though I believe it is almost a month old. A new event must be its passport. The marriage of the

Duchesse de Berry has kept us all busy for a great while. Every one had their own little affairs to attend to—what dress or dresses to provide, and what places—where, and how, and when. No one of these questions receiving a satisfactory answer from anybody to anybody, kept the great capital in a most questioning state for a fortnight at least. The poor little creature<sup>1</sup> was coming all the while. There was a dismal ceremony on her first entering the French territory. She stood surrounded by the attendants and nobles of her father's Court, and was by them delivered over to the French appointed to receive her. She was then undressed by the French ladies in an adjoining room, and clad from head to foot in Gallic attire, so that she was made to understand both figuratively and circumstantially that she has left all her friends and all her habits behind her. She is said to be gay and infantine in her ways, and to have been very pleasing on her long journey. She was reported to be very plain, so that we now think her pretty, and the Duc de Berry was quite pleased with her on their first meeting at Fontainebleau. It had rained all the morning, but the weather cleared up suddenly at the moment when the carriages met in the Forest, and the King, Monsieur, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Berry left their carriages and received the poor little soul. This was on Saturday. The next day they made their public entry into Paris. There had been a puzzle on that occasion. The Fête Dieu was on that Sunday, and it had been the King's intention that the entry

<sup>1</sup> The Duchesse de Berry (born November 5, 1798) was not eighteen at the time of her marriage.

should be on the Monday and the marriage on the Tuesday, but it proved that that day was the anniversary of Waterloo!—and, however fortunate for the Bourbons, it had cost individually too dear to France to make it, without indelicacy, a day of rejoicing. The procession of the Host, therefore, made its round some hours earlier than usual. It had been left off for many years, and the people looked at it with more curiosity than piety, exclaiming, ‘Oh, how pretty!’ The rain ceased for that procession and then began again, stopping to allow the sun to reappear at the moment of the royal entry into Paris, and showing, as it were, a weather device of ‘For God and the King.’ The French are superstitious, and they have well remarked that all has been propitious in this marriage. The country has suffered so much, that even you, my dear Mrs. Yorke, Anti-Gallican as you are, would have enjoyed the sight; besides, while the French are engaged in their frivolous delight (tho’ not entirely frivolous), they will be more likely to be contented with the present state of things. They must be either dancing or fighting; we can look on while they dance, but we can never keep quiet if they get to fighting.

“To return to the triumphal entry. We were placed in the centre window of the Louvre, or rather in the central balcony. The Duke of Wellington was the only man in the row of ladies directly over the archway through which they passed, having been placed there by M. de Vaudrier, the governor of the Louvre. The streets were lined by the National Guard, and the windows of the shops and houses all

decorated with white flags (which sound better than they look, for I thought they were sheets hung out to dry). All the carriages of the royal family were drawn by eight horses, and were preceded by troops and cavalry magnificently accoutred.

“I am here interrupted, but I *vow*, like the Sultanness in the ‘Arabian Nights,’ that I will resume my story by the next messenger, and will provide myself with a better pen.”

“*June 24, 1816.*—I resume (like the Sultanness) my account of the busy doings of Paris, as it may perhaps give you a little amusement. I left the Duke of Wellington sitting under the centre arch of the Louvre, wishing for the royal entry, and he waited there long enough. So I must set him free by saying that at last they came, in a very beautiful and magnificent procession—the King and M<sup>me</sup>. d’Angoulême, and the Duke and Duchess sitting backwards in their open carriage. We did not see the face of the poor little bride, but, as she was in full dress, we could remark that she had a handsome-turned throat and well-placed head. She had not on any shawl or even handkerchief to keep her warm, but at the moment the air was very serene, and the acclamations very great, though in some other parts of the town I heard the people were silent. The following day was the marriage, and Notre Dame was ‘furnished’ for the occasion. The English and Spanish Ambassadors were each allowed to take with them on the front row of their gallery a lady of their own nation, so I got the benefit of the procession, and thirty English ladies sat on the seats behind. Our row con-

sisted of the two Ambassadors and the Saxon Minister's wife, the Russian Princess Hutuzoff, the Duchess of S. Carlos—a Spaniard whose husband was *ci-devant* Minister of the Court of Madrid, and the governess of the little bride herself, whom I thought myself very lucky to sit by at such a time. The decorations of the church were perfectly noble, and the superb dresses of the officers of state, and the multitude of attendants, each in their allotted place, made as fine a sight as it was possible to imagine. We heard the distant shouts of the people outside, which, drawing nearer and nearer, announced the arrival of the royal family. A total stillness succeeded as they walked up the church, and very interesting the young, fair, timid creature looked when kneeling on the open space before the altar, and without any support. Very graceful, too, she seemed when, as the foolish little bell rings three times at the elevation of the Host, she bent lower and lower, almost prostrate to the ground, and said real prayers with real piety. She never *can* look so well again in all her life. The Duc de Berry, in a white satin embroidered dress *à la Henri Quatre*, contrived to look very tolerably well, and the solemnity of the place had infused some dignity into his vulgar face, so that he did not spoil the scene.

“I was surprised that the ceremonial of the marriage was so far from handsome. Wise it might be, and pious too, but it was all in Latin, and, besides, was so inarticulately given by the very old Archbishop of Rheims that it had no stage effect at all. When the little soul first entered, she cast a look first on one side



and then on the other, where for a second it rested: it was on the Comtesse la Tour, her governess. And again, when the long tedious ceremony was ended, she looked again, and the poor Comtesse shed unconcealed tears of *attendrissement*. Then was signed the register of the marriage—by our old friend Barthelémy on the part of the Chambre des Deputés, and by Victor, Duc de Bellune, for the Chambre des Pairs. The peers were dressed in purple velvet mantles lined with ermine, and Henri Quatre hats and feathers—I mean those who attended the King in their offices; they were not present as a body.

“The two royal duchesses dined alone together, which must have been some little repose to the bride; but at seven we were all assembled at the Tuileries in the Salle de Diane, to see the royal family play at cards, and afterwards to sup. Mme. d’Angoulême presented the Duchess to a few people who stood near, and *with kindness*: her manner is naturally very austere; but she seemed to feel rather tenderly towards the new-comer, and I hear she has since said, ‘They cannot now reproach me with having no children, since I have presented *my daughter*.’ The two Ambassadors were invited to play at the royal table, but the game was *loto*, and so old-fashioned that no one knew it, and a tottering old courtier was called in to assist. Spirit of Lady Dover! where were ye then? Meanwhile the game ended without any one knowing if it was begun, and the profit and loss were equal. The whole company then adjourned to the Salle de Festin, and there was a supper for the Bourbons, more real than the *loto*. We were all placed in seats of

honour, whence unluckily we saw nothing, and therefore only knew from oral testimony that the King and his family ate their two covers and their dessert with as good appetite as any of their starving subjects could have done; the ladies were more moderate. They all retired, I believe, about eleven, and we understood that the following day was to be one of quiet; but, on the contrary, the Corps Diplomatique and a few of the first Englishmen were presented to the Duchess, and the two Ambassadors had their private audience. The Duke assisted her very kindly in giving her a little word to place here and there.

“The King shook the Duke of Wellington by the hand, and spoke most handsomely to him. The Duchesse d’Angoulême said, ‘You were differently employed this day twelvemonths! It is to your successful talents that we owe all the happiness of yesterday.’ Lord Hardwicke heard this, and it gave much pleasure, as at times it was thought that ‘the debt immense of endless gratitude, still paying, still to owe,’ had become rather irksome. No idea of this sort has appeared at this time.

“On Wednesday the *bal paré* took place, when the Duchesse de Berry danced two quadrilles very ill, having only taken her first lesson in them the same morning. She seemed very happy, with a pleasing timidity that perfectly excused any awkwardness. All the old folks seem glad to have got something young and new amongst them. She is said to be very gay, and will no doubt provide the Court with many little infantine anecdotes, which will do them all a great deal of good. She is described as very plain, and therefore

appears to advantage. She is a *baddish likeness of all my daughters*, with a heaviness in the length of cheek which they have not. She is not above seventeen. She had a picture of the Duc de Berry, which, in her progress here, she used to contemplate with so much satisfaction, that her ladies, with great good sense, agreed that it was much too handsome to be a safe likeness. So, when she asked if it was not very like, one said, 'Oh yes, it is very like, only the Duke is rather broader in his figure.' The next to whom she applied assured her still that the resemblance was excellent, except that the picture gave the idea of a much taller man than *son altesse royale*. The little dame on this began to pout, and said, 'Well, I am quite sure this must be his countenance, and I am perfectly satisfied with that.' She thought him therefore a beauty when she did see him.

"Well, I have not done with her yet, and I am quite weary, and so must you be. I must therefore take her as quick as I can to the Opera of the Tuileries and to her own drawing-room. My back ached when I thought how weary I should have been had I been the poor little Duchesse de Berry, but my pity was thrown away, for she is very strong, though she looks delicate.

"As Anne Lindsay<sup>1</sup> has but a very few days to stay in Paris, I rigged her out the first evening she arrived, and carried her to the Spanish Ambassador's, not without some fear that my blooming niece of six feet high might cause more wonder than admiration. But, to

<sup>1</sup> Anne, only daughter of the Hon. Hugh Lindsay, married Sir Edmund Antrobus, October 16, 1817.

my surprise, she was more admired than I could have conceived, and all were amused with the suddenness of her arrival and the shortness of her stay; so the business now is to show her as much as possible in the time. We depart on Monday for certain, and the present plan is that Elizabeth shall accompany us for a tour of ten days or a fortnight, and Sir Charles will come and fetch her from some possible point, for he must not leave France without leave, and we propose to make a little excursion down the Rhine. It is a week to-day since the Caledons left us: they were anxious to go to the coast for their dear little precious boy.

“You will let my dear Caroline St. Germans<sup>1</sup> have the deciphering of this letter. It will take a whole rainy morning, and then I will beg you to send it to my dear Mrs. James Yorke.”<sup>2</sup>

“*Paris, June 25, 1816.*—I must tell my dear Mrs. Yorke that this part of Elizabeth’s life, which sounds very gay, is in part very laborious. The number of English here is very great, and many of them (by far the greater number) quite unknown to her or to Sir Charles, so that it is always a difficult matter to know how to arrange their invitations. They have a dinner of from about twenty to forty people about once a week, and a large party, sometimes a ball (with a standing supper) about once a fortnight. At these assemblies, as well as often at the dinners, there is a

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, Countess of St. Germans, Mrs. Yorke’s only daughter.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Lord Hardwicke’s fifth brother, James Yorke, Bishop of Ely.

proportion of the natives, and I am always very glad when, from the background, I can point out any of the celebrated characters of the time to our English people—Talleyrand, Marmont, or the Duc de Richelieu, for instance. The house is very magnificent—a handsome suite of rooms and two wings, in one of which is the dining-room, in the other the ball-room. Certainly Napoleon and his august family were good upholsterers, for the Hôtel de l'Ambassade, which was purchased from his sister, Pauline Borghese, is magnificently furnished, as well as many other palaces formerly in possession of any branch of his family. Indeed, he himself used to complain of their expense, saying that they certainly thought they were all born to kingdoms.

“On Monday I gave you the history of the marriage, of the royal loto-table *à la Dover*, and of the banquet. I hoped one quiet day would have followed for the sake of the poor little bride, but on Tuesday morning she received the Corps Diplomatique and the two ambassadresses of England and Spain. The Duke stood by her, and made a little conversation for her, at least so Elizabeth told me, for his audience was private. To the men, I believe, she only curtesied without speaking. The royal family were most excessively gracious and grateful to the Duke of Wellington. The King held his hand all the time he spoke to him, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême said with more feeling than she generally shows, ‘It is *to you* that we owe all the happiness of yesterday.’

“The day was the 18th, the decided anniversary of Waterloo; and though no such reason was given, yet

there was no fête or illumination on that day. The royal family dined at St. Cloud, and, by the bye, as the Duc and Duchesse were passing through the streets in their coach and *eight*, the inexperienced coachman ran foul of a post, and the party had to get out into the street, to the infinite satisfaction of the curious, who wished to see the bride. On Wednesday there was a grand ball—all very magnificent. The ladies who danced *unhooked* their long trains, the underdress being only of the usual form. The Duchess danced a quadrille—very ill indeed—with the Duc d'Angoulême, and another with the Duc de Berry. She succeeded better in the English country-dance, which she had been accustomed to. They all seemed to have the same anxiety about her, such as one may see when the only child of a noble family is at her first ball, and she every now and then stole a look at her own ugly man, as if to say, 'Am I dancing right?'

"*July 1816 . . .*—All the ball the little Duchesse de Berry danced, while all the seniors of the house gave little signs to turn out the toes or hold up the head, accompanied by a nod or a smile. The dresses were like those at all splendid balls, chiefly gold or silver, no great show of jewels except on the royal family; the principal difference from other balls consisting in the rich dresses and highly embroidered uniforms of the men, all ranged behind the King. To us the royal family were uncommonly attentive, permitting us to accompany the Ambassadors, and to enter with her party, which on all these occasions is not only a great distinction, but an extreme convenience. Elizabeth

wore white and silver, I wore layloc and silver, and Catherine pink and silver—all very creditable in our different lines. Next day the Duchess had her drawing-room for ladies. We passed before her, and the Duke said something obliging enough to each of us. She looked bright and young and happy, and almost handsome. The Opera at the Tuileries came next, and was as beautiful and as dull as it is anywhere else.

“The Play on Monday was more likely to suit my taste. I left Elizabeth’s box for a place among the French ladies, where I thought I could see better, and both Catherine and myself were anxious to see Talma, the famous tragedian. Conceive my astonishment at finding the Play full of invective against the English. As no applause is given from etiquette when the King is present, there was little power of expressing disapprobation, else what a row we should have had from the English officers. But a deadly silence was all I could observe. As for myself, I dared not turn my eyes towards the King till the act was over, and then I found on the good man’s face the strongest proofs of vexation, displeasure, and embarrassment. The Play was Voltaire’s ‘Adelaide du Guesclin,’ a very dull piece, the story taken from the civil wars of France in the minority of Henry VI., when the English were in possession of a great part of the kingdom. How the Duc de Duras came to choose such a Play no one can tell, but it is supposed he only read the last line, which contains a compliment to the Bourbon dynasty. The next day there was to be a ball at the Duke of Wellington’s, and there was some

expectation that the Duc and Duchesse would be there, but, as they had passed the day at Versailles, it seemed doubtful. I suspect, however, that the very strange and untoward choice of the Play determined them all to go—Monsieur, and the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Berrys. All arrived, an honour not known before in Paris. The Duchess was as happy as a bird, and danced with all her heart. Soon after they came there was a very odd smell, as if the *fat* had fallen on the fire, and the kitchen-maid had thrown on water to extinguish it. I thought no more about it till my maid, on my return, expressed how happy she was that we were returned in safety. 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said she, with open mouth and horror in her face, 'there was gunpowder found and musket-balls, and the cartridges were wetted, that they might not blow up at once; and they had begun to burn some oil, when the smell and the smoke led to the discovery.' So spoke my Abigail, and she was right. So it proved. No alarm was given. An aide-de-camp of the Duke was first informed of it, and he probably made a quiet search. If more is known, it has not transpired, but it seems either to have been done from spite, to spoil the sport, or in the hope of plunder of ladies' jewels, &c., if an alarm was given. There was a large company, the street blocked by carriages and only one gate; the garden, too, which was illuminated, is surrounded by a wall. The Duke's departure the next morning, coupled with the story of the Play, seemed to have something mysterious in it, but it had been settled before that he must go to Cheltenham for the benefit of his precious health, and so my history is



left incomplete, and, though appearances were strange, yet the whole ended with the smoke it began with.

“You ask me if this royal pair seem likely to be happy together, and from having been at their marriage and hearing so much (for a few days) about them, I feel satisfaction in saying that I really think they have a very fair chance before them. I was much pleased with her appearance, and she is quite proud of him. The people were much delighted with his driving her in his curricle to Bagatelle, where they walked about without lords and ladies to spy them, but I am sorry to say that it is reported that Louis XVIII. sent to say that it did not suit for a Prince and Princess of the Blood—for which, most respectfully be it said, I think he was very foolish. They have since appeared in state at all the theatres, but having done so once, they now go together to the Play and the Opera with some attendants, but without any state, so that at least they have set out by having the same amusements. I understood she got very weary at last of all the fêtes, and had one evening given to her to be quite at ease. She had for company two daughters of Madame de Gontaut, brought up in England, and the little La Tour educated with herself, but somewhat younger. The party were completely happy in their choice of ‘Puss in a Corner,’ succeeded by ‘Blind Man’s Buff.’ The Duchess then danced a Spanish dance extremely well, when the Duke came in, and insisted on her beginning again; and though my informant says she did not succeed so well the second time, he was quite delighted with her. Her youth and gaiety will suit the Court and the times better than a different style

would do. And so here I leave them. Poor folks! I leave them at the very best moment of all their past or their future life—for him, a kingdom in perspective regained, and a virtuous attachment; and for her, the youthful belief of unchanging prosperity.

“There is another living creature by my side at this moment as happy and as young—Anne Lindsay, my brother Hugh’s daughter. She came here to accompany us to Spa—just sixteen, in high spirits and in full strength, which I mention as a very necessary article to felicity.”

MISS BERRY to

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Genoa, Nov. 20, 1816.*—We are very well pleased with Genoa. Its beauties are always striking. At first I was almost as much struck with its inconveniences; but its inconveniences die away, and its beauties remain. Then we are by no means overrun with John Bulls here, for nobody comes to Genoa to stay, and nothing is dear here; but as there are a quantity of pretty things to buy, we shall all be ruined, because everything is *cheap*. . . . The collection of English here is very small, and I don’t think it is likely to enlarge. It consists chiefly of the whole tribe of Elliot—Lady Minto and her daughters in the town, and Lord Minto and his wife and family out of the town, and consequently out of all means of evening society, for their villa, like hundreds of villas in the environs, can only be approached on a mule or in a chair, in which chairs people here generally make their journeys into the country. . . .

“Enough of our doings. Let me talk of you and yours. And first of our dear Elizabeth’s prospects. . . . It was charming to see her lately so well and in such good spirits. She had got back to all her own wit and liveliness in conversation, while, when you and I were together at Paris, we sometimes felt oppressed, or, according to the French phrase, ‘*Qu’elle n’avait pas l’esprit libre.*’ But I have since had the most comfortable letters possible from her, which show that she not only will be, but is happy, and happy *du côté du cœur, aussi bien que du côté de l’esprit.* So never mind whether Sir Charles makes you and me happy or not. . . . But how I do pity you at Wimpole for the first time without her. Surround yourself, I beseech you, with Cocks’s and Savilles, and all their little ones, *en attendant* Catherine<sup>1</sup> in St. James’s Square.”

Lady Elizabeth Stuart joined her mother at Wimpole in the autumn of 1816, and brought her back with her on her return to Paris before Christmas.

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

“*Calais, December 22, 1816.*—We had not as prosperous a passage as we expected when we sailed yesterday; but as it was only tedious, and not boisterous, we felt we might be satisfied upon the balance. A little more wind would have carried us

<sup>1</sup> Countess of Caledon.

over in five hours, but we lost the tide, and had the vile business of laying off all night, and a little veering of the wind nearly prevented our getting in the next tide. Eight or nine hours of tossing, in addition to the eighteen we had already undergone, would have been quite dreadful. As it was, we just cleared it; our vessel scraped the bar as we passed over, and a transport, which was a little late, stuck upon it. We were very glad to get into still waters, and prudently would not cross vessels and mount ladders till day began to dawn, when we had the great delight of taking leave of the ship, after having passed twenty hours on board. . . . Mama was not very sick. We shall sleep three nights on the road to Paris."

Much as Lady Hardwicke longed to be with her favourite daughter at Paris, she had entertained some dread as to how Sir Charles Stuart might take her returning so soon.

MISS BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"Genoa, January 8, 1817.—Now, as to the *cas de conscience* which you submit to me, as to your confessor (and never, believe me, will you find one so alive to your virtues and so partial even to your faults, for they are—*je m'en vante*—my own). I should, I know, in your case, feel just as you do about going to Paris, should think of it, dream of it, dwell on it just as you do. But I think I should consult Elizabeth about it in

such a manner that she might decline without fear of hurting, if for any reason she should think it better to refuse, what, you know, must naturally be a great comfort to her. Then I think I would go alone, and not take Lord Hardwicke with me. Let him have Catherine with him in the meantime, and let him look forward (to use my naughty favourite Congreve's phrase) 'to a reiteration of nuptials' with you at your return.

"Whatever our prospects were for creating a sort of North Audley Street in Genoa, I assure you I began to think we should find it impossible, so perfectly *revêche* are all the women here towards English people and English society. However, we have at last achieved a sort of society at home of an evening, as the young men at least have begun to find out that we are not long-waisted, strait-laced English women, knowing nothing out of their own country, but that we endeavour to amuse them: and the beauty of their place, indeed of their country, is, that every one is willing to be amused, and to dance and to sing, and to do anything to amuse, without its costing more in any way than the thing is worth—which, you know, is never the case in our *cara patria*. So we have sometimes accidental and incidental music of an evening, and sometimes dancing of the same sort, and always—when we remain at home—as much society as we can desire. . . . The Staremberts arrive from Turin on Friday, to pay us a visit here, which will be a real pleasure to me, for she is one of the very very few that occupy a place in the same region of my heart where you reign. . . . Berenice."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

"*Paris, March 20, 1817.*—Yesterday, just as dinner was called for, we arrived at the Hôtel de l'Ambassade, and rejoice to tell you that our girl is in the most perfect health and spirits and beauty. I never saw her look so well in her life. Sir Charles received 'the month nurse' most kindly, and as our meeting has all been so propitious, I feel all as an omen of good."

"*Paris, March 28, 1817.*—I begin to write any *nothings* that you may like to hear, and which are never written when there is *anything* to write. . . . Elizabeth is not well, but yesterday evening was able to be very active in conducting as far as the door four Duchesses—Courlande, Aumont, Clermont-Tonnerre, and La Force, with the Maréchale Moreau. I name them, as they were all here at the same moment, and never were five women worse suited, though it did all very well notwithstanding. . . . Case seems to have made a very imprudent and useless stretch of power in allowing the play of 'Germanicus' to be acted. Of course you have seen in the papers that the author, Arnaud, who was formerly the protégé of Louis XVIII., was the most violent of anti-Bourbonists during the Cent Jours, for which he has been exiled. The play was somehow forbidden by Bonaparte, and remained unacted on the list. The Ultras vowed its destruction, and all the others thought by *applause* to bring about the author's recall. It was, at the best, a bad calculation, for it is easier to let an exile slip in quietly, than to bring him back in triumph. But it is said that

the good King loves to be regarded as the patron of literature and genius, and therefore Case ventured this foolish exertion of *his* power. Elizabeth was not at the play. Sir Charles did not think it prudent for her, but I wanted to see Mme. Duchenois, and went in the usual box. The play was applauded by both sides, and was well acted. The mischief broke out on the author being called for. When Talma was going to name him, a *militaire* in the pit hissed. His next neighbour struck him, he drew his sabre, the other knocked him down. Then the people, in terror at sticks and swords, jumped on to the stage; it looked like fury, but it was only fear; if I had known that, I should have been less alarmed. But, after about twenty minutes of horrid noise and uproar, and some struggle between the people and the gens-d'armes, it all subsided, though numberless duels have been the consequence, and they durst not venture upon a repetition of the play. All marks of party are now strictly forbidden; in fact, this most foolish business has stirred up the cauldron of discord, and nothing else is talked of.

“We have opened a new door which will enable the expected babe to have such a superb nursery that it will take itself for the King of Rome.”

“*March* 31, 1817.—At five this morning my ears were blessed with the most welcome sound of a baby's cries. Pray forgive her for being a girl. At the moment, Sir Charles would have forgiven even two girls. . . . The first look of the young lady was so strikingly like her father as to make us all laugh. . . .

She is now wrapped up warm and comfortable, with a little flannel cap upon her head. . . . My poor happy girl, I believe, as well as Sir Charles, took my face for their weather-glass, and fortunately I never was at all frightened. Have the kindness to send my news to the Dowager Lady Grantham and to Lady Clanricarde."

"*April 3, 1817.*—One word is all I can give you, dear Lady Stuart. I rejoice I have nothing but good to put in it. 'Mademoiselle l'Ambassadrice,' as the old porter calls her, is in as good condition as her dear mother."

The eldest child of Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart was named after her god-mother, Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Genoa, July 11, 1817.*—You dearest and best of all possible friends! In one's gayest and happiest days your letters are always a delight; but in difficulties, doubt, and anxiety, they are a blessing—the only sort of comfort that one is capable of receiving, and which enters into all one's own feelings and weaknesses, without making one ashamed of them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Berry had died at Genoa, 18th May 1817. An annuity of £1000 a year from his merchant brother William had then ceased, and his daughters were left with an annual income of £700, derived from a legacy from Lord Orford, which they considered terrible poverty.



Oh, if you could but know how your letter just touches all the cords that want bracing in my poor Mary's mind, and consequently all that is most necessary to my comfort, you would have some idea of the prop and support that one feels in a friendship that can so identify itself with all one's own feelings. . . . I press nothing, I wish for nothing, but what Mary feels best for herself, and I feel far too uncertain of results to venture, or even wish to lead. Mary seems to count much on Paris. A wiser person than we has said that one should always have some place to which one never goes, but where one believes that one should be happy, and I dread that illusion may drop from her when she finds herself at Paris, without all the charms and advantages of being with you, and with all the cares and worries which belong to any sort of home, in every corner of the world. . . . I may have already repeated the very same sentiments that Mary may have expressed herself, but remember at least the grateful tender affection which, in all times and corners of the world, must ever bind me to you."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE MISS BERRYS.

"*Wimpole, Jan. 1, 1818.*—What I have to say for myself to my dearest friends on the first of January, that Lord Hardwicke is well: ditto myself: that Anne's *mob* as well as herself are flourishing in the next room: that all I hear of or from my French matron is satisfactory to you and to me: that the Caledons are well, in spite of almost a famine and almost a pestilence in Ireland,

and that I only wish Anne could make over to them all the children she may have in future: and that my poor little Car. has been too ailing to be here at mince-pie time, with her own tidy little Caroline by her side. We have been to Scotland to see my old mother of ninety. She was wonderfully well, her memory even clearer than formerly, and her fancy still bright and gay. To give you one *bon mot* of hers; her maid, by way of preparing her for my leaving her, said, 'I fear, my lady, you will be very sorry when Lady Hardwicke goes away?' 'Not at all,' she answered with quickness; '*it would be both wickedness and folly to bring evil out of good: I rejoice that she is here now, and when she must go, I shall think of her visit with pleasure.*' Perhaps I wrote this before, but my memory is confused: I believe one should keep it tidy, like one's drawers, if possible.

"Before we left Edinburgh the news came like a thunderbolt upon us—the flash and bolt at once. Of course I mean the death of the poor Princess.<sup>1</sup> No doubt or fear had entered any one's mind. The common chances were all overlooked, and even that of losing the infant: the only question was 'a boy or a girl?' The sudden effect was *direct* to each person's feelings or fancy—almost too quick either for Party or Patriotism to act upon them. It was like a private loss with the public theatric power, which often draws more tears than real distress. More tears, too, were shed at first by men than women. Perhaps it is because it

<sup>1</sup> Princess Charlotte of Wales, died in childbed, 6th November 1817.

was the most sudden and the most total reverse from love, youth, hope, and power that one hour ever produced. She might not have been happy had she lived, but all that we dream of happiness seemed to surround her and the Prince. He continues crushed, and his health is much affected. The most popular match that could be made for any of our royal stock would be his sister :<sup>1</sup> it would give him a consistence in this country which will be wanting to him. He is indeed turned out of Paradise without his Eve: too much, indeed, has he the world before him where to chose. The mourning has been universal. All the inns on the roadside had their men and women servants in black, and old men scraping the dirt had a black rag round their old straw hats. When black ceases, I suppose we shall have a declaration of some royal match, and so begin the world again."

On the 14th of April 1818, in the chamber and bed of the beautiful Pauline, Louisa Anne, second daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, was born.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE HON. (LOUISA) LADY STUART.

"18th April 1818.—All well here this morning. I give you my bulletin first, my dear Lady Stuart, and my details after. A chance messenger took my first hasty note for you and one for Lord Hardwicke. I hope you were not too much disappointed by the arrival of a second young lady instead of a boy, which

<sup>1</sup> She married Edward, Duke of Kent, July 11, 1818.

is looked upon here in Paris, though not in this house (by the principals at least), as a great misfortune, perhaps for want of convents in which to stow them away. *Mais pour commencer au commencement*, the evening before the event (which we had put off in our minds for a week or ten days), various folks came in—Dino, Girardin, Lady Mansfield, the Talleyrands, and others; but the next morning Elizabeth was taken ill. All went well, and a little after two o'clock *la petite sœur de Mademoiselle l'Ambassadrice* arrived. I was quite angry with the long faces of all the attendants, but mama and grandmama were too happy to escape from suffering to mind anything beyond a living child. By Charles the poor little forlorn girl was exceedingly well received. . . . As our daughter is not a son, I intend she shall be a beauty. It is indeed a pretty little creature. The royal Charlotte first looked at her with wonder, and then patted her cheek, and immediately after patted her own to feel if it was of the same sort. I daresay their future meetings will not be so tranquil. You will have great difficulty to settle your affections properly between Charlotte, your original favourite, and Louisa, your own property."

Louisa, younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, was named from her paternal grandmother and godmother.

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Paris, April 31, 1818.*—My two babes are quite well. I think Charlotte is less of a princess than she

was, for she has had less homage of late, as people have been busy, and she has had fewer opportunities of being gracious. The baby is a very delightful little thing, with pretty ways; but don't tell Lady Stuart that I don't think she will be very pretty, for she is as like her as possible, with the advantage of dark eyelashes and eyebrows."

As soon as she was able to travel, the inseparable daughter returned with Lady Hardwicke to Wimpole, leaving her two babes at Paris with Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES to LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

"*Paris, August 27.*—Little Louisa is perfectly well, and improves *à vue d'œil.*"

"*August 29, 1818.*—The little girl is quite well, and improves daily. Her eyelashes are now very pretty, though not so long as Charlotte's. Her hair is, however, decidedly darker."

"*Sept. 14, 1818.*—Louisa is never ill. I see her daily, and, as far as my judgment goes, she is the healthiest and the best-tempered child I ever saw in my life. She is not perhaps as *piquante* as Charlotte, but she has the merit of giving no one any trouble."

LADY ELIZABETH STUART (after her return to Paris,  
accompanied by Louisa, Lady Stuart) to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Paris, Oct. 30, 1818.*—You will be glad to hear I am alive after yesterday's hard work; but having

taken the whole of the day to repose, I will sit down by you and Aunt Anne<sup>1</sup> to talk over our successes, which were quite complete. Lady Stuart is gone to see the first of Mademoiselle Mars since her return, but, as I have a cold, I am very glad to let Sir Charles go instead of me to make visits of inquiry after our royalties, as a right thing to be done. We had *one and all*—every one except the good King himself, who, I daresay, would have liked the sound of other people's fiddles, if it had been possible. I was quite surprised to see the Duchesse d'Angoulême come, but she and all were full of the pleasure they felt in showing their respect to an English house. We had dined with the Orleans' the day before, and the good old soul was the first to arrive. The Duchesse de Bourbon was not in Paris, or we should have asked her too. You always thought we ought to ask them some time or other, and this was a good opportunity. How I wanted you and papa at the time, and you especially beforehand, to help us in our preparations; but I think all was as you would have advised, and I believe most things go the best when there is no time for deliberation. Lady Stuart and I worked hard yesterday, and our supper-rooms were as fête-like as could be, only by dint of lighting and sticking up green, and artificial flowers, around the columns. I saw that the *tapissier* had not a notion of it, and we stood a bad chance till I got the gardener, and bid him ornament it *just as he would do at a fête of his own*. So he whipped down some of our evergreens and twisted about the branches, and soon made it very pretty. And now

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Barnard.

our lesson is learned for whenever we have a great ball again (for which I am in no hurry), and I send you a plan of our supper-tables, which I hope you will approve.

“The Duke of Cambridge<sup>1</sup> was very obliging in dancing immediately with the Duchesse de Berry, as he was not very anxious to begin a long set. She looked prettier than I have seen her yet, and was very well dressed in white and silver, her clothes fitting better than her first set. I don't remember the diamond and ruby parure which she wore amongst her jewels; it was very beautiful. Madame was very well dressed, and very fine too, and the company had all gold and silver, all the men full dressed. Now you see our general effect. You have seen *me* before, but I think I passed for new. I wore Caroline's Indian goose in Catherine's pink turban, and *your* diamonds. I look upon your butterfly as a protecting genius to inspire me with a little of *you* upon great occasions. I was kept so close by Madame that I left the world in general to take care of themselves. At last she insisted on my going to dance, and as I was wanted to stand by the Duchesse de Berry, I did, but luckily had little of it, for I was not inclined to add that to my fags. After the Duke of Cambridge, she danced with Sardinia! and then with the Duc de Rohan. The Princes went away early, as they were to have a *chasse* at six in the morning. The Duchesse d'Angoulême remained as chaperon till one o'clock, and then carried off the little Berry, who looked wistfully behind her. The Duke of Cambridge asked her if she would be ready to

<sup>1</sup> Then Viceroy of Hanover.

begin again next day. 'Mais je ne demanderais pas mieux des ce soir,' she said, as if quite indefatigable; but she sticks to English country-dances, and I suppose *doing her steps* is among her misfortunes; for when she first set off, the Duc de Berry said, 'I make it a rule to turn my back, for she tumbles if I watch; however, she is improved.' As soon as we had disposed of them into their carriages, we went to supper, and the Duke of Cambridge never had done with our magnificence. He stayed so late that the carriage to take him to Rambouillet must have been at his door before his first sleep was out. I went off at four o'clock; there were lingerers till five, and then all came to a happy conclusion. . . . I have been carrying you through all my ups and downs, and you will be tired of me at last."

"*Paris*, . . . 1818.—I was rather unhappy at no letter going to you from hence on Thursday, but I had to run to and fro in the town about a ball-dress and wreath of flowers to be worn that evening at the Elysée. I did not think you would thank me for a letter written in a fuss; so I did my duty, and settled all the weighty matters of the toilette, and dressed, and arrived in good time at the ball which the Berrys gave to the Grand-Duke Constantine, the only royal remnant we have now. By and by we shall have our Duke of Gloucester, and our ball may be given then. In the meantime we have only shared the fêtes, which is more convenient than giving them. This was the first large ball which the Berrys had given, and it was very handsome: but as they ordered the men to be



*en frac*, the appearance was rather less brilliant than it would have been with uniforms; for it must be owned the *toilette des dames* does not produce as much *éclat* as the fine coats. All the royal family were present, and Madame very gracious. If you wish for a notion of Constantine, I enclose him as I have just sketched him hastily, though I have not done justice to his *corsets* and total absence of nose. He is quite a caricature of Alexander, but the resemblance to our friend the ourang-outang is perhaps still more striking. I had all my diamonds for the *début*, and they looked very well with a neat dress with flowers, without gold or silver. Little Berry was quite simple in her attire, only *plain diamonds*, and looked really well. He (her Duc, I mean) was very attentive and kind to her indeed, and she danced away all night with great glee. I felt glad to be invited by them to a breakfast and *chasse* at Meudon on Saturday—a great day, the St. Hubert. I enjoyed it extremely. The weather was delightful, and we had a beautiful drive through the woods, with some perpendicular descents, which I did not mind, as I was put into one of the Duc de Berry's *calèches*, and had not any anxiety for carriage and horses; and for myself, I thought I might do as well as my neighbours. We saw nothing of the *chasse*, till we came to the moment when the entrails of the stag are given to the dogs. I own that was *enough*. I was rich in pelisses, but as I could only wear one, I launched that velvet and grebe which you saw, and was only too hot in it in an open carriage, and we were all unhappy to have brought no parasols. There was only the household

and a few people at breakfast, but all was uncommonly handsome, and all the Princes and Madame were there."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

"*Wimpole, Wednesday, Nov., 1818.*—In yours, received yesterday, you had only just heard of the Duke of Kent's death. The death of the good old King has now, no doubt, reached you. The first thought for him was lost in crowds of others, but the recollection of George the Third, though already obscured in the host of speculations crowding in upon us, will return again, and keep its place, when his subjects have *a little more time*. The new King was very ill on Monday night—something dangerous and apoplectic—but next morning the danger was quite over. All strong emotion produces this sort of effect on him. We really cannot spare him, and I hope he will live and do well.

"Your father and Lord Caledon are gone a pleasuring to Cambridge. The Fitzwilliam Gallery being always warm and ready, makes a capital lion for Wimpole, and it is uncommon to have a lion's den so well aired. A messenger came down last Sunday to Cambridge with the earliest possible accounts of the King's death, and the Vice-Chancellor directed that her gracious Majesty Queen Caroline should be prayed for, and the Duke and Duchess of York.

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Paris, Jan. 14, 1819.*—I could not write on Monday, having just got into the thick of lists, notes, and

orders to be issued for a ball on Friday. I own I got into the scrape before I was aware, having expected to come off with *saying* the civil thing instead of *doing* it. I told the Duke of Gloucester I feared the mournings would prevent my giving a ball on his birthday, which would have been the greatest satisfaction to us, and he querulously answered, 'I don't see that the *mourning* need prevent it?' I then begged Mme. de Gontaut to find out whether the French Princes would think it improper for me to invite them, as they have a *deuil de famille*, besides the remnant of it for the Queen of Spain. *Point du tout*, the Duchesse de Berry was out of her wits with joy at the prospect, and all the Princes accepted. The Duchesse d'Angoulême thought it too near the 21st of January<sup>1</sup> for her to come, but that was said privately. When I found we were in for it, I set to work very willingly to make out a very handsome ball—supplementary gallery, sitting-down supper, and everything complete. The Duke of Gloucester is very grateful, very much pleased at being the hero of the piece. The only plague seemed to be the *toilette des dames*. The King desired the Duchesse de Berry to be in black with diamonds. It being a birthday, settled me for white, and according as was convenient or becoming, opinions are divided as to which example it is proper to follow. Much is said on both sides, but *les danseurs* having declared they shall only ask the white ladies to dance, will decide the majority. But now comes the grand doubt, which I wonder at my philosophy in bearing so well. The telegraph has announced the death of the Queen of

<sup>1</sup> The anniversary of the execution of her father, Louis XVI,

Wurtemberg, but does not say which Queen. It will be infinitely the most shocking if it proves to be the young one, and I think it probably is; but on this occasion it will concern us more if it is the Dowager.<sup>1</sup> In that case we can have no ball, and shall be in black gloves again, so that the shoes which would have danced will be old, and the meats—baked or boiled—will furnish out no supper-tables, when dancing and supper may next be required of us. The Russians were all dancing away at Rostupchine's last night for fear of interruption, and according to whether people spoke to them or to me, the surmises varied. I can only say like Lady Cholmondeley, 'I *should* have had a very pretty party!' and I leave you in the doubt of whether we have danced or not; it will be a good subject to speculate upon. I must tell you the reason it is thought to be our Queen who is dead is that the news came to Strasburg by post, and for a crowned head it would probably have been announced by a courier. The Duke of Gloucester wisely interprets it otherwise, and goes on as usual. At all events, I must say the succession of court mournings is remarkable; in general, too, the youngest have gone first.

"I was interrupted, and now I sit down again, having only time to add it is the young Queen who is dead, after three days' illness. How hard-hearted it seems to dance! Poor thing! she seemed as if she had not fulfilled her destiny: her part was too small for her ambition.

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, eldest daughter of George III.

“Georgine Talleyrand, Boson’s daughter,<sup>1</sup> is to make a good match in point of birth to the Duc d’Esclignac’s son. Old Tally gives £25,000 and a trousseau.

“*Paris, Nov. 3.*—We have just despatched a large dinner-party, chiefly English, with Madame de Staël and the Duchess de Broglie. I must own I was very glad to see them both, though Sir Charles prophesies that the Staël will talk herself out of Paris, if she does not take care. Meantime she is well received at Court. Her line is abuse of the allied armies, and the English in particular. ‘You ought to let us shift for ourselves, and not dictate to our nation.’ I shall be sorry if she does get over-unreasonable or violent, because her house will be a pleasant one, where all sorts meet. Albertine’s conversation is full of abuse of the English; however, she says we are ‘the best of their enemies.’

“Lady Stuart and Mr. Wortley are just come from the opening of the Chambers. I thought it my duty to save up for Court to-night. I ought by rights to go to *Orléans* also. Did I tell you that amongst the company at our last dinner there was Mme. du Coylin, one of the *early* flames of Louis XV.? Her eyes sparkle still at eighty-five, and the flirtation between her and Mr. Wortley all dinner-time was excellent. He had grumbled at having to go, but the retrospect is quite in another key.”

“*Nov. 18.*—You would like dining with us at Mme. de Staël’s. Talma will be there to recite to Mr. Canning,

<sup>1</sup> Niece of Prince Talleyrand.

who does not admire him. Then we go to a *thé* at the Courlandes'. She takes a day in the week, and Talleyrand takes two.

"Jan. 21, 1819.—I am just come home, dearest Mama, from the Grande Messe Anniversaire at St. Denis. It is the first time I ever went to any of those ceremonies. The weather being far from cold, and having a good place in the Duke of Gloucester's tribune, made me think it a good opportunity to see what I should already have seen, having been here so long. Certainly all the commemoration days should be comprised in this one, for repetition must much weaken the effect, and the Mass for the Queen<sup>1</sup> might be as properly included in this day as in the anniversary of her death. The appearance of the church, with the black hangings and multitudes of candles, is very fine, but the sun shone too brightly through the brilliantly-coloured glass to give as mournful an appearance as for stage effect was required. The simple reading of the King's will, instead of any sermon, in all the churches in France on this day, is well imagined, and the effect is striking and affecting. You have read it, I daresay, and that gave all that was impressive to *me* in the service; for the more splendour that is bestowed on their church ceremonies, the more disagreeable I find them; the intention of religion is quite lost in those unmeaning-looking forms. The Duchesse d'Angoulême is present in a gallery with a crape curtain drawn, and one cannot wonder that she wishes to escape the public gaze. The

<sup>1</sup> Marie Antoinette.

King don't attend. All the rest of the royal family are in the body of the church. We were in a *travée* above. The Duke of Gloucester rather put me in mind of Mrs. Dawson at the Ambigu Comique. 'If Moses comes, I shall certainly go away;' for though I said *we* need not join in the service, it 'would be sufficient to stand when they raised the Host,' he grew in a fidget and said, 'I must go away if they expect me to kneel.' However, there was no cause of fear on that score. A ball at the Elysée Bourbon on Sunday has disturbed his notions a good deal. He never has been at the theatre on Sunday, although at Turin they lighted up the Opera House on his account; but when he consulted me, I advised him to go to *this* ball (so I shall have some share of the blame to bear if his wife scolds him), for as it is a small affair for the Duc de Berry's birthday, it would have been *over-stiff* to have refused, especially as he don't mind Sunday-*parties*. He is much satisfied with us and our attention.

"Do you remember one of the Gontaut twin-girls marrying when you were here, not seven months ago? Poor thing! she had *twin* babies this morning. I fear she is very unlikely to live."

"*Paris, Monday, Feb. 1, 1819.*—I could only have written a word last Thursday when I returned from Fontainebleau; a little hurried chat with Sir Charles and a kiss of my babes filled up the short space before the courier was off. But indeed I wished I had had leisure that day to have given you my two country days fresh, to have amused you ten minutes; for old

Tally, who professes himself, as you know, a great admirer of yours, was right enough when he said, 'Je crois que Madame votre mère se seroit plu de ce voyage,' and still more when he added how much better the voyage would have been with that addition. I daresay you are so much wrapped up in your shady walks that you do not covet this opportunity of shining to S. A. Serenissime nor S. A. Royale; but, nevertheless, you are mistaken, for Fontainebleau is very interesting in itself, and the little anecdotes that were told by Talleyrand of the *last* great man, as they occurred from the sight of the different apartments we passed through, made a volume of *mémoires en action*, and, like a book that has amused one, remains without the power of telling it over.

"The historical part of how we travelled is easier to recount. I took charge of conveying Lady Mansfield and Lord Howe, which was very considerate, as it left the Duke of Gloucester no choice but to accompany the Dino and the Tally. So far nothing could be better, and all arrived in good humour at seven o'clock, to well-warmed rooms in the château, a capital dinner provided by Talleyrand, and well-aired beds in process of time. The evenings passed with billiards, piquet, and chess, and we all wondered why we did not oftener taste of the innocent pleasures of the country. Our morning had abundant work. After having made ourselves strong for toil with a true French *déjeûner*, we set off to make the tour of the straggling château, which has some very fine things about it, and more interesting souvenirs than any of the palaces; and it was to class himself with François I. and Henri IV. that Bonaparte



was so fond of carrying his splendour there. A looking-glass over the chimney having been broke in a little boudoir of Marie Antoinette, next the presence-chamber, the pieces were laid on the steps of the throne while a new one was put in the same frame. They happened to be the first objects that struck Bonaparte when he arrived from Elba, and whether it was some superstitious feeling of the *mauvaise augure* of finding a broken mirror on the throne where he meant once more to take his seat, or merely the smaller objects taking the place of greater, the officers who went round with us assured me he wasted his whole morning in inquiries as to *how* the glass had been broke, who had done it, and why they had chosen that place to lay the fragments. It struck him more than the little table where he had signed his abdication, which was still on the spot where he last left it. The Duchesse de Dino was *dame du palais* to Marie Louise the whole time she was in France, and was really very entertaining in her accounts of the Court, and of the stage effect which was carried on. She was not much attached to any of them, as nothing could exceed the servile attendance they were *honoured* with! At the same time the recollection of the fêtes, the *spectacles* and concerts, with the *toilettes* worn on every occasion, lighted up her bright eyes as she talked of those times. We were lucky in having as fine a day as could be procured at this season, to which it did not seem to belong; rain or snow would have thrown a ridicule as well as a damp upon our expedition, especially during our drive in the Forest, which has a peculiar character from the heaps of rock finely

mixed up amongst the trees. After seeing *all*, of course, we spent some time fatiguing ourselves seeing *nothing*, but of that we had less than I had thought probable. The plan was laid for returning to Paris after dinner, but the Duke of Gloucester begged and prayed for another country evening, which was the best proof that could be given that we were not tired of each other. At the same time, as I had a party hanging over my head for Thursday, it would have suited me best to have got home overnight; though it made my assembly a pleasanter one, because I had no time to add to my list. Talleyrand had also a dinner awaiting his arrival, it being *grand-seigneur* to have his *bouche* in two places at once, for *four* of his cooks had been sent to Fontainebleau. The King said, when he desired everything might be made comfortable for the party, that he should not offer his *cuisine*, as we should have much better feeding from Tally.

“I am sorry that my usual bulletin was interrupted, or you would have heard before it was given out, of the appointment of an ambassador in D’Osmond’s place—M. de Latour-Maubourg,<sup>1</sup> a general of good family

<sup>1</sup> General Marquis Marie Victor de Fay Latour-Maubourg, one of the three officers who protected Marie Antoinette, Oct. 6, 1789, seriously wounded in several battles under Bonaparte, lost a leg at Leipsic. Seeing his servant in tears for this misfortune, he exclaimed, “What are you making a fuss about? You will only have one boot to polish.” He was raised to the peerage by Louis XVIII. and (Nov. 19, 1819) was sent as ambassador to England. In 1822, he was made Governor of the Invalides, and after rejoining the elder branch of the Bourbons in their exile, was made Governor of the Duc de Bordeaux in 1835. He died Nov. 1850.

and well spoken of. We have not seen him yet. I understand he is shy, and having lost a leg, feels more than ever *se presentant*. His wife is a Dutch woman, also rather retiring. Sir Charles is well pleased with the account he hears of him, and indeed is very well satisfied with all the new arrangements. On Monday we dined at Dessolles'.<sup>1</sup> He does not look the part like the Duc de Richelieu, but has good manners. His wife seems less used to the world, a good homely civil woman, wrapped up in a pretty little daughter of fifteen.

"We dined yesterday at the Elysée Bourbon, a great compliment to the Duke of Gloucester, as I think it is almost the only time the Berrys have given a dinner: you know they are always obliged to dine at the Tuileries. Everything was very handsomely arranged, and in the evening all the royal family (except the King) and about a hundred people arrived to see a *petit spectacle* in the long gallery. The novelty was seeing Bonnet and Potier, separated by the whole length of the boulevards as they now are, brought together in their old pieces, and I was very well amused. Others, who could not see and were half-suffocated, thought it long, but it was a very pretty fête. Billy<sup>2</sup> never goes to a play on a Sunday, and was annoyed when he heard the *surprise* that was

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis Jean Joseph Paul Augustin Dessolles, a general greatly distinguished in the wars of Bonaparte, raised to the peerage by Louis XVIII. The 28th Dec. 1818, he replaced the Duc de Richelieu as President of the Council of Ministers, but resigned two months after, when the law of elections was interfered with. He died Nov. 1828.

<sup>2</sup> William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester, 1776-1834.

preparing for him. I quieted his conscience by assuring him that he was not answerable for a play coming to him. The old Bourbon<sup>1</sup> was there. She is very seldom to be seen, but whenever I meet her, she begs to send all sorts of civil messages to you; so indeed do they all.

"I must go to Court to-night as a proper token of *reconnoissance*."

"Feb. 5. 1819.—I broke off my last letter suddenly, dearest mama, so that it contained nothing but *ball* in the future. This comes with the happier feeling of having *done it*. I took all yesterday to myself—no notes, no lists, even no letters, *nothing* but my feet on the fender, with the first volume of 'Rob Roy,' which I had conscientiously put by for a convenient season. I will begin, however, a bit to-night, that post-day may not drive me into too concise a description of facts for Wimpole leisure. I don't know what to begin by, so it shall be by myself—that is to say, my dress. I thought it quite necessary, amongst other decorations, to have a good handsome dress, suited to my non-dancing appearance. I had a long-trained muslin, worked in gold lace, which I picked up amongst some old-fashioned ware at Nontin's, and it settled my ideas, and made a very handsome foundation. Over that I had a brilliant scarlet velvet long *short robe*, edged with dark fur and a gold border, with frogs, and loose hanging sleeves lined

<sup>1</sup> Louisa Marie Thérèse Bathilde, Duchesse de Bourbon, sister of the Duc d'Orléans and mother of the Duc d'Enghien. She died Jan. 1822.

with white satin ; and here I have sketched it for your better understanding, though I do not pledge myself to the accuracy of the design, not having had a whole minute's leisure for contemplation of the general effect. My hat was white satin, with a scarlet velvet point, and white and red feathers. Charlotte screamed with ecstasy at the brilliancy of my appearance, and I found I was just as I should be, only with a little doubt of the nation I belonged to, for I believe my dress was more German than Polish.

“It was an ‘awfu’ evening for me, though I took it as easily as I could do. First and last, we had a thousand people! They did not all come honestly, and a great many added names to their invitations: however, there was nothing that hurt the appearance of the thing, which was very handsome. Still, it made up my mind that a *bal costumé* is not as pretty a looking *tout ensemble* as another ball, though far more important to each individual. We had much the most expensive and *soigné* dresses I have ever seen, of all ages and nations—the men mostly in uniforms. What made it rather fatiguing to me was having so many of the royal family upon my shoulders—*all* indeed but Louis himself and Mme. d’Angoulême, and the *old* Orléans, who was dying to come, in spite of spitting blood. The Orléans tribe came very early, and the Berrys very late. Monsieur desired I would let dancing begin, for he said they were in great distress at Elysée—*le roi* had detained the Duchesse de Berry’s toilette. This, on explanation, turned out to be, not his most christian, but his most shopkeeping majesty. But indeed it seems that her

dress did require royal exertions, for when, at three o'clock in the day, a pretty little peasant's dress was sent home for the Duchesse de Berry, the King swore she should not go to the ball at all unless something *superb* and *fit for us* could be put together. So ten women were set to work after a picture she chose, and they stitched on all her diamonds and stones of all sorts upon gold brocade and coloured brocade, and she was exactly a princess of the time of St. Louis. Berry seemed proud of her, and I thought the dress becoming, though many people did not. She was too much encumbered to dance often: everybody crowded about so much, that the space was but limited. My outside gallery was a most happy idea, and gave perfectly good circulation and plenty of air.

"We were asked to the *mardi gras* spectacle at Court, but I thought it unnecessary to risk hurting myself by going, and do not mean to go out at all just now. Without much variety in my goings on, I have the most complete contrasts—a thousand people on Monday, and *one* ever since. I might have gone to the Spectacle, but that I foresaw we should be asked to the Elysée afterwards, where the *Quadrille du 15me Siècle* was repeated for the Duc de Berry, who was ill, and could not go to Juste's,<sup>1</sup> the first time of it. Sir Charles said it was very well done that night, but rejoiced we had not the additional *embarras* of it here.

"I began writing to Lady Stuart, but found I was so tired of dancing my battles over again, that I told her I would beg you to forward her this letter. It

<sup>1</sup> Mme. Juste de Noailles.

may also go to Aunt Anne,<sup>1</sup> though she will have fresher details of the ball from Lady Charlotte,<sup>2</sup> who enjoyed it without having had the wearisome preparations. Catherine gives me delightful family annals. I wish I had my little things at your Academy. In my next I must enter into nurse talk, but my fingers and back are weary."

"*Paris, March 4, 1819.*—It is reported that forty-six peers are to be made in one batch to restore the majority to Ministers. . . . I believe the King's gout is only kept on to abridge his attendance at chapel in the *Semaine Sainte*, as he sits in his *fauteuil* till after Easter: at least, I remember he did so last year. He was not sorry to send Mathieu de Montmorency<sup>3</sup> to do the honours of *Compiègne* to Billy the day that *Barthelemy's* motion came on; but *one* vote was neither here nor there.

"Billy and I took leave of each other on Thursday."

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Paris, June 1, 1819.*—We have had Prince Leopold here. I saw a good deal of him during the few days he stayed, and one cannot but feel much interested

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Barnard.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

<sup>3</sup> Duc Mathieu de Montmorency, the friend of Madame de Staël, the complete type of a Christian nobleman. Appointed Governor to the Duc de Bordeaux, he died whilst praying in the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Good Friday, 1826, before he could enter upon his office.

in seeing him. There is not the least parade of sentiment about him. On the contrary, I think he feels that the *état* he holds in England deserves his gratitude. His melancholy turn of countenance permits him to be comforted to a certain point for his overwhelming misfortunes without fear of blame. I think he will settle altogether in England. The Duchess of Kent has lain in of a daughter: I am glad it is over before his arrival.

"I have been some country excursions of late. I don't much like a country visit at the time, but I feel I have seen so little of French home life that I have accepted one or two invitations, and to-morrow Lady Mansfield and I go to the Giraudins at Ermenonville, a place of renown."<sup>1</sup>

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE HON. MRS. YORKE.

"*Ryegate Priory, July 13, 1819.*—My very idle, naughty Caroline keeps obstinately well, so I have no news to send you from Ryegate, but you will like to hear of Catherine's visit to the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg,<sup>1</sup> our Princess Royal, who seems to have been much pleased with this attention. Mr. Taylor, our Minister at Stutgardt, sent them away from thence by 6 A.M., that they might arrive at the hour of Her Majesty's dinner, which is one. The Queen resides at Teinach. They dressed in two minutes, and found they

<sup>1</sup> Where Rousseau spent his last years, died, and was buried.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte, eldest daughter of George III., married, 1797, Friedrich, then Duke, afterwards King of Wurtemberg, who died in 1816. The Queen died Oct. 6, 1828.



were waited for, and were most graciously received. Catherine says the Queen looks old, and her figure is very large and neglected. She wears her own grey hair, but her face does not look so aged as her person, which is rather infirm. She inquired, Catherine says, after everybody that she ever heard of. . . . 'After dinner, which was quite a German one,' writes Catherine, 'the Queen said she was sure I must be tired, and therefore proposed I should go home to the inn close by, and at five she would send her chamberlain to bring me back to drive out, when she and I would have some comfortable conversation. She begged Alexander<sup>1</sup> would come to see her, and go with her ladies in another carriage. We went accordingly, and she talked a great deal about her late husband, whom she seems to have *adored*, and whose name she brings into her conversation on all subjects. . . . We were driving during this time on the most horrible road that ever was driven upon by any open carriage and four. But she is quite fearless, which I was not, and seeing the horses slipping every minute on the brink of a frightful precipice, had some reason to be uneasy in our 'comfortable' drive. But the great fat German horses and coachman seemed to be down and up again with as much indifference as Her Majesty. We arrived at last at the top of the hill, and drank tea (surrounded by the peasantry) under a great tree, where it was prepared for us. Here we remained an hour and a half, and returned by a better road. Supper, which was a second dinner, was on the table, and after sitting at it

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards third Earl of Caledon.

for another hour, we were released from a day of very hard work: but the Queen seemed so much pleased, and even obliged by our visit, that we were glad we had made it. She was very desirous that we should go to Hesse-Homburg, and it is possible we shall, as we pass very near it.'

"I hope we shall soon have another page of Hesse-Homburg, where I fear they will not get such good dinners and suppers as at the Dowager Queen of Wurtemberg's.

"I have also a letter from Elizabeth. She was, as I feared, in the public gardens when poor Madame Blanchard went up on her last fatal ascension.<sup>1</sup> They saw the fireworks in a moment surmounted by flames, which left no doubt of the dreadful conclusion. The unfortunate woman did not fall in the garden, but in a street just by. The distress and alarm was very great, and the spectators immediately dispersed. I saw that sight last year, and it was the most beautiful one I ever beheld, but evidently very dangerous. Madame Blanchard, dressed in white, with white plumes of feathers and waving a white flag, ascended in the car suspended from the balloon, and fireworks in every direction seemed to play about her feet; the darkness of the night and the light on the ascending figure seeming to give an almost supernatural appearance to the whole scene. The fireworks continued some time in the form of a star, till the balloon rose too high for them to be longer discovered. The remembrance of the sight made more vivid to me the shock

<sup>1</sup> Her husband had perished in the same way near La Haye in 1808.

of the fatal catastrophe, which Elizabeth names with great horror.

“I wish Elizabeth had been in England to have been assisting at the Wimpole party, though I am convinced that dear Anne<sup>1</sup> got through it all with her own graceful placid dignity.”

THE HON. MRS YORKE to LADY ELIZABETH STUART  
(after another long visit to England).

“*Bath, Oct. 22, 1819.*—I cannot suffer you to leave England, my dearest Elizabeth, without acknowledging with gratitude your ever kind remembrance of such a poor recluse as myself: for alas! I see no prospect of our meeting again, since age and infirmities now confine me to my own dull home. How good you all are to me, my dear granddaughter, in favouring me with your letters, when you have so many other things to occupy your time and attention. Can I ever be thankful enough! I rejoice to hear that your dear little girls have profited by their marine visit. How I should like to see all my great-grandchildren collected together. . . . Adieu, beloved Elizabeth! That every blessing the world can afford may be yours, is the ardent prayer of your obliged and truly affectionate grandmother, Agneta Yorke.”

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Paris, Nov. 16, 1819.*—‘Was there ever anybody half so agreeable as Lady Elizabeth Stuart?’ said I the

<sup>1</sup> Anne, Countess of Mexborough, eldest daughter of Lady Hardwicke.

other day to a man of approved judgment. 'Nobody in the world but her mother,' he replied; 'and since we cannot have that dear mother too, you may judge what a pleasure it is to have got your own dear Ambassadress amongst us again; for if one did not care a straw for her, one must still allow that she is one of the most agreeable entertaining companions in the world. Then the world in her hands is so amusing, her views are so fresh, so lively, so entertaining, that an evening or a *dîner en famille* with her—of which we have had two or three most agreeable ones—is by far the best fun in Paris. . . . Even now that I am old, blind, slow, and stupid, I think Paris one of the most enjoyable towns I ever lived in for all conditions of persons. Then I think your advice excellent not to break one's head with tight-fixed plans too long beforehand. *La vie humaine s'en moque*, and especially that bit of rag of life that still remains to us.' ”

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Feb.* 21, 1820.—I am rather in a fuss to think that while you were reading the horrible story of the poor Duc de Berry's death<sup>1</sup> in the papers, you would not have a line from me. . . . On Friday morning I found myself in the midst of all the sorrow, for Mme. Juste de Noailles told me it was right to go to St. Cloud. Accordingly I paid her my visit in the carriage, and took her there. She is in attendance as one of the *dames*

<sup>1</sup> The Duke was assassinated at the door of the Opera House, Feb. 13, 1820.

*d'atours.* The one who was in the spare box that fatal night is Mme. de Bethizy, and I never saw a face where horror was more strikingly depicted than hers. She was in one of the salons to receive those who came with inquiries, and as every one came but to speak of their feelings and remind her of the scene, it was a hard task. She described what she had witnessed as if she could talk of nothing else. Conceive carrying the poor sleeping infant into that scene of horror! The sight of it seemed to give pleasure to the dying Duke, and he blessed it as it lay unconscious on his arm! All agree that there was not a word in the whole time of lengthened suffering that was not what they would treasure up in their hearts; but nothing was wanting to make up the frightful picture they never can forget—the crowds that arrived belonging to his household, and the Court and the Ministry, all hastening to the spot, and in a miserable low room, where hurry to get together the necessary means of relief gave the air of one of the scenes of the Revolution. In the first moments, Mme. de Bethizy and the Duchesse de Berry were themselves called upon to prevent the wound from closing, and had to tear from their dresses the bandages! The courage of the Duchess was amazing, and though she showed herself far superior to what could have been supposed was in her passive nature, I believe no one ever adored a husband with more devotion. An affecting trait, a few hours after all was over, is her having cut off her hair, which she gave to Mme. de Gontaut, desiring her to give it to her daughter when she could understand her loss, and to tell her that her

mother made her that gift on the day of her father's murder!

"I could not help begging to go into the poor infant's room. It is a fine child, rather like the Duke. Its little healthy rosy cheeks made a striking contrast with the scene of misery around. It lay asleep in its cradle. It is said to have been born blind, which is altogether false; but all misfortunes are supposed to be heaped on the family, and they have had their full share!

"The Duchesse d'Angoulême bore this new affliction with the fortitude which has become habit to her. She is constantly with the Duchesse de Berry, who is rather kept up by the idea of her situation, which no one looks to with much hope. I could not but be shocked with the savage hints of the ultras, who, without disguise, declare they had looked to no less than what has happened, from the system carried on. The King is scarcely spared, and the late hour of his arrival at the Opera House, and a whole week having passed before his first visit to the Duchesse de Berry, are remarked and censured in a tone which shows that they like to censure what they can *openly*."

"*March* 1820.—The Duchesse de Berry's salon is entirely hung round with black, which, being the etiquette for royal widows, cannot be dispensed with, though she certainly needs not to be reminded of her grief by such outward show. Her own bedchamber, where she always remains at present, is fitted up in dark grey cloth, but they are preparing a little *cabinet*

*en bibliothèque*, where she will not be so dismally surrounded. I cannot tell you what an impression these black hangings—covering doors, looking-glasses, sofas, chairs—produce; it makes the atmosphere seem black, and you feel oppressed as well as depressed. In those rooms, too, where the poor Duc de Berry always received, one cannot forget what has happened.”

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE to  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

“*St. James's Square, Feb. 24, 1820.*—Mr. Cocks has just brought in an account of a plot that has been discovered. From information given, thirty men were found in a hayloft, all armed. These gentry had intended to assassinate the Ministers as they came from dinner at Lord Harrowby's (a Wednesday Cabinet dinner). They generally come out in a party and go away at the same time. But notice had been given to the police, and the dinner was put off. Probably the conspirators met to deliberate on the cause of this ‘put off,’ when the Bow Street officers did their duty manfully, and nine of the party were secured; the rest escaped by a rope-ladder at the back of the premises. Captain Fitz-Clarence's life was saved by the serjeant cutting down the arm of the man who had a pistol aimed at his head.

“*4 o'clock.*—I have just seen the leaders of the horrible plot which has been so fortunately discovered and disconcerted. Having learned in Charing Cross, when I called about twelve o'clock to speak to James Cocks, that Thistlewood was taken and was there at

the Treasury, where he was about to undergo examination, I of course lost no time in proceeding thither. After getting through the crowd which had assembled near the door in the street at Whitehall, I was immediately admitted on mentioning my name to one of the messengers, and was asked by Townshend, the police-officer, if I chose to see Thistlewood. On entering the room where he was with some of the police-officers, I saw a man sitting by the fire without his hat, whom it was easy to distinguish from the rest by the character of ferocity which marked his countenance, which has a singularly bad expression, and gives completely the idea of a mind capable of the most atrocious crimes.

“I could not help contemplating him for some minutes, when Sir C. Flint made his appearance, and not only communicated to me what he had heard, but carried me to another room where there were several of the arms which had been seized, and a serjeant of the Guards who had been wounded in the arm by a ball, but fortunately without any material injury. I also saw and conversed with one of the police-officers (Westcote), who had been wounded by a ball which had passed through his hand, and had also received three balls in the crown of his hat. The arms that were taken were seven pistols and bayonets, four daggers or pike-heads of two feet in length, with some muskets. Thistlewood was taken in White Cross Street, near Finsbury Square, in his bed. The place where the conspirators were discovered by the police-officers was the loft of a stable at the Horse and Groom public-house in John Street, Portman Square, which is



between the Square and the Edgeware Road. It is said that their intention was to have forced their way into Lord Harrowby's house, where there was to have been a Cabinet dinner, and to have seized or put to death the Ministers who were there. Certainly their plan would not have been difficult of execution, for on a single knock at the door, a strong and desperate party might have obtained admission, and after despatching the servants in the hall, have proceeded to execute their purpose. Or if, as according to another report, they had intended to assassinate the Ministers on leaving the house, their design might have been effected without any great risk or danger. A few persons assembled at the door of a house where all the Ministers had dined would have attracted no attention, and the assassins might have executed their purpose as the Ministers were leaving the house, supposing them to have come out nearly about the same time."

THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON *to*  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

"Since the Gunpowder Plot there has been nothing so terrible in the history of any nation as this horrible plot of Thistlewood's, and if it had not been so providentially discovered, the mischief might have been quite incalculable. Sir William Scott says there was a plan for setting London on fire in twelve different places; they only waited for a signal from Lord Harrowby's to say the massacre there had taken place. Papa writes that he has heard from good authority that 7000 persons were ready that night on a signal

being given. . . . Had all taken place that was in contemplation, we should never have escaped a Revolution."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

"*May 12, 1820.*—The coronation walks about, saying it will be seen on the first of August, and the hammers are already at work at Westminster; so, dearest Bessy, your respect to your royal master, together with your anxiety for your dear Mama, *toujours souffrante*, may furnish you ample excuse for coming over as soon as you possibly can."

"*May 30, 1820.*—I am sadly vexed, dearest Bessy, to find that the Berrys have visited the Queen<sup>1</sup> at Geneva. How could they forget England's ways so much; and how could they forget that they have neither a single particle of respect, esteem, or goodwill towards any one of *her good or bad qualities*? They were received with tears of gratitude for such an unexpected mark of friendship. I am vexed: I am mortified for them and for myself; *but* Miss Berry's book will be all the more amusing hereafter."

"*June 2.* . . . If the coronation should tempt Sir Charles, as well as you, dearest Bessy, we can lodge you all. She comes! She is come to Calais! and I wish I could see and hear unseen the interview between her royal husband and his ministers. . . . I rejoice that Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] will be out of the way, for she could not help going, she says, to see her if she

<sup>1</sup> Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV.

came to London, and that would be so much exaggerated as to hurt dear Charlotte without helping poor Rantipolia. I am fully impressed with the notion that she will be given all she asks, so as she never crosses the sea; but if her ambition rises to be Queen of the Radicals, and if, as is quite possible, vanity and intoxication—of whatever kind—madly impel her to come over, why should they not try her? I cannot conceive but that, if the stories are true, one in five hundred might be sufficiently clear. I think when she asked Lord Liverpool what house was prepared for her, he might have answered that her Majesty might choose between Bedlam and the Tower. . . . Sights and rights make a sad jostle, and a trial—if she chooses it—is the only way I can settle.”

THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON *to*  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

“1820.—We are just returned from a visit to the Duchess of Kent, who is ten times as interesting as when we saw her before, though that visit led the way to our feeling so much interested in this. She is charming in her widow’s mourning, so cheerful, and yet every minute recurring to him with a sigh and a tear, and a momentary bitter feeling of her loss—and then comes such a happy and even cheerful look at the child. She is a most amiable woman to all appearance, and her Lady seems to adore her. She has seen few people, but is anxious to keep up a few friends, and has a kind feeling towards us all. She desired both Mama and I not to forget her remembrances to you. The child is so noble and magnificent a creature

that one cannot help feeling an inward conviction that she is to be Queen some day or other."

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Paris, April 16, 1820.*—How often we have wished for you here; indeed, had we tried to forget you, it would not have been possible, for you have been forced upon our memories every day by the unwearied kindness and attentions of your own dear Elizabeth. There is really no telling you how good she has been to us. I know not what Paris might have been without her; but this I know, even putting her kindness out of the question, there is nothing in Paris half so agreeable and interesting as herself. How a variety of scenes and characters has improved her naturally quick mind, and added to her uncommon powers of agreeableness; and with all this, it is our daily admiration how she finds time for all the duties, civilities, and attention that her position requires, whilst she shows the perfection of kindness and attention of every sort to her intimate friends. . . . As to Mary, I think our stay in Paris has answered most fully. She has had plenty of food for observation, and I think she ought to feel satisfied that, in many instances, she has really conquered the general *éloignement* towards foreigners, and may flatter herself with being something more than 'suffered;' and *sans dépit*, there are few Englishwomen who arrive at such high destinies. I only hope Mary may find our Italian journey answer as well as Paris, and have begged her to take all the plagues of a long journey with a stupid courier, and

a stupider sister into consideration, and told her I was willing to give it all up if it was not her wish; so my conscience will go upon velvet, as the journey will be entirely her own doing."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE MISS BERRYS.

"*Bounds*, April 13, 1820.—I feel a sort of anticipated disappointment for you both in Italy. The fine climate and the beautiful scenes may remain, but they cannot be as 'when hope and youth were on the wing.' . . . Then, when you return, you will be very angry with your particular friends for having grown abominably old in your absence. As to myself, I never saw any one who had laid more years on their cheeks than I have done since you went away; for which offence, as you appointed me to be 'the youthful representative of all ladies of uncertain age,' I feel myself responsible to you, and every quarterly season you stay away, my crime will be increased; 'réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage' Queen Jezebel herself could not manage. However, you will lay me under great obligation if you will amuse yourselves and *satisfy* yourselves with Italy, with *home as your object*."

"June 7, 1820. . . . My *amour propre*, or rather *l'amour de l'amitié*, whispers to me that it is not from utter neglect that I have not heard from you, but that there is a certain page in your *Journal de Genève* that, though most amusing, you know I should so much disapprove,<sup>1</sup> that you willingly let the subject pass by,

<sup>1</sup> The visit of the Berrys to Queen Caroline at Geneva.

till Rome becomes a less interesting, but more immediate topic.

“Well, she is come! She has crossed the salt sea, and salt will probably be the tears that will be shed; but I have not yet made up my mind who is to shed them. I have no doubt that, for the moment, she has all the mad enjoyment of hope and revenge. She is to arrive to-day at Alderman Wood’s in South Audley Street. She slept last night at Canterbury. It is said Lord Hutchinson was empowered to offer her £50,000 a year, provided she dropped the name and title of Queen and never appeared in this country. On these proposals, it is said, she instantly set forward, and left Lord Hutchinson and Brougham to follow. London streets are in ecstasy. All the tradespeople are on her side, and really many bettermost people only know her as an injured innocent woman.

“3 P.M.—The King’s setting out for the House was of course announced by the Tower guns, and in a *petite demi-heure* he was back again. He was well received at the door of the House of Lords, but was scowled at by the mob on his return, and at the gate of Carlton House, where there was a very great crowd. Caroline’s name was heard in the shouts of the mob. It is a curious moment: I was going to say interesting, but that is not the word. If she come to-night, will there be illuminations *per force*? and what shall we do?

“June 13.—There is no *dénouement* to the story, which is not a bit interesting, and yet is the great interest which occupies us all. We may wonder and wonder on, and not come to the end, but break off like the

'Arabian Nights,' leaving the Princess and the Alderman 'because day begins to dawn.'"

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

"The only things now certain are the King's fury, the Queen's pride, and the Ministers' puzzle. . . . Hopes have been held out that a Committee will not be wanted. If, however, this 'stink should be stirred' (I love elegant quotations), it would not now be in a Secret Committee, which indeed would do little for secrecy; and since the Queen demands open trial, such a Committee would look like a packed business. Amongst the smaller anecdotes of these times is that of the King and the Duchess of Gloucester flying up to the garrets of Carlton House to see her Majesty pass! It is said that Canning has resigned, but that the Ministry cannot do without him: yet the King must hate *him* even worse than *them*. There is a notion that he wants to go out as Governor-General to India."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to* LADY ELIZABETH STUART  
(about to arrive in England for some months).

"July 7, 1820.—I think when we have kissed the babes they had better be established at Richmond with Lady Stuart. . . . I want to lodge all my old birds together (for the coronation), and if there is no room for chickens, we must coop them elsewhere. We shall keep fast hold of the Caledons, so you will have a comfortable sight of them; and the Cocks's are here."

The earliest recollections of Louisa Stuart, afterwards Lady Waterford, were of her life with her sister in the farmhouse of Bure Homage, where her Grandmother Stuart resided for part of every year, and which was situated close to the cliff above the sea upon the Hampshire property of Highcliffe, which Sir Charles Stuart had inherited from his grandfather, Lord Bute. Of old Lady Stuart the children were always extremely fond, though less devoted to her than to their maternal grandmother, Lady Hardwicke.

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE MISSES BERRY.

"*Bure, August 17, 1820.*—Elizabeth and her delightful babes are quite well. Charlotte is almost beautiful, and quite fascinating, which is more than beauty. She will be one, I think, who will chain men to her while she hangs on them for support. Louisa will need no man's help, but will be mainly able to give it, in mind and body: she is like her own dear mother at that age. Charlotte will have her reign early, but Louisa will establish hers, though late, permanently. Vere<sup>1</sup> is a pleasant and a sensible girl, and Lady Stuart has gained much upon me from seeing many sweetnesses and tendernesses of her dis-

<sup>1</sup> After the death, in Jan. 1817, of her only sister, Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, Louisa, Lady Stuart, took Vere Hobart, her sister's granddaughter, to live with her. She married (July 31, 1832) Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and died Nov. 1888.



position that I did not give her credit for. Bure is really a sweet little bird's nest, but the bird is too big for the nest. How could Sir Charles be here for any time? A week would delight him; a month, I think, would be impossible. All Bessy's improvements show good sense and good taste, and will sell the property or let it to advantage. Sir Charles once talked of coming over for her, but I do not think it will be possible; the Continent is too much in a bustle, and people here would have no time for any *talkings*, which otherwise would have been wished. Elizabeth will probably return in about a month from the present time. I am half sorry on Sir C.'s account that she is not in London, in the way of events, which she would so well have detailed to him, but she feels relief in the contrast and quiet of Bure.

“Denman appeared in the House on the part of the Queen to know where she was to be seated. I had almost doubted her carrying this effrontery into execution. ‘*Jamais femme ne se trouvait à telle fête!*’ She is to sit, nay, she is *now* sitting close to the bar. . . . I remember it was a part of the satanic policy of the Revolutionists in Paris to drag Antoinette to the guillotine in an old bed-gown and dirty night-dress: would that, at the present time, it was Caroline Regina herself, and not the nation, that was so dragged.”

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Bagni di Lucca, August 2, 1820.*—There are so many interesting subjects in your letter that I know not what to talk of first, and so I will begin with our-

selves, which is a confined subject, for in a quiet comfortable life, as in the *good* reigns of history, there is little to be said. . . . It is an untroubled life in this beautiful place. Our weather is very hot, but our mornings and evenings are quite delightful, and nobody but myself—who sometimes wander in the chestnut woods—thinks of stirring out till the sun has dipped behind our mountains; then we, or at least all the rest of the world, ride, drive, or walk, and end by stopping to eat bad ice at a village coffee-house door, and then make visits or go to bed. . . . Our plans remain as much the same as anybody's can do while the whole world is revolutionising around them. What do you say to the Neapolitan revolution, if the nearer interests of home have left you any time to think of it? In this land you may imagine it creates a great interest, and may serve as example for or against the like proceedings on this side the Alps in more places than one.

“I am delighted to hear that London has come to a proper sense of Elizabeth's beauty; her unrivalled agreeableness was long ago *bien constaté*. So happy the society that has her! and thrice happy her husband! He may well lament her absence, but I rejoice that you have got her for a little bit.”

“*Florence, Sept. 25, 1820.*—If Elizabeth is really gone, dearest and happiest of Mamas, how can one ever say or do enough to make up to you for the charm of her society? But I rejoice that you have got Lord Hardwicke back to purify himself, in fresh air and decent company, from all the disgusting nastiness that has been polluting his ears and affronting his under-

standing where a nasty farce<sup>1</sup> has been performed by the most impudent actors, and the highest court of justice in Europe has been obliged to sit by and listen in solemn mockery.

“I enjoyed the latter part of our stay at the beautiful Baths of Lucca much more than the beginning. The great heat was past, and the tiresome part of society was gone, whilst our most agreeable peasants and their exquisite mountains remained, and we made several very pleasant excursions up to mountain villages and beautiful scenes, through magnificent chestnut woods that seemed enough to feed the whole universe. . . . Here in Florence we are as in a sort of a quiet safe home, with a few such friends as our good dear Mme. de Boutourlin, who are all inclined to be very kind to us.”

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE MISS BERRYS.

“Oct. 20, 1820.—A little talking with my dear friends will do me good. I have need of it. Elizabeth, dear Elizabeth, and her two fine creatures are gone! They went this morning, having been delayed some days on account of the little ones having had colds. But to go is the natural consequence of having *come*, and there is an immense balance of pleasure and satisfaction to be thankfully remembered.”

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“Dover, Saturday, Oct. 21, 1820.—When you get this, you will be disappointed that it is not from the

<sup>1</sup> The trial of Queen Caroline.

other side; but I have stayed on account of Louisa, who is very unwell, which is tantalising to-day, with fair wind, fine weather, spring-tide, high-water at nine o'clock, all wasted!

“*Sunday*.—Here we are still. Louisa is better, but it has been blowing a gale all night and is blowing on. I have a most wretched cold, so have half pardoned the wind for keeping me in bed, though I cannot quite forgive Louisa for cheating us of the fine passage yesterday, as I daresay I should not have sneezed more at Calais than at Dover.”

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
MISS BERRY.

“*Paris, Oct. 27, 1820*.—One of my pleasures in finding myself safely arrived in Paris yesterday evening was opening a letter from my dearest Miss Berry, but it was not so good as this very time last year, when I had you and dear Agnes two hours after I was re-established in my delightful salon! but luckily you are still on the right side of Paris for me, and must pass through.

“I am bewildered with my journey, my arrival, and my day, for I was obliged to *wake* to put on my longest train of most solemn black, to go to the ceremony of ‘les Reverences’ at one o'clock. This passing before the poor Duchesse de Berry’s *chaise longue* is the only reception she has in her widow’s mourning, and really most affecting it was to see her pale woe-worn young face in her widow’s dress in the room hung with dark grey, and her ladies standing behind her, and Mademoiselle held by one of them. Madame de Gontaut, sitting at her right hand, held

the little Duc de Bordeaux<sup>1</sup> on her knee, all covered with magnificent lace, and a beautiful cradle was the only ornament in the room. I assure you the moment of passing leaves a melancholy picture on one's recollection.

"My little Charlotte is in great beauty, but will be spoiled by hearing it, I fear. Louisa is pulled down (by her cold) which she might afford, but she is also *pulled out*. I must conclude by saying a word of the 'man of the house,' who is quite well, and delighted at getting us back."

LADY ELIZABETH STUART *to*  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Paris, Oct. 30, 1820.*—It is a good thing when I have to part with you, to have somebody to pull at the other end of the string, and my husband was beginning to pull hard. Though I had so much to make up for being away from him, here I am now as much settled and as comfortable as if I had never been away, and as if I was never to be away again—a good deception while it lasts, for prophetic packing-up is wearying, and I hope we have really no chance of being sent packing for a good while to come.

"Our return puts the whole house into great delight, and the children meet with great admiration. I am afraid Charlotte contrives to win the most of her papa's notice, and Louisa has not yet ventured to take him by storm. I meant to have devoted a day or two to my cold, but on arriving here, I found there was no getting off going the very next morning to court; for the Duchesse de Berry received ladies at one o'clock, the only time in her weeds. I had no choice, and got out

<sup>1</sup> Born Sept. 28.

of bed to step into my black gown and sweeping train, and arrived in time to follow in the dismal procession. It is the etiquette on the occasion of condolence to have only 'les reverences,' and no one is spoken to. In the crowd going in, the *bonjours* and rather cordial greetings on my return, and 'Nous allons voir le petit prince' gave me no idea of the melancholy ceremony we were upon, and really when I came opposite the Duchesse de Berry I was almost upset by it. She was laid upon a *chaise longue* in her widow's dress, and her look of fixed grief, her bending her head mechanically (as we curtseyed and passed on), without appearing to see any one, the dark grey room, her ladies in black ranged behind her; the little Princess held behind, and the Duc de Bordeaux on Mme. de Gontaut's knee at her right hand, had altogether a stage effect I can't describe. The infant was magnificently dressed in lace, and his cradle was the only ornament in the room. It looked as if the purpose of her life was past, and that she might *expire* bequeathing her child to France. However, I find it is a very different story. I hear a great deal of the very great joy, and I believe really sincere feeling, about the event of the birth, much more than I thought would be the case; but I hear a great deal more of the jealousies and bickerings of this new court, and no one can control and guide the Duchesse de Berry in the state of *exaltation* and importance she feels. Mme. de Gontaut is abused and the Duchesse d'Angoulême jealous; then to hear the *details* of the accouchement and all the circumstances! I assure you one is glad for *decency* sake to turn the conversation to the Queen and Bergami.

“I shut myself up two evenings, and having dismissed my cold, began paying visits, and went to see the first *dawn* of a party at Lady Aldburgh’s. Paris has been quite as much out of town as ever London was, but now *ça ira*, and I must take my share without much loss of time. My mornings have been taken up by a constant succession of visitors, some of whom I had left here, others new, some passing through, but a good sprinkling for spending the winter, of whom many might well be spared. Lady Montgomerie and Burgess are next door for the next six months. Mr. Canning and his family stay some time. I felt awkward when the inevitable subject of the Queen came on, but really, if not awkward to him, it need not be so to me. He has a beautiful daughter. The Castelicolas have no thought of going; the successor is here, but nobody will take his letters of credence. Altogether, so many queer things arise out of the times, that I have no time to talk of Naples, or anything but the business at home, however sick one is become of it. I find I am so far ill off that I cannot wade through the papers that come by wholesale, and—not having news fresh and fresh from the House of Lords—I don’t feel at all *au fait*.

“Having been to the Duchesse de Berry, I must go to-night to Court, only to the King, and I shall be in for it for two more Mondays before I shall have done all the round of the Tuileries. Sir Charles sends his thanks to you for sending me back. Love to dear Papa.”

“*Paris, Sunday, Nov. 12, 1820.*—Certainly no

lorgnette to the eye of my imagination had discovered you in the little box behind the curtains in these last debates; but I am delighted that you went, for your amusement and for mine. We are too far asunder to talk over what passes by, for rapidly as the speeches fill the newspapers, the *dénouement* comes quicker still, and I have just heard from the great Mme. Pasquin that the telegraph brings word that the Bill<sup>1</sup> was read a third time, that the majority had dwindled to nine, and Lord Liverpool moved 'reading it again this day six months'! To be sure it is an odd way of coming to a close, that those who brought it in should turn it out and *stick fast*. Never mind; so that it is really *ended*, I am satisfied. No doors open for it in the House of Commons, where it would never have come to good in any way, and however it looks on the spot (when a stone coming in at the window may bias the judgment), I assure you at a distance it has a more respectable appearance than the House of Lords do not acquit the Queen, while the Opposition, carrying the divorce clause against the Ministers, gives the impression that she was thought so decidedly *guilty*, that nothing but the fear of an unconstitutional measure prevented the Bill passing with a thundering majority. The Ministers' view of the subject is not so easily accounted for, and I expect a great outcry against them, in which the Queen herself will be forgotten. Two days ago Anacreon Moore very foolishly set up a flaming paper at Galignani's calling on the English to

<sup>1</sup> In the judicial proceedings before the House of Lords upon the Bill of Pains and Penalties presented against Her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth.



celebrate her Majesty's *triumph* by a great dinner, Messrs. So-and-so to be stewards. A clever little Doctor Gibbings stepped in just after, and added, 'Baron Bergami in the chair,' which turned the whole thing into a joke, and I suppose we shall hear no more of it: indeed, it is but a lame sort of triumph, and the less that is said about it the better for the Queen.

"*Monday morning*.—Your letter is just come to carry on the conversation about the Queen. I think the tricks, the turnings, and windings of all sides have done almost as well as a straight road, or rather a circular one, ending at the spot from whence they started. I think it stands pretty well balanced between a triumph and a defeat, and will save candles, without putting windows in jeopardy. I hope no violent measures may be attempted to get the Queen out of the country—*ennui* and *November weather* will settle her mind to go, if she is left to herself; at least, if she come *our way*, we need not give her a fête. I suppose Lady Charlotte [Lindsay]<sup>1</sup> will immediately take advantage of her release, and that she and Lord Guilford will set out (for Italy) without loss of time. I wish she had *refused to state* opinions, rather than forget them. I don't mean that she is much concerned about it, but was thought *easy*, having let a kind feeling to the Queen get the better of strict justice.

"Adieu, dearest Mama. The babes send their love."

"*Nov. 16, 1820*.—I see by the extracts from the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Lindsay, lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, was cross-examined at the trial as to the Queen's conduct in Italy when she was attended by Bergami as courier.

English papers that the Queen's friends thought proper to break the windows in honour of her 'triumph,' but I hope you were out of the reach of the stones. Aunt Anne,<sup>1</sup> I suppose, had lights in every pane, but I daresay she quaked at what might happen, as Lord Balcarras had voted, I see, for the Bill. I hear many surmises of a change of Ministry likely to grow out of it. A short time will show, for the House of Commons will bring things to a point.

"The Ministers here are much pleased with the elections, as far as they have gone. Really, since the birth of the little Prince, the country bears a more comfortable look of stability, and the choice of deputies has been better in consequence. It is terribly cold, and I have a headache, which makes me too stupid to write. I believe the fright I was in at finding that my *cram* list was sent out by mistake, in addition to my *selection* for my little party to-morrow, did not make it better; but by good luck, the notes were stopped, and 300 out of 400 names withdrawn."

"Nov. 20, 1820.—On Friday I had your letter just leaving town, and to-day I have you at Wimpole, wearied with the first round of visits, the certain quantum of grumbling necessary on these occasions being fagging enough. Now pray don't get too keen about cow-houses or hen-houses, and stand in the cold planning improvements. One moment too long does the business and knocks up your voice. Re-

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Barnard, eldest sister of Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarras, and of the Countess of Hardwicke.

member a fatal *moment* with Bemister<sup>1</sup> behind the house-door gave you that bad cold at Bure, and I am trembling lest you should commit some such imprudence, and be struck dumb. No experience serves any of us, in our old habits. Only conceive the poor dear Vaudemont, who has literally had the end of her finger bitten off at the first joint by a little English dog, yet has *dictated* a letter to have another such dog sent to her; and while she is kept in bed by the pain she suffers, she has three dogs, and a monkey into the bargain, on the bed day and night. This horrid accident happened near a week ago. She hardly complains of the pain, and only says her hand will not be improved by *deux petits doigts*. She is in very good spirits, and has her room full from morning to night: some of her friends ask to see 'the bit of finger,' but I was not inclined to *that* proof of interest.

"I have heard from Aunt Cha.<sup>2</sup> from Calais, and expect her this evening. Yesterday Sir William Gell<sup>3</sup> dined here. He really is quite a cripple between gout and rheumatism. He was prudent enough, and said very little about his royal mistress, but I know he brought out several ridiculous caricatures, especially one of *duping* the Genius of History, and said that if they had been produced before the House of Lords,

<sup>1</sup> Carpenter at Highcliffe and Bure.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte North, third daughter of the second Earl of Guilford, married, April 2, 1800, the Hon. John Lindsay, brother of Lady Hardwicke; she died October 1849.

<sup>3</sup> The classical archæologist and traveller. He had accompanied Queen Caroline to Italy as one of her chamberlains, and gave evidence in her favour before the House of Lords. He died 1836.

she would have been 'done for!' I am sorry to see a palace will be refused: they should have made it easy for her to stay, to induce her to go.

"We should have got at Gell's gossip, I take it, if we had not been obliged to leave our men, and go at eight o'clock to a concert at the Palais Royal. They were all very civil there. I had not paid my respects since my return. I thought they looked rather *embarrassed*, and some of the Tuileries company *sulky*. There has been a protest *framed* for the Duke of Orleans in the English papers, which is easily contradicted, about the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux. Certainly it would be hard to dispute it, after all that was done on that occasion. The Duke is much too wise to have questioned it: he must content himself to see if 'chance will have him king.' Assuredly he never wrote what was published in his name. The little Duc de Bordeaux has worked wonders in the elections. At first the Ministers were delighted, now they almost fear that they are getting too *violently* good; but really all seems so much more steady and quiet than it has been since I have known France, that I hope it will go on, without attempting to be better or worse. Adieu, dearest Mama! The babes were very happy at dining out yesterday with 'Master Burgess.'"

"Nov. 23, 1820.—I had little more of Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] than if she had been a good long letter, for she is off again, in haste to cross the Mont Cenis before the snows catch her. She was delighted to be safe out of England, and Lord Guilford was impatient

to get to Italy. I was glad to find Lady Charlotte had not seen the Queen before she left England; it leaves her free from entanglements. She seemed puzzled for the Queen's future life, where, with the world before her, she was to choose. I am sorry she has not some place allowed her in England; she would have made no use of the permission to stay, and will make mischief of the hindrance. I suppose a palace would have led to more than could have been granted. . . . Adieu, dearest Mama! Both children are always writing you letters. Charlotte is in the highest spirits, Louisa rather low and meek."

"Nov. 27, 1820.—We have bought the Jeanne d'Arragon in old Crawford's collection. It is but a copy of Raffaele by Giulio Romano, but the original in the Musée having been much injured, this picture was borrowed to *copy* from: so as one good turn deserves another, the pictures are now *quits*. We have bought only three pictures altogether, though perhaps we may catch one or two more; but we have not trusted ourselves to look at the collection a second time, for fear of getting into the scrape of *bargains*.

"I went to *Athalie* the other night, and could not but think of the Queen at St. Paul's, as much the same profanation of the Temple. How provoking that her *intarissable* impudence should brazen it out!"

"Nov. 30, 1820.—We dined yesterday at Talleyrand's, a large Court dinner in the usual style. The

Dino looked really very pretty, and the Courlande very amiable.<sup>1</sup> Tally is not at all pleased at our having the Jeanne d'Arragon, the only picture he had set his heart on at Crawford's sale, and he wants us to change with him; but I believe it will be very weak of us to give in, for his picture will probably not be equal to ours, which I believe we got at a very *unfair* price—only £25."<sup>2</sup>

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE MISS BERRYS.

"*Wimpole, Dec. 11, 1820.*—I must communicate to my dearest friends the loss (Nov. 29) of my venerable mother,<sup>3</sup> in the ninety-third year of her age. Free from pain or disquiet of mind or body, she sank gently into the sleep of death. For the last twelvemonth increasing weakness and some very slight strokes of palsy had nearly confined her to bed, but the habit of a pleasing piety remained to interest and cheer her. . . . Never was an aged person so well attended. There were always some of the different generations passing to and fro in her apartment, all fond of her, and proud of the little sparks of vivacity that still shone out at times. Her own maid too was a union of attentive care and well-timed cheerfulness, so that, since she ceased to be a useful member of society, we may

<sup>1</sup> Talleyrand had married his nephew, Comte Edmond de Périgord, to the Princess Dorothée de Courlande, afterwards Duchesse de Dino and Duchesse de Sagan, who presided over the salon of her husband's uncle, over whom she obtained a great ascendancy.

<sup>2</sup> This picture is now at Highcliffe.

<sup>3</sup> Anne, widow of the fifth Earl of Balcarres.

say, thank God, her life was easy and her end peaceful.

“You have all London and all Paris before you in the accounts that dearest Charlotte<sup>1</sup> has to give you. The newspapers will long have assured you that St. Paul’s stands where it did: it did not shake to its centre, and, what was more extraordinary, the Queen sate steady on *hers*. . . . The poor bewildered King has offered the direction of affairs all round, but with conditions that none will accept, and with subdivisions that many *cannot* accept. It was conjectured it would land with the Grenville and Wellesley party at last, but I do not think Lord Grenville will take office; his health is bad, and he loves his gardens, his dogs, and his ease, and has nothing to spur him on to activity.”

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Rome, Dec. 17, 1820.*—The dear Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] is not yet sitting by us, and will not be with us for a week, as she tells us that Lord Guilford, who, you know, has always some odd place or odd people to visit, purposes to go up to Cortona, perched on the top of a mountain, because it is an old Etruscan town with an old university, where he expects to find some wise professors. . . . As to the royal cause, think of me in the midst of all my good friends, Gell, Craven, Lady Charlotte, Lord Guilford, and still with a *sainte horreur* of all their evidences. Oh, if it was only this vulgar woman, with her couriers

<sup>1</sup> Her sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

and counts, who would care? but it is my England that sticks in my throat. What confidence can one ever feel in our laws again when we have seen *truth* hooted out of the country, and one's best friends thinking it their duty to use all their wits, all their address, to mislead the first court of justice in it? I can never express to you how much this has struck me, how it has changed my feelings of *home*, and how I thank Heaven every day that I have been out of England at this time.

“Mary must have told you how much we are both delighted with Rome. Our mornings are employed with so much interest and amusement that we need take no heed for our evenings; and as far as English society goes it is well for us that it is so, for your vile affairs in England have kept Lords and Commons and everything that is clever and agreeable at home. Still, in spite of this, we have enough and more than enough, for between the ambassadors' houses and a few others, there is something for every night in the week. . . . I assure you it is very entertaining being in the way of hearing everything that is going on, and waiting with impatience for the arrival of every courier; and, moreover, we flatter ourselves that we shall remain very safe and quiet here, and neither fear Austrian armies nor Neapolitan invasions: they will find too much to do in keeping quiet at home to trouble us, our poor old Pope, our cardinals, or any of the rest of our ruins. . . . We have been this morning at what is called the Cappella Papale, where the Pope and all the cardinals assist, with endless ceremonies, dressing and undressing, bows and incense. I sate in admiration of forms



and institutions that have so strangely outlived their age; what must have been the effect and the awe they inspired when they were felt with enthusiasm and joined to real power, when they gave the kingdoms they now tremble before? And the poor old man<sup>1</sup> is now so very infirm, that one cannot see him without thinking what, in this world of ruins, is to follow his short lease of life.

“We are enjoying the sunshine of midsummer. Whilst we look at our orange-trees, how we pity the poor northern souls who have only a choice between fogs and frost. However, as you may chance to receive this in the outer library at Wimpole, perhaps I had better keep my pity to myself, for where can my fancy turn to anything prettier, or my memory to days spent more happily than there?”

“*Florence, March 7, 1821.*—As Mary is writing to you, dearest Lady Hardwicke, I will only just put in one little word, to prove my property in that plural number in which you sometimes kindly address your letters: and in good truth no joint-property was ever so wholly and so thoroughly enjoyed by both parties. I really am sorry for you, that you cannot receive one of your own letters, just to know how charming they are. And then I want to thank you for defending me in your own mind from the folly I am accused of. I married! mercy on me! My good friends little know how far my thoughts are from any change but that which—*bon gré, mal gré*—we must all make to another world, and for which perhaps the loss of all interests

<sup>1</sup> Gregorio Chiaramonte, Pius VII.

in this is a good preparation. I am grown old, dearest Lady Hardwicke, beyond all description, both in body and mind, and I try to bear it with as good a grace as I can; but it is most true that I begin to feel this world a very lonely dwelling. I cannot imagine what story they got hold of, except that, as you imagine, they married me to —, our old French acquaintance, who happens to be already provided with a wife, and half-a-dozen children."

LADY ELIZABETH STUART *to*  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Paris, Feb. 6, 1822.*—A most ill-natured hoax has been practised on Sir Sidney Smith's credulous vanity. A courier arrived all *splashed*, and 'with no more breath than would make up his message,' in the middle of the night from Rome, with a despatch from Cardinal Consalvi, sending him, by order of His Holiness, an immense key, and the hinges of the door of the dungeon where the Christian slaves were confined at Algiers. The last prisoners brought away these relics, which were laid at the feet of the great *cavaliere liberatore*,<sup>1</sup> and, with more flummery than one would have thought he could have swallowed, desired he would send a list of the knights worthy of receiving a new Order of *the Key*, to be instituted by the Pope in remembrance of the event. Sir Sidney showed his key about in triumph, and sent copies of the letter to the Duc de Richelieu and all the foreign Ministers.

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir Sidney Smith (1765–1841), who had defended Acre against Bonaparte in 1798, afterwards founded an Order of Knights devoted to the liberation of white slaves.

When he showed it to Sir Charles, he said immediately that he was not accustomed to Italian despatches, but advised him to be very sure that his was genuine before he said anything about the matter. However, the mischief was done, and now every one is up to the joke, which was really cruel."

TO THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Paris, Feb. 12, 1822* [?].—I want to pin you down to come here. In this house you must and *shall* be; it is all settled; there is 'Lady Caledon's room,' and 'my Lord's dressing-room,' and 'Lord Alexander's<sup>1</sup> room at the head of the backstairs,' and still several rooms to spare; and we shall give Alexander our old French master and dancing-master, and for dancing he must join the *Young Lady's Academy* for a time, though we must take care not to call it so to him, or he will not set his foot in the schoolroom, unless the pleasure of playing with the children and wringing their hearts by cruelty to their dolls makes the inducement stronger than the fear of being there. . . . If you come by the middle of March, I will give you a fancy ball, which you will think I am crazy to hold out as a bait to you, but I only want you to fix a time, and to get you before the theatres shut up here or the House opens briskly in London."

TO THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Paris, May 23, 1822*.—We have been very much grieved for the poor Duc de Richelieu. I cannot say how much I was shocked at the suddenness of his death, and all the melancholy details about it. He is

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Alexander, only son of Lady Caledon, born 1812.

more a loss than might be imagined, for I believe he was the only thoroughly honest man who has been at the head of affairs here. His last dismissal had weighed heavily on him from feeling that his services were completely lost on those who ought to have felt some obligation to him."

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"Paris, June 3, 1822.—The joyless state of mind in which I have lived lately, chiefly from Mary's long indisposition, has affected me the more from feeling that I am in the midst of everything that I ought to enjoy and take pleasure in; above all, that I am here with your dear Elizabeth, who is unwearied in her goodness to me and in every possible kind attention, and that her society is in itself a continual source of amusement and interest to us both, and no moments more pleasant or entertaining than those passed by the side of her sofa, to which, alas! she is still obliged to confine herself."

"Florence, Oct. 3, 1822.—Put not your trust in Marys, my dearest Lady Hardwicke, *quand il s'agit d'une lettre*; for had it not been for her repeatedly saying 'I am just going to write,' you would certainly have had some of my pot-hooks long ago, for I have been longing to tell you of my almost childish delight at finding myself again in my dearly beloved Italy. I believe I ought to be a little ashamed of the unreasonable passion, which I find all my years and infirmities have not at all cooled, but your indulgent heart

will be glad to know that, *with* or *without* reason, I am very much enjoying myself. . . . We caught dear Lady Charlotte and the Sheffields *tutti quanti* a few days before they left Lausanne, and followed them over the Simplon. . . . Lord Guilford allows them little rest from sight-seeing now, but after he has settled them in Rome, carries off Lord Sheffield with him to his Greek islands, so that we women shall then have time to take our antiquities together as quietly as we please, and, with so comfortable a party at home, shall feel very independent of all that chance may send in the way of society. We were amongst the very first of the usual winter flight that arrived here, and now this immense hotel is overflowing. They arrive by coachfuls and by dozens every day, all destined for Rome; in short, if one half that we are threatened with ever arrive, Rome must be rebuilt to hold them. Nobody seems to know whether we are to have the sovereigns or not, after they have done with their Congress at Vervan. Meantime, we have a bit of heir-apparent royalty here in Oscar, the Crown Prince of Sweden, who is certainly doing all he can to make up for an illegitimate crown; at least, as far as carriages, liveries, suite, and all the bustle of royalty can legitimise, he is certainly in the right line. He arrived here with *nine* carriages, chamberlains, chancellors, écuyers, &c. &c., and as they are all lodging in the same hotel, we have his laced couriers and chasseurs under our eyes from morning till night. We have met him two or three times in society. Though well enough looking, there is nothing to make one forget his grand-papa's counting-house at Bordeaux.

“We do not know if you are still at Ramsgate, which I trust has done all that could be desired for dear Elizabeth.”

“*Rome, Nov. 27, 1822.*—I know so well that if I let a few more days slip over my head, mountains of laziness and busy nothings will rise, and frighten the pen out of my hands; so let you know now how right I think Elizabeth is in returning to her kingdom, for it is too long an abdication for so gracious a queen, even if she is not completely recovered. I think, between the power she has now acquired of moving, and the liberty she may still claim as an invalid, she may certainly contrive to compose a mode of life and society far less fatiguing to the spirits than any she has yet tried at Paris. *Les épreuves d'amabilité et d'esprit* having been made, she may be allowed to repose on her laurels, and if the steps that it is necessary to mount in the theatres do not fatigue her, I think the play and the opera will be repose in comparison to the general receptions of which she was the victim last summer.

“I must not cover my paper with talking of our divine weather, our delightful morning drives—when mere existence is a pleasure, and our magnificent sunsets over the domes, ruins, and palaces; but as both my interests and pleasures in the bustle of the world must necessarily every day grow smaller and smaller, so my enjoyment of climate and country, and all the habits that they bring along with them, is far less divided by other interests and pleasures, and is amongst the very few that still remain to me in full

force. Then we live here with all the common comforts and indulgences of life, without any prudent fears or household cares to alarm or plague us: all one owes must be paid at the end of the month, so one knows exactly where one is, which is something for those who have seldom felt at ease in their own country.

“We English overflow in numbers here as usual. Lady W. Russell is here, as everywhere else, one of the most admired and most agreeable. Your Lady Abercorn has established herself in one of the best apartments that is to be had in a great palazzo, but her spirits have not been good enough for her to make much use of it in the way of society. The subject of her grief, however, is one which all Europe has shared with her, for it is the death of our dear unrivalled Canova, and in this city of the arts you may judge of the great impression and regret it occasioned, and of how we felt it both for the friend and the artist. Lady Bute is another of our oddities here, but she is at least an invisible one, health being her excuse for seeing no human creature, not even her own connections. The Duchess of Devonshire<sup>1</sup> is not yet returned from Naples, and though we have both the Pope and the cardinals, Rome is not quite Rome without her. We have had the King of Prussia here, who saw Rome with royal speed in seven or eight days. They say we are not to have Alexander,<sup>2</sup> but shall do as well without all the bustle his arrival would occasion. Pasquer is here, and, like all Ministers out of place,

<sup>1</sup> The widow of the fifth Duke, and daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol, formerly Lady Elizabeth Foster.

<sup>2</sup> Of Russia.

is ten times more agreeable than one has any idea of whilst they are occupied by their vile politics."

LADY ELIZABETH STUART to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"Paris, Dec. 12, 1822.—Thank you for the venison, of which I bestowed the smallest haunch upon a large dinner-party yesterday. I was wise enough not to invite any ladies, and kept myself free to appear or not, and, as you may guess, chose the *not*, and spared myself walking in procession, and passed as being *souffrante* upstairs. But in fact I had stolen out of the *petite porte*, and off to the Français, where Mdlle. Mars and Mdlle. Mente were acting *Les Femmes Savantes*, the only play where they appear together, so it always draws a crowd. The Mars does not seem to stand a rival patiently: this new favourite, however, is very unlikely to beat her off the field; she is a good actress, but rather a humdrum woman, and her voice is not pleasant.

"I shall have a few people some of these evenings upstairs (in a sort of *laying-in way*, I mean that I must be *dispensée* to rise and receive), when I don't go to the play. I have a moderate amount of visitors, and sometimes it is pleasant enough. Just now I get many dull ones, who expect to catch the Duke [of Wellington], who has been generally so busy writing, that I have once or twice been the whole day without seeing him. He is in very good spirits and very comfortable, but looks terribly overworked, ten years older than at the coronation. He was very much struck, as every one is, with the change in old



Louis's<sup>1</sup> appearance ; he has grown feeble and drowsy, and I don't suppose he has a long reign before him.

"I have been very unfair to you not to put some weapons in your hand for your friend O'Meara, or rather I should say your friend Bonaparte. Sir Charles I found quoting the book<sup>2</sup> at his finger-ends : he had been very much amused by it, and I only wish I had been in the way when he read it, to have made him read passages and supply names. What I enjoyed very much was seeing Talleyrand (who came in here one evening with Molé<sup>3</sup>) eyeing a book which in size and bulk was exactly O'Meara's. At last he crept up gently and took a peep, and looked much happier when he had ascertained it was a stranger.<sup>4</sup> I felt very much inclined to say, 'Non, mais le voici,' for I had just crammed it behind the cushion of the sofa as he came in. I told this to Molé the next time he came, as we were alone, and somehow he had named the book. I said I did not know another person who figured in it to whom I could talk about it, and went on to ask him his opinion of it, and he was most extremely entertaining upon the subject. I wish I had been the doctor for half-an-hour to write

<sup>1</sup> King Louis XVIII.

<sup>2</sup> "Napoleon in Exile," by (his doctor) Barry Edward O'Meara, 1822.

<sup>3</sup> Comte Louis Matthieu Molé, the Counsellor of State, who, faithful to Napoleon I. in his misfortunes, was chosen to direct the Council of Regency formed around Marie Louise. He continued to occupy an important place in political life till his retirement in Dec. 1848. He died Nov. 1855.

<sup>4</sup> The book of O'Meara, which is chiefly an exposure of the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe towards his illustrious prisoner, also contains many details concerning those of whom the Emperor spoke to him.

down all he said about it. Like you, he had neither slept nor ate till he got through it, and though out of all patience with the Doctor—first, for not asking the questions he would have chosen to have answered for his own satisfaction, and following up conversations as an *able* man would have done, and then for putting himself and his grievances so much in the way—he says he does not doubt one word he finds in it; that, from his intimate knowledge of Bonaparte, he could have foreseen (could such a situation have been foreseen) that he would have exhibited just such *petitesses d'esprit*, with a desire of showing *grandeur d'âme*; that the exactness of some facts and some characters were evidence to him of the conversations being genuine, but still more the *lies*. He could recognise the very inventions with which Bonaparte used to cram those he conversed with upon many subjects where he chose to blind people, even those who knew the truth as well as himself. For instance, the letter he professed to have received from the Duc d'Enghien was a favourite falsehood of his. He represented the Duke as soliciting to be employed by him, and even to be his aide-de-camp, whereas it was well known that the letter was noble in the extreme, and asked no favour whatever, but demanded justice. Another falsity, which Molé knew to his certain knowledge, was that Talleyrand never did write from Vienna during the sitting of the Congress to offer his services. Molé was himself Minister in those days (the *Cent Jours*), and knew that Bonaparte tried every means to inveigle back Talleyrand. He sent Montrond to Vienna on that very errand, and used to say, 'Comment faire pour nous rattacher

ce coquin de Talleyrand: nous ne pouvons pas nous en passer.' So for once Tally was wronged.

"I am sorry to say I must take my leave here, before Molé's visit is out, for it is later than I thought for. My knee is, off and on, better and worse. The children are well. Catherine<sup>1</sup> is a delightful correspondent, but whilst she is with you I may economise. I send a *foie gras* pie for your Christmas."

"Jan. 30, 1823.—I will consider a letter due to-day, as I daresay you have thought I was beginning to grow wild in allowing fiddles to enter the house to break the spell of quiet which my good genius had ordained for me. But really it was the quietest thing of the kind I ever had, as I sat like a sultana on my sky-blue silk sofa, with my foot upon a stool, allowing all my company to come up to me, without discomposing myself for them. It would be great impertinence if I had not a stock of over-civility to record, which will wear out ere long, so I must be saucy whilst I may. Thanks to Charles Yorke, the dancing went on glibly, and as I only kept up the strength of the combatants with soup and sandwiches, washed down, to be sure, with punch, &c., the house was cleared by two o'clock.

"I went to Mme. de Gontaut<sup>2</sup> last night. She had written me a very pressing note to beg that we should go, that her party was very small, and a chair ready to carry me up and down if I pleased. She sent it for my inspection, but I walked up, making a great show

<sup>1</sup> Her sister, Catherine, Countess of Caledon.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchesse de Gontaut-Biron, governess of the Children of France—the Duc de Bordeaux and Mademoiselle.

of lameness. I had been told that the Duchesse de Berry was to be there, and to dance, as she had got leave to dance, round the court of the Tuileries,<sup>1</sup> and this week past she has been invading every hole and corner where a quadrille could be contrived. Mme. de Gontaut had cushions and footstools for me in each room, and *desired* the Duchesse de Berry to be civil to me. She came in rather late, very cross, the garland of flowers on her pale dress being *pinned* instead of being *stitched*. She gruffly insisted upon my sitting down *bien à mon aise*, and passed on to scold the Juste de Noailles for her *mésaventures de toilette*, which was very properly listened to, and by a lady, not a lady's-maid. I think she ingeniously contrived never to see Sir Charles at all. Mme. de Gontaut had a large proportion of English. She is steady upon that point at all times in making her list, and was more anxious than ever to put it forward last night. Monsieur arrived and came up to me very kindly. I looked round for Sir Charles, who had just disappeared. Mme. de Gontaut seemed much annoyed at it, for she had told Monsieur the moment before where he would find him, and when she said, 'Il est parti, parcequ'il ne savait pas que Monsieur y serait,' he answered, 'Peut-être parcequ'il le savait.' I did not know this, but still I perceived that *war* would be again brought into question, and sent off Lord Marcus Hill to advise Sir Charles to come back, which he did, and the civility was rather more marked than if he had stayed still. Monsieur told Mme. de Gontaut that it had given him

<sup>1</sup> In those days many of the great officials had houses in the Court of the Tuileries. Most of these were swept away after the Revolution of 1848.

very great satisfaction. He looks ill, and I pity him, for *now* he is far from wishing for the Spanish war. Madame is on every account anxious and wretched about it. Poor d'Angoulême himself says he hopes the first shot will put an end to him, so little does he expect to get either glory or advantage. The marshals are all cross at not being employed, and those who go and solicit employment cry down the war, as the only unpopular one they ever knew in France. The King wishes it, on the worn-out score of setting the Bourbons up again, as head of the family; and the Duchesse de Berry, as a naughty child, who ought to be whipped for giving an opinion at all."

In the autumn of 1823, Lady Elizabeth Stuart left Paris for a tour in the south of France and Italy.

LADY ELIZABETH STUART *to*  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Paris, Nov. 20, 1823.*—All the latter part of our tour I did not like to own to myself how anxious I was about our darling children, especially Louisa. But *twelve* letters from Sir Charles at Turin, each with an enclosure from one of the little girls, set my mind at rest for the time. . . . My vague fears as I drew near home, and the accounts which poured in upon me in the first hour, I need not think of now, but it went to my heart when the children said, 'We could hardly write when papa asked us for letters to prevent your knowing how ill we were, and we did not know what to say so as to *tell the truth.*' Charles was

most considerate and attentive through all this illness, to a degree he would not have had credit for, and is naturally more thought of in the nursery at present than I am.

“I went to Court on Thursday, when I should have done wiser to have stayed at home, and it was not altogether duty that took me, but being asked to a concert by the Duchesse de Berry, my curiosity to hear Rossini *doing his best* carried me out. I was much amused, and as I was in for a cold, and had no engagement, to keep well for, this week, I did not mind sneezing a little more in consequence.”

“*Paris, Dec. 1, 1823.*—How the King [Louis XVIII.] is kept alive I do not know: he is in a literal state of *dissolution*.<sup>1</sup> . . . To-morrow the Duc d’Angoulême’s grand entry takes place. He has done very well, but an opera-house triumph is ridiculous. The newspapers send Lord Granville to the Hague, ‘on his way to a more brilliant embassy,’ but we have no intention of making room here. Sir Charles gets deeper and deeper into business every day. . . . Charlotte is wonderfully improved lately, and Louisa is in her usual state of jumping, and laughing, and talking. . . . I must say good-bye, for I must go dress for Court, and dine out besides—at Talleyrand’s.”

TO THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Dec. 23, 1823.*—I have now a humdrum soirée once a fortnight, and do not mean to do more till the Carnival wanes towards its close, when I suppose we

<sup>1</sup> He lingered till Sept. 15, 1829.

must set the town dancing. Meantime they may dance out their own triumphs.<sup>1</sup> You ask me about them. I think they go off quietly. There were gratis theatres, and provisions given away, fireworks, and a military spectacle goes on every night at Franconi's, at which I don't know how many hundred soldiers *assist*, to fight their own battles over again, when possibly there is as much fire and smoke as in the real assault. These sort of doings don't drag us in, and the promised balls fade away—the Duchesse de Berry has enough to satisfy her round their own courtyard.

“I must tell you a bit of gossip which has made great stir here. Last week the Duchesse de Berry had a play in her own apartments, I believe to *fêter* Madame's birthday. I remarked in an Opposition paper, ‘On a choisi pour le spectacle *Les Anglaises pour rire*,’ and Sir Charles and I agreed it looked as if it was *saucily* meant, and he said something of the kind to Castelcicala, who, being fond of a bit of meddling and mischief-making, went post-haste to the Duchesse de Berry and said, ‘Je vous annonce que si vous avez engagé l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre et sa femme vendredi, V. A. R. aura un refus à cause du spectacle.’ Mme. de Gontaut, at the Duchesse de Berry's ball, asked me if we *had* refused. I said we were not invited; that we did not care a straw about the piece; but that, as the Duchesse de Berry professed not to like us, I thought she perhaps laughed at us instead of *with* us; that nothing was of less importance, and that Sir Charles had not sent any message about

<sup>1</sup> For the victory of Trocadero and the deliverance of Ferdinand VII.

it. She answered she was very glad to know it, for that *she* was made answerable for anything against any of us. So the matter ended. Two nights after, at Mme. de Noailles',<sup>1</sup> I found, from the dear Juste herself, that the Tuileries was up in arms; that Madame and Monsieur had come from the *King* to the Duchesse de Berry to say the piece must be changed; that l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre had sent M. de Chateaubriand<sup>2</sup> to the King to *insist* upon it; that though he owned 'c'était très humiliant pour eux,' no choice was left. The little Berry went almost into fits with rage, and, to say the truth, with some reason. Sir Charles could not guess what it all meant, but thought it necessary to have the truth conveyed to Monsieur. So in the morning (the day this important spectacle was to take place), he went to Mme. de Gontaut, whom he found had had *warm work*, but had declared she was convinced that there was some mistake. Sir Charles sate down and wrote her a note to declare he had never named the subject to Chateaubriand, that he never concerned himself with what passed in the Tuileries, and that it was indifferent to him what plays the Duchesse de Berry chose—'surtout quand je ne suis pas prié.' This note soon went the round of the château, and an express was sent off to the actors that they *might* give *Les Anglaises*. Sir Charles asked Chateaubriand how he could account for the whole story. 'Very easily,' he quietly answered. 'I did not mean to tell you anything about it, but I had

<sup>1</sup> The wife of Comte Juste de Noailles, daughter of the Duc de Talleyrand, lady of the bedchamber to the Duchesse de Berry.

<sup>2</sup> Author of the *Génie du Christianisme*.



observed that, *par hazard*, there was always some piece to quiz the English at the Duchesse de Berry's, and I thought it might get into your newspapers, and I hinted to the King that they had better choose something else.' The King supposed he was sent by Sir Charles, and I am glad that he was told of it, for it was too absurd to suffer it to pass. I own I chuckle at the thought of 'the stew' they can be put in at our authority, which had better be kept for some worthier occasion. All the royal family talked to Mme. Juste about it, and professed themselves very glad 'que la chose avoit été éclaircie,' and on Sunday, at Mme. de Gontaut's, they were all particularly civil to us, which I was as well pleased to show the bystanders, though I was in a great hurry to be off to Comte Orloff's to a spectacle of a different sort, a set of scenes from Italian operas by Princesse Zenaïde Volkonsky, whom you remember well at our first acquaintance with Paris. She was a very good Tancrède, though it don't seem the fashion to commend her."

TO THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"Paris, Jan. 16, 1824 [?].—My little Charlotte has been very pale and feverish of late, but here they always count upon *les dents de sept ans* causing a little unwellness. I trust you are coming here at Easter, and shall keep rooms in my *inn*, even if Lady Stuart and Miss Hobart should be here before you; we *count* upon it already. . . . How I hate going out in the evening in the cold. The parties and ball will be gloomy from the King of Sardinia's death, as he is our *beau-frère* here, and will give us a two months' mourning."

Up to this year the only English Chapel in Paris had been the ballroom of the British Embassy. On the 15th of August, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Lewis Way, protected by the British Ambassador, the Chapelle Marboeuf, in the Champs Elysées, was opened. This was only just before the recall of Sir Charles Stuart from Paris in 1824, which was anything but a source of sorrow to his wife, who was thus able to be more constantly with her mother, from whom any prolonged separation was always a misery.

MR. JOHN RAMSAY to  
LADY ELIZABETH STUART.

“Paris, Nov. 8, 1824.—I am not writing to you on the subject of the million of kindnesses which I have always been in the habit of receiving from you . . . but on that of an *éloge* made by Talleyrand on Stuart on the evening of your departure, which delighted me very much, and which I find I must relate to you. He said that he believed there were few instances of a Government having been represented with more zeal and ability than England had been by Stuart; that he knew how Stuart had conducted himself *dans les circonstances les plus épineuses*; that the English Government was, through him, the best informed of all Governments; that he knew our Government had a system of having ambassadors only for a certain time, but that this system, which was well calculated for

former times, *ne valoit rien pour le tems present*, and that he could not conceive how a Government could, for any consideration whatever, forego the advantage of having here a person who, in addition to many other advantages, had such a perfect knowledge of all parties and almost of every individual in the country. Now, I think this is *something*, and more than something, when the source is considered, and I resolved to write it, though I know Stuart will laugh at me for so doing. Pray remember me, notwithstanding, to him, as well as to Lord and Lady Hardwicke, with whom I will not condole on this lamentable change, as I think they are amply repaid by having you once again amongst them; those who are really *à plaindre* are those to whom you made Paris daily, or rather hourly, so delightful."

## II.

### AT BURE, PARIS, AND HIGHCLIFFE.

“Is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and best some of the child’s heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments?”—LAMB.

“Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,  
The swoop and cry of eagles overhead  
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,  
And make it spread its wings and poise itself for eagle’s  
flight.”  
—GEORGE ELIOT.

THE young Stuarts were enraptured to exchange the confinement to a small garden in the Champs Elysées for the large grounds and wide-spreading park of Wimpole. The little Louisa, of six years old, wrote thence to her father:—

“*Nov.* 6, 1824.—My dear Papa, we are very good and we are very happy, and we amuse ourselves very much at Wimpole, and we like it better than Paris. Wimpole is a very nice place, and I am sure you will like it as well as I do. You will be very much amused picking up stones. Your affectionate Louisa Anne Stuart.”

LADY ELIZABETH STUART *to*  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

“ *Wimpole, Dec. 26, 1824.*—We have had a most bustling week. A gracious summons to Windsor took us off after church last Sunday. We slept in town, and went on Monday to the Lodge. I was alarmed, but it was not very formidable. We had from Monday to Wednesday, the King [George IV.] only appearing before dinner. He was very gracious, and with Sir Charles exceedingly friendly when alone, and in company very *chatty* both evenings, making a million of questions about every French person he had ever seen. The party was small. . . . Lord Cunningham took me to see the improvements at Windsor Castle, which at present looks as if it had suffered by fire, but Mr. Wyatt-*Ville* explained all his plans to me, and I believe it will turn out very fine and very comfortable. The King looked much older, and, amongst friends, took no pains to be young, which made him all the happier. He was very infirm on his feet, and could not get off his chair without assistance, which assistance was a good hard tug from Lady —. Lady E. had the charge of the walking-stick, and got a kiss for her trouble, so did *I*, for my return home, I suppose. The Cottage-Lodge, as it is now called, is hardly fit for a King, except in the dog-days for a vagary, but it is very pretty. A mouse, or rat, as I suspect, which drove me out of bed in a hurry, made me think it rather too rural. Many inquiries were made after all our belongings in turn, you among the rest, and many messages sent to Aunt Anne,<sup>1</sup> which I hope will do her good.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Barnard was ill at the time, and died in the following year.

“Our Christmas here has been a very happy quiet one. I feel so *rich* here now, and have only to wish for you to complete our circle.”

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE *to*  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

“*Wimpole, Dec. 31, 1824.*—Dissipation has been the cause of all the children having increased colds—a masquerade with Miss Berry as the costumier; Agnes, as maskmaker; both the Maidwells, as tirewomen. The characters were—Sarah, a nun; Charlotte, a French Court-lady, alias Madame de France; Henry and Arthur Savile, a gipsy fortune-teller, with her old grandmother shrunk by age; Louisa, and Caroline Cocks, Swiss peasants in large hats; Charles and Frederick Savile, Italian peasants in Carnival dresses; and Charles Cocks, a well-dressed Turk. We had a quadrille and a hornpipe, with every soul in the house present, from the garrets above to the kitchen beneath, all full of admiration, especially of the Court-lady, who was really beautiful, and the Turk. Sir Charles Stuart, who came in for this sudden fête, was as pleased as any one, and admired both his own girls to the greatest degree. He seems to find it not at all difficult to amuse himself here, which is well.

“. . . I daresay that something or other will be found for Sir Charles, for the King is really friendly to him, and either to do him a kindness or to get quit of a disagreeable subject, I think there is little doubt that Canning will do something, somewhere, somehow.”

LADY EASTNOR<sup>1</sup> to  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Wimpole, Jan. 3, 1825.*—Sir Charles left us on Tuesday last, and as he will be obliged to remain in London at present, Elizabeth intends joining him with the children at Whitehall<sup>2</sup> on Thursday. We are all in admiration of Sir Charles's good-humour and contentment during the time he was here, and I really think he deserves the greatest credit for it. The Berrys left us on Wednesday, but Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] is still here. . . . In the masquerade which Miss Berry set agoing, the younger members of the family were the only persons masked. Charlotte was a well-dressed French lady in a Court dress, with a long train, toque, and feathers, which became her extremely, and she looked like an elegant woman at a distance, and not at all like a child."

John, third Earl of Bute, had purchased the property of Highcliffe, near Christ Church and Muddiford on the coast of Hampshire, and bequeathed it to his fourth son, Charles, who was the father of the ambassador Sir Charles Stuart. His mother, who retained a house near Highcliffe after it was sold to Mr. Penleaze, used to amuse her little granddaughters with descriptions of the botanical garden enclosed with high walls which Lord Bute had succeeded in forming in what was

<sup>1</sup> See p. 31.

<sup>2</sup> Louisa, Lady Stuart, had a house in Whitehall.

then a very bleak and uncultivated country, and of his greenhouses containing the first specimens of what are now quite common plants. A great fuchsia, which was a great rarity when it was planted, remained to quite recent times from Lord Bute's collection, and also a camphor-tree. From the gardens, which were very near the edge of the cliff, a zigzag road, by which carriages could pass, then led down to shore.

At that time the New Forest extended to the sea, and the desolate beach was much resorted to by smugglers, met on landing their goods by poachers, the one assisting the other. Louisa, Lady Stuart, used to tell stories to her grandchildren of a large dog that was trained to assist the smugglers in many venturesome landings. The old house of Highcliffe was one of those in Adams' well-known style, and of the same plan as several others built by Lord Bute—Kenwood, Luton, and Lansdowne House in London. One of its curiosities was an organ, which played a great variety of the music of the day, and worked by water. There was a library, a considerable collection of works of art, and a botanical system of Lord Bute's own arranging. The cliff, opposite the house, kept falling, as it has done more or less ever since,



till a space of only sixty feet remained between the house and the precipice ; and in the present generation, Lord Bute's old gardener, Ross, used to narrate how anxious he was to "turn a walk, and turf over the place," to conceal a fresh fall of the cliff "before his Lordship appeared." The landslips, indeed, were the cause of an accident to Lord Bute, who overbalanced himself when "chastising a little dog," and broke his leg. Only one temple now remains in the grounds at Highcliffe of the four, "two open and two closed," which decorated the gardens in Lord Bute's time, the others have fallen into the sea. Indeed, the elder Sir Charles Stuart found the expense and annoyance of the landslips so intolerable, that he sold Highcliffe and the greater part of the property which his father had held in the neighbourhood, and very soon afterwards Lord Bute's house was pulled down.<sup>1</sup> To this day bricks connected with the drains of old Highcliffe are constantly appearing and falling out of the edge of the cliff.

Highcliffe passed into the hands of a Mr. Penleaze, who in the natural course of events had succeeded to a very moderate fortune. But amongst the things he inherited, he found

<sup>1</sup> A large set of drawings of Lord Bute's house by Callander are preserved in the present Highcliffe.

a cocked-hat case, which contained no hat, but bank-notes stuffed into it as tightly as the case would hold, amounting to a very large sum indeed. This sum was employed by Mr. Penleaze in the purchase of Highcliffe, and in building a new house, only about two hundred yards inland from the site of the old one, a very commonplace rough-cast house, with two bow-windows to the end rooms, and two other rooms separating them from an ugly hall in the middle. The drive to it was through a plantation arranged round a field of the most ordinary type, with a gate at each end; for the lodges and entrance of the old place had been divided from it and allotted to another house of Lord Bute's, then called East Highcliffe.

Amongst the portions of property retained by the elder Sir Charles Stuart on the sale of the old Highcliffe was the farmhouse of Bure Homage, afterwards known as Bure Cottage. Here, from the time of his death in 1801, his widow had resided for a part of every year, though it was a very primitive place. After Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart left the Embassy at Paris in 1824, they determined to enlarge and beautify Bure, as a residence for such times as they were not with Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Elizabeth's admi-

rable taste made it exceedingly pretty and quaint. Lady Waterford wrote long afterwards :—

“ I do not think I ever saw a more original elevation than that of Bure Cottage—a complete oval, surrounded by a green verandah, covered with clematis and honeysuckle. The drawing-room was an extended oval, and I used to admire what, in those days, was a novelty—a paper representing Swiss scenes. A pretty stream ran through the shrubbery, and from the verandah was a good view of the sea and the Isle of Wight ; and then the lawn was gay with tiger-lilies and rose-coloured carnations and picotees ; and were there ever *such* green-gages as grew against one side of the house, and could be picked out of the window ; and a pear-tree too, with pears on it quite scarlet and yellow ! I have never seen any like them since. Vickers was the gardener, and he was certainly very clever in the growth of certain varieties, and had the place very neat and trim.

“ Bure Homage has gone through many changes since those days, and has passed through many hands since it was sold by my father. It underwent a complete change when possessed by the Baronne de Feuchères, and was transformed into a Frenchified villa such as you might see in the Champs Elysées ; and I look in vain for traces of ‘ the Mount ’ or hillock from whence there was a good view of the sea, and for the old kitchen-garden. I can only find the former lawn, and the medlar and quince trees planted by my father, and the little gate opposite the shrubbery walk to the sea-shore,

where I can well remember our delight to have arrived from London to find it locked. My sister and I climbed over and rushed off to the sea, never stopping till we were on the beach. We were well scolded, but I doubt whether the scolding would not have been borne readily to have the delight of that first smell of the sea.

“ I remember the writing-lessons in the dining-room of Bure Homage, given us by old Lockyer, who was clerk at Christ Church, and wore a kind of surplice of black in his desk, and read the first lesson. His great triumph was the chapter of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and the instruments of music.

“ Muddiford has not changed very much. The lodging-houses are the very same, and but few houses have been added. The beach was very different, and a good walker had a fine sandy space from Muddiford to Hurst Castle. Seven bathing-machines stood on the beach (three existed the same as of old till 1880), three of them round and four square, taken into the sea by a man on horseback. A small and very primitive wooden house contained two baths for warm sea-water; and Jane and Miss Conroy, the bathing-woman and the manager of the warm baths, were well-known characters till quite recently.

“ The Haven House still remains the same picturesque tumble-down old pile as ever. My grandmother remembered it a sea-bathing lodging-house for fine company who came down from London for sea-air, and I can remember Muddiford beach rather full of people, what our little French companion, Esther Wattellior, used to call *un beau-beach*. Mrs. La

Tour, in a yellow carriage and four, driving on the sands, would not be credited now-a-days. On the beach, at the Christ Church side, by the Haven House, were the backbone and ribs of a large boat, and I was told it was one of Napoleon's flotilla wrecked on the shore. The ribs disappeared, but the backbone, I feel sure, is still under the sand. Gundimore, still Gundi-more, has its round room, which was a tent old Mr Rose (Sir George's father) used to carry to the Forest, and live in when he was there, till, having caught a fever there, he pitched it by the sea and built it in, adding a villa to it. The villa was from a Pompeian model, with a pond and a little terraced Italian garden, and clipped hedges of evergreen oak, and a gate with aloes (tin aloes), which still exists, the rest being much altered. Old Miss Rose, his sister, lived in a still-existing house, then called Jennings; for Lady Rose, Sir George's wife, was a Jennings, and of the family of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and herself a great beauty, as her picture testifies."

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Curzon Street, Jan. 18, 1825.*—As you hear constantly from the fountain-head, dearest Lady Hardwicke, I can tell you nothing new, but it is a satisfaction to us to hear from Mrs. Hamilton that all is going comfortably between the late and the present Ambassade.<sup>1</sup> . . . It is also agreeable to hear that Lord Stuart is much

<sup>1</sup> The first Earl Granville had been appointed by Canning, who was his intimate friend, to succeed Sir Charles Stuart as Ambassador. He was recalled in 1827.

liked and regretted by the King, and that the King's attention to him when he received the diplomatic corps was much remarked.

“And now, dearest Lady Hardwicke, for a word of Wimpole, and it must always be a word of regret at leaving it, when somehow or other you always contrive to make one's life there more easy, and cheerful, and happy than it is anywhere else. If this was only my feeling, there would be no wonder. But all who come and go agree in the same. There are many other great houses in the land, but there are *not* many other Lady Hardwickes, nor many other daughters like hers.”

LADY EASTNOR (travelling in Italy) to  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

“*Rome, April 9, 1827.*—We liked our excursion to Tivoli extremely, but alas! the poor cascades are all gone, and one spot, at the entrance of the town, is now a sad scene of desolation; five-and-twenty houses were totally destroyed, but happily there were no lives lost, for the misfortune most providentially occurred in the middle of the day, and the inhabitants had just time to save themselves. The bed of the river is now considerably lower than it was before, and the traces only of the cascades are to be seen. Lord and Lady Bath, who were of the party, saw it about a fortnight before the inundation, and of course were much struck with the change. We, who had not seen it before, were delighted with the extreme beauty of all the scenery about Tivoli, and could scarcely imagine that it could have been much more picturesque than it is. The Grotto of Neptune is, I understand, finer now than it

was, as the fall of water is considerably enlarged. We walked to it in the evening by torchlight, and a fire which was lighted behind a rock in the Grotto gave it the appearance of a very well-painted scene at a theatre.

“We made a very agreeable excursion with Lord and Lady Bath, Lady Car. Thynne, Lady Charlotte (their daughter), Lady Car. Greville, and a Mr. Cheney, who is quite an artist, to Bracciano. The castle was sold by the Odescalchi family to Torlonia, and the title belongs to the possessor. It used to belong to the Orsini, and Pope Benedict XIV. took refuge there. It is beautifully situated over a large lake, with a fine view of the Apennines in the distance, and is, in every respect, what the Castle of Udolpho might be supposed to be—grand, sombre, picturesque, wretched, and dismal. The great suite of apartments has been very handsome, but they have now a most melancholy appearance; the tapestry and damask hangings are faded, the furniture is in a dilapidated state, and the whole looks cold and cheerless; the bedrooms are comfortless, and the doors and windows keep up a perpetual rattle. The dungeons are all well calculated for the purposes of torture and confinement, as well as the place for private executions! Our party was cheerful, and Lord Bath having sent down his cook, the *cheer* was very good. We spent our time pleasantly there, and I am glad to have seen a good specimen of a real old Italian castle. On our way to Bracciano we passed by the Isola Farnese, the site of the ancient Veii.

“We dined a few days ago with the Ambassador from the Netherlands and Mme. de Celles. Her

mother, Mme. de Valence, who is Mme. de Genlis's daughter, is now with her.

"I shall be delighted when our long journey homewards is at an end, for it is a great undertaking, and appears endless when looked at on the map."

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Hôtel de Breteuil, Paris, Dec. 2, 1827.*—I envy you if you are rewarded for your winter journey by sunshine and bright skies, whilst we are looking on the Tuileries gardens covered with snow. . . . What Tasso and you have so well described, you are bound both to see and feel. And how I should like to *see you see Italy*—the difference which the climate helps to make in all the feelings and habits of life, a new view of the goods and ills of human existence, and certainly a more poetic one. And then my dear monks and my nuns. Pray leave me some little corner in the world for holy nonsense, which still to me retains a certain spell of the awe and faith of former days.

"We have had much to enjoy in our winter, for, though the Embassy can never be what it was in dear Elizabeth's reign, Lady Granville has been very good to us. At Mme. de Flahault's<sup>1</sup> one sees everything most *à la mode* in the Paris world; but for my part, I think of French society as I have always done, that it must be delightful to those who are born to it, and most

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Admiral Keith, who married the Comte de Flahault, aide-de-camp of Napoleon I. "Les concerts et les bals qu'elle donnait fréquemment, grâce à sa grande fortune, étaient fort recherchés."—*S. Amand.*



detestable for strangers who fall into it by chance—*aussi je m'en garde bien*; and when Mary is in the French line, I abandon her and provide for myself."

The pleasant family life at Bure was cut short in 1828 by the re-appointment of Sir Charles Stuart as Ambassador at Paris, with the title of Lord Stuart de Rothesay. But Charlotte and Louisa Stuart had then forgotten anything dreary connected with their infantine days at the Embassy, and were delighted to see again the old hôtel in the Faubourg St. Honoré, with which they retained only pleasant associations. Charles X., who had succeeded his brother Louis XVIII. in September 1824, used to call them "*mes petites sujettes*."

Miss Hyriott, who remained their devoted friend till her death, came to the Stuarts as governess at this time. She was a clever and interesting woman, and was as much welcomed as a companion by the elder members of the family, as by her little pupils, who owed much to her instructions. Both the children had begun to show remarkable artistic talents, Charlotte Stuart having greater facility with landscapes and buildings, but the little Louisa, between six and eight years old, occupying every spare moment with original compositions of figures,

which already exhibited the sense of beauty and versatility of imagination for which she was afterwards so remarkable. At ten years old she had executed an admirably finished copy in oils from a large picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A number of child-companions now gathered round the little Stuarts in the Embassy gardens during play-hours, especially the charming little Sabine, daughter of Mme. Juste de Noailles, afterwards Duchesse de Poix,<sup>1</sup> and Camille de Maussiou,<sup>2</sup> who was afterwards the wife of the famous sculptor Marochetti. Sunday was a welcome day, because the little Emily and Sophia Thellusson,<sup>3</sup> daughters of Lord Rendlesham, always came to spend it at the Embassy; coming also in the week to take their dancing lessons with the young Stuarts, and to join them in many happy drives in the Bois. At Paris, at nine years, the little Louisa also became intimate with Lady Jane Bouverie, afterwards Lady Jane Ellice, daughter of the third Earl of Radnor, who continued to be her dearest friend through childhood, youth, and age.

Lady Rose (1893) describes the sisters at

<sup>1</sup> Mademoiselle de Noailles afterwards married Mr. Standish.

<sup>2</sup> M. de Maussiou was one of the many A.D.C.'s of Napoleon I., who had married a Thellusson.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Lady Walsingham and Lady Rose.

this time :—" In their devotion to each other, Charlotte and Louisa were one, though as opposite as possible—Charlotte gentle, retiring, clever, and goodness itself, never saying or doing what she ought not ; Louisa, in the highest spirits, always getting into trouble by hearing or seeing what was not intended for her, to the great distress of Miss Hyriott, their excellent governess, and perfectly devoted to her paint-boxes at ten years old."

The return of the Stuarts to the Embassy was celebrated, on March 2, 1829, by the famous and still remembered "Marie Stuart ball," a revival of the beautiful fêtes of the Renaissance. It was attended by the Duchesse de Berry as Marie Stuart, and the Duc de Chartres as François II. :<sup>1</sup> in the following year the Duchess was an exile in the palace of Marie Stuart. Lady Stuart de Rothesay presided over the ball as Marie de Lorraine, and her little Louisa is described in contemporary accounts as the "page to the Queen Mother of Scotland." The fourth engraving from the water-colour pictures by M. Eugène Lamy commemorating this ball<sup>2</sup> represents "the entrance of the Queen Dowager of Scotland." In

<sup>1</sup> See Imbert de S. Amand.

<sup>2</sup> There is a copy in the National Library at Paris.

October Lady Stuart de Rothesay returned to her mother in England.

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

“*Hôtel de Breteuil, Paris, Oct. 9, 1829.*—I must tell you a little of our *dites et faites* since we parted with your dear Elizabeth, who graciously came to give us her farewell at St. Germain, where both she and Lady Charlotte may have told you that we were most agreeably lodged on the edge of that magnificent terrace, which was, to all intents of enjoyment, our own particular property. . . . Here, in Paris, I need not tell you that the great blank to us is the loss of our dear Ambadress, for which nothing can make up to those who have the comfort of her intimate society. *Au reste*, I am grown so old and stupid that I like Paris rather better in its present and dull state (for it is now called empty) than with all its winter reunions. And even now there are many pleasant houses open when one is inclined to the goings out, but I am apt to prefer the *'tis buts* that will kindly come to our own fireside, so that altogether our time passes very comfortably; and though I was sorry to leave St. Germain, I am glad of the change on Mary's account, as she can get books and society here at will and pleasure. Lord Stuart has been very kind and attentive to us, and has given us many calls, and more little bits of his always entertaining company than we could have expected.

“They have got our English painter Mr. Hayter here, who is in great vogue at Paris, and has made

a good picture of Lord Stuart,<sup>1</sup> the strongest likeness imaginable, and *downright handsome*."

"*Curzon Street, Feb. 11, 1830.*—St. James's Square would, in good truth, be a much better resting-place for you than Wimpole. We hoped to find you here quietly seated by your own fireside, where you would have had nobody to entertain, but every one you liked to see coming in to entertain you with the news and *on dits* of the day—I may say of the hours. . . . We long to see you, and to have many a talk with you about your Ambassade, and its delightful queen, and its little princesses, who are not a bit spoilt, and just what you would have them."

THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE to  
THE MISS BERRYS.

"*June 26, 1830.*—I am waiting anxiously, awfully, for the toll of the great bell that announces the nothingness of human greatness. If the King is still living, the bulletin will tell us so in an hour. The Duke was sent for yesterday, and has not returned at a late hour. Peel, in conversing with Lord Eastnor on Sunday last, when just returned from Windsor, could not help saying how striking was all the splendour and all the misery of that dying King! From many circumstances he will be much regretted. I only hope no ill-judged 'last will' will destroy the feeling that it is decorous and soothing to have. A Regency will be the first work of the new King, as his successor

<sup>1</sup> Now in the dining-room at Highcliffe.

is a minor; but what is odd, and what no doubt you have heard, is that there is no minority stated, and that, unless a Bill is passed, little Victoria would be our eleven-year-old Queen, if her royal uncle should die. The 'Kingdom of Hanover' will preserve us from all difficulty; the Duke of Cumberland will succeed to it, and—*bon voyage!*"

"June 29.—*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* is well exemplified at this moment. The old King, who was so lately our young King, was dead but a few hours when all his afflicted peers and commons were swearing their allegiance to William IV. The Privy Councillors next swore what Lord Hardwicke calls 'that damnable doctrine;' the new King read a speech to his Privy Council with good emphasis and discretion, and with so much feeling, when he spoke of his loss of an affectionate brother, as was both real and suitable, while one natural tear dimmed his spectacles. His manners were calm, and the whole was satisfactory. The theatres were closed that night, and Sunday took care of itself, but Monday made itself amends; guns and proclamations, crowded streets and pleased faces announced a new reign, without any pomp, it is true, but without any anxiety; and yesterday, before our bonnets were black, we were all leaving inquiries at the sub-royal doors, passing on from the Duchess of Kent to Princess Sophia, &c.

"To-day there is to be a message from the King to the Parliament about the Regency, and appointing the Queen. The mouse is become a mountain all of a sudden."

In 1830 Charlotte and Louisa Stuart, at the age of thirteen and twelve, made their first tour. It was a journey of the old kind in a britscha and a coach, containing Lady Stuart and her two daughters, Miss Hyriott, the governess, two maids and two men-servants. Miss Lister followed in her own chariot. Of this tour a careful journal was kept by Charlotte Stuart, afterwards Lady Canning. At Pau (August 2), the travellers were startled by the first news of the Revolution which dethroned the Bourbons, and saw "a number of ill-looking people carrying the tricolour flag, and dragging the white flag in the dirt, with great noise and shouting. The tricolour flag was put up at the Préfecture." On the 8th they found the old governor of the historic château trembling lest it should be pulled down, and the tortoise-cradle of Henri IV. destroyed by the Liberals. At Eaux-Bonnes, on the 12th, they heard that the royal family of Charles X., whom they had so lately left in prosperity at Paris, were fugitives, and that the Duke of Orleans was king. Amongst other entries in Charlotte Stuart's journal, we find:—

"*S. Sauveur, August 19.*—Lou and I rode for the first time in our lives on *ponies*; very much delighted! We wore real long petticoats, white muslin bodies, and

white bonnets on our heads; and we went to see the church of Luz; Mama sketched it."

"*August 21.*—As we were walking along the road at Luz with Miss Hyriott, we heard a cracked drum and saw a little crowd with the tricolour flag. The man who carried it went up a ladder leaning against the column in honour of the Dauphine and Duchesse de Berry, and scratched at the *fleur-de-lys*, but could not succeed in knocking it off."

Often in after life did both sisters recall the happy days spent this autumn at S. Sauveur. Lady Stuart afterwards travelled slowly along the south of France to Avignon and Marseilles, returning to Paris in November.

MISS AGNES BERRY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*St. Germain, Saturday, July 31, 1830.*—In spite of the accounts, my dearest Lady Hardwicke, that Mary and Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] gave you by the last courier, you may chance to be a little anxious to know how we have fared in these dreadful days, which have changed from hour to hour. Every day in Paris becomes more serious and terrible. We may really thank Heaven we were not there—I do not mean from any personal danger that we should have run, but all we must have seen and heard from our very windows would have been dreadful. Even on our terrace at St. Germain we heard the awful sound of



the cannon in the last stand that the King's troops under Marmont<sup>1</sup> made in the Champs Elysées, till all were obliged to *replier* on St. Cloud, with the people following them. Even then, in such moments, did the poor infatuated King refuse all terms, till the dust of his flying troops, followed by a justly incensed people, was seen from the windows of S. Cloud, and they told him that he had not a quarter of an hour left *pour prendre son parti!* In fact, his cause is up and lost for ever. He has been too late in making concessions. Who will trust him now? and how could he again show his face in his capital, which, having been spared by three conquering armies, has been put *en feu et en sang* from his madness and folly? For no accounts you can see are more horrible than the dreadful state that Paris has been in, and the complete butchery of the poor Swiss and French guards, in their ill-directed loyalty, is enough to make one's blood run cold. And all this in one week's time! Even to us here it is like a dream. On Sunday last all was quiet, peaceable, and happy, and we were thinking of how we should go to *l'ouverture des Chambres*, when that marvellous edict<sup>2</sup> appeared on the sole authority of the poor infatuated King and a contemptible and abhorred Ministry. Certainly no act of our poor Stuarts ever came near the imprudent madness of this; and also never was there anything like the energy and determined will the people have shown

<sup>1</sup> Duc de Raguse.

<sup>2</sup> "Les Ordonnances," suspending the liberty of the Press, dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, and creating a new electoral system which reduced it to 158 representatives.

in putting an end to such misrule ; and to their honour be it said, that in the midst of this dreadful struggle no private property has been touched, and nothing but the military attacked. Had we been in Paris, we should only have been suffering from the terrible scene passing before our eyes ; here we have been in perfect peace, without one moment's anxiety for our own safety. Our greatest grievance has been being cut off from all the usual intercourse with Paris just in this anxious moment—no letters, no newspapers, scarcely any carriage arriving from Paris, so that we have been for some days entirely at the mercy of *les on dits*, which you may imagine were not wanting here ! Our terrace was covered with people of all sorts from morning till night, listening to the fearful sound of the cannon (which for two days and nights we heard from time to time), and talking over all the exaggerated stories of what was passing in Paris ; though I really believe it was hardly possible to exaggerate the dreadful situation of the streets of Paris. Wednesday and Thursday were the terrible days. To gain some certain information we were obliged to send our servants to Paris, for none of the letters our friends wrote from thence ever reached us. Thank Heaven ! by all accounts all is now quiet, the National Guard and the people in quiet possession of everything, and not a soldier in Paris that is not willing to join the part of the people. In fact, the poor King's cause is lost and finished for ever. But as one cannot yet know what shape the government will take, and as, in such cases, things must change from hour to hour, I shall leave this open to the last moment.

“I think that you must heartily rejoice that dear Elizabeth and her girls were spared these fearful moments at Paris, and I dare say she has met with nothing disagreeable on her road; but I cannot imagine that she can enjoy her tour much in these circumstances, and therefore should not wonder at her return when all is quiet.

“*Sunday morning, August 1.*—Well, my dear Lady Hardwicke, in such times twenty-four hours make more changes than a peaceful century. All is quiet and returning to peace and order, the Charter and the Constitution restored, the Press free, the Chambers to assemble as they were at first intended to do on the 3rd; but no question, no thought, no wish for Charles X., and the Duke of Orleans appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, which seems to give the greatest satisfaction to the people, and indeed to all ranks; for everybody except a few twaddling courtiers are sensible that, without regarding him, the Bourbons—in every branch, and every individual—have lost France for ever, and ever, and ever! What is to become of the poor infatuated King, Dauphin, &c., Heaven knows! There seems no desire to touch them, but still less to follow or defend their cause, and their security seems to be the contempt they have brought on themselves. If these sentiments had not been so general, and the success of the people so decided, there is no saying what prolonged evils would have followed. All we know of the Court is, that they went from S. Cloud to Trianon, and from that to Rambouillet, from whence they say they

mean to go to Tours, or, as some say, towards Flanders.

“In all this dreadful business I have pitied the Duke of Orleans extremely, whose common-sense and the interest of his family were on one side, and his honour and duty to the King on the other. But if anything can now be saved to the Bourbons, it must be through him. We may indeed be thankful that we were not in Paris in these last days of horror, which everybody tells us were dreadful to behold; but now that there is a received Government, things are returning to their natural state. The streets, having been all barricaded, will require some days to be made passable again, but we hope to be able to remove to our Hôtel de Breteuil on Wednesday, and as we certainly can now do so without the least shade of danger, it will be very interesting to be in Paris, and to see and hear all that is passing at such a moment; for there are many situations into which one would not willingly put oneself, and yet, being there, one is glad to have been present.

“The post is now re-established. We receive our letters, and carriages are now going between this and Paris, so that it is no longer in a state of siege. As to our S. Germain, we have been revolutionised in the most peaceful and almost comical manner. A few of the old Guard National coats have been *endossés* by some good quiet shopkeepers, and followed by a ragged regiment, with any arms they could find, yet keeping the town in peace and quiet. The tricoloured flag is flying on their old château, the national cockade is in their hats, and histories of the horrors that have been

committed in Paris by the King's troops are in all their mouths.

"We had a note yesterday from Lord Stuart: all well at the Embassy, but no word of Elizabeth's return."

"*Curzon Street, Sept. 4, 1830.*—Where is your Elizabeth? When is she to be back in Paris? I think I should like to hear that she had returned there. I see by the papers that Lord Stuart was the first Ambassador that went in state to the new Court. I am very very glad of that."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

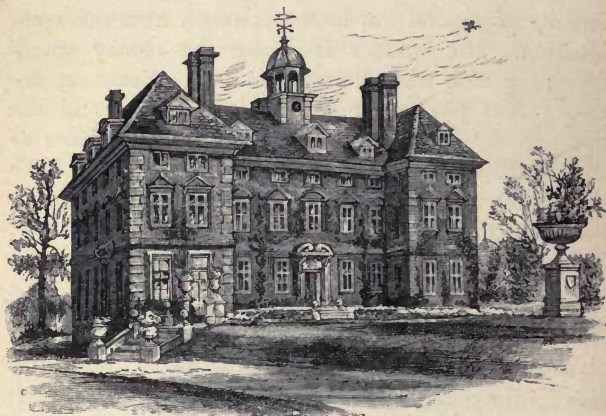
"*Paris, Dec. 24, 1830.*—Now that we have finished off our *trois journées* and have put our National Guard to bed, after having been up three nights, you will all be taking fright about us, and wondering how it is to end. What it has all been I cannot tell, but certainly it looks rather like—a splendid hoax! This opportunity of displaying a force of 80,000 men seems a little like a private rehearsal of war, and that, it is thought, is the *môt de l'énigme*. The insurgents really meant mischief, and had the Garde Nationale not proved true, mischief *must* have followed. And some very alarming moments did occur; for when the real sentence was known at the Luxembourg, and that the Ministers were off, from 200 to 300 of the Garde Nationale threw down their arms, and next day about 150 of the Municipal Guard joined the populace in the Faubourg S. Marceau, and they made towards the Louvre for the cannon. This might have been serious, and I was a

good deal frightened by rumours, all of which died away by degrees. The day before, however, it looked still more alarming when a guard of ten soldiers and a sergeant came to take care of us and secure us against pillage! Lord Stuart sent away our defenders, and so did most of our colleagues, but not all. The Apponi's were very brave, although one of the thousand cries spread amongst the people was that Metternich sent the money to make the revolt; that it had been smuggled in, and that Apponi distributed it. The Prussians were also threatened, 'to pay back old scores.' We should have been safe enough except amongst those whom Dupin designated in the Chambers as the most dangerous perturbators—*les Volcans*. It is dreadful to think of the torture of mind the poor prisoners experienced, from Monday evening, when every horrible cry reached their ears; twice the gates were forced, and a few on each side were wounded. I am told that Polignac was overwhelmed with his sentence, which he never anticipated. His family think it was more severe *in words*, from the intimidation of the press, but I suspect his poor little wife will be satisfied at his safety: she is most exemplary in the whole manner of supporting her hard lot. I really was afraid to leave our quartier till to-day, when I am glad I was bold enough to drive about the town, which was all spread over with the whole National Guard, waiting to be *passé en revue* by Louis Philippe, who went to thank every corps; and, as it grew dark, lampions were put out of the windows, and, in short, it became a grand illumination in honour of the victory of the Guard over his

loving subjects. Meantime the deputies were *docking* the Civil List, I am told, most woefully. Laffitte will probably have to turn out; Soult will be president, and then Sebastiani must stick to him or be kicked out, which will be a death-blow to the Flahault house, and Odillon Barrot, the chief of the Republican party, will be Minister of the Interior. The complication of intrigue and ambition is very disgusting, and the probability of general war increases much from this combination. The wonder is where the money comes from; the mob was all well paid here. Some say the ex-royalists pay, some the ex-imperialists, and the question was whether the funds or the patience of the National Guard would last the longest. Both must have been declining, but one must give wonderful credit to this Guard, which looks like a real army. They had 30,000 of the line to help them—a large force to secure loyalty, in a popular Government! I hope the lesson may be of some use at home.”

With the close of 1830 the Stuarts finally left the Embassy at Paris. Lord Hardwicke's health was declining, and Lady Stuart de Rothesay was more than ever anxious to be with her mother. She found her parents living less constantly at Wimpole, and frequently occupying the beautiful old house of Tittenhanger, near St. Albans, once a manor of St. Alban's Abbey, which had been the refuge of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon (1528) during the sweating sickness in London. This property had come to Lord

Hardwicke through the marriage of his father, the Lord High Chancellor, with Catherine, daughter of William Freeman and his wife Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Pope-Blount of Tittenhanger. When Lord Hardwicke's second daughter, named Catherine Freeman



TITTENHANGER.

after her grandmother, married the second Earl of Caledon (October 16, 1811), Tittenhanger was settled upon her as her dowry, but was frequently afterwards rented by her parents during the absence of the Caledons in Ireland, and, after Lord Hardwicke's death in November 1834, became his widow's permanent home,



and the great centre of affection and interest to the whole family. And indeed few homes have the same intrinsic attraction as the noble old house of Tittenhanger, with its high overhanging roofs, clustered chimneys, and rich mouldings of red brick; with its terraced garden, wide-spreading trees, and high grass-walks above what was the moat of monastic times; with its quaint low hall filled with fine old portraits of Blounts and Freemans, with its winding passages, its haunted chamber, and its glorious carved oak staircase. The young Stuarts adored it, and were always indulged and cherished by their grandmother, who continued to keep her own four daughters in great order and submission, even as elderly women, though they were perfectly devoted to her. Long afterwards, during hot days of fatigue and anxiety in India, the letters of the elder of these grand-daughters show how she constantly turned in memory to the ancient rooms and cool glades of Tittenhanger, as the haven of rest where she most longed to be; and the younger, even to old age, loved beyond all others the place of which she was wont to say that she had drawn its every room. In a letter addressed from thence to her Grandmother Stuart in December, 1832, she sends illustra-

tions of the high-roofed house and its fine carved oak staircase for her benefit, and says: "Charlotte and I are to have the pleasure of acting guides or showmen over the house to the company, which you know, next to rummaging, is the greatest of treats to me." At Tittenhanger, when she was fifteen, she made one of the most intimate friendships of her life, with Miss ("Bell") Heyland, the daughter of a consul at Ostend, who had been almost adopted by her aunt, Lady Caledon. To this dear friend she wrote every day for very many years of her life.<sup>1</sup>

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"Sept. 6, 1831.—I had a civil message from the Queen [Adelaide] appointing an audience to stand for Presentation yesterday, and so I had to go and wait while crowns and robes were tried on; but when admitted, I was much pleased with the simplicity with which the Queen spoke of all she had to do, and her regret that, with all eyes upon her, she had not a better outside to show. Still more rightly did she feel and express regret that all the pomp and ceremony of the coronation should be in a *church*, and that she had to receive the Sacrament when it was impossible to be abstracted from all worldly feelings; but she said, 'I hope the *will* may be accepted.'"

<sup>1</sup> Miss Heyland died in 1868.

MISS BERRY to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Paris, May 14, 1834.*—Dearest Ex-Excellency, it is not at Paris and in your own quartier that one can forget or neglect you. I was only waiting to write to you till I had seen some and many of your old associates. With whom shall I begin?—with Mme. Juste, turned into the Duchesse de Poix, who is exactly in looks, and everything but name, *in statu quo*. . . . By way of seeing *toute la belle jeunesse* of Paris together, I went last week to Mme. Delamarre’s, whose salon receives all the young of the Faubourg S. Germain side of the question, and I never saw anywhere greater magnificence joined to wonderful good taste. . . . The thing I find most changed at Paris is the hours. The *very genteel* dine at half-past six, and one can hardly pay an evening visit before ten, or go to a *soirée* till after ten. Yesterday evening I went to Mme. de Chastelux, and, when I left her, to Gérard the painter, where I am always well enough amused. . . . I have not told you half I intended. *Excusez; c’est ma léthargie*—my lethargy of old age and dulness. I am interrupted, and can do no more than send love to the dear girls and Lord Stuart. If you can *do* with such letters as these, write to me, and I will send you such chaff for your wheat. God bless you!”

During his last reign at the Paris Embassy, Lord Stuart de Rothesay had sold Bure Cottage, and employed his savings in the repurchase

of his grandfather's property at Highcliffe, and to the house which had been built there by Mr. Penleaze he removed the fine old French tapestries and furniture which he had purchased in Paris from the hôtel of Marshal Ney—furniture of the Empire style, and carpets with large N's in the corner and the Marshal's baton. Two chairs belonged to Napoleon I., and have a receptacle for snuff in the carved ornament of their arms.

When making a short tour in Normandy, Lord Stuart happened to arrive at the little town of Les Andelys on the Seine, when the Mayor's house—"La Grande Maison des Andelys"—was going to be pulled down. He purchased the materials, and thus became the possessor of the exquisite traceried stonework, pierced parapets, and noble oriel window which, transported by sea to the coast of Hampshire at an immense expense, are engrafted into the present Highcliffe.

Long afterwards Lady Waterford wrote :—

"Our life in the Penleaze house was by no means uncomfortable, as, in addition to what we had brought from Paris, it was furnished with many things from Bure. My mother at once began to improve the place at Highcliffe by planting and making walks, and a sunken garden to shelter plants. She planted many

evergreen oaks (we used to call them 'nine-pennies,' for that was their price then), and well have they repaid her trouble, both for beauty and shelter. A very pretty walk (or pony-chaise drive it was then) led down to the beach at a place then called 'Lord Bute's Gap.' I remember that the walk was decorated with some roses. The *Rose du Foi*, a beautiful sweet red rose, used to flower late into the autumn, and is quite-connected with my recollections of those days, and our daily walk down to the sea and the bathing-machines. The old kitchen-gardens of Lord Bute's time remained, and still do, and, at the time I speak of, there were ruined remains of an old riding-school of Lord Bute's, of which one arch only is to be seen now.

"An old sun-dial was for a good while placed on what was supposed to be the site of Lord Bute's Highcliffe: it is in the flower-garden now, and is rather well carved—a rude stone block with ornaments of cables and dolphins. When the house on the other side of the place, East Highcliffe (now Beacon Lodge), was bought back by my father, the original Highcliffe entrance was restored. The lodges—not very ornamental—were Adams' design, and remain unchanged, and the tall old Scotch firs make rather a striking wood-entrance. The changes in the neighbourhood of the place are certainly endless. At the time we came to Highcliffe and inhabited the Penleaze house, Belvedere, Nea House, and Hoburne were the only houses near. Belvedere (now Wolhayes) had been built by Sir —, Lord Bute's physician, and passed through various hands. I can remember, when a child, an old pair—Mr. and Mrs. D.

Griffiths—living there, who had the most delightful collection of curiosities in glass presses round the room. It was a delight to go there. I don't know what had been the history of the travels of both husband and wife, but their corals, and madrepores, and shells were most beautiful. Mrs. D. Griffiths used to describe her diver who used to bring up these wonders from the depths of the very clear waters, and how she said, 'Go down and get me that one.' She had a set of shells that were unique; they looked like large trumpets, and she described a dreadful storm at sea with raging waves, when suddenly these shells appeared, and they were able to catch but two or three of them, when all disappeared; but when this happened, alas! I cannot tell. In later times, old Lady Londonderry hired Belvedere, and used to come from Bolderwood (in the New Forest), where she then lived. She was the mother of Lord Londonderry the Minister, and was surrounded by grandchildren, the children of her daughters, Lady Caroline Wood and Lady Emily James; these were all children, and for them she delighted to have dances. I remember one with fancy dresses, the feature of which was an old lady, Miss Stark from Christ Church, that I never heard of before nor after. She appeared to be about seventy, and called herself the Princess of the East, being dressed in a short frock and trousers, and red calico train, hat and feathers, and tinsel. I have an old sketch of her entrance, and I think she had something to do with the Christ Church 'Young Ladies' School' under a Mrs. Wise, who lived at the Priory, for all these were at the same dance, in fancy dresses.

“Nea House was inhabited by old General and Mrs. Cameron, the latter a great beauty in her day. Hoburne was then inhabited by Mr. Hopkins. On the east side, Barton belonged to the Dents, who then inhabited the long low house, with a large family, of whom I best remember Colonel and Mrs. Mackinnon (who had been a Miss Dent), a very handsome blonde lady, who rode a great deal. He was an old friend of my father, who called him Dan Mackinnon, and endless were the stories that he had of him in the days of the Peninsular War. My recollection of him was of an excessive dandy, not very young, in blue Genoa velvet shooting-jacket, with a very pink and white complexion and jet black hair. We used to go to see Miss Maria Dent, and the great white cat they called ‘the Boy’ was the thing I liked best there.

“‘The Steamer’ was intended by my father as a sea-lodge, and was an old vessel brought round from Southampton, and dragged upon the shore at ‘Lord Bute’s Gap,’ which was considerably enlarged to admit of it. It was turned into a dwelling-house—a kitchen and two rooms. I think the inhabitants I remember as first placed in it were a man-of-war’s man—a jovial, honest, pleasant fellow, with his wife and a dear little girl. There was also an old man named Whicher, whom we used to call the ‘Port Admiral,’ with a dreary old wife. The whole party were so like Dickens’s account in ‘David Copperfield’ that I think he must have come down to Muddiford and been struck with them. The little girl used to run about on the beach with her yellow hair flying in the wind, much as

he described his little heroine. Whicher, too, was very like Peggotty, and his wife like Mrs. Gummidge. The road was levelled down to the beach, to be able to drive a pony-chaise on the sands, and a number of large stones were built up to form a pond of sea-water for sea-fish just under the end of the vessel. As time went on, this pond was swept away by wintry gales, the drive became impossible, and the sojourn in the vessel very uncomfortable, so Bemister was enjoined to build a cottage at the end, which now remains, and the room in the old steamer is no longer inhabited, though kept in a certain degree of order.

“I don't think we enjoyed anything more in the old Highcliffe days than an annual two-o'clock dinner at Heron Court. We used to go by invitation of old Lord Malmesbury with our governess, and afterwards went a delightful walk over Ramsdown Hill with C. Harris (afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar), who, I think, was at that time going to college. He was an excellent naturalist, and the curiosities he used to show us as we went along were delightful—sundew, and various beetles and butterflies, slow worms and snakes! I think Mr. Curtis, the great entomologist, was there at the time. Of other places within reach, Hinton Admiral was a great mystery, only no one saw the inside, or its owner. East Close, the house near, was also a mystery, but many a time have I driven with my Grandmother Stuart to the little door in the wall opening into a large kitchen-garden, where the fruit was sold, and many a basket of figs and peaches used to be brought home from thence. The house was inhabited by a Miss Hawke, who was



never seen by day, but it was asserted that she sometimes walked out at night, and had never been quite herself since a certain Squire Lovell, who brought her there, died. She used to buy much from the pedlars who passed at that time, and after her death there was a sale described as being full of valuable Indian muslins and chintzes.

“From East Close we used to drive to a charming little nursery-garden at the back of the place, called Ogg’s. One day Ogg’s vote was kept back by a pretended order for plants to be delivered at such and such a distant place. The trick was discovered, and Ogg arrived triumphantly in a chaise and four in time to record his vote. The walks round East Close, cut in the close woods, were beautiful, and I remember a large square pond surrounded with trees that was delightfully picturesque. Through a wood one came at last to the open wild gorse and heather of the New Forest. My father had the right of ‘a walk,’ which gave certain shooting, half a buck, and blackcock *ad libitum*. His keeper there, Cooper, was alive till 1876. I was once in his lodge in the old days, and I remember tasting mead there (the only time in my life). In the direction of Burley in the Forest, many years ago, I remember hearing of twelve old oak-trees, that used to be called the Twelve Apostles, and I recollect once going on an expedition in search of them, but never could ascertain the twelve.”

Lord Hardwicke’s fatal illness constantly drew Lady Stuart de Rothesay to her mother’s

side at Wimpole or Tittenhanger in 1833 and 1834. In the meantime Lord Stuart enjoyed unchecked at Highcliffe his favourite amusement of building, and, as in most things he undertook, went on utterly regardless of expense. Lady Stuart was told that he was improving the Penleaze house, and adding, to make it more comfortable, a few rooms, which were to be ornamented externally with the sculpture from Les Andelys. But Domthorne, the architect he employed, was ambitious of his own fame, wanted to emulate Fonthill and Ashridge, and drew on Lord Stuart—easily led in what he liked best—to add room to room and hall to hall, till, when at length Lady Stuart came down to see it, she found, to her horror, something between a palace and an abbey, where she had left a very small villa, the Penleaze house, now coated with stone, having become one of the wings of the new building. The present hall of Highcliffe was then intended to lead to a grand staircase, beyond which were vast reception rooms, including a huge cruciform library. Lady Stuart was aghast at the plan, and the discomfort of it, but was only in time to modify it, reducing it by a third. Domthorne, upheld by Lord Stuart, gave in to the reductions with a bad

grace, but utterly refused to part with his "inviting-looking" pinnacles, which still spoil the external effect of Highcliffe, and jar upon the harmony of the older work from Normandy. In the open-work of the parapet are two lines from Lucretius :—

"Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis  
E terra longum alterius spectare laborem."

For several years after the family were living again in the Penleaze portion of Highcliffe, masses of the fine old carvings from Les Andelys were lying about upon the lawns till a position could be settled for them, and "sometimes pieces had to be copied in plaster, delightful little monsters which occupy places round some of the windows."<sup>1</sup>

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Highcliffe*, 1834.—We only got here this afternoon, and of course, in a few minutes had run all over the building; and though some parts look better from being more advanced, I think Domthorne's want of knowledge as an architect and want of taste have become more and more apparent. He has two towers of the 'inviting' style he seemed so proud of, which I think *hideous*, and which are the more provoking

<sup>1</sup> Lady Waterford's Reminiscences.

because he has hoisted up beautiful materials to be knocked about by such a wind and pelting rain as they are now encountering; and why should he have left the *useful* work, which is so behindhand, for ornaments, which on every account ought to have been deferred to the last? The proportions, or rather the *dis*proportions of the hall, I think as glaring as ever, in spite of the improvement he told me I should find in it. But that is an old grievance. What was more disappointing to me was the wretchedly ill-contrived *bits* of bedrooms of all sorts and shapes, and a staircase formed after all the faults he has been guilty of at Bure. The best room is tolerable, but in all the mass of building to have squeezed up such wretched bedrooms stamps him as totally unfit to plan a house. He has made a series of experiments, of which we are the victims, and when I think it is for *this* we are *ruined*, and can never hope to see any comfortable habitation completed, I wish the whole thing had fallen over the cliff, and hope I shall not throw myself over it in utter despair!

“If we had the money, I should be vexed at the many faults of the plan; but as it is, I cannot make up my mind to go deeper into the difficulties and embarrassments, which increase upon us at every hour. Ross is paying monthly upwards of £100 for labour alone, and to comfort me he said the large bills were to be paid at six months’ date! so what are we to live upon?

“I, at least, have nothing to reproach myself with. When I first suspected that you had come down here to *build*, instead of ‘digging gravel for my walks,’ I wrote as strongly as I could to urge you to pause, until you had not only paid your debts, but saved

money to go on upon; and above all, to determine not to expend the sum which you had for the building part of the sale of Bure. It was no joke to deceive me as you did.

“I hope I shall be able to keep all the bitter reflections which this unfortunate subject presses upon me to myself when you come here, that you may enjoy Highcliffe *if you can!* though, in more senses than one, *at my expense.*”

“The old part of the house can just hold us, though I don’t know how we shall manage when you come.”

“Sept. 1834.—If you see Domthorne, tell him of my horror of his points and pinnacles, especially as he promised to diminish the height of these useless make-believe chimneys and belfries. . . . Certainly, whatever he tells you, £10,000 more would not complete the building inside and out; and yet you told me that you did not mean to spend more than £5000. . . . I do not think it friendly to keep me ignorant of what may restore my peace of mind on this anxious subject. . . . However, when I see you, I may feel happier than I do at present.”

In spite of very real annoyances and disappointments, however, Lady Stuart’s good temper and good sense soon submitted to the inevitable, and once having done so, she devoted all her powers to the improvement of the place, planning walks, making plantations, and propping up, as far as possible, the ever-

falling cliff. Her young daughter Louisa found great amusement from the new buildings in the occupations of painting and glazing. Many years afterwards she wrote :—

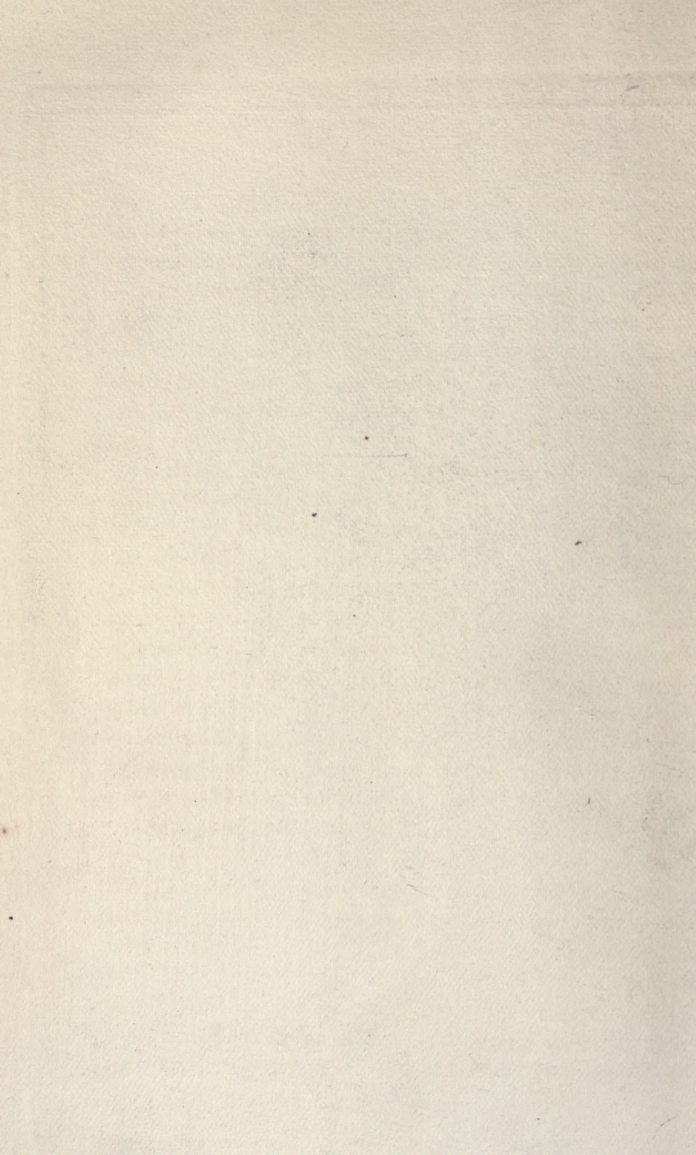
“At Holloway’s, the shop which still remains in Christ Church, they leaded and cut the glass, which I used to assimilate as well as I could to the old. A complete old window had been bought for the hall; but the framework of Domthorne’s window at the end was four times bigger. What was to be done? We fitted it by extending the pattern on all sides, and pressing into the service such mutilated bits of glass as we could turn into other figures, adding a glory round the head of one saint, a mantle to another, and palms and wings from Holloway. At last we did manage, and the window at this day would scarcely be supposed to be so enormously stretched from its original dimensions.

“Later than this, the little church at Highcliffe was built, of which I laid the first stone. The plan was not a very good one, and has undergone many changes since, and also been added to in size. The bell was brought from Russia by my father and mother, and has (as all Russian bells) some silver in it to improve the tone. The communion-table cover was brought from Paris, where it had been used at the services at the Embassy. The window over the communion-table was my own idea and execution, the ornamentation my sister’s. She also gave the design and accompaniments of the Commandments in gold. The evergreen oak and lime avenue near the church



*The Hon. Louisa Stuart.*

*From a Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.*





was planted at that time. The pond in the Vicarage garden (lately done away with) was, in my father's time, used for fresh-water fish, and there were jack and other fish in numbers there. The little 'nursery' at the back was there of old, and the two walnuts planted by my father flourish in it now as large trees—the only walnut-trees I know in the county. I think it was about this time that my mother planned the separate entrance to Beacon Lodge, or the East Highcliffe, as it was formerly called, the name of Beacon having been given to prevent confusion with West Highcliffe, and because there is said to have been once a beacon on the site. I do not know who built the house; it was not ill-planned, but very ugly. It was continually let, and I remember General Orde there, whose wife had been sister to the Duchess of Hamilton, and whose two daughters were afterwards, Madge, Mrs. Dunbar, and Susan, Mrs. Dent. Another tenant I remember, whose sad appearance made an impression on me, and I made a little drawing of him. He was a poor old solitary man, who had been wrapt up in an only son of great promise and distinction at college, and had for his sake gathered a fine library and arranged a pleasant country-home. He was himself a bookworm. The only son died, and all his interest in the place and the books passed away. I don't know how it happened that we were taken to see him, but he gave me a quarto volume that I have still, 'Dugdale's Monasticon.'

“Bishop Blomfield (of London) was a tenant one year, and a pleasant neighbour, and he had with him the daughter of his first wife, whom I remember liking

very much, besides many of his younger children. . . . Much of the cliff on that side of the place has fallen away since those days, for I remember two shady walks which ended nearly opposite Beacon Lodge, where now are bare cliffs. There was a slanting tree that divided near the root, and formed a very comfortable seat, and on this garden-chair how well I can recall Bishop Blomfield sitting reading, with his legs crossed: the neat stockings and Episcopal hat are distinctly drawn in my remembrance. The path was so far public that the Preventive Service were always allowed the way, and we often used to cross it in front of Beacon Lodge, past a mount that had been the ice-house of old Highcliffe. Among the much later tenants of Beacon Lodge was Grantley Berkeley, the tombs of whose many dogs, ornamented with his own poetry, are still to be seen in one of the walks near the house. Beyond the house, one opened a gate into gorse-covered land and some rather badly-farmed fields, and about a quarter of a mile on, formed by a stream, was a wooded gorge, called in that part of the world a Bunny, and this was Chewton Bunny, always a picturesque spot, though many of the wild hollies and trees have died, and much of the cliff has fallen away since I remember it, with three cottages quite embowered in trees. In one was a bare-legged set of children called Saunders, including a lovely little girl, who used to say, 'I always go out in the rain, it makes my hair curdle.' The three cottages are pulled down now, the frequent falls made them all too near the edge and dangerous. The pathway down one side and up the other was always difficult; now one side

is more feasible, but the other has quite fallen away. The great call to get to this side of the beach was the search for fossils from Chewton to Barton. They were also to be found under Highcliffe, but not so plentifully. These fossil shells are all of sorts which one knows as 'foreign or Indian,' their colour is of an ashen-grey, and they are often of the consistency of ashes; but sometimes they are harder and firmer. The great find is the rare wing-shell, the size of a small plate, and the shell folded in at the side. This is seldom found quite perfect, but Mr. Gustavus Brandon, a potentate of these parts a hundred years ago, published an account of the fossils of Barton Cliff, and had himself found so perfect a wing-shell that his portrait, which decorates the walls of the Royal Society, is painted with it in his hand. Besides shells, sharks' teeth and vertebræ have been found, and sent to the Oxford Museum from thence. A mulatto coast-guardsmen had so much knowledge of these curiosities that, under the interest of the late Colonel Clinton, he was recommended to a post of some importance in the Museum at Oxford. The beach, which used to be passable except at the highest spring-tides from Muddiford almost to Hurst Castle, is now altogether changed. It is thought these great changes have been brought about by levelling the protective headland called Hengistbury Head, the rivers Avon and Stour jointly falling out at the Haven House point, and the sandhills of Christ Church harbour walled in by Hengistbury Head, a long hill abutting at the beach. I remember it a more striking feature than it now is, rising to a considerable height, upon

which a tower was built—a look-out tower, it was supposed; but the owners have dug away the higher portions of the Head, and the south-west wind, sweeping in through the opening, is supposed to have altered the currents, and to be the origin of a sandbank that now reaches to beyond Highcliffe.<sup>1</sup> There is, however, a tradition that this sandbank is not a new thing, and



ON THE CLIFF AT HIGHCLIFFE.

had once before been formed in the days of Charles I. (as marked out in an old chart), and that a better entrance to Christ Church harbour had then been determined upon by Lord Clarendon. Of this a commencement was actually made, and is to be seen in some stonework arches to a cutting through the sand-

<sup>1</sup> The formation of the sandbank is (1893) now again altered.

hill half-way between the opening made by the river and the foot of Hengistbury Head. The scramble up the path at the end was always delightful, but it was a very possible drive from Iford Bridge, and over fields now planted and built upon as 'Southbourne.' At Iford I can remember, when we were children, being taken to call on Mrs. Farr, who was a Miss Lukin, and a niece of the Minister, Wyndham. She gave one the impression of being a *bel esprit* and a literary lady, was swathed in shawls, and was most kind to us. A certain plate of peaches, brought out to us when we were waiting in the carriage, I have never forgotten.

"Iford was on the way to Bournemouth, which I well remember when in Bure days we (my sister and I and our Somers cousins) were promised to find more shells there than anywhere else. The drive was long—a desolate moor, and not a house to be seen, only some plantations of low firs; and at last we came to a wild valley, where was *one house only*, and that Miss Tregonnel's; all was solitary and desolate, and the shells were not to be found. And this spot was the actual Bournemouth, now a large town!

"A great character in those days was Lady Shee, wife of Sir George Shee, a lady whose brusque sayings and rather eccentric ways used to alarm people. She lived in the house afterwards occupied by General Maberly, and laid out the grounds in straight walks and parterres, and decorated the rooms with her own handiwork. I remember a cornice of gilt scallop-shells that was exceedingly pretty. Her face used rather to frighten me, with its prominent pale eyes. Sandhills was Sir George Rose's place, and certainly

produced some wonderful flowers. The Miss Rose's had scooped out hollows about the grounds for shelter, and these, filled with verbenas of all colours, were very pretty. One of Sir G. Rose's fancies was to drive over the grass to the hall door, and so it always had a muddy, untidy appearance, the grass always cut up.

I ought to have mentioned Bure Lane, leading to Muddiford, shady and leafy, with the very little purling brook by the side, and the hedges a mass of honeysuckle. To this day I can point out where certain flowers and plants are growing; the plants of hops and toad-flax are just where they existed 'when I was young.' From Muddiford (it is now rather changed) we came upon a bit of common and backwater, then very lonely and picturesque. I remember my mother making a drawing of the spot and its distant view of Christ Church, and in the foreground the prawn-pots and other fishy gear. This was Stampit, and close by was Bemister's house—Bemister, the old carpenter (who lived to over ninety), who might have sate for Falstaff, and whose *mots* are still remembered and quoted. 'There's no remedy without evil,' we often thought truer than the original. 'Being driv' up into a corner,' is a well-known state of things. My father seldom failed to pay a visit to Bemister on his way back from Christ Church every Sunday. Bellin, the bricklayer, was another character living in Stampit. When my Grandmother Stuart was with us, there was a daily drive to Christ Church, and the usual stoppage at Mrs. Jenkinson's by the bridge for rusks and biscuits. I have heard that it was her niece who was Duchesse

de Montebello (whom I remember in Paris). Ridout's was the shop, and a capital, very homely one. Mrs. Ridout managed it with her daughter, and they had nothing fine, but excellent cottage things. Mr. Clapham was the old Vicar of Christ Church in those days; his sisters held a levée after church, and we used to wait in the carriage. The Highcliffe pew was the old one, belonging to the old place, built into one of the arches, and reached by a wooden stair—a disfigurement to the church, and taken away later. Sir Percy Shelley's pew in the arch above has been allowed to remain. The organ used to be in the centre, over the carved screen, and there were no galleries in the transepts. Things have been altered since those days, but there has never been enough money to restore the beautiful old church to the state it should be in, and much remains to be done. The three miles from either Bure or Highcliffe to the parish church was a very long way, and it was difficult to arrive at Christ Church in time. The road is quite unchanged, very dusty and treeless. A certain variegated thistle grew by the gate of a field which I am told is called 'St. Mary's Thistle,' and is supposed to have been brought from the Holy Land, and only to be found near some religious house; and oddly enough, these plants were near Somerford Grange, the farm of the monks of Christ Church, where their old barn remains, and the ponds for their tench and carp and fresh-water fish."

It was a matter of surprise to their friends that the daughters of the intensely plain Lord Stuart de Rothesay and his homely-looking

wife should turn out so beautiful. It was only as Louisa Stuart grew into girlhood that her marvellous beauty showed itself, but her sister Charlotte was perfectly lovely from infancy. Her grandfather's death, when she would naturally have appeared in the world, had prevented her seeing much of London society, but amongst the few who had had the opportunity of admiring her was the Hon. Charles John Canning, third and only surviving son of the famous statesman George Canning,<sup>1</sup> whom her father had greatly disliked from motives of political animosity. Lord Stuart de Rothesay raised every possible obstacle at first to Charles Canning's further acquaintance with his daughter. But she had already given him her heart, and, after she was forbidden to receive him, used to watch for him from the parapet of Carlton Terrace as he rode through the Park underneath.

Lady Hardwicke, however, from the first, had vehemently espoused the cause of the young man, and as Lord Stuart de Rothesay became better acquainted with Charles Canning, then only in his twenty-second year, he was equally struck by his great cleverness and promise,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Born at Gloucester Lodge, in Brompton, December 14, 1812.

<sup>2</sup> He had taken a first-class in Classics and a second in Mathematics at Christ Church.



and captivated by the personal charm of his frank open character, and gradually all opposition was overcome.

LADY CHARLOTTE LINDSAY to  
HER NIECE, LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Petersham, June 28, 1835.*—We had been prepared for your news, dearest Elizabeth, but it gave us all much satisfaction to come to the last page of your pretty novel, in which (unlike most other novels) the lover, *lovee*, papa and mama, have all played their parts to perfection. One has never once in the course of the story had occasion to say, ‘But why did he or she do so’? and there was just enough of checking ‘the course of true love’ to give it a zest, and make the lovers feel the value of each other. Lord Stuart is my hero in the tale. His behaviour has been beautiful. One has heard of constant lovers, and sometimes of dutiful daughters, but of yielding papas, who bury old enmities and let a beautiful and admired daughter marry the man she likes, though he may not be a great match in a worldly point of view, is a real variety either in common life or story. I hope he will be rewarded by Louisa’s happening to take somebody whose parentage may be particularly agreeable to him. For your sake, however, I hope she will stay with you a little longer. . . . My mansion will hardly admit of my giving a dinner, even to lovers, but I can give them a luncheon and a walk in my flower-garden, where they will find a couple of appropriate turtle-doves hanging in a cage under a yew-tree.”

*From* MISS BERRY.

"Aunt Cha. has given exactly our view and ideas. . . . You have all behaved beautifully, and Lord Stuart the best of all. I cannot say how impatient we are to see you. Write to me what day we shall be so indulged, and say all that is most proper for us to Mr. Canning, and likely to propitiate his good opinion and sufferance for two old women, most sincerely and affectionately attached to you and yours."

On September, 5, 1835, Charles Canning was married to the Hon. Charlotte Stuart, then in the supreme loveliness of eighteen. The ceremony was performed by the Hon. H. L. Hobart, Dean of Windsor, cousin of the bride. The marriage took place in London, and the bridal pair drove thence to the Lodge in Richmond Park, which was lent by Louisa, Lady Stuart.

The twenty-six years of Charlotte Canning's married life were chequered by many shadows. When troubles came, however, no word of complaint ever passed her lips. To those nearest to her, even to her mother, she never spoke of anything but her happiness, and whatever occurred, she had always a loving welcome for the husband to whom she had given her heart, and to whom her last earthly smile was bequeathed.



*The Marriage of the Hon. Charlotte Stuart and Charles Canning.*

*From a Sketch by the Hon. Louisa Stuart in a letter to Miss Hayland.*



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Richmond Park, Monday, Sept. 6, 1835.*—I do not put off writing to you any longer, as I am sure you have been thinking of me so much that it will be a comfort to you to hear from me.

“Parting with you and Papa, and so many I love so dearly, was very sad, but when we all meet together again, we shall find but very little difference, and I hope you will never consider me as taken away from you, but always treat me with the same confidence, and give me the same kind advice. Tell dearest Papa I shall never forget his to me, of which every word is fresh in my mind. I am very happy, and am sure I have every chance of continuing so, with such a really good and fond and kind husband.

“I hope you still intend to come and see me on Wednesday, and will bring Lou and Miss Hyriott: kiss them both from me.

“I am sure you miss me very much, for to me it is so strange to be without seeing all those dear faces that belong to my happy home. I look forward to the time when we shall all be at Highcliffe. Good-bye, dearest Mama; kiss Papa for me, and believe me always your own *most* affectionate daughter, Charlotte Canning.”

P.S.—FROM THE HON. CHARLES CANNING.

“She really is happy, and shall never be otherwise, if I can make her so. Ever affectionately yours,  
Charles Canning.”

### III.

#### CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

“What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those that are above it!”—STEELE.

“Il faut mépriser le monde, et connaître néanmoins le besoin de le ménager.”—PASCAL.

“Patientez avec le temps et l'expérience, et soyez tranquille : ces deux tristes conseillers viendront assez vite.”—DELATOCHE À GEORGES SAND.

IN the year of her sister's marriage, Louisa Stuart was presented at Court. At the same time her mother took her, at seventeen, to be painted by Hayter, who was at once surprised by the splendour of her girlish beauty, but often narrated afterwards the astonishing effect as Lady Stuart de Rothesay took off her daughter's bonnet and let down her hair, when he was “dazzled by a vision of the most supreme loveliness, robed in a rippled vestment of golden hair, reaching far below her knees.”

In the autumn of 1835, Louisa Stuart accompanied her father and mother to Italy. It was there that she made her first acquaint-

ance with Italian art, studying the methods of the different painters, and making sketches from the frescoes and pictures which especially impressed her. She was so wrapped up in the art-world which surrounded her as to be quite unconscious of the enthusiasm she herself excited, though amused by the number of



VIEW FROM LORD STUART'S HOUSE IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

artists and sculptors who entreated her mother to be allowed to paint or model her. In society the power of her rich and well-trained contralto voice had already begun to add greatly to her charms. In 1837 the family returned to London, where Lord Stuart pur-

chased a beautiful house in Carlton House Terrace (No. 4). Upon entering the London world, his lovely Louisa attracted universal admiration, rejoicing in the pleasure she gave, but utterly unspoilt by it. Her fuller and softer blonde beauty contrasted admirably with the dark hair, long eyelashes, and pensive grace of Mrs. Canning. When the sisters entered a room—especially a ball-room—together, every eye was turned to them. They were painted thus in a large miniature<sup>1</sup> by Thorburn.

It is recalled as an instance of Louisa Stuart's entire absence of self-consciousness at this time, that one evening, going up a staircase to a ball, she exclaimed, "Mama, do look at that girl with the handsome profile," when her mother saw with amusement that she had not recognised her own reflection in a mirror. One evening is especially remembered, upon which she went to a ball in her white dress, bearing a tall branch of cypress twined with white roses; it had been sent to her, she never knew by whom. A well-known artist said that she always looked as if she ought to come into a room with a

<sup>1</sup> In the possession of the Marquis of Clanricarde, who inherited it from Lord Canning.



white lily in her hand. Those are still living who recollect how one summer day, when staying with her Grandmother Stuart at the Lodge in Richmond Park, she was wandering in the fern amongst the old trees when two girl friends made her stand under a tree to sing. And she sang

“Mira oh Norma a tuoi ginocchi,” &c.

standing there under the green boughs. What a picture it was! and how the beautiful voice rang out through the summer stillness!

Those who were most devoted to her at this time included the late Lord Redesdale; the eleventh Duke of Hamilton, who was the handsomest man of his day; and the late Lord Maidstone, who, when he first saw her again many years after the day on which she had sent him away, apparently broken-hearted, wrote the lines:—

“And after many years we met,  
And we were all alone;  
I looked into her glorious face  
As one gazes on a stone.

I spoke to her of trivial things,  
I listened to her voice;  
Its music had no longer power  
To bid my soul rejoice.

The vision of my youth was flown,  
The silver cloud was rent,  
The wheel was broken at the fount,  
The strong delusion spent.

And yet, it was the self-same power,  
The same lips spoke to me,  
The same enchantress framed the spell ;  
My heart was dead or free."

A round of country visits in the autumn was a great delight to Miss Stuart, especially those to Somerley and Longford, where she was with her dear friend Lady Jane Bouverie, to whom every circumstance of life united her more closely. On this occasion, however, the visits had a somewhat tragic ending. Lord Stuart, always eccentric, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the ball at Somerley. His wife and daughter and his host and hostess were in the utmost consternation and alarm. He was traced to Poole harbour, where he had embarked at night on a fishing-smack, with his faithful servant, Louis, who had arranged a flight which might have been romantic if there had been any reason for it. A week after he wrote from Iceland as if nothing had happened, and did not attempt to give any reason for his absence beyond the fact that paying visits "bored him." Lady

Stuart had long been compelled to accustom herself to such escapades as this.

All those London parties at which her sister was present were far more delightful than any others to Louisa Stuart, and by the surroundings of that sister's new life a thousand new interests were opened up to her. Here are some glimpses from it :—

THE HON. MRS. CANNING to  
THE HON. LOUISA STUART.

“*Leamington, Jan. 26, 1836.*—I was very sorry indeed to leave Welbeck<sup>1</sup> and Lady Clanricarde,<sup>2</sup> whom I like better and better the more I know her. She enjoyed the family party immensely, and so did Lord Clanricarde, who came a few days later, with that darling little Dunkellin, whom Carlo takes the greatest delight in.”

To THE HON. LOUISA STUART.

“*Ems, July 2, 1837.*—The walks about here are beautiful, but the great delight seems to be walking up and down the promenade, with all the princes and reigning dukes and duchesses, of whom there are shoals. . . . Poor Carlo is resigned to his fate here, but does not much enjoy it. Are you going to the black drawing-room? Lady E. Harcourt tells me she was at

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Canning's mother, Joan, daughter of Major-General John Scott, was sister of Henrietta, Duchess of Portland, wife of the fourth Duke.

<sup>2</sup> Harriett, only sister of Mr. Canning.

one, and that it was a beautiful sight—every one looking so handsome and picturesque in their long black veils.”

“*Novar, 1837.*—Think of Carlo’s delight and glory! He caught six salmon and hooked four more the first day he was at Skibo. It was fine enough for me to be out for hours in the woods, lying on the heather. We have had a succession of English visitors, and still have the Copleys here, Sir Joseph full of jokes from morning till night, and very sorry for himself at being dragged into these wilds.”

*To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.*

“*Islay, Sept. 27, 1837.* . . . At the little port in Islay, ten miles from Mr. Campbell’s house, we found a carriage, which is sent every steamboat-day (once a week) to bring up any friend of the house it may chance to fall in with. There is a large party here, and I have been out on all sorts of expeditions. Yesterday I caught eighteen fish in the sea with flies, once three at a time; and another day I caught five trout! The country round Islay House is not unlike that round Highcliffe, but we came away from it yesterday, and are now packed very close at a little cottage like Bure—a beautiful spot, with bays and hundreds of islands, and plenty of wild woods and sport of every sort. Carlo is out all day here, and is as happy as possible.”

In 1836, Mr. Canning had entered Parliament as member for Warwick. In the following year he became Viscount Canning of Kilbrahan, in the county of Kilkenny, suc-

ceeding to the peerage which had been created in favour of his mother after his father's death.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE, to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Tittenhanger, March 15, 1838.*—I had a visit on Sunday after church from your lovely Charlotte, but, alas! at three o'clock a note from her husband and a pair of post-horses arrived, requesting her return. Lady Canning, who was ill, had become worse. . . . Oh, how sweetly did the dear Charlotte speak of her *belle-mère* while they were getting the carriage ready—'She loves me and is happy when I am with her, and to me she makes herself so agreeable.'"

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (at Rome).

"*Grosvenor Square, March 17, 1838.*—I have not had the heart to write to you before to announce the bitter sorrow that has befallen us. I think you may have heard that my dearest Lady Canning was ill of influenza on Tuesday; on Wednesday all was over! She had received a shock when sitting by the bedside of poor Aunt Fanny the Wednesday before, and afterwards complained of having caught cold. On Sunday we had promised to go to Tittenhanger after church, and as Carlo wished it, I went, but he made an excuse for staying with her. On Monday morning he was frightened about her, and sent an express for me to return. . . . She grew rapidly worse, and died in her sleep, her countenance beautiful and looking perfectly happy. . . . I feel I have never told you half how

very much I loved her, and what her kindness and indulgence to me have been. . . . Both my Grand-mamas are perfectly well."

In the autumn of 1838 Lord Stuart went to Spain with Lord and Lady Canning in their yacht the *Gondola*, starting from Lymington close to Highcliffe.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Brest, Sept. 1838.*—We have had a prosperous voyage from Lymington, and arrived at sunset yesterday. I ran upon deck the moment I woke on Tuesday, to catch a last glimpse of Highcliffe, but was too late, for we had passed Poole, and only a scrap of the Isle of Wight remained to be seen. I am afraid Lou would not have been more successful in getting a last glimpse of us, for she could not see the *Gondola* till after it was out of the river, and by that time it was nearly dark. There was a good deal of wind at night and all day long a swell, but Papa said it was all right, as we were in the 'chops of the Channel,' and on the whole, it has been delightful, the captain excellent, and our cabins very comfortable, and we have been breakfasting on the brown loaf and the peaches, apricots, &c., we brought with us. . . . The view of the town of Brest from here is very picturesque, almost like some of Lou's favourite views of towns with purple shadows. We have just heard that '*La Gondole*' under the '*Capitaine Canning*,' is out of quarantine."

“ *Algiers, Sept. 1838.*—We made very little progress the night after leaving Brest, and next day, outside Ushant, we were completely becalmed. This was so new to us, that I bore it very patiently, and amused myself all day fishing up extraordinary polypuses—like crystal beads in strings, and little jellyfish, with a glass and a bit of string. The water was so clear that in the sun one could see millions of atoms, like the Ancient Mariner’s thousand slimy things. Then there came two sharks, which gave us great amusement. They would not let themselves be caught, but we could see them sniffing the beef held out for them. After this calm we had a delightful breeze, and reached Gibraltar on Friday. I never saw more beautiful effects of light and shade than we had in the Straits, or anything more picturesque than the fruit-market at Gibraltar, crowded with Moors and Spaniards like those in Lewis’s drawings. You would have been quite enchanted. We saw an exquisite sunset from the rock, and next morning went with Lady Woodford to the galleries: I had a donkey, and Papa and Carlo walked. . . . We breakfast at nine and dine at half-past four, and generally sit on deck till eight or more in the evening. I believe we shall have seen all the sea-sights; once we saw two small whales spouting up water, a number of porpoises racing with us, several turtles, a flight of flying-fish, rather too far off, and plenty of phosphoric light on the sea.”

“ *Venice, Oct. 14, 1838.*—I hope you will have heard of Papa’s arrival in England by this time, as it is nearly a week since we put him into the port on his way to Milan.

“We have been seeing sights and shows from morning till night. The procession of gondolas and the illumination of the piazza and piazzetta of S. Mark’s last night were worth coming any distance to see. I wish Papa had stayed for the illuminations, for it was much beyond anything I ever saw, every outline of window, or cornice, or tracery in the principal buildings marked out in light, and every other part of Venice left in the dark. It is since I wrote that, to our great delight and surprise, we found the Lincolns were here, and as we had nearly done the round of sights ourselves, we have been able to take them to all the best.

“Unfortunately, we were foolish enough to go in a steamboat with about 200 people to Chioggia to see a sea-fight and a boat-race of Chioggia women, and the first stone of a pier laid by the Emperor. Hardly anybody knew where we were going, or that part of the way would be on the open sea. The moment we were outside the lagunes, in the middle of the sea-fight, nearly every creature became sea-sick, without the least warning to their neighbours. . . . Lady Lincoln fainted away, and did not recover till we were again in smooth water. So the moment we got to Chioggia, the first object was to get a boat to take us back by the lagunes, for it was utterly impossible to encounter the same scene again. The boat was found, and stocked with Chioggian provision, and we sailed delightfully back to Venice in about four hours, a very merry little party, with the Duc de Richelieu and the Lincolns, who had then both recovered.

“On Wednesday we were presented by the Sardinian Ambassadors to the Empress, who spoke to us civilly.



She is good-looking, and has lady-like manners. The Court-ball was like a ball anywhere else, only that there were a great many men and few women, and most of them frightful. . . . I wish I had brought Lou's old Italian letters here, for I much want to know what you saw and liked, but Giuseppe can generally tell me what Lou drew. Papa's friend, Mr. Brown, has shown us a great deal, and the Mocenigo has been very civil. Sir Frederick Lamb<sup>1</sup> has been most extremely kind, sending us tickets for everything, and giving us places in his opera-box."

"*Malaga, Feb. 26, 1839.*—We did not find much worth seeing at Carthagena, which is almost in ruins, and the magnificent arsenal quite empty: what is really worth seeing are the inhabitants, such beautiful groups and costumes; Lou would be enchanted with them. . . . We travelled from Carthagena to Murcia in an ancient cab, which had once been very handsome, the outside having elaborate patterns in brass nails and painted with Amours and Venuses, and the inside being of red and yellow velvet with fringes and tassels. We had a large black horse with harness covered with red and yellow worsted tassels. But all this finery did not make up for want of springs, and I arrived at Murcia very tired. The fine cathedral, the only object of interest there, scarcely repaid us."

"*Gibraltar, March 7.*—You have heard so much of the perils and dangers of a journey to Granada, you will be glad to know we are safe back again. But if

<sup>1</sup> British Consul at Venice.

Papa had been with us, he would have been as much delighted as we were with the Alhambra, which well repaid us the long journey. We stayed a whole day at Malaga, for Prince George<sup>1</sup> having gone two days before, we were told it would be difficult to get horses. I had chosen to ride in preference to a carriage without springs over hard roads. We had an escort given us of five lancers, who did not seem very necessary, but of course we took them when they were offered. The inns were not bad, and the eatables—as far as bread and wine and chocolate and eggs could go—quite perfect. We reached Granada just as it grew dark on the second day. . . . The Court of Lions is more lovely than anything I ever saw, such a confusion of little slender columns and tracery like lace, and water and myrtle-hedges. . . . We went in a painted cab to see the Duke of Wellington's place at Sitio di Roma, which is about three leagues off, and were overturned on the way, the ruts were so deep."

In the autumn of 1839, Lady Stuart de Rothesay took her daughter Louisa with her to Scotland, and they were present at the Eglinton Tournament, where Miss Stuart would certainly have been proclaimed "the Queen of Beauty" but for the rule that the title could only be borne by married women. It was on this occasion that she first saw her future husband. "In the grand stand I first saw your most beautiful grand-daughter," wrote

<sup>1</sup> Of Cambridge.

one who was present to Lady Hardwicke, "and never did I see anything more lovely in my life. She certainly far surpassed the actual 'Queen of Beauty,' and so every one appeared to think, especially a gentleman in a red dress with an ermine collar, who was in constant attendance"—a description which greatly excited the grandmother as to the gentleman in red.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Royells, Ayr, Sept. 2, 1839.* . . . Your back will have ached for us last week, and I must say 'repose is sweet, and we enjoy our return to this nice quiet little place, after our campaign, which has ended very gloriously. I think, as this fête was to be, one could not but wish it to do well, and Lord Eglinton bore our sad reverses of the first day with such remarkably good temper, that when the sun shone at last, and he was able to have his procession, his tilting, banquet, and ball, I rejoiced for him. Friday was really a day fitted for the spectacle, which was gorgeous and picturesque in the extreme, but the fatigue indescribable. We had to go back to Irvine to dress, and to tear off one costume and don another, and be back for the banquet, which did not begin till ten o'clock: the ball therefore was proportionately late. The two preceding days had been far more agreeable, when only 150 people could dine and dance, and so the ladies' dresses could be more seen. The assemblage of company was quite remarkable, especially of men, so that partners of the

first water could not be wanting. Sarah<sup>1</sup> seemed to have plenty, but not *the unknown knight*. She looked well, and was in good spirits, and so was Anne,<sup>2</sup> whose toilettes were extremely successful. Loo's costumes were much admired, and looked simple and in good taste beside some of the more elaborately embroidered. The morning dress was thought the prettiest, and was worn the last evening, by particular desire, as being the most becoming. The lord of the tournament had enough to do with his rival queen, and I don't think could distinguish any damsel more than another, though he danced with Loo. Lord Waterford did his knight's part very well, and made no *mauvaises plaisanteries*, except, perhaps, having two friars in his procession, which might have been spared. Lord Glenlyon had his seventy men of Atholl, and each knight had his own devoted squires, all *élite de la jeunesse*, who seemed as if they were aides-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, to do honour to their chief. The whole thing wore a very real aspect, but wanted an occasion. There were few accidents. Lord Craven had a fall, which he rose from very gracefully. Mr. Jerningham had a bad cut in the wrist, and he was gallant enough to have it sewn up, and to appear at the ball, not to make the most of his wound.

“Charles Stuart's marriage is to be to-day.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah Savile, niece of Lady Stuart de Rothesay.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Yorke, eldest sister of Lady Stuart de Rothesay, married, 1807, to the third Earl of Mexborough.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Stuart, only son of Lord Stuart de Rothesay's only brother, married Georgiana, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, maid of honour to Queen Adelaide.

THE HON. LOUISA STUART *to*  
LADY JANE BOUVERIE.

“Sept. 7, 1839.—We travelled from London to Preston by railroad, 216 miles, in one day! The whole Richmond family was journeying down to Scotland in the same manner, and filled two of the railway carriages, besides their own. We were not particularly lucky in our companions—a constable and a felon going to prison, and they were chained together! Next day we reached Lowther Castle, and thence Lady Jane Hamilton’s, which is sixteen miles from Eglinton, and spent two very pleasant days there before the grand bustle began. We then took a lodging at Irvine, and arrived the night before the tournament. The first day unfortunately it rained, but still the sight was magnificent. I wish that Landseer or Grant, or some great horse-painter, could have seen it, for it would make the most beautiful picture possible—one of those long pictures in the style of the old Venetian masters. I can see it done in my mind’s eye, but *do* it I cannot, for horses I never could accomplish.

“The second day, or rather the third, was very fine, and everything succeeded to perfection. First came music, retainers, men-at-arms; then the ladies (Lady Seymour, &c.), led up to the lists on white palfreys beautifully caparisoned; then the knights, each with his body of squires and retainers. When the procession had moved round the lists, the ladies dismounted, and came up into the pavilion in which we were, and then each knight rode to his tent. Lord Waterford dashed full gallop into his, and others more quietly into theirs.

Then commenced the tilting, followed by riding at the ring, then a general *mêlée*, which was most beautiful and real-looking. The banquet took place in an immense temporary room, each knight having his banner held by a page behind him. Then followed a ball in an equally large temporary room. Some of the dresses were most absurd, others beautiful. Lord Fitzharris had a magnificent dress of green velvet and fur, which would have made a good drawing. I did a number of studies, from which I must try to give some idea of the beauty of the sight. The ball and banquet one could easily have dispensed with, being the same as such like in London, but the procession into the lists, the tilting, the *mêlée*, were such beautiful sights as one can never expect to see again."

In 1840 Lord and Lady Canning made another long yacht voyage, ending in Italy, where they spent the spring months at Rome.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (at Spa).

"*Devonport, July 12, 1840.*—Stratford wrote in such regret at finding us gone, that C. went off by the mail train back to London for a day, and I think Stratford was greatly touched by the attention. I have spent my time in the woods of Mount Edgecumbe, and I think it really the most beautiful place I know. The evergreens are like nothing but Italy, and the blue sea and great ships make it so gay, and give so much to look at and interest, as well as to admire. I think

you know it quite well, for you used to say long ago that Hengistbury<sup>1</sup> might so have been planted, but this has existed for two or three hundred years, so we need not think that Bute plantations could have rivalled it. . . . We think of going to Vigo."

"*At sea, August 13, 1840.*—We were delighted with Vigo, which is really beautiful, both as to mountain scenery and vegetation, which was much like that of the Pyrenees, only perhaps with more vines—the valleys of the richest possible green, and real woods of chestnut. We sailed on Monday, and it is now blowing hard against us, though we are within sight of the Straits. Give many loves to Papa, both the Grannies, and Miss Hyriott."

"*Barcelona, Sept. 4, 1840.*—At Alicante we found little to see but a fortress in which a number of Carlist prisoners are most barbarously left in underground dungeons, to which their food is thrown down a hole to them about once a week. No one can ever get near them, and they only show signs of life, or rather of death, by ringing a bell when any of them are *à l'extrémité*. . . . It was very amusing to see a collection of painters so new to one as those to be found at Valencia."

"*Rome, Feb. 22, 1841.*—The loss of Grannie Stuart grieves me very, very much, but most for dear Papa, who will feel it a dreadful blow. I think all those

<sup>1</sup> The promontory near Highcliffe.

she most cared for, except me, must have been in town or within reach. I am very unhappy to think I was not there, and that I cannot be with you all now.

“We had a most fatiguing journey from Ancona, with several sights to see on the way—Loreto, Terni, and the ruins of Faleri near Civita Castellana; and we entered the Piazza del Popolo in the midst of the Carnival, and were pelted with sugar-plums and bouquets, as good objects for butts in our shabby vetturino carriage.”

To THE HON. LOUISA STUART.

“*Rome, Feb. 24, 1841.*—I longed for the details you give me of poor Grandmama Stuart’s last days. I am sure that when I return to England, I shall feel her loss even more than I do now, for I liked as much as you did to do what little I could to please and amuse her, and it was so easy to succeed. I am sure it will be long before Papa recovers from her loss. I can imagine him terribly cast down by it.”

“*Rome, March 16, 1841.*—Even the Benediction at St. Peter’s was hardly an antidote to the bore of the Easter ceremonies, and the ordinary round of sights has been hard enough work to make one look forward to another winter at Rome without any duty of sight-seeing as a much greater pleasure. Still, I like Rome better and better every day. . . . I can understand how completely Papa must be upset by leaving the Lodge for ever—the place which has been more his home than any other.”



After the return of the Cannings to England, upon the formation of Sir Robert Peel's Government in 1841, Lord Canning was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a post which he occupied for five years, being made Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests in 1846.

Lord Stuart de Rothesay had long wished to repair his broken fortunes by another embassy, and in the autumn of 1841 he was appointed to that of St. Petersburg. It was decided, however, that Lady Stuart and her daughter should remain in England till the following summer. They had moved, meanwhile, into the house in Whitehall which had been occupied by Louisa, Lady Stuart, and their house in Carlton House Terrace was let to the Prussian Embassy. Lord Stuart, after his usual fashion, left England suddenly without farewells, but not the less feeling the separation from those dearest to him.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE, to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*London, Nov. 3, 1841.*—My beloved Lord Stuart, your most affectionate letter went to my heart; believe me, your silence was fully understood by me, for we both of us equally avoided the painful *farewell*. But as I turn willingly from the gloomy side, so I hope we

shall meet again in our cherished capacities of mother and son, so sincerely felt by us both. Adieu! God bless you. Your most affectionate mother, E. Hardwicke."

The knight of the Eglinton tournament had meanwhile never lost sight of the lady of his devotion, though her mother never believed in the possibility of her becoming interested in one whose character and occupations had been so dissimilar to her own.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY *to*

LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY (at St. Petersburg).

"*Eastnor Castle, Nov. 8, 1841.*—We have had a very quiet, comfortable visit here. Loo is charmed to have a run over the hills, and Lord Sandys and I have had great fun talking over old stories. Then we have had Lord Ingestre and Lady Sarah,<sup>1</sup> who start tomorrow to spend the winter at Curraghmore. They seemed charmed to meet us, and were *most* particularly kind."

"*Nov. 22, 1841.*—There are good hopes now of the Queen Dowager. We have seen the baby prince<sup>2</sup> and admired him loyally and *truly*, though Anne<sup>3</sup> gives the palm to her Dover Street production. That poor child is ill every time a worrying letter comes from his Papa. In the room where 'caudle was served' at

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah Ingestre, only sister of Henry, Marquis of Waterford.

<sup>2</sup> Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841.

<sup>3</sup> Anne, Countess of Mexborough, eldest sister of Lady Stuart.

the Palace, are pictures of the Empress of Russia and the two young Grand-Duchesses, who seem to be as handsome as they are reckoned. Lady Clanricarde pronounces the Grand-Duchess Olga the handsomest girl she has ever seen.

“And now, my dearest, I must say adieu, and don't be angry with me if I remind you that a good many years have passed since you were in Russia; so pray take care of yourself, as the same things may not be done with equal impunity; and pray make acquaintance with English doctors, that you may see one if anything goes wrong.”

“Dec. 6, 1841.—You seem uneasy as to the effect Loo is to produce at Petersburg, after the article puffing her beyond the standard beauties; but *cela ne tiendra qu'à elle*, to avoid the comparison, for since I wrote to you, I have had a letter from Lady Sarah, whom I told you we found very affectionate to her at Eastnor, hoping that an acquaintance with . . . might be allowed. I do not like to name names at this distance, but my answer was civil, only leaving all free. . . . My being here without you makes me feel nervous, and I shall be glad if little Caledon<sup>1</sup> turns up.”

Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, noble in heart as in appearance, had been known in his youth as the “wild Lord Waterford,” and his many strange exploits, not one of which

<sup>1</sup> Her nephew, James Du Pré, third Earl of Caledon, son of her second sister, Catherine.

was unworthy of a chivalrous gentleman, were the subject of a thousand stories. Entirely devoted to hunting and sport, he might naturally be thought to have little in common with the *spirituelle* art-loving daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay. But from the moment when her glorious beauty flashed upon him at the Eglinton tournament, he was her devoted knight and only lived to win her. His extreme shyness and diffidence, however, made him shrink from a proposal, till his sister had written to her mother. "I have had the most extraordinary letter, Loo, from Lady Sarah Ingestre," said Lady Stuart one day; "it is a proposal for you from her brother, and, of course, I must lose no time in writing a refusal;" and much was she astonished when her daughter said, "Oh but . . . wait a little: I should like to think about it first."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Tittenhanger, Jan. 17, 1842.*—It is a comfort to me that you trust entirely to my judgment in Loo's affairs; yet your absence complicates everything. Lady Sarah has written to me again of Lord Ingestre's accident, and says, 'You must not be surprised if I again speak of the goodness of my brother's heart, for how can I do less at a moment when he is proving it by

every affectionate attention to Ingestre and myself? . . . I do trust that Lord Stuart's opinion of my brother is favourable.' You may guess I have mentioned the subject to no one but the Grandmama and Aunts, and to Bell,<sup>1</sup> who is a firm friend, as you know."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Grosvenor Square, Feb. 1, 1842.*—I was at Bunsen's wonderful breakfast for his King (in your Carlton Terrace House), on Saturday. He had been very anxious to get Mama to go to it, but fixed his day in a hurry, and she was at Tyttenhanger. So he invited me instead. I was very much astonished when I arrived, through a string of hack-cabs reaching to Waterloo Place, to find myself, besides Madame Bunsen, the only woman amongst eighty savants.

"He had collected all people of any celebrity that the King was quite sure not to meet elsewhere, and they were a curious collection—Quakers; missionaries—American, German, and English; savants, artists; musicians; clergy—high church and low church, &c. The King held a *levée* first, and then there was a luncheon downstairs, on one immense table, filling both rooms and passing through the door, and it was really handsomely done. Your dessert service and ornaments were borrowed, and looked very smart. I was put on one side of the King, and he talked good-humouredly of his sight-seeing, and remarked your royal portraits; but I was surprised to find he

<sup>1</sup> Miss Bell Heyland.

did not seem to remember you. His bear-leader is half distracted with all he has to do, what with reading up *laquais de place* answers at all the sights and drives about the streets; appointing everybody and disappointing them—at the Tower, the Bank, the Tunnel, Post-Office, &c. Even the Duke himself waited a whole morning at the Tower to show the King over it, and was put off at last. Last night the King went to the play *before* he dined with the Sutherlands. We went to a great party there in the evening, and to-night there is one at the Duke of Wellington's.

“Lou has been doing some very good drawings, and her painted glass is getting on fast.

“The Brunnows say you are very happy at Petersburg, and that everybody is enchanted with you, and that you are not a day older, and all kinds of pretty things. They have had a dinner for the Jerseys and Nicolas Esterhazy and Sarah Villiers.<sup>1</sup> She is as happy as possible, and they are all overwhelmed with the bustle of the trousseau.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Feb. 4, 1842.*—The King of Prussia is gone, pleased with high and low, and having done handsomely in the snuff-box giving line. I am sorry I did not see him.”

<sup>1</sup> Sarah, eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Jersey, married Prince Nicholas, only son of Prince Esterhazy, long Austrian Ambassador to Great Britain.

“*March 10 (?)*.—I wish you were here, and I wish I could make my opinions more completely like yours. But *I do not find all I could wish* in what is open to us. I fear Waterford’s habits are too confirmed to be essentially changed, and that Loo would find it easier to conform to his ways than to undertake to give a new direction, in fact, a new *education*. She is quite without prejudice herself, and inclined to see everything in the most favourable light. Of course, I should not say to her that I should doubt her influence in affecting improvement. Whatever she decides will be her own doing, and her strongest hold is not to give security too soon, that she may feel free in her decision. My opinion is that she will go forward, and therefore you must prepare in your own mind, and tell me, if you would come over here, ostensibly to fetch us, for your presence would be *indispensable*: otherwise I think Louisa would decide on going in her present character with me to Russia, and being followed as an understood thing. *If* she accepts, it would be essential that she should not belong to us at the first set off; for I am convinced that this is a case where that would not do.

“Yesterday we dined with the Ingestres—*only* the family party—Loo rather more at her ease than hitherto. The great fault of the other person is his boisterous, rough manners, without the slightest interest in any concerns within doors, or within the doors of Parliament especially. But he has taken his seat, which his sister seemed proud of his having done, and he has been at a few parties, all which makes a *breaking in*. Tittenhanger remains very anxious

for his success: we went there last week for two days."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Highcliffe, March 23, 1842.*—I am sorry to say this has been a bad winter for the cliff, which has fallen a little all the way along the place, but most near the site of the old house, and many of the bricks of the foundations are laid bare. The river is now driven further along the shore than ever, for the sandbank outside has increased fourfold. The church is entirely successful and almost finished. I am to paint the two small windows on each side of the altar, and I undertake the Commandments with some old framings of yours, besides the table, chairs, and pulpit cover. Canning will give a font and his yacht bell. Loo's window will be beautiful, and the whole concern as complete as possible.

"As to Loo's affairs, I think we may be pretty certain, now that she has been willing to go on with Lord Waterford's acquaintance through evil report and good report, that all will end as you wish. Caring for Lord Waterford as she does, she may be perfectly happy with his odd, but amiable and generous disposition, and if she bears his rough manners now, she is sure not to mind them afterwards.

"I have been two days at Tyttenhanger, for Grand-mama has worried herself almost to death with thinking about Loo. She is Lord Waterford's most active and violent partisan, and is longing to have him brought to Tyttenhanger."



LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Highcliffe, March 24, 1842.*—The *Morning Post* has a paragraph which will have told you, though without names, that we are before the public; and though at this present writing we are *here* and the other party is in Ireland, I doubt if people's mouths will close again, however much dust we may try to throw into their eyes. When we meet in London again, I think the *decision* will be asked for formally, and must be given *decisively*, and I think it most probable that it will be given as you wish."

"*Highcliffe, March 28, 1842.*—I may open a little more in our affairs than was advisable in my last. I wish more than ever you were with us. We want a *père de famille* extremely. The world caught up the state of the case at two or three parties, where the unusual appearance of Lord Waterford told his object, especially at a little ball of Lady Aylesbury's, where he ventured across the room to accost us, and that was *avis au lecteur* to the public in general, who went much too fast in their surmises on the occasion. I should not mind that, if our own mind was altogether clear. Lord W. hates the whole business of London so cordially, that he will not submit longer to the restraints of society than to gain his object; but what I really mind is that it does not seem to occur to him that, to do this, he must give up many pursuits which have hitherto been too much his occupation.

"He returned from London to be present at a steplechase at Dublin. This allowed me, in writing

to Lord Ingestre, to say that 'we had hoped that such pursuits would have been voluntarily laid aside, and that my having laid so much stress, in my letter to Lady Sarah, on both parties being equally free, was to allow him time for due reflection on the sacrifices involved of former tastes and habits.' Now, if he shows that he prizes these too highly to change his ways for the ways of other men of his station in the world, he must make his election; but I think he will see that it is impossible he should obtain the wife he wishes without cutting himself off from many of his former associates. When we meet again in London, we shall have to come to a final decision. Loo is without prejudice, and sees things as they are. At Tittenhanger, they are optimists."

"*Whitehall, April 5, 1842.*—We returned from Highcliffe on Saturday night. Next day we had our morning visitor, looking pale and reduced from the effects of his accident.<sup>1</sup> We were cordial, though he said he heard I had 'abused him for putting himself in the way of it:' there is no harm done by putting a check on such practice.

"I don't quite see how we can shape our course at present. You always used to say that 'poor Loo was set in a lantern,' and everybody makes her public property: nothing ever was so much canvassed and discussed, and various are the opinions expressed. Tittenhanger continues to patronise most warmly, and a letter containing the very highest encomiums has been sent to me from thence, written by the Bishop of

<sup>1</sup> A bad fall, at the above-mentioned steeplechase.

Kildare<sup>1</sup> to Mama. *You* would be quite to the Tittenhanger fancy. *I* am thought over-cautious, but I know I am right, and you, I hope and trust, will give me credit for being so, though I daresay it will seem tedious to you to get letters containing so little."

"*Whitehall, April 12, 1842.*—Yours of the 17th of March came very opportunely yesterday evening, when we had, for the first time, a select tea-party—the Ingestres, her brother, Char, and Canning! This was a great step from the formality of morning visits. I expect now that we shall proceed gradually to a *dénouement*, for certainly Loo has manifested much more *désir de plaire*, she has had much more inclination that way than he can have guessed from her manner, which, as you well know, is more shy from consciousness, than any other feeling. My Mama has been in a degree of fidget to make me proceed with more rapidity, which has been detrimental to her sleep! whilst other people are supposing that I am carrying this on whether Loo likes it or not! So I have to steer my own course and go on as I think best, not to hurry things, for fear there might be vacillation when the time for indecision is over. I must say what I have seen of late I have liked. He has wished to act according to her wishes, and yet to show the right degree of impatience, and to know his chances of success. We have been teased with remarks for and against, but if Loo once comes to the point of acceptance, I am determined to hear nothing *against*."

<sup>1</sup> James Lindsay, Bishop of Kildare, uncle of Lady Stuart de Rothesay.

“*Whitehall, April 18, 1842.*—I wish steam and telegraph could both be in operation to tell you that your wishes are fulfilled, and that dear Loo has had the question and given the answer, which has not been waited for a moment too long, since it made both parties sure that the decision came *con amore*. You know her shy ways, and till it came to the *éclaircissement*, I verily believe Lord Waterford thought that I was persuading her to accept, and so it was most agreeable to his feelings to be assured from herself how *entirely* the decision was her own—in fact, that she was his best friend and champion throughout. I must tell you, that though we have but a short experience of him as an *accepted man*, he has gained upon me most wonderfully, and now he feels at his ease amongst us all.

“Loo was obliged to appear at the Queen’s ball on Friday, to which, by mistake, he was not asked, and I wished it to be over before anything was declared. On Saturday he had his acceptance in form, and yesterday we all dined with Canning, and it went off very comfortably. He showed a great deal of feeling and respect in his interviews with Loo, and now all that he says to her about the future is what *she* would like and *we* approve, and not at all what the world settled for him. The tide, I think, has now set in in his favour, after the first burst of surprise was over. We wish, beyond anything, you could be here. When I wrote just now to tell the Queen, I said, ‘I hardly dared hope that, consistently with your duties in Her Majesty’s service, you could leave your post even for a short leave, though it would be great gratification

to us that you should be able to join your family on such an occasion,'—and indeed, if Lord Aberdeen sees nothing against it, you might steam over here when the navigation is open, and take poor deserted *me* back again.

“Mama is delighted at getting at last to the *dénouement*, and we shall all go to Tittenhanger some day soon. Pollington and his bride were at the Queen's ball, where she looked very pretty, and danced with great delight. It was her first ball: and, in another way, it was Loo's *last*, and made me feel that my occupation was gone.

“I have quantities of letters from the Beresford family. Lady Sarah is enchanted, but the old Primate is the happiest of all.”

THE HON. LOUISA STUART *to*

LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Whitchall, April 18, 1842.*—I hope what Mama has told you in her letter to-day will please you very much. I assure you I am quite happy, and only wish that you were here with us. Pray forgive my not having written to you for so very long. I promise to write much oftener now, but I thought till I could write anything for certain, that you would be rather provoked with my letters than otherwise.”

VISCOUNTESS CANNING *to*

LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*April 19, 1842.*—I think you will be quite happy to hear that Lou's marriage is definitely settled. She looks as happy as possible, and we are all very much

pleased with Lord Waterford, who has become much more gentle and amiable. He is so devoted to Lou that he will do anything to please her, and as she is certainly not *exigeante*, it is a very good thing that he should voluntarily set about suiting himself more to her tastes. He dined here on Sunday, and to-morrow we shall have all his family. They are all in the greatest state of joy, as well they may be.

“Mama and Lou will take Lord Waterford to Titenhanger to introduce him. Grandmama is quite dying to see him, and was quite ill with anxiety while all was uncertain. The good side of Lord Waterford’s character has come forward so strongly that Mama and I are quite happy now. . . . What you and Mama will do without Lou, I cannot imagine, but that is only another reason why I hope you will come over soon and see us all, and make a break in your dull year.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Whitehall, April 19, 1842.*—I have had a most gracious letter from the Queen, in answer to my communication, and the hint I gave of the wish for your presence on the occasion was followed by her immediately writing to Lord Aberdeen to say that, if it were possible, she wished you to have the leave. So Canning will have given you notice of it, and I hope you will think it better to take this little break in your monotonous life, for such an occasion. It requires your presence the more from the sensation that has been produced by Loo’s choice, coming so unexpectedly on the world, and the difference of opinion thereon :

and your presence will show your entire approval. I think you can very easily arrive by the end of May by the Baltic steamers, and I can go back with you, and be glad to be set upon a different course, that I may miss Loo less than I should staying here.

“And now, in a very hurried way, I must tell you that I have had a visit from the Primate,<sup>1</sup> who, after a very warm and I fully believe well-merited *éloge* of his nephew, began on affairs.”

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE, to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“It is with all my heart that I congratulate you, my dearest Lord Stuart, on the happiness of your most beloved Louisa: she is quite radiant in her unrepressed joy. I received *my* first visit on Saturday, and it was to me a very satisfactory one. He is attractive in manners and person, with a little bluntness, which I do not at all dislike. They left us yesterday morning. The *walks* and *talks* of Tyttenhanger were certainly very much to his mind, for, on my hoping the same party would soon return, he thanked me ‘most gratefully’ for having permitted him to come and enjoy the ‘two happiest days’ of his life. On my naming some of his relations, he said, ‘They are as happy as myself, and nearly as much *astounded*, for I can scarcely believe my own fortune.’ This rapid declaration was most gracefully and feelingly said, and you will not be

<sup>1</sup> Lord John-George Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland, uncle of the third Marquis of Waterford.

sorry to receive my ill-given account of it. We are in good hopes of seeing you: and then come the partings—east and west—but of that no more at present. God bless us all. I am ever, my dearest Lord, most affectionately yours, E. Hardwicke.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*April 26, 1842.*—Mama has never been so happy as with our visit and *visitor* at Tittenhanger from Saturday to Monday! It went vastly well. The old pair of Hugh Lindsays mixed harmlessly. The young pair of Pollingtons, who went away that morning, having been in great fashion, were quite forgotten in the interest of the new acquaintance, and there were also Charlotte and Canning, and George Lindsay. Loo was extremely pleased at the success of the *débutant*, who was vastly well received by Aunt Caledon. We should all have liked prolonging our Tittenhanger country life a day or two, but I thought, after the Queen’s civility and kindness, it would not do to shirk her invitation to a concert last night. The concert turned out a ball for want of music, as the singers were all sick, and as Loo did not want to dance, it allowed of a very early return. The Queen came forward and gave her an embrace. I don’t think she recognised Lord Waterford, but he stood an introduction to the Vice-Queen, who, of course, told him that Louisa was much too good for him. However, she meant to be gracious, and he was only amused, and thought the business done at a cheap rate, as we came away soon after ten o’clock.”



VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Feb.* 1842.—The Esterhazy marriage is over. Everybody in London was at it. The bride looked really beautiful, and was loaded with magnificent pearls, which the grandmother Esterhazy sent her.

"The trousseau was shown a month ago, and cost £2000."

## IV.

### CURRAGHMORE.

“Here, at least, is the smile that no cloud can o’ercast,  
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.”

RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.

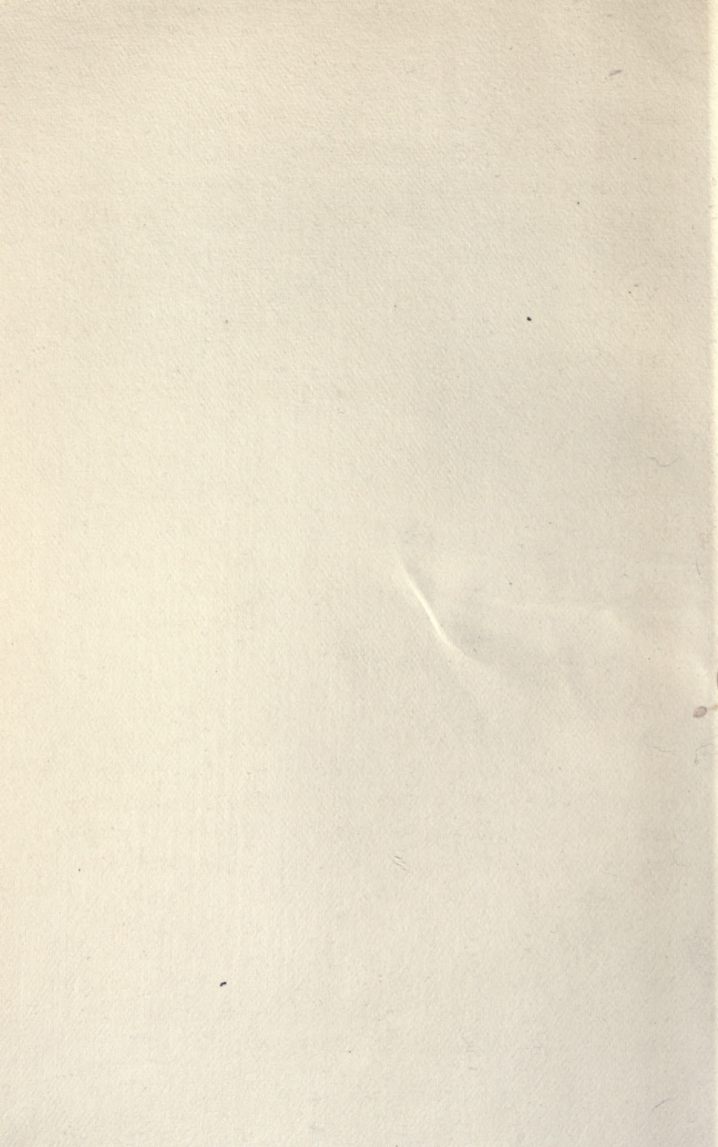
“L’action bonne et parfaite est le véritable caractère de l’amour de Dieu. . . . C’est l’amour *effectif* qu’il faut à Dieu.”—S. VINCENT DE PAUL.

LORD STUART DE ROTHESAY came over from St. Petersburg for the marriage of his daughter Louisa. It took place on June 8, 1842, in the royal chapel of Whitehall, where no marriage had taken place for fifteen years before, but which was close to Lord Stuart’s house in Whitehall Place. Lord Waterford was accompanied by his brothers, Lords John and William Beresford, and his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, performed the ceremony. Exactly at eleven o’clock the bride arrived with her father and mother, and entered the chapel, followed by her bridesmaids—Lady Jane Bouverie, Lady Caroline Somers-Cocks, Lady Sarah Savile, the Hon. Miss Stuart, and the Misses Beresford. Constance, Lady Lothian, niece of the



*Henry, Marquis of Waterford.*

*From a miniature by Thorburn.*



bridegroom, who was present at six years old, has a vivid remembrance of the wonderful collection of very old ladies who pressed forward after the ceremony, to embrace the bride; they were her grandmother Lady Hardwicke, with her daughters, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay with the Miss Berrys. After the breakfast at Lord Stuart's house in Whitehall, the bridal pair left for the Priory, Lord Somers' place near Reigate.

MISS BERRY to

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"June 8, 1842.—You were sitting on a low seat by the altar, in the hope, as I suppose, of being able to see the bride's face, and I left you there to take a place where I could command a view of the first entrance into the chapel. We watched some time, and Lord Waterford came up to the altar, where the bridesmaids were collected. Soon after Lord Stuart joined him, and many were offering their congratulations, when I looked up, and saw a sight I never can forget, one I had been watching for, and which—if possible—surpassed my expectations, in short, one I would not have missed seeing for any other gratification.

"It was—Louisa, who at that moment appeared in sight. By some accident her mother had moved from her side, and she stood alone, like a glorious picture of a poet's bride, in the arch of the chapel door, which had the effect of framing the costly picture.

“There she stood, motionless! with her white robes and her long bridal veil, which covered her from head to foot. It was impossible to distinguish a feature, but the form was that of a marble statue of Beauty veiled. . . . She looked extremely pale, and for a moment seemed to have lost all consciousness of whatever was before her. Every one said softly, ‘Look! look!’—the gentle music of the organ commenced a hymn of praise, and we held our breath lest the least earthly sound should make that heavenly vision glide away.”

On Saturday, the 18th of June, Lord and Lady Waterford landed at Dublin in the *Osprey*, which was gaily decorated with flags; vast crowds waited their arrival, and hundreds of voices cheered them, while the cathedral bells pealed at intervals.<sup>1</sup> When they entered the gates of Curraghmore, as the carriage passed through the throng of people waiting to greet them, Lord Waterford himself proudly raised the veil of his bride, that all his tenants and dependants might gaze upon her supreme loveliness. The pleasure is well remembered with which she would say long, long afterwards, “Yes, my Waterford was really proud of me.”

And towards the lovely bride he had won, Lord Waterford never wavered in the most loyal and chivalrous devotion, his whole life

<sup>1</sup> See *Illustrated London News*, June 25, 1842.

was pervaded and influenced by hers, he sympathised with all her noble aims for the good of those around her, and honoured her for them and in them. There was never any cloud upon their married life. "Forgetting all his past as if it were a dream," wrote a contributor to the *Waterford News* after his death, "Lord Waterford entered hand in hand with his wife into all her schemes for ameliorating the wretchedness by which they were surrounded, and their efforts were ever crowned with success."

Lord Waterford was passionately devoted to his beautiful home of Curraghmore—a territory rather than an estate. He was always unwilling to leave it, but his wife, who entered into his every wish, was quite willing to sacrifice everything which had charmed her earlier life, society, pictures, music, travelling, and even literary and intellectual companionships, to minister to his wishes. Thenceforward, her whole heart was in Curraghmore, and, though the long days through which Lord Waterford was absent in hunting left her very much alone, time there never hung heavy on her hands, though there were those who thought that Lord Waterford's devotion was too engrossing, for he did not like her going anywhere: "You are too beautiful," he said.

Only a week, however, after her first arrival at her husband's home (on June 25), Lady Waterford met with a terrible accident. The story has been told in different ways, but Sir John Leslie, Lord Waterford's most intimate friend, has written—

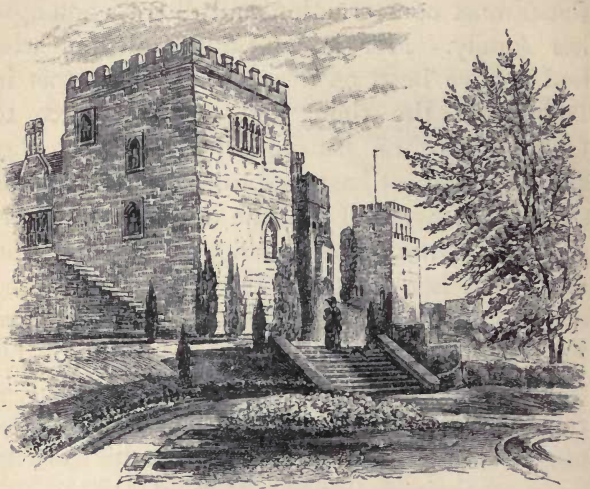
“I was asked to come to Curraghmore whenever I could and would. . . . Soon after the sad accident which caused the loss of Lady Waterford's long, thick, and beautiful brown hair, I went to Curraghmore with Lord William Beresford, Waterford's brother, and my brother officer in the 1st Life Guards. I found Louisa recovered, but cropped, yet always beautiful. . . . I was afterwards driving home from hunting with Waterford in the same phaeton, with the same horses, over the hill of Ghilcoe. We came upon a very steep pitch of descending road, leading to the house of Curraghmore. It was here that the accident happened. Waterford said to me, ‘John, this is the place where poor Loo was so much hurt.’ The splinter-bar touched the hock of one of the horses, and frightened it. The hill was so steep, that it was necessary to stop at once to prevent mischief, and so Waterford turned the horses with their heads towards the hedge and ditch, into which they plunged. Louisa tried to get out, but failed, and fell on the road backwards. Concussion of the brain and insensibility were the result. Waterford carried her, insensible, in his arms all down the mountain-side, and through the river Cloda, which runs at the bottom of Ghilcoe, between it and the house. Thus,



he got her back sooner than if he had asked for help or waited for assistance."

The report of Lady Waterford's condition after her accident, as published by the newspapers, was absolutely hopeless, and caused the utmost consternation and distress amongst her family. Her aunt, Lady Caledon, who had always been as a second mother, was in Ireland at the time, and went at once to Curraghmore on hearing of the catastrophe, and Lady Stuart hastened thither as quickly as she could travel. For some time Lady Waterford was in the greatest danger. Her husband never left her for three days and nights, and could scarcely be persuaded—had to be almost forced—to take food. It was typical of his intense devotion that when her doctors said that his wife's long beautiful hair must be cut off, he would allow no hands but his own to execute their sentence. Part of the tresses thus cut off were used to frame, with a broad band, the beautiful portrait of his wife by Sir Edwin Landseer, the rest Lord Waterford preserved, and desired that it might be buried with him. It is characteristic of Lady Waterford's wonderful vitality, that, after this accident, her hair grew to a length that more than touched the ground.

A few months saw Lady Waterford restored to health, and busy with a thousand schemes for the benefit of her poorer neighbours. In the autumn, a first visit to Lord Waterford's



ON THE TERRACE, FORD CASTLE

Northumbrian property at Ford was a most intense delight to her.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY SARAH INGESTRE.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 19, 1842.*—I must tell you how *delighted* I am with this place, but pray do not think that I shall ever like it better than Curraghmore,

although I am in perfect contentment with it. The view is quite perfect, with those mountains in the distance and that very picturesque old tower in front.

“I am this minute come back from a long walk with Waterford, Mr. Blackden (the agent), and Mr. Stewart, into every cottage in the village. I never saw people so clean and comfortable: it is quite a treat to see them so, and Mrs. Blackden tells me they are the most contented, agreeable set of people she ever saw. The old housekeeper, whom I think a charming old woman, showed me all over the house to-day, and opened every cupboard to exhibit her hidden treasures. She must be eighty, and yet she keeps everything in the most perfect order and cleanliness. Some of the old pictures I am delighted with, and although Waterford rather laughs at me about it, I have not a doubt that I have discovered no less than four Sir Joshua's—Sir Francis Delaval, full length; the Duchess of Cumberland, full length; a man, with a red coat over his cuirass; and a faded woman, with a queue and fur mantle: these are all beautifully painted.

“You do not know how I enjoy the thought of seeing you all in October.”

It was in the spring succeeding her marriage that Lady Waterford was taken to pay her first visit to the noble old Primate of Ireland, her husband's uncle, Lord John-George Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh. The Primate had been a second father to Lord Waterford, who always treated him with the greatest affection and

respect. Great then was his pleasure at seeing that his wife—"full of love, joy, and talent"—literally entranced the old Archbishop and his sisters, the Ladies Anne and Catherine Beresford.

"I was only twenty-one at the time," writes Sir John Leslie, who was invited to meet the Waterfords at the Palace, "and until then had never seen so beautiful a woman as Louisa Waterford then was. I thought them the truly noble pair I afterwards knew them to be. Waterford was indeed proud of her. She brought many of her drawings to show the Primate. Her singing was delightful, running on with a rich mezzo-contralto voice through the operas of the time with the bits she liked best, souvenirs of Rubini, Grisi, and Malibran. She also sang many touching ballads—'Oh, 'tis the melody we heard in former years.' I can fancy I hear this still."<sup>1</sup>

It was during this visit that Lord Waterford's next brother, Lord John Beresford, was married to Miss Christina Leslie, to whom Lady Waterford ever showed the utmost sisterly affection, and who was ever, with her children, a most welcome guest in her home life.

To Miss Heyland Lady Waterford wrote an amusing account of her first London dinner-party after her marriage.

<sup>1</sup> Notes by Sir John Leslie in 1892.

“ I kept hoping a duchess would appear, and that I should not have to go out before Lady Douglas, but in vain. Lord Foley came hesitating between the two, I pushing back into a corner and making myself small, but Lady Douglas refusing, I had to go; and, during dinner, thought with dread of the walking out again, did all the *façons* I could, and then went out squeezing round the corners, thus ” (a picture follows).

It had been a delight to Lady Waterford on her arrival at Curraghmore to find how much Lord Waterford's only sister, Lady Sarah Ingestre, entered into all her schemes for the good of the Irish people, to whose welfare, before her own marriage, she had greatly devoted herself.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY SARAH INGESTRE.

“ *Curraghmore, Nov. 10, 1842.*—My dear and good Sister, you cannot think how much delighted I am with your very kind letter, which will be of the greatest use to me, *en attendant* your arrival. How kind of you to give me a helping hand in telling me who will know best about the poor people, &c. . . . Char. and Canning are here still, as well as Lord and Lady Clanricarde and Lord and Lady Glengall. It would quite satisfy you, and delights me, to hear Char. and Canning's ecstasies on the beauty of Curraghmore. . . . I have put them in the picturesque tapestried bedroom.

“ I hope my two brothers <sup>1</sup> are coming this winter : I am longing to know them much better. I should much have enjoyed the Primate, Lady Catherine, and the Miss Beresfords coming also. I *trust* you are coming after Christmas.”

No less than six hundred men found employment on the estate of Curraghmore, and it was to improve the condition of her own tenantry and workmen that Lady Waterford's attention was chiefly directed. In her efforts to introduce habits of cleanliness into the Irish cabins, she would often go thither to make the beds herself, to show how it ought to be done, and would give personal lessons in cleaning the rooms. Up to this time the people had been very poor and unemployed. An aged clergyman recollects how “ a cockfight ” was the first sight which met Lady Waterford's eyes, when she entered the village for the first time, and how it made her long to change their condition. She gave them lime to whiten their walls, seeds for their gardens, and prizes for the best vegetables and most neatly-kept houses, whilst supplying their wants in many other ways. Up to this time there had been no industrial employment whatever among them, and upon consultation, Lord and Lady Waterford decided

<sup>1</sup> Lord John and Lord William Beresford.

upon the industry of the manufacture of woollen goods, as most likely to be helpful. At first an old "smithy" was arranged for this, being new ceiled and floored, and about thirty poor women were employed, being all supplied with the same costume by Lady Waterford, and all using the old primitive spinning-wheel and equally primitive hand-loom, worked by an old weaver named Anthony Thomas. This succeeded admirably for a time, but when the demand became greater than the supply, machine-spun thread had to be provided, and the reign of the old spinning-wheels began to wane.

Amongst Lady Waterford's earliest plans, was that for the building of two churches, one in the village of Portlaw, close to the entrance gate of Curraghmore; the other on the "mountain" opposite, the hill called Ghilcoe, near the spot where her terrible accident had occurred, at once as a thank-offering to God for her recovery, and to enable many old people up there to go to church, who were too far from the village. Both these buildings were achieved, the foundation-stone of the mountain-church being laid by an old man of 106, but still hale and hearty.<sup>1</sup> Lady Waterford also set to work at once upon a terrace-

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Leslie's Reminiscences.

garden round the house, which was much wanted, and which she saw satisfactorily completed.<sup>1</sup>

Not content with having the churches built, Lady Waterford, who was just a little "high church" in her early life at Curraghmore, turned her attention to improving the services which were held there, and making them more attractive to the people.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY JANE BOUVERIE.

"*Curraghmore, March 25.*—I am very busy at home with many irons in the fire, so my time is well filled up, although I have nothing to make myself agreeable to you with, unless you will consent to hear about myself. I am *maîtresse de choeur d'église*—beater of time, counter-tenor, solfeggio-mistress, amongst other occupations, and am getting very proud of my teaching. We sing chaunts in four parts, anthems, kyries, &c. Just now I have a beautiful new service ready for Easter, with the anthem 'How beautiful upon the mountains,' which begins in 3 and breaks into the most joyous chorus, 'Sing together, Hallelujah.'—Oh that 'Hallelujah'—the difficulty of getting it all together, with a sudden stop at the end of the word!

"I am collecting in a book an immense mass of evidence about our labourers, and hope, before I die, to see them thoroughly comfortable, and if I can, I

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Leslie's Reminiscences.



shall do the same for every creature on Waterford's property. Waterford is at this moment in England at some races.

"I am reading every book Ruskin ever wrote. I delight in them. They give one a new enjoyment of nature."

The "Curraghmore Clothing Club" originated with Louisa, Lady Waterford, and she annually presented all the labourers on the estate with clothing of Irish frieze and leathern gaiters.<sup>1</sup> At her clothing club sales, she used to amuse herself by transferring to paper, almost instantaneously, with a few strokes of pen or pencil, any striking face amongst the people. She delighted in the peculiarities of native costume. An old man living on the roadside, who used to wear a goatskin in front, and another on his back, was asked by her to come to Curraghmore. He duly appeared, but dressed in his best. "Oh, I wanted to see you with your goatskins on," she said. So he returned the next day in the skins, a quaint model for her pencil, and she kept him for luncheon.<sup>2</sup>

To beautify the houses of the Irish poor as well as to make them more wholesome

<sup>1</sup> The *Waterford Mail*, April 9, 1859.

<sup>2</sup> Canon Parker's Recollections.

and comfortable, was one of Lady Waterford's greatest wishes. She had trees planted along the streets of the village, and wished to plant a tree in each corner of the surrounding fields. She also wished to name the streets—Henry Street, William Street, &c., after the members of the family, and painted a turkey-cock as a sign for the little inn.<sup>1</sup> Amongst those she frequently visited and to whom she read the Bible, was a poor blind girl living on the roadside. For her comfort she designed a special kind of reed chair, drawing a picture of what she intended, and desiring to have it made from her design.<sup>2</sup>

During these years it is remembered how often Lord Waterford did not return from hunting till 10 P.M., and then would sleep for two hours, so that dinner was not till midnight, yet how his wife, who had been alone all day, was always smiling and ready to welcome him. She never complained of anything which gave pleasure to her husband, but the many weeks spent at Rockwell, the dull place where he kept his hunting establishment, could not but be often tantalising to Lady Waterford,

<sup>1</sup> Shown at the Exhibition of her drawings in 1892.

<sup>2</sup> Canon Parker's Reminiscences.

who longed to be amongst the varied interests of her beautiful home.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY SARAH INGESTRE.

“*Rockwell, Jan. 4, 1843.*—We went home for Christmas Day, and it all looked so beautiful after my long sojourn at Rockwell, that I cannot say I should not be rather glad to see a frosty sky appear that would last just *one* week.

“My great delight is reading aloud to Waterford in the evening. First we take a temperate meal of tea, chicken, and roast potatoes (instead of dinner: I like it so much better, but never expected to find a kindred spirit!) and then I read, and sometimes sing. . . . Our plans are vague, and all I ever wish to go to London for is to see Char. and you, and Grandmama.

“Waterford had an excellent run this week, which so delighted the hunters, that he had no end of compliments on the hounds from them.”

Many of the solitary hours she spent at Rockwell and Curraghmore were from the first daily devoted by Lady Waterford to her Art, for she had the joy of being certain that her husband greatly admired her drawings, and was proud of the ever-increasing power which she evinced in them. Some of her most careful figure studies were taken from the peasant girls and cabin life round her Irish

home. She had already also begun the series of "little books," which were her life-long companions, and which her friends grew to look upon as part of herself. These many volumes, one of which was always within reach, were mere little "betting books," in which she sketched passing people, scenes, or events; or, still more, fleeting ideas and inspirations, in pencil, pen, or colour, usually finishing them by candlelight, to which she became so accustomed that she preferred it to daylight for her artistic work, as producing simpler effects and more concentration of light and shadow. Many are the family groups painted thus in the evenings at Curraghmore, gatherings of relations and intimate friends around the lamp-lit table; marvellous likenesses of character and expression, amongst which the noble head and classical features of Lord Waterford himself are repeated over and over again. She was never weary of drawing her husband: perhaps the best likeness represents him seated at a table, covered with books and papers.

Lady Waterford had also the happy power of finding picturesqueness in a thousand incidents of her home life. Thus, in fragments preserved from her illustrated letters to Miss Heyland, she writes:—



Miss Cotton

Natalie Ball.

Aunt Caldon

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*Family Group at Curraghmore*

*with Catherine Countess of Caldon.*

*From Lady Waterford's Note Book.*



“The May-pole was in the centre of the school lawn, and the Queen of the May (the schoolmaster’s daughter) standing under it, in a white gown and crown of primroses; all the smaller girls in a circle round, in wreaths of primroses and violets; a larger circle outside again, and boys outside the whole. The spot itself, you know, is beautiful, with the woods and waterfall in the distance (an illustration).

“In one of the houses I found a child, who, in saying its hymn to me, put itself into the oddest and most perfect of attitudes. It has a regular *mane* of long wavy auburn hair—not dirty. They are ‘prodis-tants’ (an illustration).

“Eve Rickerton did look like a witch, leaning over her folios, her poor dead hand on the table, and her foot hanging powerless by her side (a wonderful and touching illustration).

“I went to see a dying old man yesterday, and as I walked out, he said, ‘Pray, Miladi, give me *your foot*.’ Now it was dressed in a large india-rubber shoe, so I said, ‘Why?’ but he did not answer. So I gave him my hand. It was to kiss it!! He wanted my foot.”

It was a great pleasure to Lady Waterford to find a congenial friend and lover of art in Miss Grace Palliser, of Derryluskan, Tipperary. Whenever Lady Waterford was left alone, she would send for Miss Palliser, and they spent whole days in a little painting room, where they had models, and worked hard as long as

daylight lasted, only going out to walk at dusk, as they did not care for driving. Sometimes Lady Waterford went to her friend's house, and they worked there in the same way. Once when she came in with Lady Canning, Lady Waterford found Miss Palliser at work painting an ambitious view of Venice on a wall. Both the visitors were pressed into the work, and they painted a gondola and two figures in it, which remain (unfinished) to this day. Sometimes Miss Palliser was accompanied to Curraghmore by her eldest brother, who was an admirable art-critic. One day, after he had corrected Lady Waterford's drawing in some points and given her hints, she said as he was leaving, "I consider Mr. Palliser's visits are worth a guinea an hour to me."

At other times Miss Palliser and Lady Waterford would practise for hours old classical music—Pergolesi, Mozart's Masses, &c., so that whenever they met education was the order of the day.<sup>1</sup>

"I am so glad to see J. Leslie paint a picture," Lady Waterford wrote to Miss Heyland, "and find it as good as Mr. Sibley's lessons. He is doing a severe little full-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Fairholme's Reminiscences. Miss Grace Palliser married Mr. W. Fairholme in 1853.



length of me in black, with an olive-green background, thus" (an illustration).

TO MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.<sup>1</sup>

"*Curraghmore* (undated).—Your interesting enclosure reminds me of another old poem which is beautifully set to music:—

'The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays its icy hand on kings :  
Sceptre and crown must tumble down  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

The laurel withers on the brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds.  
All heads must come to the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

(JAMES SHIRLEY, 1666.)

"I like the rudeness in Shirley's lines, which is like the mark of the mallet and chisel on an unfinished statue, with all the expression and force, but none of the rounding off.

"I hope to be in London in June, and have especial curiosity to see what the Pre-Raffaellites have done this year, whether they are beginning to allow them-

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Isabella, wife of Ralph Bernal Osborne, Esq., and only daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Osborne of Newtown Anner, Co. Tipperary.

selves a little beauty in moderate quantities. I respect them for abstaining from the *pretty*, and am sure theirs is the only school which will come at real beauty at last, so we must be content to let them pass through all their phases of ugliness first.

“I have got an idea for a drawing from a bit quoted from Kirke White, who represented a death’s head under the mask of the triumphant Fame crowning a student with laurels. I see a pale and consumptive student wearing out his life in intense study, all dark around him (emblematic of that knowledge for which he is sacrificing himself, as also the expiring lamp). Day is beginning to dawn from the old window, through which you can just perceive the antique gables of the quadrangle of his college. Behind him, almost invisible, except the head, is a figure of Death about to drop the crown of laurels on his brow, and at the same time to claim him for his prey.”

Amongst other artistic work, Lady Waterford designed some stained windows for her new church. Writing to Lady Jane Bouverie in 1843, she says:—

“The first of my windows has been completed in the church, another is being burnt and leaded, and I hope to complete the six before I go to London.”

On the hill which led to this church a male infant of unknown origin was one day discovered. Lady Waterford had him christened

Moses Churchill: after he was grown up he followed her to her Northumbrian home as one of her labourers.

Lady Waterford was one of the first to wear a large straw hat, though her old-fashioned friends remonstrated against what was then thought an eccentricity. She was painted thus by Captain Leslie. To Miss Heyland she wrote:—

“Now, as to being ‘manly,’ it is quite as womanly as a bonnet, and is a woman’s hat from the days of Rubens’ ‘*Chapeau de Paille*,’ which is a large black straw hat.”

After Lady Waterford’s recovery seemed to be assured, Lady Stuart de Rothesay had joined Lord Stuart at St. Petersburg, where his failing health had already begun to cause great anxiety to his family.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (at St. Petersburg).

“*Grosvenor Square, Oct. 10, 1842.*—I hope you have been for a few days arrived at the end of your long and tiresome voyage. . . . We have been kept in London a good deal longer than we expected. Last Saturday but one we had fixed to go to Ireland, but Lord Aberdeen had to go to Drayton, and Canning did not like to be away or to go without seeing him, and when we had stayed over one Sunday, we found

plenty to do till the other came round. But on Saturday we go to Tabley, and on Monday we hope to cross."

"*Portumna*,<sup>1</sup> Oct. 22, 1842.—At last we have got to Ireland, staying at Tabley on the way, a fine place with an immense rambling house, to reduce which to a more compact size Lord De Tabley is economising. At Dublin I saw the Cowpers and Vyners, and the Bishop and Mrs. Lindsay, who had Lord and Lady Arran staying with them. I admired the quays of Dublin very much, and the Phoenix Park was much prettier than I expected. We came here, one hundred English miles, with four horses, in ten hours and a half. The Clanricardes and all the children seem as happy as we used to be when we got to Bure in very old times. The Shannon widens here into a lake, and there are distant blue hills which make it a pretty view, but the country is flattish and the plantations young. . . . In the first days of November I shall get to Curraghmore for three clear weeks."

"*Portumna*, Oct. 30.—It is delightful to hear of your arrival at your journey's end, and that Papa is tolerably well. . . . I have been having long rides with my three little nieces. . . . Waterford has had misfortunes at the Caher steeplechase, where Clanricarde met him two days ago: he lost two races and had a horse killed. Lou much enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* visit from Lady Desart during those days. When I mentioned to Lou that only £150 remained to

<sup>1</sup> Portumna Castle, her brother-in-law Lord Clanricarde's place in Galway.

be collected for the Highcliffe church, after Queen Adelaide's donation of £50, she sent a cheque for it—not letting Waterford share the gift, but giving it all herself.”

“*Curraghmore, Nov. 5.*—At last I write from Curraghmore, after waiting so very long to come here. The journey was long, and we arrived an hour after dark. Lou looks as well as she ever was, but her voice for singing is not quite so strong as it used to be. She is in perfectly good spirits and entirely happy, and Waterford is as kind and good-humoured as possible. I have an incident to tell you worthy of a French novel. On Thursday, when we arrived here, Canning found a letter for him from the Frankfort (or Munich) secretary, formally telling him that Douglas's marriage to the Princess of Baden was by the same post officially announced to the Queen by the Prince of Leiningen! Wasn't it a strange piece of news to greet us on our first arrival in this house? If the Princess is like her cousin at Coburg, it will do very well, for I never saw a simpler or more amiable person.

“The beauty of this place is above my expectations, even now that I see it with hardly a leaf left. I have not seen Lowther, but I think this is the finest domain I have been in, and C. is enchanted with it too. Lou took me driving yesterday, out by Portlaw and in again by the Waterford entrance, and then about the racecourse and along that beautiful river-side walk. The house is decidedly ugly, but it is a good thing to be so totally void of a bad sort of taste. Lou's projects

are excellent. She has made the drawing-rooms very pretty and comfortable, with chintz covers on all the chairs and sofas, and all sorts of china and ornaments scattered about. On Tuesday the Clanricardes come here, and on Monday the Glengalls. Lou has done only a few drawings, but those very good ones—of the Babes in the Wood.”

“*Curraghmore, Nov. 12.*—The variety of the grounds and the masses of wood here are really beautiful, even without any leaves, and the house is so perfectly comfortable that I long for you to see it, and how quietly and nicely Lou does the honours. Waterford and Canning have had three separate days’ hunting together, and I think Waterford does not at all dislike having people in the house. Harriet<sup>1</sup> liked him very much, and agreed with me in thinking Lou looks entirely happy.”

“*Nov. 29.*—We are back in London, and I am full of preparations for the trousseau which my long waiting will require.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Petersburgh, Dec. 27, 1842.*—You shall have the first of my pen and ink, after the transfer into the house we have taken for a twelvemonth. Though we shall be able to lodge our *monde* better here, I like my first friend best, as the high finish of the lavish

<sup>1</sup> Lady Clanricarde.



London July 29  
11.8

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*Supper after Hunting.*  
*Henry, Marquis of Waterford and Lord John Bessborough.*  
*From Lady Waterford's Note Book.*





expenditure of the Demidoff makes this simpler house look rather *bourgeois*."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Petersburg* (undated).—It gave me spirits for enterprise to have the last tidings from home in your letter, which I received yesterday, just before starting for Czarskoe Zelo. But as the courier is going directly, I must abridge my account of the Court of the Czar, which I have been writing to Loo, as she was made my principal topic of imperial graciousness. Lord Ingestre had gone to Peterhof, if you remember, just after her accident, so they knew all sorts of details about it.

"I thought all I saw very splendid, though I only saw the small palace—a sort of Trianon to the large *corps de logis*, as big as the Tuileries. I believe they always have a sort of reunion on Sundays, and for us it was made still grander. There was a little French play and a ball afterwards, and the universal change of toilette was rather hard on a new-comer, as we had not the guide of the turbans and hats that we had been introduced to in the morning, to help us to recognise the faces below them. When the dinner company assembled at three o'clock, I was taken into the next room, and with the imperial family I had a very dignified yet very interesting afternoon. A *bonhommie* about the Emperor prevents any awe, and they all took at once an *acquainted* manner, which always takes one in, for I believe it goes no further. The young Grand-Duchesses would be beautiful girls in any family, and are dressed to a perfection that must be the result of

much labour. All the Court puff them as *anges de bonté*, and they certainly all seem amiable and affectionate, and very civil, doing the honours more than any princesses I ever met with. I am to go to-morrow to the Grand-Duchess Helen (a sister-in-law), who is a very different sort of person from the rest, less frivolous, but not so popular.

“Lord Stuart had a good rest between the morning and evening duties, and so did not feel very fagged, and the Empress was always desiring him to sit down. I suppose to give the men something to do, they were ordered to be *en frac* for the evening, having been in uniform in the morning; for the ladies both toilettes seemed equally fine, but the morning the most solid.”

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (at St. Petersburg).

“*Windsor Castle, Dec. 20, 1842.*—I should not like your account of Papa, if you had not ended by saying he was better than before. How well you managed about your reception. . . . I told the Queen and Prince all about your startling visit from the Emperor. . . . Canning was at Tyttenhanger on Monday, and I hope to pay it a long visit as soon as my waiting is over. Of this I have a fortnight more, and this week nearly all my fellow-servants change; Miss Lister and little Georgy Liddell are amongst those who arrive. The Queen is very kind and pleasant, and I do not at all dislike being here. Canning paid me a visit of four days, and I suppose will be asked again after Christmas.

“Pray tell me what year it was that we were at Ramsgate, for the Queen says she perfectly remembers seeing us there, and that you were lame, and Lou and I were brought to see her with a little boy, who was Alexander.<sup>1</sup> I think she was only two or three years old, and I should like very much to hear when it was.”

“*Windsor Castle, Jan. 2, 1843.*—I have liked this quiet waiting very much. The Queen has been exceedingly good to me, and I have seen a good deal of her. Very few people have been here. I think the Duke of Wellington was the only visitor, and a few others have dined. We had a great deal of feasting at Christmas, and German trees with sugar-plums, and presents given to everybody. I have a bracelet with the Queen’s picture—really a nice thing to have. Little Georgy Liddell has been in waiting the last ten days: I like her of all things, even better than her sisters: I think she is more solid, but has all their good temper.”

“*Grosvenor Square, Jan. 10, 1843.*—I came back yesterday from Tyttenhanger, and can give you an excellent account of Grandmama; but I must tell you from Grandmama, Aunt Caledon, and myself, that we are rather discontented with your letters, for we want to know exactly what you do all day long, and Papa too—when you get up, dine, and go to bed; when it’s light and when it’s dark, what you eat and drink and clothe yourself in; and how cold it is, and how much snow.

“A great piece of news is that Lord John Beresford is to marry Miss Leslie.”

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Alexander, afterwards third Earl of Caledon.

“*Jan.* 16, 1843.—Lou is back again at Curraghmore, and very busy beginning to lay out some straight walks round the house, and setting clothing-clubs at work. I am glad to hear that Waterford has intentions of fixing his hunting establishment a great deal nearer Curraghmore, which will be a great advantage, for Rockwell was a very dull place, and it was quite a journey to get to it.”

“*Jan.* 21, 1843.—Lou has begun to lay out her walks at Curraghmore, and has *carte blanche* to do what she pleases; she writes about nothing else. I had two happy days at Tyttenhanger with dear Grandmama and Aunt Caledon, but had to hurry back on Saturday morning to be in town for the consecration of the new chapel at Buckingham Palace. There was a luncheon afterwards, at which only the household with their wives or husbands were present. . . . I have been riding the new horse every day in the riding-school, with only the distance from here to South Street out of doors.”

“*March* 14, 1843.—The most amusing thing I have done since I came to London was an evening at the House of Commons, where I heard the grand debate on the Gates,<sup>1</sup> which was very interesting and very violent. Macaulay's speech was most amusing, but Lord Stanley pleased me more than anybody, for he

<sup>1</sup> The sandal-wood gates of the Temple of Somnauth, carried off by Mahmoud to Ghuzni. The gates were ostentatiously restored to India by the Earl of Ellenborough.

was really eloquent and *entraînant*, while Peel was more in the style of a very good actor."

During the absence of Lord and Lady Stuart in Russia, Lady Canning delighted in the duty which devolved upon her, of occasionally going to look after her old home of Highcliffe.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING *to*

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (at St. Petersburg).

"*Highcliffe, April 10, 1843.*—We came here on Saturday and brought Lady Clanricarde with us, and Elizabeth, Emily, and Ibbey. The place is so admired and enjoyed by them all. Harriet thinks the house comfortable, beautiful, and magnificent, even better finished than Wrest. The winter has not done any damage to the cliff, leaves are coming out, and there is an air of spring and bright sunshine, though it is a cold Easter.

"The last thing I did in London was to go and hear Brougham's speech in the House of Lords: it lasted three hours, and was amusing enough. We dined one day at the Palace to meet the Prince of Wurtemberg. I have not written since I was last at Tyttenhanger, where Grandmama was very cheerful, and had lately been indulged with a novel or two, which amused her very much."

"*Highcliffe, April 17, 1843.* . . . An expedition to Heron Court has been very pleasant and profitable, for Harriet and Canning fished and caught six pike.

Harriet and the children think this the most enjoyable place possible, and admire the walks and drives of all things.

“Lady Holland’s Allen is dead, for which she receives universal condolence and is really very much to be pitied.”

“*June* 1843.—Waterford has been much shocked by the sudden death of his aunt Lady Catherine Beresford from influenza. Whilst he goes to the funeral, Lou will pay a quiet visit to Tyttenhanger and I shall go with her.

“I met the Oldenburgh’s at dinner at the Brunnows, and liked her exceedingly; both seem really pleasant people. . . . There was a small dance at the Palace for all the many royalties who are here, and to-morrow is the marriage.<sup>1</sup> We are looking forward to going again to Highcliffe very much.”

“*June* (?) 1843.—We were at Tyttenhanger for Sunday and Monday. Grandmama was so happy to see Lou and Waterford, and you would have been pleased to see how attentive and amiable he was to Grandmama. She was delighted with their visit, and all at Tyttenhanger agree with the world in general that Lou was never in such good looks: and except that the trousseau gowns are substituted for her old ball ones, there is no difference from her old self. She is sitting again to Grant, who wants to alter the scarf and attitude of the arms in her picture, and Lou tries

<sup>1</sup> Of Princess Augusta of Cambridge to the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

to make him paint her in white satin, but he won't, I believe because he can't!"

"*June* 1843. . . . We are very happy to hear Papa is going on so well, and we really trust you will now take advantage of leave of absence and come and inhabit Whitehall next month; Grandmama and Aunt Caledon will take the house till then.

"Lou's mourning has kept her some time at home, but yesterday she went with me to Lansdowne House, and everybody said she looked as well as ever. There is a great exhibition of cartoons going on in Westminster Hall, which is really well worth seeing."

"*June* 20, 1843.—There is no chance that we shall be able to come to you in our wretched little holidays. This will be a late session and Lord Aberdeen must get his turn after it is over, and ours will come very late—too much so to attempt the long journey, besides which Canning thinks he ought not to be out of reach. Lord Aberdeen was never away last year, but for the fortnight with the Queen, which did not count for rest, so of course he must serve himself first, and we shall probably get our turn about the middle of September, and shall use it to visit Lou at Ford, which Waterford wants us to do and I should delight in.

"I suppose you will soon go to your island. How will Papa like that? We shall send you a large cargo of things, and of books: you must consider us your lending-library."

"*July* 4, 1843.—Canning has just had your letter

sent by Count Woronzow. It brings us sad news, but I have long been prepared to hear it. . . . How hard it is for you to be nursing poor dear Papa with none of us to help and comfort you. . . . It is a great relief to us to know how soon you will have Charles Stuart<sup>1</sup> with you. I am sure he will be a great comfort: indeed, it is only that which keeps me from longing to go to you myself, but I suppose as soon as Papa can move, he will come home, and no doubt that will be best for him. It will be a great comfort to have you near us again, and I trust, by God's mercy, Papa will stand the journey. Lou comes back to-morrow from Tyttenhanger. . . . God bless you and dear Papa."

"*Osborne, July 25, 1843.*—The Queen airs herself daily now on the sea. We have only missed once or twice since I came. The great yacht<sup>2</sup> is magnificent, faster much than anything, sixty feet longer than the *Duke of Wellington*, and most charmingly fitted up. I am quite sorry my court life will end before I have had a voyage in her."

"*August 1, 1843.*—I am greatly disappointed not to have a better account of Papa. . . . I wrote so much, last messenger, about hoping and trusting you would return, that I will not bother you again with the same, but only say that I think it more strongly than ever.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Stuart de Rothesay's nephew. Charles, afterwards General Charles Stuart, the son of Lord Stuart's only brother, John, by Albinia, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan.

<sup>2</sup> The *Victoria and Albert*.



Louisa went back to Ireland yesterday, having very much enjoyed her two months of London, and I think Waterford liked it too. She was in great beauty, and everybody thought her improved very much in getting rid of some of her old shyness. They went to a ball at the Palace last week, and her tiara was worn at last and looked very well, and on Thursday they dined there. Lou and I had a pleasant day together at Hampton Court, gardens, pictures, and all, ending with a visit to Lady Albinia. We were delighted with some of the formal old-fashioned bits of garden, which Lou wanted to study as hints for Curraghmore. We went on to Richmond and offered ourselves to dine with the Berry's, which was gratefully accepted by them.

"There are balls every day this week and concerts—Lady Jersey, Duchess of Wellington, Mme. Brunnow, and the Duchess of Sutherland—all for the King of Hanover. My waiting was to have begun to-day, but the Queen liked better to have me from the 26th of this month, to be of the sailing expeditions. She is to go to all the seaports, and the new steam-yacht is being prepared in a great hurry for it. I shall like it much better than a month of Windsor, but I am already getting puzzled to think how I shall fit up clothing that will suit court and sea combined."

"*August 8.*—Of course until Papa is without fever, he must be very careful about moving . . . but this is a case where the doctor's opinion must be over yours and Papa's, and everything put into his hands, and

I think that would save worry. Lou is back at Curraghmore and much delighted with her terrace, and very busy now doing some bedrooms."

"*August 15, 1843.*—What I hope and trust is that Papa will now ask for a steamer and return 'on leave,' whilst he is able to travel. That I equally hope he will not think of going back to St. Petersburg is also true, but of course he should not be tormented to resign at once, and it will be time enough to do so when he gets home.

"Lady Dunstanville and Sir C. Lawson are at this moment on a visit to Lou, and they will be useful in giving the Berry's plenty of information about Curraghmore. The great event is Wilhelmina's marriage with Lord Dalmeny.<sup>1</sup> There is nothing else going on but a series of the grandest of grand dinners given by the Duchess of Hamilton for Lady Douglas, to introduce all London to her."

"*August 22, 1843.*—Yesterday I saw Lady Douglas<sup>2</sup> for the first time. Her manner is perfect: all the family doat upon her: and he looks very happy."

"*Windsor Castle, August 27, 1843.*—We embark to-morrow morning, leaving this place at seven. We go on board at Southampton, and sail about the Isle

<sup>1</sup> Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope married Archibald, Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of the Earl of Rosebery, Sept. 20, 1843.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Mary, daughter of Charles Louis Frederick, reigning Grand-Duke of Baden.

of Wight, landing at Ryde. We then go to Weymouth and Plymouth, and then to the Château d'Eu for three days, which I quite expect to be very amusing. We return to Brighton, and then there is a rumour of spending a day at Ostend.

"We dined on Friday with the Duchess of Hamilton, and met Lady Douglas, whom I had only seen before on a morning visit. She is very quiet and pleasant, and is adored by the Hamilton family. The first thing I remarked about her was that she reminds one very much of Lou! Douglas, who looks radiant and young again, calls her 'Marie,' but the Duke sometimes calls her 'Princesse' or 'Votre Altesse.'

"The Queen is in high spirits at the thought of her expedition. She gave a very pleasant fête at Virginia Water last night, a dinner and fireworks for Prince Albert's birthday, and illuminated ships sailing about—really a very pretty sight."

"*Château d'Eu, Sept. 3, 1843.* . . . There was a heavy swell the first day of our voyage, but ever since it has been charming. The Queen's reception at Plymouth was enthusiastic, as well as at the smaller places such as Dartmouth and Falmouth. I admired that beautiful coast exceedingly. Mount Edgecumbe is quite a paradise. Do you remember the orange garden—orange-trees in tubs, but as beautiful as possible? We came here from Falmouth. The Prince de Joinville met us at Cherbourg and came on board the yacht. On Saturday, about five o'clock, we reached Tréport. Louis Philippe and his sons came on board, and the Queen landed with him in his barge. She has been very well

received here, and is much pleased with her visit. The house is quite full. The whole royal family is here, except the Nemours', who are in Brittany at a camp. Sixty-eight people sit down to dinner every day. The Cowleys are here and many of the Ministers; the rest are the suite of the royal family. The château is not so old as I expected; it is in the style of the Tuileries, and crammed with family pictures. There was originally a collection begun in old time, and it was continued by the Grande Mademoiselle: the King has added to it, and put it in order, but many bad copies are put in to make the collection complete, which do not improve its appearance.

“Papa would be so amused here. We go out driving in *chars-à-banc*. A string of five of these has just carried us to the Forêt d'Eu, where we had luncheon in a tent. It was the first time the poor Duchess of Orleans had appeared in public. She led her little son by the hand, and seemed very much overcome. Her two boys are very nice children: the youngest looks rather delicate, the eldest is a very pretty spirited boy. The King and Queen and Mme. Adelaïde all ask most kindly about you: Mme. Adelaïde particularly said I was to give you and Papa all kinds of messages from her, and that Papa was one of her oldest friends. They are all most kind and amiable.

“The Marquess and Marquise Du Roure, the Montesquiou's, Mme. de Rumigny, M. de Chabannes, and Comtesse Olivia de Chabot are here: some of these I remember quite well. The pretty little Princesse de Joinville, Papa may have seen as a child

in Brazil: they are all very fond of her, and she is amused with everything, for all is new to her, as at Rio she and her sister were shut up in a convent: she is very wild, and like a child."

"*Pavilion, Brighton, Sept. 11, 1843.*—It will be a comfort to you to know from Canning how kindly Lord Aberdeen spoke when they talked together about Papa. The thought of your being possibly left for months in Russia, and without a friend, is very sad, and I often long that I could be of any use to you.

"We got back from Eu on Thursday, after a most pleasant visit. The whole of the royal family came on board with us, and saw us off, and the Prince de Joinville crossed over with us and stayed two days. Louis Philippe asked over and over again most kindly about Papa, and they all begged me to say all kinds of things from them to you. One day when we were in the garden at Eu eating peaches, I felt some one tap me on the back. It was Louis Philippe, and he said in English—'When you write to your father, tell him that the King of the French will never forget the good service rendered by Sir Charles Stuart to the Duke of Orleans at Antwerp in 1803.' Pray tell me what it was?"

"The Queen was delighted with her visit, and I think she pleased them all very much. They loaded her with presents of Sèvres china, Gobelin tapestry, &c. The two bits of tapestry were begun for Malmaison in Napoleon's time, and have been thirty years in hand. The Queen of the French gave me and Georgy Liddell each a beautiful bracelet. The three

last days of the visit were spent in drives to the Forêt d'Eu in the daytime, with great luncheons under the trees, and in the evenings there were concerts of instrumental music, and one night the Vaudeville actors gave two plays. I think I told you the people in the house—Cowleys, St. Aulaires, Guizot, Sebastiani, Ad. Mackau, M. La Cave la Playne, Ministers; the Du Roures, Chabannes, Montesquiou's, Olivia de Chabot, General d'Houdetôt, Household; and General Athalin; in all there were seventy people at dinner each day.

“Do you remember this strange palace? It is like a scene in a ballet, and it is the oddest sensation to be actually living amongst all these dragons and nodding mandarins. To-morrow we go on board the yacht again, on our way to Ostend. We are to see Hastings and Folkestone, and spend the night in the Downs, and cross over on Wednesday.”

“*Oct. 2, 1843.*—Our Belgian travels were very enjoyable and amusing, but I wondered how we had strength to stand such constant fatigue. The Queen bore it better than any one, and how much we had to tire us you will have some idea of when I tell you we learnt to consider the railroad perfect repose. The weather was beautiful—cloudless sky and burning sun the whole time. We had a very rough crossing to Ostend, and all were sick but the Queen and me. We were five days with Ostend for headquarters. There is no palace, and we were billeted in private houses, and made expeditions and railway excursions to the old towns. At Ghent and Bruges the inhabitants

received the Queen quite enthusiastically, and decorated their streets and houses with every sort of drapery and flag and green branch, and all along the streets fir-trees were planted, with garlands on the draperies connecting them. All this we saw in every town. Brussels and Antwerp looked beautiful—crowds of people everywhere, and bands playing ‘God save the Queen’ and ‘Rule Britannia,’ which they meant by ‘La Marche du Prince Albert.’ We saw all the churches and pictures everywhere, and a convent of English nuns at Bruges, which is only opened to crowned heads. The Beguinage at Ghent amused the Queen very much—the 700 Beguines in their Holbein nun’s dress: Papa must remember them. I missed seeing Louis XVIII.’s house, for we had passed it before it was pointed out to me. They had out-of-door concerts at Brussels and Antwerp—a means, I suppose, of showing off the Queen to the crowd. The Antwerp one was in the Place, with the cathedral before us, and the music was very good—choruses of men, without accompaniment.

“The Queen slept at Laecken one night, and we stayed at the Brussels palace, which is not at all handsome. The King has bought the Prince of Orange’s palace, but never lives there or uses it. King Leopold asked civilly after you and Papa, and the Queen of the Belgians spoke very kindly about you. Our Queen was very happy on this visit, for she is very fond of them both, and she was so amused with all she saw, and the foreign look of everything. I do not know which she liked best, the Belgian tour or Eu, for Eu quite enchanted her, and she was so delighted with all

the Louis Philippe family. For my part, I have no doubt in saying Eu was far the most amusing. The Belgian Court is dull in itself and very quiet; they keep up more state than in France, but never have any of their court about them, except on state occasions. I have two beautiful bracelets from the two Queens we visited, and a ring, in remembrance of the tour, from our Queen."

"*Oct. 1843.*—On hearing of the burning of the Lakefield stables, Waterford determined at once to give up having anything to do with Tipperary. He gives up the place, and will hunt there no more. Canning says he has acted quite rightly and wisely, and gives him great credit for his determination. Lou, of course, is delighted. It is certainly much better to have nothing to do with those horribly savage Tipperary people, who, of course, have nothing to do with Waterford, and no affection for him like his own wild people."

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 13, 1843.*—Since I last wrote we went for two days to Windsor to meet the Grand-Duke,<sup>1</sup> who, I hear, liked his visit. We have seen a good deal of him, for the next day we met him at Brunnow's, the next he paid me a morning visit, and next day C. met him at dinner at Lord Bloomfield's at Woolwich; then next week the Peels have asked us to meet him at Drayton. He has always very civilly asked after you and Papa.

"I think I told you I was coming here for a day or

<sup>1</sup> The Grand-Duke Michael of Russia.



two, to look after the place, the poor people, and the school."

"*Drayton Manor, Oct. 23, 1843.*—It is good news to hear how well Papa has supported the move back to Petersburg. . . . I think I told you we had fallen into the vein of royal visits. From one to meet the Duchess of Gloucester at Bedgebury, the Beresford's, we excused ourselves on the plea that Canning could not leave during Lord Aberdeen's absence; but that excuse would not have done for the Peels, and, accordingly, we have been meeting the Grand-Duke here. I think he is a good specimen of a Prince, in one way—that he talks incessantly, topic after topic, which, when one's own topics are scarce, one values very much. The Grand-Duke surprised us by giving out that he wished to go to church with us yesterday, so we were taken to Tamworth, instead of the village church, and he bore the cold and the long service manfully, and said afterwards that he recognised many prayers as the same they had in the Greek Church."

"*Grosvenor Square, Oct. 31, 1843.*—I shall be anxious to hear how Papa stands the first setting in of the cold, but I do not expect that he will feel the difference so much now that he is entirely shut up; what I think of quite as much is *your* lonely winter, with no one you care about to talk to. We will all do our best to write, but that cannot be much comfort.

"Lou will tell you how Waterford has given up the hounds, and how generously he has behaved. He gives up Lakefield too, so I think the loss of these

stables a very great gain, and Lou and even Waterford himself are of that opinion. To Lou's comfort it is a great addition not to have a divided establishment all the winter. Her painted-glass mania increases, and she plans some grand works.

"I have been very glad to see Wimpole again after eleven years.<sup>1</sup> I remember everything, only the scale in my recollection was far grander than the truth—the library and the trees alone being larger than I remembered. They have improved the place very much, but there is still a great deal to be done, though £30,000 has been spent on the house alone, and that not in ornamental work, but in solid repairs. The Queen was very sensibly and comfortably lodged, and the Hardwicke's gave her up their own rooms, which were Grandmama's apartments. The dressers and Lady and Maid of Honour were close by, and the white stone staircase was given up entirely to the Queen. She had the billiard-room and the dining-room fitted up as drawing-rooms, and the old red drawing-room as a dining-room to breakfast in. The ball was in the gallery, and the libraries were used for our breakfast and luncheon, to which the Queen came, and were lighted up on the night of the ball. The visit went off beautifully, and I think the Queen liked it very much. She walked about the place in the morning alone with the Prince, and afterwards they all went to see Bourne. There was difficulty in getting people to Wimpole on such short notice, but the Normanby's came, and Caledon, and the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Exeter. All the brothers and their wives were at the parsonage.

<sup>1</sup> The Queen and Prince were at Wimpole from Oct. 26 to 28.

. . . We followed the Queen back to town, through triumphal arches all the way to London, and had to be at Brunnow's dinner directly after, where we had the Grand-Duke, the Prince of the Netherlands, and the Duke of Cambridge."

" *Welbeck, Nov. 13, 1843.*—We have been passing a very quiet country week here, and go to Ossington to-morrow. Canning has been hunting, shooting, and fishing all day long, which he finds particularly refreshing after Downing Street, and I have had a great deal of riding, for Mr. Denison persuaded me to bring my horse, and I am very glad I did, for all the rides here are quite beautiful—miles and miles of turf drives in every direction through all the great parks, which join each other, and carried on also through farms and fields for miles, broad grass with palings on each side.

"Papa will be sorry to hear that Luton<sup>1</sup> has been burnt down, all but one wing. It is a good thing that poor Granny Stuart did not live to know this, for how distressed she would have been! The pictures and books are saved, but not the lovely little chapel.<sup>2</sup>

"I have been trying to copy some of the miniatures here. There is a very fine collection, and it would be very improving to do some of them correctly."

" *Ossington, Nov. 18, 1843.*—We came here on Tuesday from Welbeck, and have met the Bishop of

<sup>1</sup> Built by his grandfather, John, third Earl of Bute.

<sup>2</sup> Brought from Tyttenhanger, where it was originally built in the sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

Salisbury, pretty Mrs. Webber, and the Duke of Newcastle and his daughter. The Denisons have done a good deal here, and there is now a very pretty terrace round the house, and the interior is much improved by painting the ceilings. This quiet country is delightful, but I feel the want of our clear Highcliffe sky.

“There are such horrid outrages in Tipperary that we must be very thankful Lou is not going to spend the winter there.”

“*Ossington, Nov. 20, 1843.*—Alas! I see from Papa’s handwriting that he is weaker. . . . I shall be so happy if, when spring comes, he is spared to return home, or go to some place where he may live an invalid life, and where we may help you to take care of him.”

“*Welbeck, Nov. 26, 1843.*—We have been here again for the last few days, and one morning went to see Hardwicke, a most beautiful old place, with every room, passage, and the staircase covered with most curious hangings of embroidery and tapestry. . . . The Queen is going to Drayton, Chatsworth, and Belvoir.”

“*Curraghmore, Dec. 1, 1843.*—I find Lou looking very well, and with more work on her hands than ever. I think you will like very much the garden plans which she says she has sent you. The terrace is all but finished, and is very handsome: it is very wide and high, and the outer wall, supporting it, is strengthened by buttresses, which look very well from the outside. I never saw a greater improvement than is made by this addition of foreground to the view. . . . The

Ingestre's are here, and four children—two much too shy, and two not shy enough. The shy children will not speak or let themselves be looked at, and shut their eyes or hide themselves when any one goes near them.

“Waterford likes the garden and terrace extremely, and has found great amusement in laying them out, and I believe generally, after listening to Lou's plans, adopts them, and afterwards thinks they are his own.”

“*Curraghmore, Dec. 1843.*—I have enjoyed being here of all things, and am very sorry indeed to leave Lou so soon. You would be so happy to see how happy she is, and in such high spirits. She looks better than she has done for long. When we are gone she is going with Waterford for three weeks to Rockwell,<sup>1</sup> and I think that is much better than shorter visits, for the journey backwards and forwards is tiresome to do so often. We went there on Tuesday and came back Thursday. It is a very comfortable house, but very dull out of doors—no good place to walk about, but Lou will carry plenty of books, music, and drawing, and I don't think it will bore her much.

“We went one day to see the Rock of Cashel, where the ruins are very fine indeed: there is one other good drive, to the Glengalls' place at Caher, only four miles off.

“Waterford likes of all things to be read aloud to in the evening, and he has the rare merit of not going to sleep after a day's hunting, so their evenings will be pleasant enough.”

<sup>1</sup> Where Lord Waterford kept a diminished hunting establishment for a few months longer.

“*Curraghmore, Dec. 9, 1843.*—Our time here has crept by very fast: but I must always try to have a good spell with Lou in the country, for it is very clear that much town-life will never suit them, and indeed one can hardly wish it, for a man without any useful pursuit in town must be very ill off during a long season in London, and to give Waterford a real wholesome love of society is not possible at his age. I think they will come every year to London for a short time, and then make some country visits and go abroad a little: but of course, for next year, their plans must depend on yours.”

“*Curraghmore, Dec. 10, 1843.*—Lou and I condole with each other that we have nothing amusing to tell you. . . . This climate is exactly like a Roman winter: I think it quite delightful, and we have beds of violets in full bloom. . . . Each day it is a comfort to me to think that your long dreary winter is going by.

“Lou has improved Waterford’s taste exceedingly, and I observe that he has learnt a number of phrases and arguments as to the use of balustrades, &c., from her, and uses them in a way which would amuse you. I have grown very fond of the Ingestre children, the second, Conzy, is a particularly nice little thing, and the two youngest are quite delightful, when they are good, and that is becoming much more frequent.”

“*Curraghmore, Dec. 30, 1843.*—The Seymours have been here a week, and Waterford and they are mutually pleased with each other, and they are delighted with Lou’s good looks and good spirits, and



*Henry, Marquis of Waterford.*

*From Lady Waterford's Note Book.*





how much her old stiff shyness has worn off. Lou is so glad to have little Sarah Savile here, and has done her best to amuse her by taking her out riding, to her great delight.

“Waterford goes on with his diminished hunting most good-humouredly: his country is generally so rocky or boggy that he cannot get a run, but he has the talent of amusing himself, and never complains or regrets Tipperary. All is very quiet hereabouts now, and likely to remain so until O’Connell’s trial, but probably not longer than that in the towns: in the country they are much more gentle.

“I think you would be pleased to see how Lady Sarah<sup>1</sup> (Ingestre) looks up to Lou and adores her, and approves of all her doings, so much more so than I expected. She always encourages Lou’s plans of new works, either out of doors or about the house.”

“*Curraghmore, Jan. 7, 1844.*—We are now, Sarah Savile and I, at the very fag-end of our visit to Lou. Sarah has been so happy here, and I have enjoyed my visit to Lou of all things, have been here full five weeks, and am very sorry they have come to an end, I have been so completely at home here, and should be quite willing to stay an unlimited time. Last year even Lou herself was scarcely at home, or mistress of the place, but that is all changed now. She has no shyness about giving orders, and can do all she pleases. The end of Rockwell and Lakefield<sup>2</sup> is really a blessing, for a divided establishment for a whole

<sup>1</sup> Lord Waterford’s only sister.

<sup>2</sup> Hunting establishments.

winter was an uncomfortable arrangement, and it was disagreeable for Lou either to live at these uninteresting places or to stay here alone.

“I believe the hunting in this country must be very bad, from the very accounts they bring home of good runs—Waterford’s great delight when he gets one. It is rocky, stony ground, often mountainous or boggy, but as Waterford has a taste for difficulties, he finds an interest in them, and is not likely to be disheartened. His kennel looks melancholy in its half-empty state, and the whole hunting establishment is very much diminished. He has taken great interest in Lou’s garden plans, and shows a great deal of taste in them. It is not at all an easy piece of ground to deal with. I believe a great number of evergreens planted about will look well, for the trees immediately about the house are not good enough to be left standing alone with a great space in front of them, and yet shrubbery gives rather a commonplace look—though the garden needs a boundary. Lou wants ideas from you: she has exhausted all mine.

“Sarah and I have spent all our mornings lately drawing from the jaunting-car. Usually a shower cuts the sketch short before it comes to any good, but it has been a great amusement. Still, I have not accomplished anything to be compared to your little collection of views. Lou has sung a good deal in the evenings, and her voice is certainly stronger than when I was with her the year after the accident. The stained window is still her great pursuit, but she is so determined to make it a really good thing that she will not begin one head in it on glass before an

elaborate and correct cartoon is made of the whole. Her cartoon, as far as it is finished, is really beautiful. The Ingestres are gone for ten days to Castle Martyr, Lord Shannon's place, and Sarah and I are not sorry to have Lou to ourselves for these four last days.

"Lou, as you know, is always well with everybody. . . . She has been reforming the clergyman. She gets him and his curate to examine the school children, and gives him plenty of work about her clothing-club; and, in church, she has by perseverance got the whole congregation to stand when the Gospel is read, and when the Psalms are sung, which was never done before."

"*Grosvenor Square, Jan. 15, 1844.* . . . It is very strongly rumoured that Papa's remaining at S. Petersburg—in this long illness—will be discussed in the House of Commons, and Ministers questioned upon it . . . and I think you will feel what a very desirable thing it would be if Papa was spared the vexation of finding himself superseded by sending in his resignation. This subject, in whatever way it is represented to him, will be a painful one, but I hope you may be able to prepare him for it, so that it may not do him harm. . . . I shall be very anxious to know whether, without pressing Papa to do what will be painful to him, you are able, as I hope, to urge him to send in his resignation."

"*Windsor Castle, Jan. 23, 1844.*—I came here last Wednesday, and found the Queen looking exceedingly

well. The three children are quite darlings, so very full of fun, and with such pretty manners. The little one is like a fat cottage child. The Princess Royal is grown since I first saw her, and much prettier than she was; she shows quite a royal memory in knowing me and my name quite well after four months' absence. Her *bon mots* are really wonderful. Yesterday Princess Mary of Cambridge went out walking with her, and talked much to the *bonne*, but made two mistakes of gender. The little Princess heard them, and said nothing at the time, but mentioned them both after they came home, in private. The Prince of Wales now wears a little dress, which, I believe, is like that of the Russian moujiks: it is the shape of a shirt open on one side, and embroidered like a blouse; he looks very pretty in it. I believe the pattern came from the Queen of the Belgians' children.

“There has been a great deal of company here lately—amongst others the Jerseys, who arrived nearly a week ago to stay three days, but they are not gone yet, for poor Lord Jersey tumbled over an imperial, left by the maid in the middle of the dark passage, and sprained his leg so badly that he has been in bed, and in great pain ever since, and, after hunting all the year, thinks it very hard luck to be disabled by a bandbox. Now the Duchess of Cambridge is here, and little Princess Mary. The Duke of Cambridge came too, but is gone to keep an engagement to play violin-duetts at Arundel. I succeeded Lady Douro in waiting, who was so kindly treated here that she thinks Court a paradise, and she agreeably surprised the

royal party by turning out very merry as soon as her shyness wore off. Reel-dancing was the great amusement in the evenings, and harp-playing in the daytime. The Queen made her play duetts with her constantly. I have now my piano strewed with music-books for playing duetts on two pianos, and by four people at once. They say the effect is beautiful, but it requires excellent time, and I shall be in a great fright when the moment comes.

“ I think Lady Jersey has liked her long visit here very much. The Queen has made her stay on and on, to give Lord Jersey time to get well.”

“ *Windsor Castle, Jan. 29, 1844.*—It must be very painful to dear Papa to give up his present position, but I hope he may be induced voluntarily to resign it. . . . The Queen asks most kindly after you and Papa. . . . This has been a very quiet waiting, though the Queen danced English country-dances one night most actively: quadrilles and that sort of thing she has left off caring about, but takes delight in Sir Roger de Coverley and all old-fashioned dances.”

“ *Grosvenor Square, March 4, 1844.*—After a month as quiet as a honeymoon, the Queen has come to town, and is going to have two levees and a drawing-room before Easter. The latter will have an odd effect, with the Court in black crape and everybody else in bright colours.

“ Canning, Lord Malmesbury, and Lord Castlereagh have hired all the fishing on the Stour and Avon,

and expect it to rival the great Scotch rivers, and a Tweed fisherman has already caught very fine and large salmon. Canning is longing to go and try his chance."

"*Grosvenor Square, March 26, 1844.*—Canning has been to Highcliffe for a day's fishing, and has brought back a salmon of his own catching, and had his line carried away by another."

"*April 28, 1844.*—I am much distressed to have so far less good an account of poor Papa. . . . If the doctor does not come with you, I think it is not impossible that Charles Stuart will go out to Petersburg to come home with you, which would, I am sure, be a great comfort. . . . When you reach England, I think Highcliffe may be by far the pleasantest place for you, if it is prudent, especially as Grandmama and Aunt Caledon offer to join you there and help to keep house. Alas! how much the sad piece of news I have just heard will grieve you and Papa, and I only hope he may hear it in a way which will not be a shock to him: Uncle Hugh Lindsay died this morning quite suddenly. . . ."

Lord Stuart de Rothesay's illness increased daily at St. Petersburg. It was a kind of nervous paralysis. One of its oddest forms was that he could no longer command his limbs. His legs ran away with him! Mr. Bloomfield, his secretary, passed him once

running rapidly along the quays. Afterwards, he heard himself called, and found Lord Stuart clinging to a lamp-post—"I wanted particularly to speak to you, but could not stop: my legs ran away with me." On another occasion he rushed involuntarily through the rooms of the palace, and was only forcibly stopped by an equerry, at the door of the Emperor's private room.

In May 1844, Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay returned from St. Petersburg, and, after a very anxious journey, reached Highcliffe in safety.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Windsor Castle, August 31, 1844.*—We are to have the Prince of Prussia here to-day and the Jerseys and Westmorelands. Nesselrode comes on Monday. On Wednesday we have a respite of two days, and then everything royal that can be collected comes for the christening, and all the officers of state, Ministers, &c., but nobody by way of company. The christening<sup>1</sup> will be at six o'clock, before the dinner in St. George's Hall.

"Yesterday we returned to the usual routine and the Queen dined with us: she looked rather tired, though in high spirits; but I am afraid she exerts herself too much.

<sup>1</sup> Of Prince Alfred, born August 6.

"*Windsor Castle, Sept. 8, 1844.*—Lord Forester, Lord Wharncliffe, and Lord Beverley tell me they have been to see Papa, so I gather he must have been pretty well. . . . I wish some of these people had gone after instead of before the christening, to tell you about it, for it went off beautifully. There were so many bishops and church-dignitaries, that it looked almost like a Roman Catholic ceremony, and it was in the little chapel by candlelight, just before dinner.

"The Prince of Wales and Princess Royal were there, looking very pretty and good, and the baby himself is a very good specimen. All four children were allowed to be for some time in the corridor afterwards, and the three who could run about were delighted with the company and uniforms, and very sorry to be sent to bed; it was quite their first piece of dissipation.

"We went after dinner from the drawing-room to the Waterloo Gallery and had terribly noisy music in the two orchestras. Then came the great punch-bowl, holding a hogshead of mulled claret, and the christening cake, which was much too small and genteel to suit it.

"There was an accident in the morning, which happily hurt nobody, but might have been terrible. There are five enormous chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, and the bottom of each is glass. The man trimming the lamps of one of them, to save himself the trouble of moving his ladder, twisted the whole thing round and round, and so unscrewed the support of the chain at the top, and the whole came down with a smash."



“*Windsor Castle, Sept. 10, 1844.*—You will like to hear all we have been doing here. There never was so much magnificence. The King<sup>1</sup> is very much pleased, and has admired the great dinners and all that has been done for him. The investiture of the Garter was a beautiful sight: I think there were fifteen knights present. Louis Philippe sends you and Papa all sorts of civil speeches, and told me to repeat them to you, asking very much how Papa was.

“There was an expedition to Twickenham in the *char-à-banc* he gave the Queen. They saw the house he lived in with his two brothers, and also the one called Orleans Villa. Then they went to Hampton Court. He was exceedingly pleased with a great many of the old portraits there, and noted down a good many to be copied for Versailles. Then they went to Claremont.”

“*Grosvenor Square, Sept. 16, (?) 1844.*—I was very much amused the last day at Windsor, for the King was taken to Eton, and the acclamations there were worth hearing. The boys almost pulled the Duke of Wellington off his horse, and the cheers for him were quite deafening. The great dinners in St. George’s Hall were most magnificent. You know that Louis Philippe is enough of a *maître d’hôtel* to admire how very well it was all done and served, the numbers varying from eighty to a hundred people. I thought it much handsomer than the dinners for the Emperor, one reason being that the Waterloo Gallery was not so much brought into notice, and as, for fear of the French

<sup>1</sup> King Louis Philippe was at Windsor from Oct. 8 to 14.

papers, we could not dine there, there was always room for immense numbers of people in St. George's Hall. The day of the Investiture all dined in uniform, and the beef-eaters were there, and it was really magnificent. The little Prince and Princess came in at dinner, and were led round the table, looking very pretty in little dresses of white satin. Lord and Lady Granville dined on Saturday. He is wonderfully well again, and has been leading such a quiet life that this has been his only piece of dissipation for three years; he looks much better than poor Lord Melbourne. If Papa had been well enough, you would, of course, have been there, and I wish you had, for it was very fine."

"*Blair*,<sup>1</sup> *Sept.* 1844.—We have had a rainy day, and the streams are all full, and we can find waterfalls in every direction. The Queen is to go to the Falls of the Bruar to-day, and the Falls of Glentilt, close by, are really lovely. The Prince has had very good sport, for on Saturday afternoon, only going out at two o'clock, he killed three stags, and saw a herd of fully a thousand deer, and another of more than half as many. The extent of the forest is enormous. There is some particular spot from whence the Queen is to see them driven, as they were shown in old time to Queen Mary. . . . A pony has been trained for the Queen, and she is going to ride about all over the hill. She likes being here very much, and the experiment of coming here has certainly turned out very well. We have seen a great deal of the Glenlyons. They all

<sup>1</sup> Blair Castle had been lent to the Queen and Prince by Lord Glenlyon.

dined here yesterday, and the officers of the Highland bodyguard. Their little camp outside the door is the most picturesque thing possible."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Grosvenor Square, October 29, 1844.*—I left Papa at Highcliffe on Saturday, just the same. Some days he is less dull than others, and on the whole he is in a very quiet, contented state. Miss Hyriott stays with him as much as she can.

"You and Grandmama must read all about our pomp of yesterday (at the opening of the Royal Exchange) in the newspapers, and pray remember that I acted Duchess of Buccleugh, and sate with the Queen in the gold coach, drawn by the eight cream-coloured horses. The procession must have been beautiful. Of course I could not see much of it, only at turns in the street. The Aldermen made it look much more ancient than most processions, and they stuck on their horses very creditably. It was a relief to know that each had four men to take care of him, and a trained artillery horse. The crowds were beyond anything I can describe the whole way, and the Queen was received with immense cheering, which lasted without intermission all the way from Buckingham Palace to the Exchange and back.

"The building itself is really very handsome, though the architecture is not of a pure taste, but rather like something French or German. The court is the handsomest thing, and the colonnade round it, which is prettily painted in arabesques. . . . The Queen was very much pleased, and looked so, which had great success. The dinner or *déjeûner* was for about five hundred

people, upstairs in Lloyd's Committee Room; all the rest of the people were below, and in another room. The Queen had a table across the top of the room, at which only the royal family and the ambassadors, Lady Jocelyn and I, sate and dined off gold plate: at least we were told so. I can only vouch for some old and very beautiful knives and forks."

Whilst Lady Canning was living in such varied circles, Lady Waterford was seldom absent from Curraghmore, except during the six weeks of spring, which she annually spent with her sister or parents; for Lord Waterford, who intensely disliked leaving home himself, was only perfectly satisfied if he found his beautiful wife waiting for him when he returned from a long day across country. In 1844, however, they went to Carlsbad for the waters, and made a little tour together in Germany.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Carlsbad, July 29, 1844.*—I shall be delighted when this drinking and bathing time is over. The getting up at six, and drinking eight enormous glasses of hot water, is dreadful, particularly as it lasts two hours, as there must be a quarter of an hour between each, and there must be an hour's walk afterwards. Waterford sends me with Rebecca, as the penance would be too great for him. I think Waterford rather likes Prince

Schwartzenburg, and has been several times rifle-shooting (at a mark) with him, and Prince S. has been most obliging in getting subjects for me to draw, including a *bonne* in full costume of the country."

To (her cousin) MISS ALBINIA GORDON.

"*Curraghmore, Nov. 7, 1844.*—We had a delightful little tour in Germany to Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Carlsbad, Nuremberg, Heidelberg, Schwabach, and Brussels. I liked Prague and Nuremberg better than anything else we saw. The first is magnificent from its situation, its massive old palaces, and curious buildings covered with figures of saints *ad libitum*. Nuremberg had churches full of painted glass, carvings in oak, bronzes and brasses; beautiful fountains in all the squares; and most picturesque fortifications round the town. We passed quickly down the Rhine, as Waterford was much wanted home again, and I wanted to spend a day or two with Papa and Mama at Highcliffe. Poor Mama has had an anxious time, and I often wish I could be of more use to her; but my home is over the sea, and I cannot get backwards and forwards as if I had only land to pass.

"Waterford and I are quite alone, and have been ever since we returned, but I assure you we have very pleasant snug little evenings, reading aloud and drawing."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Dover Street, March 15, 1845.*—You will like to know that I paid my palace visit yesterday, and a very

small affair it seemed—'just a visit' to a little lady and her little girls: nothing could be less formal. The Queen was *very* kind, and very gracious and agreeable. . . . The Prince of Wales had a cold and was left upstairs. The Princess Royal is the prettiest of the two girls: I did not see the baby. . . . Having the carriage, I took the opportunity of going to the Duchess of Gloucester, who was just as friendly as ever, asking very much about all the family."

On August 8, Lady Canning left Osborne with the Queen, on a visit to Germany.

"*Stolzenfels*,<sup>1</sup> August 14, 1845.—This has been a most amusing time, but by no means of unmixed pleasure, for I cannot say how tired I have been, for really, till to-day, one has not had a minute to spare. The weather was very bad, and at times always grey and showery, but yesterday, for coming up the Rhine, it was finer. To-day, however, it is an even downpour, which, in this most beautiful spot, is most distressing.

"There has been quite a crowd of German princes to meet the Queen, and at Coburg, where we arrive on Tuesday, there will be the whole Almanach de Gotha alive. The Cologne illuminations were beautiful, for the rain held up till they were nearly over. Red and blue lights showed off all the steeples and towers, and the cathedral was made to look like a red-hot coal, by red lights concealed behind the tracery. There was a magnificent *feu de joie* as we passed Ehrenbreitstein,

<sup>1</sup> The King of Prussia's castle, near Coblenz.

at least a thousand guns saluting from that and other forts, and soldiers along the tops of all the walls with musketry: it was deafening, but very grand. This castle is quite small, and very difficult to get at, but the views are perfectly lovely, and the furniture and fittings up are good. The outside is not solid enough and not in such good taste. . . . Metternich is here, grown very old and deaf. There is a very numerous court, and no end of princes and princesses, all as civil as they can be. I think the Queen of Prussia very kind and amiable, and she takes my fancy more than the Princess of Prussia, who is extremely praised by everybody. The King and Queen of the Belgians are here too, but they, and most of the party, are lodged in the Coblenz palace, and have to toil up the hill here each day. Last night, all the castles round were lighted up, and it was a very pretty sight: but if one could but have a bright moonlight, it would be far better with such a view."

"*Gotha, August 29, 1845.*—We arrived here yesterday, having slept at a very pretty place called Reinhartsbrunn<sup>1</sup>—a gothic house in the midst of mountains and fir-woods. It was a long day's journey from Coburg, lengthened very much by a dinner at Meiningen.

"I live with Lady Gainsborough in the great palace, and I believe most of the princes are lodged here, but the Queen and Prince Albert are with the old step-grandmother, in a small palace below. I sat at dinner by an old Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, to whom

<sup>1</sup> A castle of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, nine miles from Gotha.

I told, in the course of conversation, that I was your daughter, and he was quite delighted, and said he knew you well in Paris, and that you and Papa were very good to him, and you were always charming, and so remarkably '*bien mise*,' and he wished to know if that was still the case.

"We spend the whole day at Reinhartsbrunn to-morrow for a *chasse*, and here there is to be a court, and a ball, and various things. The weather has been beautiful ever since we reached Coburg, and the Queen is enchanted."

In 1845 Lord Stuart de Rothesay died after a long and distressing illness, during which it was a great grief to Lady Waterford that she was unable to leave Ireland so to have a share in the nursing duties of her mother. Lady Canning wrote:—

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 3, 1845.* . . . I am sure, my poor dear Lou, you are very miserable at not seeing Papa once more; but you could not have come in time, and if Mama thought you had attempted it, she would have been miserable. Besides, there was such a dreadful gale the last two nights and yesterday. His dear face is as calm and peaceful as possible, and has that look of strong intellect, which we had now and then of late missed. I wish you had that recollection also, but not that you had gone through the three dreadful days when all we hoped for was that he might not linger on. The funeral is to be on Monday in the little



church. I wonder whether Waterford will come. Mama rather hopes that he will not leave you alone, but I think you will wish him to come. Mama will soon go to Tyttenhanger."

Lady Stuart wrote :—

"*Nov. 7.*—My dearest best-beloved Louisa, it will be the best comfort I can now give you, to write to you myself and show you that the Almighty has given me strength to bear my affliction, and the hope that the sufferings we have witnessed have in truth ended, as they seemed to do, in peace, that the bitterness of death is past, and all deficiencies supplied by the mercy of God for the sake of our Redeemer. We could only pray for his life that it might be a *life eternal*, and I trust my feeling of *acceptance* is not presumptuous.

"On earth I have many blessings to be thankful for, and above all for my children, and for having had Charlotte here, and that you have been here so recently : but now, my dear child, I would on no account have you risk what would give me the greatest anxiety by coming over, and I would even rather that Waterford remained to comfort you, than that he paid a token of respect and love, which I should be equally sure would be his choice. God bless you both."

Lady Canning's life was annually becoming more filled by her duties towards the Queen, which the feeling of ever-increasing

personal affection now made real enjoyment to her.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Claremont, Feb. 16, 1846.*—I believe we are to return here again at the end of this week. The Queen enjoys this place so much. It certainly is very pretty, and much of it is so evergreen that it looks very well even now—there are such fine Scotch firs, silver firs, spruce, cedar, and undergrowth of laurel cut down, and banks of rhododendron. The Queen and Prince have not so much as a sentry here, and it is no more of a palace than Tyttenhanger, which occasions its chief charm in their eyes. . . . The Queen is very keen about politics, and has an immense admiration for Sir Robert Peel. I had two visits from her in my room, one to show Prince Alfred, who is become a beautiful specimen of a fat child of a year and a half. The Princess Royal is beginning pianoforte lessons from Mrs. Anderson. The four children now have a daily ride in paniers, a pair on each pony. They are nice merry little things, but I see so little of them, I hardly feel to know them at all."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE.

"*Osborne, Sept. 18, 1846.*—Dearest Grandmama, I daresay you will like to hear of this rural retreat. If we were much used to state anywhere at Court, I should think this was an imitation of Trianon. Whatever it is, it perfectly enchants the Queen and Prince, and you never saw anything so happy as they are,

with the five babes playing about round them. Perhaps you have never yet wished to be Queen. *Now* you will, I am quite sure, when you hear of the result of the Guernsey visit. Last week a man arrived with a present from the Agricultural Society of Guernsey—two lovely cows. Two days after, another man brought a still more beautiful prize-cow, also a present; and yesterday came another man with the most perfect Guernsey cow that has ever been seen. She had just obtained the prize, and had *thirty* points of merit, for that is the way they are judged, and no other cow there has ever had so many. This cow was evidently born to come to the Queen, for she has naturally a distinct white V marked on her forehead. The islands are said to rival each other with great jealousy, so when Jersey and Alderney do as much as Guernsey, the cow-house will be respectably filled.

“The flitting into the new house of Osborne was last Monday. It is rather on a Londony plan, but perfectly comfortable, and the views all around are very fine. I remain in the old house, and am greatly benefited by the departure of at least five-and-twenty souls. This building is to come down, and the foundations of the new part are to be dug immediately. No end of evergreens have to be moved from the spot, and replanting them keeps the Prince all day at work. He is nearly as good a potterer in that way as Mama. Lady Lyttelton and I were called to plant a tree each, in our own honour: I was proud, and chose a tall oak, and she had a deodar-cedar. The children have planted groves. All these innocent pleasures are making them so fond of the place that they will

have difficulty in tearing themselves away. We have had Lord John Russell here: he does not make nearly as much small talk for the evening as Sir R. Peel did."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Curraghmore, Nov. 19, 1846.*—I am getting an infant school arranged, and am in correspondence about a mistress. The plan seems to have set the priest agog, for he writes me a letter to implore that the master (supposing it must be a man) should be a Roman Catholic, in which case he will co-operate; but I think the letter is a sort of challenge, and means *war* if I do not."

"*Curraghmore, Nov. 26, 1846.*—I have been doing business about planting (which you will be glad to hear) and settling the planting of the churchyard, and some poplars here and there to cut the horizon near this house. Waterford has no end of very *distressing* intentions about the place, one in cutting up six acres yearly of Ghilcoe, for turnips to feed his sheep in the winter: I only hope he may forget it in some other farm operation.

"I had a pleasant drive to Waterford on Saturday and paid visits. It was a long day, but rather a novelty, and Waterford really looked to me a bustling town. All the dull muggy weather is gone, and cold white frost has succeeded, which makes everything look so pretty here—the hills blue and an unclouded sky.



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*Three Children.*

*From Lady Waterford's Note Book.*



“I am to do a frontispiece for Mr. Alexander, who is publishing an Irish translation of King’s ‘History of the Irish Church’—such a good and useful thing to do, as it gives the clearest exposition of the fact that the Roman Catholic is *not* the old religion of the country, a fact people are misled about.”

“*Curraghmore, Nov. 29, 1846.*—I have to thank you much for all the orders (for Kilmacthomas manufactures) which you have sent us: I am so rejoiced by them all. Waterford is to establish a soup-kitchen at Kilmacthomas, one begins to-morrow in Portlaw. The *Waterford Mail* says the influx of Indian-meal is now so great as to allow it to be sold at £10, 13s. when it was sold at £18 a month ago. A tenant of Waterford’s, who has been travelling in Belgium, is going to see how the soil of Kilmacthomas will do for flax. What a benefit it would be to that place if it will suit.”

“*Dec. 12, 1846.*—All that I have heard of Irish prospects is quite a nightmare upon me. No maize can be expected before the spring, as it can only be shipped in February. Prices are rising in everything again, and the misery is *awful*. I never felt before as if things might not turn out a little better than was expected, but there is no hope now. The money raised for Kilmacthomas and Carrick is all gone, and gone without doing the least good. Waterford has been full of his soup-kitchen plans, and is taking Kilmacthomas earnestly in hand. I am so glad he has made acquaintance with Dr. Coghlan, who is really a valuable

man ; he keeps no servants, that he may expend a little more amongst the poor, and has made his little boy 'gratis clerk' of the soup-kitchen."

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 17, 1846.*—I wish, if Aunt Caledon is crossing over this spring, that Aunt Mex<sup>1</sup> would come with her, and remain here while Aunt Caledon is at Caledon. I would promise to choose the *flattest* roads for her drives, and never to let my pride to have the place admired lead me to show her a single fine view from the heights ; and I do think the total change would be good for her.

"I think the Carrick soup-kitchen is arranged upon a most liberal plan ; the soup is given every day in the week, and ladies are allowed to purchase tickets at a penny a-piece to give to the Carrick beggars. I have got a hundred."

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 22, 1846.*—I must not tell you any more terrible stories, for you have already been over-generous in what you have sent me. . . . Dearest Mama, I have not thanked you half enough for the last £5. I feel inclined to come out with some of the speeches of blessings taught me by these Irish beggars. I took a carriage-load of things to Kilmacthomas yesterday—blankets, quilts, &c."

"*Curraghmore, Dec. 30, 1846.*—We have been rolling large stones into the brook, now full of water. It really looks very well, for they have taken their own

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Yorke, eldest sister of Lady Stuart de Rothesay, who had married the third Earl of Mexborough. She died in 1870.



places, and seem quite natural, the little falls only having a few more stones. The stony bit on the bank, with the earth scraped away from it, makes a very respectable rock. I am sure you would admire it.

“Could I not still do anything about bidding for anything at Methley, anything Aunt Mex might wish to keep in the family?”

In the winter of 1846-47, the Cannings passed eight months in Italy, and most delightful to Lady Waterford, during her quiet life in Ireland or with her mother at Tyttenhanger, were the illustrated journals of their tour which Lady Canning sent home, dwelling upon the beauties of the individual pictures she saw, and describing smaller places, such as Parma and Piacenza, not from a hurried visit of a few hours, as the custom is now, but after several days' careful investigation of their half-hidden treasures. Few travellers have ever more thoroughly appreciated such sights as the glorious stained glass of Arezzo, and the pictures in the private collections at Perugia; few had ever more enjoyment of rides into the wildest recesses of the Roman Campagna and the hills which engirdle it. The Tiber was so high that winter, that boats plied in the Corso, and the whole country outside Rome was a lake as far as the foot of Monte Mario. Lady Canning

copied the Garofalo of "The Salutation" in the Palazzo Doria, and the "Stefano Colonna" at the Palazzo Colonna. She describes meeting "Mr. Newman—in a priest's hat and cloak, but no bands: very like Westmacott's bust, looking stern and downcast and wrinkled." At the reception of Count Rossi she marvelled at the diamonds of Princess Torlonia—"head, neck, stomacher, armlets, and girdle all covered with immense rows of single stones, besides a great tiara." She heard the recently-elected Pope (Pius IX.) preach in S. Andrea della Valle, "supplanting the Padre Ventura, who was in the secret, and quietly entering the pulpit, to the surprise of the congregation." She admired the beautiful designs and deprecated the "feeble outlines" of Overbeck, when she visited him, finding him "like an old German picture, at least as old as Albert Dürer, with long hair, and a long plum-coloured stuff gown lined with fur, and a black cap on his head—tall and thin, and with the meekest expression of countenance." She delighted in the then beautiful singing of the nuns at the Trinità—"the nuns coming quietly in behind the grille, the little pupils in their white veils, the soft music, the group of priests illuminated by the altar lights, whilst the rest of the church was

dark, making altogether the most romantic and mysterious scene." She was amused by the then gay scenes of the Carnival in the Corso, with its many beautiful peasants in their bright costumes; by the festina at the theatre, to which she went in a mask, and by the brilliant illumination of the *moccoletti*. She enjoyed drawing with Mr. Lear and Miss Alice Duff Gordon at Galera, Crescenza, and in many old Roman gardens.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"Rome, Dec. 3, 1846.—I have not yet seen the popular new Pope. The only fear is that he is too popular. A dinner of 500 people was given in his honour the other day, and that is thought an unsafe custom to begin here, for fear it might be repeated some day in a contrary and unfavourable sense.

"The Herberts of Killarney are here. Her drawings are most beautiful, and make me very envious. Mr. Herbert rode with us and Lady G. Grey to-day. We went exploring the Campagna behind Poussin's Castle, and most lovely it was—such tints on the mountains and on the Campagna itself."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"Rome, Dec. 11, 1846.—Rome has been turned into Venice. All yesterday it was a curious sight to see the boats going about the streets, for the Corso and many streets near it are canals, and the Piazza del

Popolo is a lake. In the Ripetta are seventeen feet of water. The Malmesburys and Lord Ossulston have come, and we have been showing them all the sights. They are quite full of fine arts and antiquities, and quite different to themselves in England. Mme. de Flahault is here, receiving every night, and is by way of collecting the society more than any one else. I have seen the Pope<sup>1</sup> at a ceremony in the chapel of the Quirinal: he looks more dignified than his predecessor, and has a good countenance: he still keeps his popularity, and they say he is growing thin on all the work he has to get through."

"*Rome, Dec. 27, 1846.*—The weather is improved, but, in riding, we cannot venture off the roads in the Campagna, and in the streets the marks left by the water on the plaster of the houses are in many places high above the coachman's head, and over the tops of the *portes-cochère*. To-night we go to Cardinal Massimo, who receives in honour of the Pope's fête-day—St. John's Day—and yesterday a procession of all the young men of Rome, with torches in their hands, went to the Quirinal to congratulate him. He came out, and blessed them from his balcony. All this is a good deal objected to by many people, who think that those who are now showing their approbation of him may some time or other venture to express the reverse, when they happen to be displeased. Besides which, they say the Pope is no longer John, but Pius, and imply that in supposing him to have a fête-day, he is treated too much like a common human being! We

<sup>1</sup> The recently-elected Pius IX.

have seen a great deal of him lately. The consistory at the election of the new cardinals was a very fine ceremony, and I had an excellent place. It was in a very plain room at the Quirinal, but the dresses made it a beautiful sight. Pius IX. sate on his throne, with all the cardinals round: the new ones had to make the accolade to each, and it was very amusing to see the different grades of cordiality with which it was done.

“On Christmas Eve, midnight mass was performed by the Pope at S. Maria Maggiore, which was brilliantly lighted up, and it was a magnificent spectacle. The Pope does his part very well, and looks very dignified; I never saw a better countenance. Of course it was like a theatrical pageant, but with that multitude of wax candles in little glass bottles, and the beautiful dresses, it could not be otherwise. I did not see the function in S. Peter's, because it would have been impossible to be back by our church-time, but I shall look out for a week-day ceremony, for I want very much to see a crowd there. We have been at a Doria party and at the new cardinals' reception, where the great Roman ladies put on their diamonds. It was amusing to see the contrast between the extreme dowdiness of half the company and the magnificence of the rest.

“The Beverleys have us to dinner perpetually, and we have often been in the evening to Mme. de Flahault's. One night we went to the Torlonia's, high up in the palace, where they have more pretty things about the rooms than in any house I have entered, but glaring bad taste besides. The Duke of Devonshire is here

economising, but still has brought his cook, and gives *recherché* dinners."

"*Rome, Jan. 3, 1847.*—We have made a few acquaintances, and one night went to the Massimo's, once to Princess Lancellotti, and to a beautiful ball at the Doria's. Riding, drawing, and sight-seeing make the time pass very quickly. Mrs. Villiers, *née* Liddell, is here, and has some delightful children."

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"*Rome, March 7, 1847.*—Your sad stories are more and more melancholy, and I fear another year England will be less able to help Ireland, and Ireland needing help quite as much, or very nearly as much as now. I send you £25 as a bit of help, to spend as you think best, I should think on some of the unhappy people at Carrick. I see in Galignani how much Waterford is doing, and I think his importing meal must be an excellent thing. I suppose you hardly get any rents all this time, and so have to feel poor just when means are most wanted.

"I have begun to ride again, and the rides are most lovely, the views so much finer than any one reaches in a carriage. I think you will like a quantity of outlines I have made from pictures, almost all from very old masters, and I work hard at other drawings, but I fear you will laugh at my attempts. Alas! we have few companions here who care about beautiful things even half as well as we do; and as to church music, I can get no one to go with me or care for it."

The year 1847 was the worst of the Irish famine, throughout which Lady Waterford ceaselessly devoted herself to the poor of Ireland, her exertions in their behalf being such as to elicit a public acknowledgment in the House of Commons.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Curraghmore*, Jan. 15, 1847.—The letters (about Ireland) which I enclose, will make your heart ache, but I like to show you facts, as people are so incredulous in England, and you can confute them with these stubborn statements; and yet this county and Carrick are reckoned far less distressed than a hundred other places in Ireland. I have thought of Rogers as a good person to attack for help. Is he not a bachelor and very rich? Please tell me this. . . . Your generous donation is at work in Carrick.”

“*Curraghmore*, July 16, 1847.—Waterford has been busy for two days with his relief committees, but is now superintending the drainage in front of the saloon. It is really quite pleasant to hear the labourers appealing to him in an affectionate way—‘Ah my Lord, come and see my drain, is it deep enough? there’s a bit more yet to come out on that side, but please to measure it.’ The place is very untidy, and will be in bad looks for a party to the judges which I insisted on Waterford’s asking here, with all the neighbours we could collect from Saturday to Monday.

“The night-blowing Cereus has been in full flower ; it is a beautiful thing, only provoking to last such a little while. I immediately recognised the flower as one which is very much drawn in Berlin patterns—a white centre and orange leaves outside. We have several air-plants out, and the stephanotis is covered with flowers.

“The fever is not decreasing. There are 120 with it in the hospital at Kilmacthomas. In Carrick it has increased. In Portlaw it is very bad, though the fever there is not of the worst character.

“I count on seeing you at Tyttenhanger if Grand-mama will have me, and I hope Char. will be there ; if not, she *must* get here either before or after her waiting. I wish you would come for the winter, after Aunt Caledon’s visit. I have read ‘Grantley Manor.’ Its men betray a woman’s hand and are a little feeble : then the *background* men are all alike, like a picture of West’s.

“I do rejoice at Jane’s<sup>1</sup> marriage . . . but I have never seen Mr. Ellice.”

The spring of 1848 brought menaces of a general insurrection in Ireland, the principal agitator being Mr. Smith O’Brien, who, wild and fanatical in his views and acts, was sincere in the cause he espoused, and in which he was ready to risk his own life and fortune. Though there was very little fear of an Irish

<sup>1</sup> Lady Jane Bouverie, married, July 28, 1847, William Ellice, Esq.



war, great was the apprehension of outrage and crime in the smouldering discontent which the Irish demagogues did their utmost to excite.

Up to that time the Waterfords had been idolised by their tenantry and their poorer neighbours, who regarded them as their best friends. Now they were universally scowled at, the great house of Curraghmore was obliged to be fortified by cannon, and the police-station of Portlaw, close to the park gate, was besieged by an armed rabble. During this time Lady Waterford never ventured to leave the house, for the Fenians threatened to carry her off to the hills, and a gang, determined to do this, or perish in the attempt, was ready to seize her if she ever left the gates. There would have been a heavy ransom for Lord Waterford's beautiful wife.<sup>1</sup>

Miss Bell Heyland remained at Curraghmore through the late spring, sharing Lady Waterford's anxieties and encouraging her by her cheerful spirit. But, in the beginning of June, as the troubles increased, Lord Waterford insisted upon taking his wife to England and leaving her for some time with her mother, returning himself to Curraghmore, which was

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Mrs. R. Boyle's Recollections.

then prepared for siege. Lady Stuart's diaries contain mention of many otherwise pleasant evenings which she and Lady Waterford passed with the Miss Berrys at this time, but the news from Ireland was such as filled Lady Waterford with constant anxiety.

MARY SMITH (housekeeper at Curraghmore) to  
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"*July 26, 1848.*—My Lady, my Lord is not arrived. I am glad he is coming and that you are left behind. You could do no good here. I feel almost unnerved with one thing and the other, but will write more to-morrow. A great many people are leaving Carrick and Waterford. Your chemist and other tradesmen have left, and many other people are afraid to stay. They have cut down a good deal of Mr. Wall's timber. Everything is made the most of in these times, but if half we hear is true it is indeed frightful.

"Last Sunday Mr. Medlycott told his congregation to keep at home, and had no prayers in Portlaw church. I for one need not be told to keep at home, I'll take care not to go far. Mr. Jinsby says they are still barricading up Clonmel. There are clubs at Ballyguinn and Portlaw, and the people do not look like themselves. They are up all night at them, and making pikes, which are so sharp they would pick a thorn out. . . . It is four o'clock now, and my Lord is not come."

"*July 27.*—My Lady, my Lord arrived here after

twenty-seven hours' rough passage. He went round by Carrick, and got here about seven o'clock. We are in a great state of suspense, but trust it will not really come to be so bad as we think. My Lord says he will barricade the house and get in some men. I only wish all the stablemen were Protestants, we should have a better chance, but I greatly fear there are not many of them that have not joined the clubs, and what chance should we have if they turned out. I am very glad my Lord is here. I hear Mr. Medlycott intends sending his family away. In this establishment, the men and women both inside and out are Catholics, that is what makes one feel so insecure. I have been much persecuted and annoyed by the still-room maid, and had it not been that my Lord is so worried just now, I should have taken her before him. . . . She is filthily dirty, and when I tell her to clean anything, she tells me 'it is clean enough;' but as the times are so awfully disturbed, it is better to be quiet for a time, at least till your Ladyship returns. But *pray* do not think of coming: you could do no good, and the fewer in the house the better just now. The labourers are all at work as usual in the demesne at present. I will continue to write a line every day, as I am sure your Ladyship must feel even worse than we do. For my part, I have not spirit for anything: my fortitude seems quite to forsake me."

"*July 31.*—My Lady, I am happy to say we are still living, and as yet I hear of no outbreak. Still the general opinion is there will be, though it may be

easily put down. I wish we could hear of Smith O'Brien's head taken off; he would himself decapitate millions if he could, not forgetting the Queen. We are going on strongly barricading, and unless they fire the house, should there be an outbreak, they will not get in easily. . . . I do not think we shall see the barricading down on Christmas Day, even should we be allowed to *live* till then. The report was that, if the outbreak took place, neither men, women, nor children were to be spared; now I believe they have condescended to say that the women and children will be permitted to live. Mrs. H. and her daughter are coming here to sleep to-night, and I expect Mrs. M. and all her family to walk in for my Lord's protection. I feel as if I was getting courage myself, now I am getting used to it all; and I intend to fight *manfully* if they do come. Mr. Medlycott has just sworn all the servants here in as special constables."

"*July 31, later.*—My Lady, nearly two hundred of my Lord's tenants, indeed I think there were more, have just left the yard. My Lord called a meeting of them. He addressed them from the gallery in the riding-school firmly, and every sentence to the purpose. My Lord is going down to the meeting to-night at seven o'clock. . . . There are three beds now in the tapestry dressing-room, and eight or ten in the billiard-room, besides the two sofas turned into beds, each bed holding *two*. Mr. Uniacke has just arrived, but I do not know whether for protection or to protect."

"*August 1.*—A hundred and forty of my Lord's

tenants have signed their names promising loyalty and sincerity towards my Lord. This morning all is peaceable here. My Lord is at Portlaw to barricade the police barracks for the special constables, upwards of ninety, that are to be sworn in. I am truly sorry to hear of the potato blight again this year. How sad things and times are. As to the poor garden, we never see it, in fact I am afraid to go out: I cannot feel sanguine as to their not hurting women."

"*August 2.*—My Lady, there is nothing new to-day. We are still going on with barricading the windows. There is now a watchword for every night, so we have it all soldier-like. Carrick and Waterford are at present peaceable. I have just come from the farm. All the work is still going on, but spirit is wanting, and all looks dull and suspicious. The people are so dreadfully angry at my Lord barricading the house, they want everything their own way. I think my Lord only came home just in time to protect us: if he had not, every one would have fled and left us to the mercy of the assailants."

"*August 4.*—My Lady, I really did, for the first time, wish you had been here to-night to see some of the special constables coming up for their guns: such awkward-looking creatures I never saw; I should not be surprised to hear they shot one another. However, my Lord took the command of drilling them. To see them begin their *march* was worth something. Whilst we sat at supper to-night, Mr. Smith and Mr. Dawe arrived from Ford Castle with three guns. I should

like it better if they had brought forty or fifty with them, but they both seem not at all to like the situation, and said they hoped not to stay long. My Lord has now returned from Portlaw and is now in the house, going to dinner at half-past nine o'clock."

"*Later at night.*—Since I finished this, the order is that ten of the people from the house, with my Lord, are going round the woods. My Lord is indeed brave. I cannot but think the people ungrateful in the extreme. They have not come forward as they ought, after all that has been done for them. If I was my Lord, I would leave them altogether, they are not worth living amongst—so different from the people in the North of Ireland."

"*August 5.* . . . My Lord's address to his tenantry is in the paper, I hope your Ladyship will see it. My humble advice to your Ladyship is to keep where you are, or at least away from here for another three weeks or months, till things are more decided: it will be much better for you and us to have you away a little longer. The house will be better regulated by that time, for at present we are *brim* full, and any increase would make it worse. I must confess I should be extremely sorry to see you come into such a place. I was so proud of its looking so nice and in such order. I think my Lord is a little annoyed. This morning Doron from Ballydrum came here in a deplorable state, all her children in small-pox. She was scarcely decent, so I gave her enough flannel for a petticoat and some bread and rice, and told her not to come again till your

Ladyship came home: and the poor thing was very thankful."

"*August 6.*—My Lady, we are all quiet. The Ford keepers are still here: they went to Waterford with my Lord yesterday. We have had prayers in the Great Hall. It is a wet day, or I expect there would have been a great many people; as it is, there were only thirty-five. Mr. Monck preached from the landing, I mean where you have flowers in the window. I am sure your Ladyship must feel very dull and unsettled. My Lord looks very well."

"*August 8.*—My Lady, the windows round your gallery and the upper gallery are darkened. I get the shutter taken down now in the daytime in my room, and *one* shutter in the steward's room, so we get on very well. I still sincerely hope your Ladyship will not come yet till we are a little thinner in the house, for at present it is too full. Some officers and others dined here the other day in the Grand Hall: I have taken up the carpet."

Through August, Lady Waterford perpetually urged her husband to permit her to return to Curraghmore, assuring him that her anxiety when separated from him was far worse for her than any danger shared with him could be, and on the 21st she was allowed to go back to Ireland.

To THE CONFIDENTIAL PERSON IN CHARGE  
OF CURRAGHMORE. IMMEDIATE.

“*Carrick on Suir, Sept. 6, 1848, 5 o'clock P.M.*—A strict watch should be kept up at Curraghmore *this night*, and during the week. Mr. Coulson, resident magistrate, writes this, having heard that it *is possible* an attack may be made this night for the purpose of obtaining the cannon.

“Mr. Coulson does not give much credence to the rumour, but it is right to be watchful, and particularly during Lord Waterford's absence. All this should be done without alarming Lady Waterford. It is a fact that great exertions have been made during the last few days to stir up the people in different parts of Waterford.”

On September 19 an attack on Curraghmore was hourly expected.

“Mr. Corry begs to acquaint Lord Waterford that the people of Portlaw are all up since two o'clock this morning, the men mostly armed with pikes and other weapons, marching about the roads. The information we have is that the people of Carrick are leaving the town and encamping on the hills near Ballyguin, and that they expect the people all over the district to join them; that the army are keeping close to their barracks. The last message we learn which came here is that the people are not to leave this place till they hear again, that it is expected the army in Carrick will join the people. Many people have gone from this already,



but those who remain are walking about quietly. Our people are all up, and I have gathered them into the factory, intending to retreat to Curraghmore if there is occasion, which I hope there will not be."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY JANE ELLICE.

"*Curraghmore, Sept. 19, 1848.*—Dearest Jenny, your letter was indeed most welcome. Thank you for thinking of us in our time of tribulation, for such it is. We live in a state of siege—twenty-five soldiers quartered in the house, sixteen or eighteen specials also watching day and night on the housetop. W. goes out armed to the teeth, and I am not allowed to venture out of sight of the windows. For one of Dohey and Dillon's plans was to seize on W. for a hostage and do to him whatever is done to the leaders, and W. thinks I may be caught (as a *pis-aller*), if he is not, and does not want to have to chase me as well as the rebels. The evil spirit of this attempt is confined to about three counties, but is raging there. The country is scoured by the rebels, who force the farmers to give up their guns, and even live stock and provisions, while they press the labourers into their ranks *bon gré, mal gré*.

"W. has chased mobs in various directions with no more success than now and then catching a prisoner. The Portlaw attack, which the *Times* has treated, together with the whole attempt at insurrection, as a bad joke, was nearly very serious to us. If the six policemen had not been able to maintain their ground and repel the mob, their plan was, with the arms

obtained at the barrack, to march on to this house. One man was killed on the spot, another died that evening. Two wounded have since died, and have been buried by their friends, and one died this very morning. The Rathgarmuck police-station was burnt. I daresay you read of the attack on old Mr. Hill's in the papers. He gave up two guns when they began to burn his house, and kept back thirty-eight. Meantime we have a lull and quiet to-day, though all sorts of prophecies were promised us for 'bloody Tuesday the 19th.' I think we must not trust to peace yet. It really had far better come to fighting than smoulder on as it has done. I am very glad to be on the spot, and I assure you it is much less anxious. The women in the house have waxed very martial, and began to hope they would attack us, to show how we could defend ourselves. I am sure, much as the rebels *wish* it, they do not dare. A great many of the labourers have joined the rebels, some pressed into it, others willingly; some conceal themselves about the farm to prevent the chance of being taken. One afternoon, a summons came, and twenty-five openly walked away.

"I have been busy colouring and correcting for publication my 'Babes in the Wood,' which I have no doubt will be open to many criticisms. As for coming over to England again, I cannot think of it till I hear of real peace and could leave poor W. less surrounded by anxieties, with a less aged countenance and less hollow cheeks. I think the state of this country is really most distressing, and to know how much more must come upon it during winter. Still it is very

unwise to croak, so I always try to hope for the best, and that even these bad times are for future good. It is quite true that I expected a siege all to myself. W. was at the Curragh. The magistrates sent an express to warn me.

“The other night I found an old music-book and began singing ‘Of what is the Old Man?’ It reminded me of such delightful days at Longford, I felt quite the old man himself.”

The following fragments are from Lady Canning’s letters of these dates :—

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Paris, May 10, 1847.*—I have seen a few of your old acquaintances here. On Thursday we went to the Tuileries, as we were appointed to do, but the death of the Archduke prevented our being received, so we went again on Saturday. It was a few minutes too late, and all the young Princesses were gone out of the room, so I had only a very distant glimpse of the Duchesse de Montpensier, about whom I am very curious. The Queen and Madame Adelaide were very civil.”

“*Windsor Castle, Oct. 24, 1847 (?)*.—I think you must remember the Portuguese we have here now—Livradio. He seems to be one of the old-fashioned kind, a friend of Palmella’s. He has asked a great deal after you. I have had a long morning’s work in showing the sights to him and his wife, and shall have a long afternoon of driving them about.

“The presents of the East India Company were given yesterday—a magnificent ruby, emeralds, and pearls. The Queen wore four rows of the pearls in the evening, and they looked beautiful—so very white and even, all alike, all round, and very large.”

“*Osborne, Dec. 15, 1847.*—I found the *Fairy* waiting and an officer ready to take me to her. An old man came on board, who had been in the railway carriage, muffled up in a corner, and twirling his thumbs in the oddest way, and who turned out to be Professor Sedgwick. He is such an odd-looking man, and an incessant talker. . . . I found the four eldest little children coming back from their walk as I arrived at the door. They have grown fat and broad, but not tall, yet look as nice a little family as one can possibly meet with. . . . The new household-bit of the house is finished, and the gardens and terraces under the Queen’s rooms, which look well, though the pattern is not quite to my taste.”

“*Feb. 17, 1848.*—We are just back from a very pleasant visit to the Bishop of Oxford.<sup>1</sup> Both days we were at Cuddesden at least fourteen or fifteen distinguished men dined, though I was very ignorant as to who they were, and what were their particular merits; but the colour of the first day was ‘Broad Church,’ and of the second day ‘High Church.’ The names are almost unknown to me, except that of Dr. Ackland, a physician, and of a very pleasant, quite young Chemistry Pro-

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wilberforce.

fessor, Mr. Maskelyne, and on the whole, I learnt nothing and heard nothing, for such a mass of black-coated people all sticking together in the middle of the room, and talking to each other, told one nothing at all. The Bishop was very charming, of course. The house is very plain, but he has done a good deal to the church, and has built a chapel and a college for young men awaiting ordination. His old mother-in-law, Mrs. Sargent, did the honours."

"*Feb. 27, 1848.*—Lady Normanby writes that the Embassy at Paris is crowded with English, and she cannot keep them quiet, for they will run into danger in their wish to go about and see everything. The royal family are all dispersed, and some missing. Louis Philippe and the Queen walked out alone by the garden, and got away in a humble little carriage. Some say the Duchesse de Nemours is with them, but Nemours, who is here at the French Embassy with one child and Clementine, is most anxious about her and his other children. He and Clementine came over in the same steamer so disguised that they did not know one another. The Delesserts were there too. Clementine was in great anxiety about Nemours, and said he was the one for whom she felt most alarm, and on the passage Delessert found him and brought him to her. Our Queen is having every room in the palace prepared to receive any numbers that may come.

"The De Coignys are come—at least, the Duchesse, her children, and the Dalrymples. They had their carriage packed and ready, and were meditating their

departure when they were told they had better go at once, on foot and without a scrap of baggage. Soon they came to a barricade and climbed over it. The next barricade was so difficult that poor Lady Jane could not manage it, and had to go back again with the Duc, who amiably has stayed to take care of her. They got to the station of the Havre railway after a third barricade, and then had a twenty-four hours' passage, I hear, in a sailing vessel.

“I think the poor Duchess of Orleans interests me most of all. Only think of the brute who *shot* at her *three times* in the Chamber of Deputies, and three times the musket missed fire. Was not that really being watched over by Providence? She was there with her two little children. They could not get her away by the gate, but over the wall, and in the scramble poor little Chartres was lost. He was found again, and they slept at the Invalides, and she went to a friend in the country. I know no more of her history. The Duchesse de Montpensier is at Eu. The King was heard of at Dreux, and is supposed to be on the coast. Our Government have sent steamers all along to fetch him.”

“*Balmoral, Sept. 14, 1848.*—To-day we go to Invercauld to the great Braemar gathering: all the country round meets for games and feats of strength, and we are to see a great show of kilts. This is a small house, and would be comfortable with a few people in due proportions, but now, with eight at dinner and the three children, there are sixty servants! What they do, and who they are, I can make no guess!

for the proportions are unlike any other establishment.

“The Queen is a great deal out, and has been drawing, and the Prince takes little walks with her, and then shoots for an hour or two at a time.”

“*Balmoral, Sept. 15, 1848.*—I am getting to enjoy this place. The drives and distant walks are quite beautiful, and the Queen and Prince enchanted. He shot a stag to-day, and I believe they stay as long as ever they can. The Braemar Gathering was beautiful, such a crowd of kilts—ninety Athol men and many others. I never saw better scenery in the way of wooded rocky hills; the distant peaks are not good, excepting Loch-na-gar, which is a little like Arran.”

“*Balmoral, Sept. 16, 1848.*—The Queen has been up a really high mountain to-day, and has come down quite fresh after many hours. Lady G. and I had post-horses, and saw all we could of the country by Mar Lodge and General Duff’s place—beautiful fir scenery.”

“*Sept. 18.*—The Queen is more and more delighted with Balmoral. She makes long expeditions alone with the Prince and gamekeepers, and has never been so independent before. To-day she went into the woods with the Prince and the Prince of Wales, and saw the Prince shoot a large stag. She went up Loch-na-gar, where a cloud hid the view, and the same evening entertained all the neighbours at dinner, and was as fresh and merry as if she had done nothing.

“The Queen has read my letters from Ireland with the greatest interest. I am not frightened for Lou, for I do not in the least expect an attack on Curraghmore, but it is sadly wearing for her. As to Waterford, I am sure he is very much enjoying himself with this exciting campaign.”

“*Sept. 21.*—The Queen is very sorry to go away from here. She has been quite enchanted with this place, and all the country round. To-day she drove up the valley of Braemar, which looked quite lovely, though on one side much of the fine natural forest was cut not many years ago, to pay £30,000 of Lord Fife’s debts.”

“*Sept. 24.*—This time at Balmoral has been very pleasant, for it is such lovely country for walks, rides, and drives, and I have seen a great deal of the Queen, in a very easy and unceremonious way. The Queen is in despair at the end of her ‘holidays’ having arrived.”

The damp climate of Curraghmore in winter had seemed to prove so injurious to Lady Waterford’s health, that she was persuaded to spend the winter and spring of 1849 with her mother at Tyttenhanger, or with her sister in London, and, in the beginning of January, she paid a four days’ visit to Windsor. After her return to Ireland in May, she enjoyed a short visit



from Lady Canning, and Lady Stuart passed the whole of the autumn at Curraghmore.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Grosvenor Square, March 6, 1849.*—Lou went with us to the Lansdowne dinner in the most lovely toilette of pink silk, with your old lace lappets in her hair. We met the Ellesmeres, Mrs. Herbert of Muckross, Sydney Herbert, Charles Greville, Lord Clare, and the Lord Advocate. Lou was quite at home with the lovers of the Arts and not shy. Lady Morley came in the evening, and was received with acclamations on her first appearance. She had dined with the Berrys.

"Lou will write about Ingestre. Nothing could have answered better than her visit there: she enjoyed it so much, and so did Waterford."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Curraghmore, May 21, 1849.*—Waterford is gone to vote, and will remain away ten days, but I find plenty to do all alone, and am not dull at all. The place looks beautiful after the rain, so brilliantly green, the thorns almost out, and bluebells in quantities everywhere. But there is another case of cholera at the farm, and I hear that one of Waterford's tenants has died of it this morning. In Dungarvan the cholera has seized the strongest and healthiest persons. The farmers have made their last throw on the potatoes for

for he had only a pair to his chariot, which absolutely refused to move, though he and the postboy each took a horse in hand. The Irish hunting he thought quite tremendous, and could only say, 'You don't mean to say we are expected to go over that!'

"I have bought a quantity of factory cotton to be given out for work to the Kilmacthomas sempstresses. It is very strong, and will make very neat clothes and dark-blue jackets, and striped petticoats, and shirts and shifts *ad libitum*. The workers are to have the work cut out and sent to them, cottons, buttons, needles, tape, and thread furnished, so that they may get the payment of the work intact.

"I am making a drawing for a rough woodcut to adorn my cottage garden calendar. It is a garland of turnips, carrots, &c., and a trophy with a basket, spades, hoe, and a rake."

"*Curraghmore, July 31, 1849. . . .* Char is here! She looks rather thin, though perhaps all her journeys and the good-natured one here have to answer for that. I hope she will get something like a short rest now, so must not encourage any scrambles. We went through Portlaw wood yesterday, and to the garden the day before. Char. wants to get a few sketches done while here. She has a *magnificent* collection of Italian ones; I think them most masterly, and those coloured on the spot particularly good. Waterford is much interested in them, and says truly—'Loo couldn't do that.' He is also conning over her book of fountains; one with a balustrade all round seems the very thing for the grounds here.



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*On the Terrace at Curraghmore.  
From Lady Waterford's Note Book.*



“The Queen has written a very gracious and complimentary letter to Char. about my drawing. I am flattered that it is approved of, but I know it is full of gross faults. Waterford is just gone to the Curragh, and the Charles Stuarts come to-morrow. I shall have the large bedroom ready and very pretty with green paper and new bed. I wanted them to have that room as I remember last time Minny admired it so much, and was not put there.

“The place is in greatest beauty. I never saw the side-walk look better. The drawing-rooms are very nice, and the whole house has recovered a peaceable appearance.”

“*Bilton Hotel, August 6, 1849.*—We have been all the morning looking out of the windows—really such a pretty sight. The Queen came by at eleven, and has been *very* well received. The procession was nothing, but the whole scene very lively, and everything looking most bright and prosperous. I hope the Queen has been pleased. They say she has, and that nothing could be more well arranged than her entry, nor has anything marred the effect. Some black flags had been torn down by the police the day before, and I believe nothing of the sort was tried again. Only think of the yacht putting in to Waterford, and the Prince and Prince of Wales going up the Suir almost as far as Gramagh Castle. No one knew it, and by the merest chance it was discovered, and a respectable crowd mustered on the bridge of Waterford and gave some very hearty cheers. The Queen remained at Passage, and boats surrounded the yacht. People

were delighted at her having come up the river, and flocked down on all sides, and called out, 'Sure it was kind of her to come to Ballyback, and bring her *Sisters of Charity* with her'—which were Lady Jocelyn and Miss Dawson in their close bonnets and grey suits. I think they ought to have shown the Queen that she came, like Strongbow, 'by Hook and Crook.'

"The Primate dines at the Lodge to-day. I grudge the smart London carriage and state liveries in the crush of the Drawing-Room at night, and the entrée, I believe, is out of the question, which is hard, with the 2000 going in."

"*Dublin, August 10, 1849.*—Last night was the Drawing-Room—immensely crowded: such a string we were in, though we set out a full hour before the time. The mob, with their jokes, and speeches, and quizzes, and cheers, are much more alarming than a quiet set of *gobemouches* in London. We had tremendous cheers for the 'markis,' and another cheer for the 'marchioness.' The policemen amused us, keeping off the people, and saying, 'You may have one look, and then move on.' We arrived at nine, but a good many people were before us. I thought it a pretty sight. The Court in the throne-room looked much better than I ever saw it, but I only got my 'one look' in passing through, and did not see much. In the next room we found a good many acquaintances, and we stood there till it was all over, very tiring, although seeing the people was amusing, and it must have been 2 A.M. before the Queen got home, and 3 before we did. We went into

S. Patrick's Hall, and found a regular *festin*; it looked rather like a *fête* on the stage, but very handsome. Here I first met Jane Caledon,<sup>1</sup> looking so well, the dark colour of her poplin, trimmed with gold fringes, very becoming to her dark hair and skin. I missed a good many people altogether, amongst others Lady Mary Lindsay and her daughter, but you can have no idea of the crowd, and the impossibility of moving about in it.

“To-day we went with the Primate to Carton,<sup>2</sup> and arrived at half-past twelve. The place is much improved since we were there—in 1838; the garden beautiful and full of pretty devices; the low yew hedges, double round the outside of the parterres, forming an excellent shelter for plants. The day held up, and everything seemed to go off swimmingly. There were tents outside with breakfast, and a table with a regular dinner for the Queen. A number of people were invited in. Lord Clarendon<sup>3</sup> took me in, and I sate between him and Prince Albert. We then walked about, and drove—the Queen in an open carriage, Lord Jocelyn, Prince George, Lord and Lady Clarendon, Sir George Grey, and I in the large jaunting-car you may remember. The park was full of people, rushing in every direction after the Queen, and cheering tremendously. The Queen kept looking over the back of the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Jane Grimston, daughter of the first Earl of Verulam, Lady of the Bedchamber, married to Lady Waterford's first cousin, the third Earl of Caledon,

<sup>2</sup> Carton House, Maynooth, seat of the Duke of Leinster.

<sup>3</sup> George William Frederick, fourth Earl of Clarendon, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1847 to 1852.

carriage with a longing eye at the car, and, when we got out at the cottage, said she would return in it, which she did, to the great delight of the people. Some jigs were danced for her on the grass, but I think not particularly well, certainly nothing like the men who used to dance on the table at Curraghmore.

“Lord Clarendon was very civil indeed to me, and repeated several times how many difficulties there had been about inviting people. He is quite delighted by the way everything has gone off, and told me the Queen had said ‘she was quite sorry the days were over.’ I believe the outburst at the end of the review was beyond everything. The *police* became as enthusiastic as the people, and the immense crowd closed in round the carriage, and went with it as far as the lodge gates. We go home to-morrow.

“You will have pictures of the Drawing-Room and the Breakfast to-day in the *Illustrated News*. I saw the artist busy sketching to-day. At the Drawing-Room he came in and looked, and carried away the idea in his head!”

Lady Caledon wrote:—

“*Dublin, August 11.*—I was placed behind the Queen in the presence-chamber, and saw all the people pass by, which was most amusing. The Queen’s manner was the prettiest and most graceful thing I ever saw, and I really wondered at her patience and good-temper, for so many ladies went by without having an idea what they were to do, and actually



passed without doing *anything*, and had to be brought back. After all had passed, the Queen and her suite passed through the rooms, and beautiful they looked! I was disappointed in the brilliancy of the Drawing-Room, for there were no jewels excepting those of a few of the great Irish ladies.

“I gave up the breakfast at Carton, that I might go to Kingston. The sight was splendid. The Queen embarked at about six o'clock. She was very sorry to go, I am told, and her thanks and pretty speeches were quite overwhelming. As she stepped on board the band played the National Anthem, the artillery fired, the men-of-war manned their yards, and the people cheered as if they would break their hearts! Altogether it was a sight such as I shall probably never see again—*most* magnificent! If the Queen had stayed longer it would really have been dangerous, for the loyalty of the people had got to a perfect frenzy, and they thought nothing of throwing themselves under the wheels of her carriage as she went along. She fully intends coming again, and is in a perfect state of enchantment; her idea of Ireland now is so different from that she had formed before. She has left £1000 to be given to the public charities . . . and she thanked the household in the most flattering manner, in short, left nothing undone.

“I returned with the Clarendons from Kingston: I never saw people more completely beat.”

*From* LADY WATERFORD'S *Diary*.

“August 20, 1849.—Busy arranging my little painting-room with cartoons of the painted glass window

I designed, and sketches, and put all materials ready to tempt me to work.

“*August 24.*—Went to the school to scold both mistress and children, for a fortnight’s absence had made things go steadily downhill. Drove home by the wood and pond: the trees in great beauty.

“*August 25.*—To see old Wilson, who told stories of Waterford’s father and grandfather, ending with Sarah—‘Ah, she was the child for charity! I recollect how when she was a little girl with her nurse, a beggar came up to her, and falling on her knees said, “Oh for the love of God give me something to cover me,” and the child was puzzled to find something, and at last pulled her gloves off and gave them: the maid scolded and carried her in crying, but her mother, my Lady Waterford, when she heard what had happened, sent the nurse away, saying, “How dared you stay the hand of my child in charity.”’ The workmen at the church puzzled me with their wit in asking for something, ‘There’s nothing like the mortar being well wetted, when there’s something to wet it with.’ I was taking it *au pied de la lettre*, till I saw a general laugh, and told them I could not give them anything then, but would another time: I believe a feast at the roofing is often given.

“*August 27.*—Waterford went to the west of Wicklow to shoot grouse: I to see the school and looms at work at Kilmacthomas, and on to the Pallisers, and to walk with them in their wild glen.

“*August 28.*—Put a new mouth to an old family picture, instead of one which Waterford had cut out to stick a cigar into it.

"*August 29.*—Went to Bessborough—the passage through Carrick as usual a tiresome affair between timber-carts and beggars: all my acquaintances in that line, however, await me half way up the hill.

"*August 30.*—Waterford came home.

"*Sept. 3.*—Waterford off again to the Curragh. Visited sick people. Found little Moses asleep in his cradle, with the pussy-cat on the top of him, quite content.<sup>1</sup>

"*Sept. 6.*—To Drumhill Castle, well worth seeing—beautifully situated on a large rock overhanging a valley and stream, the sea in the distance: a pretty group of girls plaiting straw sitting among the ruins.

"*Sept. 7.*—Rather depressed by news of fresh disturbances. Mr. Hill of Mothiel called, full of rumours of war, of a black Sunday and the massacre of all the Protestants. He says they have decided for the year '49, the 9th month, the 9th day of the month, at 9 o'clock. He wanted me to get troops here and to go to the stipendiary magistrate. I said I thought our own people would do well enough and only would require to be watchful. Mr. M. came, and we laughed over the exact repetition of last year, the 7th Sept., with Waterford at the Curragh, I alone, and he called back from Limerick, but we all have the weight of a year more over our heads. Mr. M. says the idea is an organised resistance to rent, and seizure of crops. I think much of the rumour has originated in 200 soldiers marching into Carrick yesterday, with two

<sup>1</sup> Lady Waterford painted this.

pieces of artillery. Mr. Trusty is refused powder from Carrick for blasting the rock here, on plea of its all being taken into barracks.

"A hive of bees swarmed on the yucca under the saloon windows. A beautiful bright moonlight night, quiet, no signal fires. We have no arms here in case of attack. All the guns are locked up, there is nothing but a few bayonets, an old pike, and a sword. Some hand-grenades we don't know how to use. Perhaps Smith has a pistol.

"*Sept.* 8.—Everything quiet. W. came home.

"*Sept.* 10.—Mama arrived at 5, and approved of all I had done.

"*Sept.* 16.—All our party to Clonegam Church, three gentlemen riding, four ladies in a calèche, W. driving me in a phaeton. Had difficulties in arranging for our arrivals: ladies'-maids so impracticable, but as six must be provided for, three must sleep in one room, two in another, and one triumphant, *sola-soletta*, in the inner room.

"*Sept.* 19.—A beautiful day, with the place looking perfect. Lady Morley full of jokes and stories. W. on the mountain shooting grouse. A merry dinner and very successful evening, singing, &c. Lady Morley great fun.

"*Sept.* 20.—Most pleasant morning, Lady Morley very amusing. Drew and sang with Miss Palliser and the Townleys. In the evening W. was busy composing a hound-van, the others drew.

"*Sept.* 21.—Full of the school and school abuses. Paid for the carved chairs, pulpit, and altar-rail of my new church. Arranged a group for the table



Lord John George Beresford.  
Archbishop of Armagh.  
From Lady Waterford's Note Books.



of mountain-ash-berries, snow-berries, elder-berries, grapes, &c.

" *Oct. 1.*—The Primate rode with W. to see the church. He was much pleased with it, and said he would consecrate it if I wished.

" *Oct. 2.*—Mrs. Stuart sang beautifully all the morning. Drove to see the stag-hunt with some of the party. Eighteen at dinner. Evening dull, W. playing chess, the Primate whist.

" *Oct. 3.*—Company all on the go. Went to my own affairs.

" *Oct. 15.*—Large party here, but W. off to the Curragh, and left me long papers to copy out, so I was obliged to keep away all the morning.

" *Oct. 22.*—The house quite brim-full again.

" *Nov. 3.*—W. came home with face battered all over from a bad fall out hunting; no bones broken.

" *Nov. 17.*—W. hunting. In the evening read 'The Taming of the Shrew' to him.

" *Dec. 6.*—Drew with the Pallisers till 12, and then began my 'Ruth' in oils.

" *Dec. 10.*—Set out for England to see doctor.

" *Dec. 13.*—W. stayed a day longer in London to see the cattle-show; was delighted with a long day amongst the fat beasts and the machinery.

" *Dec. 14.*—Returned to Ireland—a fearful, and I believe dangerous, passage.

" *Dec. 21.*—Called on Mrs. P. in a hovel scarcely twelve feet square for fifteen persons, children almost naked, and not an article of furniture of any kind—some heath for a bed. Stopped at various other cabins, in almost all cases fifteen or eighteen in one

small room, the paths to them choked with filth. All pay from 1s. to 2s. rent for these cabins, the baker being landlord."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Curraghmore, Nov. 18, 1849.*—We are all watching the weather for your crossing to-morrow. There are lamentations on all sides over your departure, and the whole house seems quite dull without you.

"Prince George is to be at Bessborough on Thursday. I think it must make an awkward combination, the entertaining a royalty on a *day of humiliation*.

"We have now the Clonmel plan for a soup-kitchen, a little cheaper than the Waterford one, and well composed as to comestibles.

"I have never entered your room; it looks too dreary without you."

"*Curraghmore, Nov. 21, 1849.*—I am scratching ideas for my 'Virtues and Contrasts.' For the contrast to 'Thirsty, and ye gave me to drink,' I am thinking of making a field of battle and a stripped (I could not stand a uniform) and dying soldier calling to some women passing by with pitchers of water on their heads, which they are making signs to refuse, their backs half turned—as if he was a dying man on the enemy's side, and they would not help him. Do you think I can make all this understood? I was so glad



to think of a subject without the eternal *ragged* people as a type of poverty and misery, which is, in general, so far from the truth in reality."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Stanmore Priory, Oct. 12, 1849.*—I arrived at Osborne just after the Queen and Prince had received the news of poor Mr. Anson's death.<sup>1</sup> They felt it quite dreadfully, and the Prince has been so cut up, he looks quite altered and low. The Queen sobbed and cried all afternoon, and for three days they have dined alone, and we have hardly seen them. The Queen came to my room for a good while on Wednesday, and could talk of nothing but poor Mr. Anson, and the loss he was to them. He really was the only very intimate friend the Prince had in England, and for ten years he had been constantly concerned in everything that had happened to them. He was such an honest straightforward man and so very really attached to them, that he really is the greatest loss possible.

"It was a great anxiety to the Queen to come here to-day, for the Queen Dowager is very ill indeed, and they look upon her as in a dangerous state. Yesterday, she was for a time in shivering fits and fainting, and they thought her at the last hour, but to-day she has rallied and was in high spirits from pleasure at the thought of seeing the Queen, of whom she is so very fond. . . . Winterhalter has just done a beautiful portrait of the Queen Dowager."

<sup>1</sup> First secretary to Prince Albert.

"*Windsor Castle, Oct. 22, 1849.*—I shall be home again to-morrow after the christening of a John Russell baby,<sup>1</sup> which is to take place in the chapel here. The Prince and Lord Carlisle are to be god-fathers, and Lady M. Abercrombie is godmother.

"The Queen Dowager is a shade better and easier, but cannot last many days."

*From LADY WATERFORD'S Journal.*

"*Jan. 3, 1850.*—W. hunting all day. In the evening he would hear the story of 'The Caxtons,' though he asserts a contempt for such books.

"*Feb. 18.*—A delightful day. W. hunting. The Palliser family came at one, and we sang duets till five o'clock.

"*March 5.*—Bell (Heyland) left us after a long visit.

"*May 2.*—W. went to a race near Kilkenny—rode, and lost.

"*May 7.*—Heard of the outrage in Carrick; the magistrate's stables burnt and two horses.

"*May 28.*—Left Curraghmore for England.

"*May 29—July 20.*—In London with Char. Returned to Curraghmore.

"*Sept. 13.*—Walked to the school, beggars following me all the way. Read to W., sang, drew.

"*Sept. 14.*—W. fishing, sat up writing for him. W. not home till 2 A.M. In doleful dumps at not going to Ford.

"*Sept. 22—28.*—Aunt Caledon here.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Albert Rollo, born 10th July 1849.

" Oct. 11.—Char. arrived.

" Oct. 19.—Char. and I drove to the Pallisers'. Spent a delightful day. W. came home from the Curragh at 9 P.M., with a bad account of his brother William, ill with a feverish attack.

" Oct. 20.—The sad news of poor William's death. Such a shock to W. and all of us. Every one *deeply* grieved. Stayed with poor W. till he set out on his melancholy journey to London at six.

" Oct. 26.—Up early. Told on waking that the sad procession had left Waterford. By nine in the church. Waited two hours. A dreadful moment on seeing the coffin brought in. W. and I walked after it to the grave. Many persons at the funeral. Poor W. much affected.

" Nov. 12-23.—At Armagh with the Primate. Bell and Jane Caledon came there.

" Dec. 12.—Went early to settle the site for Portlaw Church: the school afterwards: W. hunting."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY (at Vichy).

" *Grosvenor Square, June 6, 1850.*—Lou and Waterford dined here yesterday, and we had for them Denisons, Sydney Herbert, Landseer, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Lovaine. Afterwards there was a party at Cambridge House—Lou's first appearance. I went to the House of Lords, and sat through the Bishops. It was very interesting indeed, no end of good speaking; a magnificent speech of the Bishop of Oxford, quite the finest thing I ever heard.<sup>1</sup> Everybody, however, does

<sup>1</sup> On a Bill (which was lost) for a new organisation of Church legislature, and the establishment of a new tribunal for ecclesiastical appeals.

not say that, but people are all so violent one way or the other, that they do not talk as they usually do of a fine speech or other subjects, even when it is against them. The Bishop of London's speech was very good, with closely reasoned arguments on the sort of grounds likely to weigh in the world, but he was too much overcome to say much when he turned to the highest line. Lord Lansdowne was much more bitter and violent than I ever saw him about anything. Lord Harrowby's speech against the Bill was exceedingly admired and got immense applause, but I think it was in many ways a very unpardonable one."

"*June 13, 1850.*—My wits have left to-day, for I have not yet got over standing at the Italian play for four hours and a half behind the Queen's chair. I was not in waiting, but a reinforcement was added to the usual staff for the occasion.

"I am just going with Lou to dine with the Berry's at Richmond. Lord Morpeth will be there to meet us."

"*June 18, 1850.*—We have had a great debate in the House of Lords. Canning spoke, and *very* well. I had not heard him before, but I saw there was nothing to alarm me, for he never hesitated for an instant, and nothing could be more self-possessed than his manner, or better than his matter.

"Lou has two court balls and a concert in prospect."

"*Grosvenor Square, July 1, 1850.*—I own I am delighted to hear of Eastnor's engagement. I believe

Miss Pattle is as clever as she is beautiful. And with such out of the way beauty and charm, I hope she will be the real blessing of Eastnor at last. Aunt Somers is quite happy at his being so happy, and I hope Uncle Somers will be the same: we count on a good word from you. What a week of horrid events—poor Cantilupe's death, Sir Robert Peel's dreadful accident, and the outrage on the Queen. I nearly saw the last, and saw the policeman marching off the man who attacked her; he is certainly mad. The Queen had still the mark on her forehead on Friday evening, when we were at the palace."

"*July 3.*—You will hear, on reaching Paris, the sad news of Sir Robert Peel's death. It is a most dreadful blow to the whole country, and I have seen no one who does not seem to feel it like the loss of a relation. I can give you no particulars, but believe it was either a rib or the shoulder-blade that was injured and went into the lungs. It certainly was not a fit. He was perfectly sensible, and died in the most calm and happy way, after taking leave of all his family and receiving the communion with them. The Queen and Prince had the levée to-day, but looked dreadfully low: they will feel it more than almost anything that has happened to them.

"I have now seen 'Virginia,' who is perfect in manners as well as beauty: I do hope Uncle Somers will take to her."

"*Osborne, August 2, 1850(?)*.—Canning fell into Cowes harbour off the pier in the dark night when it

was blowing a hurricane. The water was only up to his neck, but it must have been a horrid shock. The clarence had just taken him to the ferry, and the lamps dazzled him, and one single step forward plunged him in, for the coachman had drawn up dangerously near the edge."

"*Osborne, August 5, 1850.*—The Queen's talked-of visit to Highcliffe may not be for ages, for the Abercorns come to-day, and stay till Tuesday, and on Wednesday come the Hohenlohes.

"What a capital speech Waterford's is: he has gained individual credit by it. How it must please Lou!"

"*Osborne, August 24, 1850.*—We are safe back again from Belgium, and landed here before breakfast this morning. We left Ostend before 1 P.M., and anchored off Dover, under shelter of a bit of the new breakwater, to dine at seven, and came on here in the night. We dined and spent the day on shore with the King of the Belgians. Ostend is a dull place, even to spend a few hours in, though a glimpse of 'abroad' is always rather amusing. Bathing is the great occupation, and 150 machines are constantly in use. We made a great attraction and amusement, as you will imagine. The four children have been enchanted with the trip and the holiday on board, and each had a napoleon to spend, and each brought home cargoes of shells and toys. I am to go with the Queen to London, and exchange with Lady Douro at the station on Tuesday."

"*Curraghmore, Sept. 9, 1850.*—Lou has done won-

ders here since your last visit, she is so very much more in power here than formerly—both *in* the place and outside. Church and State, trades and commerce, manufactories, woods and forests, and home department, are all under her thumb. She took me one day to Dunmore, where we were received by a bonfire and banners, &c., but soon discovered them to belong to a school-feast. Then we have had a mountain-lake day, and a Kilmacthomas day, and Bessborough twice, &c.”

“*Glengariffe, Sept. 18, 1850.*—Lou will expect you very soon at Ford. I enjoyed my days at Curraghmore with her so much. It was very fine, and we went about to all parts in her new pony-chaise, which she drives very well, and saw the two churches, and new bits of balustrade, and roads, and farmyard and reaping-machine in full activity. . . . At Killarney Mrs. Herbert insisted on our leaving the hotel, and staying with her at Muckcross, where we found the Kildares and Blantynes. . . . The drive round the East Lake enchanted me more than anything else.”

“*Phoenix Park, Sept. 22, 1850.*—To-night we dine (at the Castle) with the St. Germans’. I paid Lady St. Germans a visit this morning, and this morning visit was court-like, inasmuch as no palace drawing-room was ever more stiffly arranged, without a scrap of anything on a table.”

“*Haddo, Sept. 30, 1850.*—Lord Aberdeen came back from Balmoral on Saturday, saying the Queen was more than ever charmed with it, and meant to go

to the Hut again for two nights; but it pours with rain, and she must be disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple have been here for two days—Alba very agreeable.”

“*Haddo, Oct. 3, 1850.*—We have been for one night to Buchan Ness, the little sea-place perched on the north-east corner of Scotland, amongst precipices of red granite, very grand and picturesque, and unlike any other place I ever saw inhabited. A little garden has lately been made in a snug cove amongst rocks, where one can sit in shelter, with the grand waves rolling up at one’s feet.

“I can hardly believe that Eastnor’s marriage took place yesterday, after so many puttings off.”

“*Haddo, Oct. 7, 1850.*—We have just seen the Duchess of Kent off. She liked her visit, and was very good-humoured and easily amused. It was rather unlucky to have her here on Sunday, as there was no driving, but she went to the kirk, and took a walk in the afternoon.”

In the autumn of 1850 Lord Canning went to Spain, and Lady Canning returned to Curraghmore to spend the time of his absence with her sister.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Curraghmore, Oct. 10, 1850.*—I arrived yesterday evening, finding Lou’s carriage waiting for me at Waterford.”



“*Curraghmore, Oct. 12 (?)*, 1850.—I am quite delighted with the improvements here, so much more than ever has been done in the last three years. My waiting will begin on Nov. 18, and will, I fear, be a melancholy one, for there seems to be no doubt that the poor Queen of the Belgians is dying.

“How lovely Virginia must have looked at her marriage: she seems, I think, to suit every one to perfection.”

“*Oct. 16.*—Canning arrived at Madrid on the day of the crisis and change of Government. He went to the opera, where he saw the Queen. He had long talks with Bulwer, and met Mendizabal at dinner there. In the Museo he had only yet seen the two rooms full of Spanish pictures, and these lasted him three hours—the Velasquez pictures, sixty in number!”

“*Oct. 19.*—There is going to be an immense meeting on tenants’ rights at Kilmacthomas. Waterford’s tenants have many of them their names down in the requisition for it, but it seems some names have been added to the lists unbeknown to their owners: it will be curious to see whether any of these attend.”

“*Oct. 20.*—Waterford is in great grief at the news of the death of his brother William—quite his favourite brother, and only a year younger than himself.”

“*Oct. 21.*—Kilmacthomas went off very quietly—not more than 4000 people there, and they amused

themselves, and speechified about anything but tenants' rights."

"*Curraghmore, Oct. 22, 1850.*—Canning has had plenty of amusing things to tell from Madrid. He was presented at the *Besa manos*, and at twelve o'clock at night (Sunday too, or rather Monday morning) the ball began. The Queen, he says, has a great look of Lady Londonderry both in face and proportions, and the likeness is increased by the way she does her hair, bringing the two bands very far over her face, so as to touch her eyes. She has pretty manners, and when only talking and not moving is very dignified and graceful. The ball was full of priests and bishops!—some beautiful old specimens he describes. Many wore ribbons and orders like the laity. C. is enchanted with the pictures: in the Flemish gallery he found a replica of his favourite picture over the chimney-piece at Tyttenhanger, called 'At the Music,' by Jean Breughel, with figures by Frank."

"*Oct. 23, 1850.*—Grandmama will like to know that C. describes the palace at Madrid as quite magnificent; the servants, in old-fashioned coats and scarlet stockings, stood in a close avenue up both sides of the enormous staircase, and gave a royal appearance to it: the halberdiers, he says, are like Louis XV. mousquetaires, and very picturesque. C. saw Narvaez getting out of a shabby brougham at the palace, when he went to take possession of the Foreign Office—in cossack trousers, a cut-away coat and a shining vile black wig—the very wig he wanted to send the editor of a news-

paper to the Philippines for quizzing. C. dines every day with Bulwer."

"*Curraghmore, Oct. 27, 1850.*—Lou and I are going on a little junket to Dunmore to-morrow—to spend a night at the little inn you know of—for Waterford will be away at some races. . . . Only think of a man—a robber—being found under a bed at Bessborough, laden with the spoil of Lady Harriet's room!"

"*Eastnor Castle, Oct. 31, 1850.*—I am astonished with the beauty of this country and the extraordinarily rich look of it, and this place is really beautiful, and the house—after swallowing up several generations of furniture—may get to look comfortable; it has very fine things about it. The village and farm and church I quite delight in, making the perfection of a rural English home."

In the first years of their married life it had been a great grief to Lord and Lady Waterford that no children were born to them, but they had long been able, really and without effort, to turn their affections to the children of Lord and Lady John Beresford, who were much with them at Curraghmore. Even dearer still became, a little later, the children of Lord Waterford's sister, Sarah, afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury, especially her daughter Adelaide, afterwards Countess Brownlow.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
LADY JANE ELLICE.

“*Dec. 2, 1850.*—I enjoy having Lady John here very much, and the children are darlings. The little *heir* (as I often think) is six years, very tall of his age, and has a noble high-bred look. I am trying to make a Christmas Tree for Twelfth Night, and shall delight in seeing the effect it produces. It is a pleasure to hear the children running about the house and to see them listening with the utmost delight to the story of ‘The White Cat.’”

“*Curraghmore, Jan. 5, 1851.*—W. has had a wonderful escape. I thought he was certainly killed. It happened in the courtyard and I was on the hall steps. He was not doing anything wonderful. The horse to be sure was mad and had kicked him off once, but he remounted, and was frightfully kicked off again. I had had a presentiment of an accident so long that when I saw it I felt ‘Here it is come at last.’ I cannot be too thankful to God for sparing him to me, and to all dependent on him besides.”

Lady Waterford’s correspondence with Lady Jane Ellice was never broken during her life at Curraghmore or afterwards, though few of her letters have been preserved. This most dear friend remonstrated upon her giving so much time to art, and feared its gaining too

exclusive possession of her. Lady Waterford answered—

“The love of art must not be treated as a sin. All that is great and beautiful comes from God, and to God it should return. It is the misuse of great gifts which is the sin, not the gifts themselves. . . . Oh never say the best parts of humanity are not gifts of God. *That* is wrong. If used for badness they may be turned to sin, but that would be by man’s free-will ; the gifts, in their goodness and purity, are God’s.”

And again—

“*Curraghmore, Nov. 14.* . . . I always feel as if I was running after time here, the days pass so quickly, I can never give enough to each thing I want to do. . . . And so will our days and time go, till it is ended for oneself. That is an awful thought, which may well make one remember how very little is the longest life. Certainly in this sense, amusements that do not profit are wrong. But, when I talk of profit, I mean leading to good, for of course I do not mean that one builds one’s house for oneself by anything that one does.

“I do *love* my art (dare I call it mine?) far more than ever, and long to do a great work. Meantime I labour at the merest correctness, which leads me to discover more and more in every work of Nature ; a dead leaf in all its curves and forms seems to disclose so much more than one sees at first. I could scarcely

say how happy I feel all day. Sometimes I think it is too much, and that much trial must come some day, and *then* I shall know how little I am fitted to meet it. I dread that such ease and comfort and love and joy should harden me unknowingly, but I ask to be shown the ill weeds—they are difficult to find out when one is happy. I think living in the country is a great boon, seeing the glorious sunsets and clouds and gleams each day on the beautiful views here is an enjoyment I cannot describe."

*From LADY WATERFORD'S Journal.*

"*March* 18, 1851.—Left Curraghmore for England.

"*April* 3.—Went with Sarah Lindsay in Char.'s carriage to the Drawing-Room—well amused. W. won £900 at Epsom.

"*May* 14.—Went to Tittenhanger — Grandmama, Aunt Mex., Aunt Caledon, Bell.

"*August* 9.—Returned to Curraghmore.

"*Sept.* 19—28.—In Scotland.

"*Sept.* 29.—Posted from Belford to Ford—a dear old place, only not quite a home.

"*Oct.* 1.—Went with W. to the farms—'The Encampment,' 'Blinkbonnie,' 'Mount Pleasant,' 'Bareless,' 'Crookham,' and 'Heathershaw.' The Johnny's arrived.

"*Oct.* 2.—Lady John and I all about the house, then W. and I, and Lady John in pony-chaise, John, Mr. Blackden (agent) and his son in a gig to Westfield Farm, and all over premises and labourers' cottages. Then to Ford forge. Saw cottages, machinery, mill, &c. Then to Kimmerton.

"Oct. 3.—W. and Johnny killed 21 brace of partridges, 7 of pheasants, 6 of hares. After luncheon went to Ford Hill Farm—a beautiful farm, then to Ford Wood and the Rowting Lynn.

"Oct. 4.—W. and Johnny found equally good sport. I sketched from portrait of Sir F. Delaval. After luncheon to Linthaugh and to Flodden Hill Farm.

"Oct. 6.—I drew from pictures in the dining-room. Had out old cases of letters.

"Oct. 8.—Drove with Tina to Yetholm to see the King of the Gipsies. The Queen out, so no fortune-telling.

"Oct. 10.—Left Ford for London—Mama, Char. and Canning, Miss Hyriott.

"Oct. 16.—To Ingestre—very pleasant being there.

"Oct. 18.—Met W. at Kildare, on with him to Curraghmore.

"Nov. 17–29.—Miss Palliser stayed with me.

"Dec. 31.—W. shooting—killed five deer."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Curraghmore, July 20, 1851.*—It grieves me to disappoint you and Char. about our coming over, but I am sure Waterford is right, and that his remaining here to look after his works is a good thing, and makes him really beloved by the people, who see he is staying with them through this year, to help and cheer them. After all, Goodwood would have broken the thread of his works, and engaged him in other races, and now he likes his works *so much the best*. He has added to the number of his labourers of late, and

begun new drainage; and as he has bought the Duke of Richmond's two magnificent rams at £160, I think the Duke (a farmer himself) must believe him to be in earnest.

"The Industrial Society is an excellent project, by which a shop in Dublin is to arrange for the sale of flannels, stockings, &c. I am one of the patronesses, and have subscribed so as to have the benefit of sending the works of Waterford's tenants there."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Troon, Sept. 23, 1851.*—The wind being directly contrary, enabled us to spend a day with the Douglas's at Brodick Castle, where we found an odd collection of people—Stewart Mackenzie, Norman Macdonald, Big Ben, &c., and two very bearded Carlist Frenchmen. A succession of visitors had been there, and I never saw Lady Douglas more alert and alive. The Duke of Hamilton's *guignon* against Arran increases daily. He positively will not allow the Douglasses to do a single thing there, even with their own money: for instance, they may not build a little school, or improve a most breakneck road, the sole approach to the house—a place that even I begged to be allowed to walk down. I go as far as Aberdeen by rail to-morrow, and then on to Balmoral by road. I have liked this cruise of all things, and Lord Shelburne has been a good sailor, very easy to live with, and has to all appearance thoroughly enjoyed these six weeks of seafaring life."

"*Windsor Castle, Oct. 19, 1851.*—The Queen of the



French came here one day, looking so well and set up by Scotch air. She was a month at Oban, besides travelling about, and seems to have been charmed by all the hospitality and civility she found everywhere. The Princesse de Joinville thought it all detestable, but as she pines for heat and the south, our Queen could not but forgive such a feeling in her, though in any one else she would have considered it high-treason to say a word against Scotland.

“The children left behind are grown very nice and pretty. Prince Arthur is a magnificent child, and the Queen is quite enchanted to find he is bigger than the keeper’s child at Balmoral of the same age, whose measurements she carefully brought back. He has the royal look I have heard Grandmama talk about, which I think she said was so remarkable in the Queen when a baby. This child now runs about, and climbs on chairs, and says two or three words. . . . The Abercorns come here to-day, and the Queen has asked their eldest girl,<sup>1</sup> who is just seventeen.”

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD *to*  
(her cousin) MRS. DALRYMPLE.<sup>2</sup>

“*Curraghmore, Dec. 29, 1851.*—Waterford and I are very quietly here, mostly *tête-à-tête*, as there are no neighbours, and any of the family have been prevented by various reasons from coming here. So while

<sup>1</sup> Married, 1855, to the Earl of Lichfield.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Gordon had married Mr. Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple in 1850.

Waterford hunts, I am drawing or writing letters, or reading, singing, going to the school, examining the progress of the children, and seeing our new church getting a stone added to the spire each day."

*From LADY WATERFORD'S Diary in 1852.*

"*Jan. 28.*—The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Erskine came. A party of eighteen in the house. Bell (Heyland) here.

"*March 1.*—W. and I set out for England.

"*March 12-29.*—Tyttenhanger. Grandmama well, Aunt Caledon, Aunt Mex, Mama, Sarah Lindsay, Jane and her babes.

"*April 1.*—Went to the Drawing-Room with Lady Eastnor, who was presented.

"*May 5.*—Home to Curraghmore.

"*May 12.*—W. to Dublin Castle. I drove the ponies to Kilmacthomas. Went all over the village.

"*May 26.*—Arrived in London again at Mivart's. Went to see Char. and Mama.

"*June 25.*—Went with Mama to Richmond to the Queen of the French, who received us very kindly.

"*June 27.*—Embarked with Mama for Antwerp.

"*June 29—August 14.*—Spa. Paris. Hombourg.

"*August 21.*—Reached Curraghmore: found it looking quite beautiful.

"*Sept. 16.*—The consecration of Portlaw Church. The Bishop of Waterford came to breakfast.

"*Sept. 17.*—W. and I left Curraghmore.

"*Sept. 19.*—Posted to Ford from Berwick.



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

Feed my lambs. -

Feed My Lambs.  
From Lady Waterford's Note Book.



"Sept. 22.—Arranged flowers, hung pictures. When all was arranged, Lady O. Ossulston and the bride Lady Mandeville came. At 5 Char. and Canning arrived, much pleased with the place.

"Sept. 24.—Char., Canning, and I went to Chillingham. Walked up the park to see the wild cattle.

"Sept. 25.—Char., Canning, and I drove along the Till. Beautiful drive of Lord F. Fitz Clarence. Then on to Twizell Castle and bridge. W. arrived.

"Oct. 7.—Heard of Uncle Somers's death. The Talbots here.

"Oct. 13.—Left Ford Castle.

"Oct. 23.—Went to Tyttenhanger. Eastnor came.

"Nov. 18.—Saw the procession of the Duke of Wellington's funeral from Lady Antrobus's house. W. went to St. Paul's.

"Nov. 20.—Returned to Curraghmore.

"Nov. 21 — Dec. 31.—W. hunting constantly. Occupied with school, drawing, &c."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"Windsor Castle, Jan. 16, 1852. . . . The Normanbys are here, and, in a low discreet voice, tell me no end of horrors of the doings in Paris, in the way of shooting people, and sending them off privately to Cayenne. They say 2000 are gone and going. There are so many people here that I must attend to, that I write in great haste."

"Windsor Castle, Jan. 28, 1852 (?).—The children

here have acted their little play—*Les Petits Savoyards*. It was quite excellent. It is an old play which, I believe, used to be acted at Versailles, and has a good deal of singing in it. *Seven* of the Queen's children were in it, and little Hoods, and Vander Weyers, and Greys made up the rest, and all were beautifully dressed."

"*Feb. 21, 1852.*—We had no one at Hinchinbroke but Mme. de Flahault and Georgine; it is a nice simple old place. We entertain the past and future Cabinet Ministers to-day—Lord Clanricarde and Lord Malmesbury."

"*Feb. 23, 1852.*—Virginia<sup>1</sup> went with me to Lady Palmerston's. She looked exceedingly well, and got immense admiration. It was an enormous crowd, but I think she was rather amused."

"*Windsor Castle, April 15, 1852.*—We have been having the most delightful spring days. There was a Council to-day, but the Ministers came too late for my part of luncheon, and I did not see any one. Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle come here to-day. The Queen has been riding a good deal, but I am not wanted for that, as a Maid of Honour is always ready enough to think it an immense treat.

"The Duchess of Kent has asked, as usual, much after you and Grandmama. I have hardly seen the

<sup>1</sup> Her cousin Lady Eastnor,

Queen, for there have been two days of private dinners, which are always the case when the Queen and Prince receive the Sacrament."

"*Windsor Castle, June 22, 1852.*—I am so grieved by the very bad account of poor Agnes Berry. . . . Do tell Miss Berry that I can think of nothing but her and Agnes.

"I ought to tell you of the play the other day, acted by six of the royal children. It was in German verse, interspersed with choruses, sung by the little creatures in parts. A little stage, with scenery and a curtain, was put up in the oak-room, and the representation took place at five o'clock, before the Nemours and their children, tutors, governesses, me and the Maids of Honour only. They acted admirably, with great spirit, and without the least awkwardness. The Prince of Wales was a poor boy, whose only possession was a cock, which he sold for food for his starving mother. Prince Alfred was a rich elderly man in a cocked hat and brown coat. The Princess Royal was a rich farmer's wife; Princess Helena a country boy in little blue breeches and braces and jacket—rather a *polisson*; Princess Alice an old German peasant; and Princess Louise a very small child dressed like her mother (the Princess Royal)—but even she had her little bit to say. They did far better than we in our old *Aveugle de Spa*. . . . All this will amuse Grandmama. Mr. Birch left yesterday. It has been a terrible sorrow to the Prince of Wales, who has done no end of touching things since he heard that he was to lose him three weeks ago. He is such an affectionate

dear little boy: his little notes and presents which Mr. Birch used to find on his pillow were really too moving."

"*Grosvenor Square, June 30, 1852.*—I am just come back from the christening of the little Indian girl, the daughter of the Rajah of Coorg. She had the Queen, Lady Hardinge, Sir J. Hogg, and Mrs. Drummond for godfathers and godmothers: the last is to bring her up. She was in her Indian dress, and not all white, as it ought to have been—a tight sort of under-gown, with short sleeves, and white muslin and gold draperies. I never saw so graceful a little creature, such beautiful poses and movements: Lou would be delighted with her. She is eleven, but quite small and young-looking of her age."

"*Cowes, July 7, 1852.*—Now it is burning hot summer weather, such as one rarely sees. I left Osborne in the afternoon, when Lady Ely arrived. All these days have been too hot to go out and walk, and one saw nothing but detachments of the royal children all about in the arbours and all cool places. The garden is really beautiful, with quantities of alcoves and statues, but the landscape and rather large formal things want a little setting to right, and I longed to doctor some of the lines of the walks."

"*Achnacary, August 9.* . . . We did not arrive here till 1 A.M., but found Lady Malmesbury still sitting up for us. . . . It is a lovely place, with capa-



bilities of being quite perfect—trees, mountains, lakes, and cascades, all as good as possible of their kind.”

“*On the ‘Fair Rosamund,’ Loch Lochy, Aug. 18 (?), 1852.*—We stayed at Achnacary till yesterday, when we had to make way for the Ossulstons, but I have been to spend the morning there, and found Lady Olivia so cheerful and pleasant I am quite delighted with her. We are anchored by the roadside, a mile from the house.”

To THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

“*Achnacary, August 23, 1852.*—We have had heavenly days. The day before yesterday was perfection. We rode round by Loch Lochy, and along the famous Dark Mile, a narrow valley with beautiful hills covered with trees. A road goes through it now, for the Parliament after the '45 tried to civilise the country by opening it up in every direction. The ravine, or rather little valley, is parallel with the broad one in which the house stands by the river connecting the two lakes, so it makes the greatest variety of scenery possible in so small a space.

“Up high above the Dark Mile, we scrambled to what they call ‘Charlie’s Cave,’ being merely a hole under a stone where Prince Charlie was hid for a week, when a price was set on his head. There is a view of Ben Nevis and the lake and the woods and all sorts of lovely things. . . . Lady Malmesbury is not

very enterprising, but when she is once embarked in a scramble, gets on pretty well, but not at all equal to you and me. . . . I wish you would have some rough shooting-ponies, it would be such a pleasant way of going about in your woods—three ponies, and a man to walk, and you could take every one to all the views we saw. Canning has shot a stag forty years old: we hope he is only to be stewed into soup."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*On the Clyde, Sept. 18, 1852.*—As the yacht passed Arran we saw the flag flying on Brodick Castle, and stopped to visit the Douglasses. We found Lady Douglas just arrived. He had preceded her by a day or two, and was already cutting down trees and staking out a road to the house—a proof he had really possession, as the embalmed Duke never would permit them to do a thing, and made them drive up a sort of bank at the risk of their necks. They had a curious *société* with them, and I am rather sorry they begin with such a foreign *entourage*."

"*Kelso, Sept. 22, 1852.*—We left the yacht yesterday at Greenock, and I was quite sorry to have done with it, as we have had such a very successful cruise, without any *désagrémens* at all. We have slept here, as Lou was not ready for us at Ford till to-day; and had the bad luck to come in for two public dinners at the inn, in the next room to mine, and, for smell of

smoke and toddy, and speeches and songs, I might as well have been of the company."

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 25, 1852.*—We have been here two whole days, and it is quite time I should write and tell you how I like this place. Lou seems most happy here, and so delighted with the strong contrast it makes to Curraghmore; and, from its very difference, returning home there has also the advantages of contrast. Ford looks such a prosperous place, so surrounded by good cultivation and good cottages. There is no sort of park, only some high trees, and a little bit of shrubbery, besides a kitchen-garden, but it might be made a very nice place. The house is amply large enough, the modern part very ugly, but, at a distance, you chiefly see the old towers, and very little expense would make it much better. I imagine Lou has turned the house quite upside down and inside out with her preparations for my arrival. From little words dropped by the Blackden<sup>1</sup> family, I can guess how hard she worked the two days she had before, and it has made the drawing-room look really very well."

"*Balmoral, Sept. 29, 1852.*—I came here yesterday. The Queen and Prince have talked a great deal of the Duke [of Wellington<sup>2</sup>], and have felt his loss exceedingly. The Queen says she cannot realise how things can go on without him, and I only wish I could recollect

<sup>1</sup> In the absence of the family, Ford Castle was at this time inhabited by the agent, Mr. Blackden.

<sup>2</sup> The great Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle, Sept. 14.

all the true and kind things she said, showing how worthily she appreciated him. She has worn mourning for him for a week."

"*Balmoral, Oct. 1, 1852.*—I have to go out and sketch, and am merely waiting to get leave to order a carriage. The Queen is fonder than ever of this place, and the Prince's shooting improves. The children are as merry as grigs, and I hear the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, who live under me, singing away, out of lesson-time, as loud as ever they can."

"*Balmoral, Oct. 5, 1852.*—Yesterday I made the great expedition of the place, which is up to the top of Loch-na-gar, and I am so stiff to-day I can scarcely move; but I never can resist these junkets. The day was fine, and I was tempted when the party was setting off; but we saw it all to great disadvantage; all the top was covered with snow, which we had to wade through, and the distant view was by no means clear. Mary Seymour, Lady A. Bruce, Prince Herman of Hohenlohe, and Mr. Gibbs, were the party. Happily for me, to-day is rainy and windy, and an expedition of the Queen's to Alt-na-Gusach is put off till to-morrow; we go there for a night.

"Landseer was here two days, and very pleasant, but had not a scrap of drawing to show. He is now staying for deer-stalking at Mar with C. Leslie and Mr. Wells.

"The Prince is much pleased with his shoot this year. One day he killed five stags, and several

times has killed three, and two nearly every day—almost all in stalking, not drives, which is a proof that the forest has immensely improved since the beginning.”

“*Balmoral, Oct. 8, 1852.*—Dear Uncle Somers' death is indeed a sad break up . . . and will be a shock, though it can be no surprise, to dear Grandmama. I do hope she is taking care of herself, for what a precious life hers is still. . . . The Queen has been most feeling and kind about Aunt Somers.”

“*Windsor Castle, Oct. 16, 1852.*—I forget whether I have written since the journey home. I was so glad to see that beautiful Menai Strait and the old and the new bridge, which are both such wonders. We crossed by the old and drove along the Anglesea side, and got into the railroad, and went on to the tubular bridge, getting out and walking about when we arrived. Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, and the gentlemen, crossed it on the top on foot, the Queen and others stayed in the carriages and were pushed through. It is a very fine thing.

“The Hohenlohes and the Duchess of Kent had a fire in the train. The next carriage was in a blaze, and my room is now perfumed with the smell from charred wood of their luggage, much of which was burnt!”

“*Grosvenor Square, Nov. 23, 1852.*—It was hardly a surprise to hear of dear Miss Berry's end, and yet it was a shock, for I had not expected it so soon. . . .

When you saw her on Saturday, she was really sinking, and from that time dozed quietly away. How very much we shall all miss her!<sup>1</sup>

"I am just come back from Windsor. All the foreign officers<sup>2</sup> were there yesterday, and were very magnificently entertained. I shall all my life regret not having been at S. Paul's, which I believe was the finest and most impressive sight that could be conceived."

"*Osborne, Dec. 10, 1852 (?)*.—The 'Babes'<sup>3</sup> have been much admired here. The Prince is quite delighted with it. Both he and the Queen say Lou ought to learn to etch, and etch it herself. They say they know it is quite easy, for they have so often done it themselves. . . . The Nemours are here. The Duke asks tenderly after you."

*From LADY WATERFORD'S Diary in 1853.*

"*Jan. 7.*—Drove the ponies to school and garden.

"*Jan. 27.*—Lady John and I drove in the carriage to see a hunt—were out all day.

"*Jan. 31.*—Nanette Uniacke here. Sate for a sketch to Mr. J. Leslie.

"*Feb. 16.*—Walked on terrace in snow, and to the

<sup>1</sup> Miss (Mary) Berry died, without suffering, in her ninetieth year, Nov. 20, 1852, having not long survived her sister Agnes. They had been through life the most intimate friends of Lady Stuart de Rothesay.

<sup>2</sup> Who had come over for the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Waterford's illustrated "Babes in the Wood."



W. Puffe del.

*Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.*

*From a Sketch by Sir J. Leslie*





place where the oaks are decayed. Very fine effects. Mr. Uniacke read aloud. We sate in W.'s little room.

"*Feb. 27.*—Received the Sacrament, Clonegam. Went late to sit with old Polly and read to her.

"*March 5.*—Went in pony-carriage to see old Flood; ill, but more cheery than need be with whisky; then to Mike Nolan; then to Molly.

"*March 13.*—Races at Carrick. W. went with the ten men who are staying in the house. I drove ponies to see Flood and sick Mike.

"*March 15.*—The party went to the races. W. won the race. Captain K. had a serious fall. W. went off in the night to see how he was: came back at 5 A.M.

"*March 16.*—W. went to England. All the men left. Poor old Polly died. Went to see Mike.

"*March 17.*—Saw poor Polly laid out, then drove about the place and to see the new-born baby at the keeper's.

"*March 19.*—The ladies went to see the hounds. Walked on terrace, music, &c. More guests arrived.

"*March 20.*—W. came home when I returned from church. He brought back the gold cup he had won at Leamington.

"*March 21.*—W. went to Whitefield races with the men. There was one dinner for us, and another for them. W. was successful.

"*March 22.*—Drove with Droghedas and Donoughmores to the racecourse.

"*March 25.*—Good Friday. Heavy snow. Walked to church, and went to see Mike.

"*April 2.*—Had all the maids in the billiard-room to practise psalms. Drove in pony-chaise in the garden.

"*April 8.*—Went early to pheasantry and old Flood. In the afternoon practising psalms. W. came in late, and brought five men to dinner.

"*April 11.*—To Kilmacthomas. Walked about with Dr. Coghlan to see his labourers' houses, schools, &c.

"*April 12.*—To see sick Mike and poor Thompson. W. came home, and I read to him in the evening.

"*April 13.*—Had a great practice of psalm-singing. Went to old Flood and to the garden and pheasantry.

"*April 14.*—The Droghedas, Kildares, and Mr. Uniacke came.

"*April 16.*—W. hunting with Lord Drogheda. The Donoughmores, Miss Steele, Lord James Butler, and Denys Packe came."

"*May 2.*—Crossed to Holyhead. London by eleven o'clock. Found Mama at Char.'s.

"*May 3.*—Saw Doctor P., who saw Mama and Char. afterwards—Jane Ellice and Sarah Lindsay.

"*May 14-24.*—To Tyttenhanger with Mama.

"*June 10-14.*—Tyttenhanger again.

"*June 24-29.*—At Highcliffe with Mama. Jane and Bell there.

"*June 29-July 2.*—With Mama at Tyttenhanger.

"*July 6.*—Reached Curraghmore.

"*July 7.*—Service at Portlaw Church. Drove about with the ponies with W. in afternoon—racecourse and farm.

"*July 8.*—Drove my ponies to church, school, and garden. Dined at five, and went, with W., a long drive after dinner.

"*July 15.*—Drove to pheasantry, laundry, and garden. After dinner W. drove the four horses round through Portlaw.

"*July 17.*—In the evening W. drove the four horses into Waterford—a beautiful night.

"*July 18.*—Sent to fetch the Walsinghams from Kildare. To the shell-house, &c.

"*July 24.*—The Walsinghams left. W.'s jockey had a bad fall and concussion of the brain. To the pheasantry.

"*August 12.*—Drove to garden. Returning, found Char. and Canning arrived.

"*August 17.*—Arrived by 6 P.M. at Ford Castle.

"*August 27.*—Mama and the Edens came.

"*Sept. 4.*—Up at five. Went by rail to Kelso, Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh: back by eight.

"*Sept. 7.*—Went to Chillingham. Saw the house and park.

"*Sept. 12.*—Left Ford. Parted with Mama at Berwick.

"*Sept. 13.*—Reached Curraghmore.

"*Oct. 10.*—Took the Ormondes for a drive through Portlaw Wood. Read to W.

"*Oct. 26—Nov. 17.*—Bell here."

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to  
MISS HEYLAND.

"*Jan. 1853.*—The Empress Eugenie is beautiful, for I saw her in London, and was enchanted.

“She has such perfect dark blue eyes, like Char.’s, and the fairest skin. This sort of face” (a lovely illustration).

VISCOUNTESS CANNING<sup>1</sup> to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Windsor Castle, Jan. 22, 1853.*—There have been numbers of visitors here. Now every one is gone, but to-night Lord Aberdeen is to come, and Colonel Gordon and his wife, and Lord Granville. The Emperor’s marriage is the chief topic. . . . I remember Mademoiselle de Montijo distinctly, for she was very striking, and quite the most interesting of the sights at the Queen’s fancy ball—in white, with a dress of bows and tags, very fair hair and skin and dark eyes, good delicate features, a little formal, and a good figure. She is the right age and clever, and I think the Emperor has done a wise thing. Mme. de Lieven approves, and says she is ‘très grande dame.’ . . . A royal alliance comes to no use in adversity, and in prosperity the Emperor can do without it. She will be able to do him far more service than a young German princess.”

“*Grosvenor Square, April 8, 1853.*—I have been quite provoked not to send you the news of yesterday,

<sup>1</sup> In the beginning of this year, Lord Canning had joined Lord Aberdeen’s Government as Postmaster-General. Sir Rowland Hill, appointed sole secretary to the Post Office in 1854, on the advice of Canning, described the period of serving under him as “the most satisfactory period of his whole official career, that in which the course of improvement was steadiest, most rapid, and least chequered.”

but the new Prince's guns and bells never made themselves heard here, and I never knew of it till the *Globe* came. I have now been to the palace to hear all is going well, and the boy<sup>1</sup> large and fine."

"*Aldenham, April 25, 1853.*—I have liked this very original kind of visit very much. It puts me more in mind of the way we used to rough it at Highcliffe at Easter than anything else, and there is a confidential carpenter like Bemister, and a mixture of very fine and valuable things and very homely ones, much in the same style. This is a very beautiful country: Bridgenorth and the banks of the Severn are lovely, and we have had some charming drives. The Duchesse de Galiera and her little boy of four are the only guests. Sir John Acton is a grave solemn youth, not the least like his mama,<sup>2</sup> but very clever and crammed with knowledge at twenty, and he will grow younger in time."

"*June 11, 1853.*—Lou was a good deal amused by the party at Stafford House, where the Queen had unexpectedly dined, and where, instead of two hundred people, as we expected, we found fourteen hundred."

"*Curraghmore, Sept. 13, 1853.*—We came and took

<sup>1</sup> Prince Leopold, afterwards Duke of Albany.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Louisa, Countess Granville, daughter of Emeric Joseph, Duc de Dalberg.

Lou by surprise yesterday. She has done a great deal even since I was last here, and the place is now seen to great advantage. I believe the house will be quite ready for the Queen's visit, whenever that occurs. . . . Lou is now waiting to take me out in her pony-carriage—the nicest little equipage! in which she looks most picturesque, with her great black hat to shade her face.”

“*Windsor Castle, Oct. 15, 1853.*—We arrived here yesterday from Edinburgh, a long journey, but done easily in twelve hours and a half from Holyrood to this door. Lord Aberdeen was here to-day, but I only saw him an instant, for he went back to town after his audience. I gather rather from what little I get from C. that there is still a hope of settling the question without war.”<sup>1</sup>

“*Grosvenor Square, Jan. 2, 1854 (?)*.—I was very much amused with Woburn; it was a very new ‘atmosphere’ to be in. I made great friends with the Duke, though I began by rather dreading the six dinners through which I was to sit beside him, for I was the second-best woman, and on the left till Lady Granville left, and the best afterwards. At first we talked of the pictures, cottages, planting, and did not get on extraordinarily till I asked questions on old political and court stories, but from that time I had a torrent of anecdotes in continual flow, so that Lady Jocelyn—on the other side—never could get in a word.

<sup>1</sup> With Russia.

“The pictures are really most interesting. I never saw so many portraits collected together. Horace Walpole’s catalogue-raisonné of them still exists. The farm is the chief sight, both from the cattle and from the workshops, where everything used on the estate is made. There is a great yard full of workshops, like a dockyard more than anything else, only the work is for cottages, schools, farm-buildings and implements. Steam machinery for boring through iron pumps, casements, &c., and preparing carpenter’s work, is done there. The cottages are very good—very plain indeed, but not ugly. Each holds only one family, and is not the least too large for it, to avoid the temptation of lodgers, but by their leases the cottagers are also absolutely debarred from taking them. The walls inside are whitened brick, not plastered, and the whole is very plain but substantial and well-finished. The inhabitants seemed enchanted with them, and very dirty people become neat and clean in them.

“A sight you would have liked very much is the great wood of evergreens. It is quite lovely. It was planted a hundred and fifty years ago, of laurel, ilex, holly, red cedar, yew, cedar, silver-fir, Weymouth pine, &c., all mingled together or in groups, with great glades of grass here and there. The cedars are enormous, and the pine-asters the finest I ever saw, and the hollies quite beautiful. It is all ever-green, and if it were not for the patches of snow it would have looked like summer, or like Adrian’s Villa.

“The last two evenings plays were acted in the

permanent theatre — one for some little William Russells and Ansons, who did the 'Babes in the Wood,' with fairies, &c., and had a happy end with a Christmas tree."

*From LADY WATERFORD'S Journal in 1854.*

"*May 22.*—Char. went to Osborne and I with Mama and Miss Hyriott to see pictures.

"*May 28.*—Heard the Cologne singers at Stafford House. In the evening with Lady John to the opera.

"*June 7.*—Dined at the Glengalls'. To Lord Breadalbane's ball afterwards.

"*June 8.*—With Lady Marion Alford for the day to Ashridge—a charming day.

"*June 12.*—Delightful walk by the river and fields at Tyttenhanger. Dear Grandmama well.

"*June 16.*—Lansdowne House ball.

"*June 27—July 3.*—At Ingestre.

"*July 16.*—Most beautiful sermon at S. George's by Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand. Walked about with W.

"*July 27.*—Reached Curraghmore.

"*Sept. 11.*—To the farm. Looked at the labourers' sleeping-places, the fowl-yard, school, &c.

"*Sept. 16.*—Reached Ford Castle.

"*Sept. 19.*—Johnny and Tina came.

"*Nov. 21.*—At Moore Abbey. A very successful play—'Queensberry Fête.' A ball afterwards. I danced with Lord Drogheda, Lord Bective, S. Ponsonby, Mr. Wortley, C. Lindsay. Very tired.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*Family Group at Curraymore  
with the Primates.*

*From Lady Waterford's Note Book.*



"*Nov. 24.*—W. hunting, had a bad fall and hurt his back.

"*Jan. 1854.*—Nanette Uniacke here.

"*Feb. 11.*—Left Nanette at Mrs. Osborne's.

"*Feb. 17.*—Settled site of new lodge. Our large party left.

"*Feb. 21.*—Very large party of men came. W. hunting.

"*March 29.*—W. came back from England: has lost his races. To the school and drove through the wood.

"*April 6.*—Long day of visits at Waterford: home by seven.

"*April 27.*—Set out for England, to Ingestre.

"*May 6.*—Reached Tyttenhanger.

"*May 17.*—Delightful walk up the wood gathering bluebells and finding the old tree with our names and the date 1832!<sup>1</sup>

"*May 18.*—Came up to London with Aunt Mex. Went to the Queen's ball with Char.

"*Oct. 4.*—Set off in the dark for Seaton Delaval: then to Seaton Sluice. Dined at Widdrington and home.

"*Oct. 8.*—Went to Floors Castle. Mr. J. Leslie came.

"*Oct. 13.*—Returned to Curraghmore.

<sup>1</sup> An old beech tree in Chaple Spring Spinney, near the house of Tyttenhanger, still bears, deeply cut:—

1832	{	K. D. (Katherine Douglas.)
		C. S. (Charlotte Stuart.)
		L. S. (Louisa Stuart.)
		H. Y. (Henry Yorke.)

“*Nov. 2.*—To the beech wood on the hill and round the racecourse: to cottages: afterwards a singing practice.

“*Nov. 11.*—W. hunting with Denis P. Beresford. Went to sick people and to farm: drew thistle-leaf. Finished ‘Stones of Venice.’

“*Dec. 20.*—Went to factory to get things for Kilmacthomas Christmas. Then to old Platt with flannel shirt, and on to the church to see the stove put up.”

To THE COUNTESS TALBOT.

“*Tittenhanger, May 15, 1854.*—Friday’s fête<sup>1</sup> was magnificent—brilliant and gay-looking—and I certainly was well amused. There was a *luxe* of pretty girls. A charming new daughter of Lady Abercorn’s, with graceful slight figure, and the freshest rosebud of a face, in a shepherdess’s dress of pink crape with a hat and crook, seemed the very ideal of Delia or Celia. Lady Mandeville’s was the gem of all the powdered heads. The ‘Nights’ were all beautiful—nothing more splendid than Lady Ernest Bruce, Lady Zetland, and Mrs. Fergusson—the difficulty would have been to choose. Miss Vyner as ‘Dawn’ struck me as looking more refined and distinguished than almost any one else, in plain white with a circlet of diamonds. Miss Evy Damer was very lovely, and her little sister is *à croquer*. There were some perfect queens, but none to compare with Lady Constance Grosvenor, whom I

<sup>1</sup> A *bal costumé* given by the French ambassador, Count Walewski, at which the Queen and Prince Consort were present.

think, on the whole, the most successful and beautiful of the many beauties present. The *real* Queen, who seemed in high good-humour, was not in fancy dress.

“I must not forget to tell you how very lovely Miss Lily Montague looked as a sea-nymph in sea-green, and a wreath of shells and coral, her fair hair quite dishevelled over her shoulders. Ingestre I should never have known in his dark wig, but he looked very well. Lord Drogheda was in tearing spirits—*poudré* and very happy.

“Certainly Conzy and Susey would have embellished the ball-room.

“I am going to the Court ball on Wednesday and to the Birthday on Saturday, but begin my London life next week with regret, for I have enjoyed dear old Tyttenhanger so very much, that I had much rather stay here, and come up to town now and then to anything that is going on. I have such a nice letter from W., I feel half ashamed to be parading and masquerading away from him.”

During the spring months of this year of the Crimean War, Lady Canning was actively employed in the work of sending out nurses to the East, examining into their qualifications, accepting or rejecting them. In the autumn she made a yacht voyage with Lord Canning in Norway.

VISCOUNTESS CANNING to  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*May 25, 1854.*—Stratford writes word that matters are very serious indeed at Constantinople.”

“*May 26, 1854.* . . . I am very busy and more troubled than ever about nurses, seeing and *not* sending them. Miss Nightingale has been very ill, but is out of danger.”

“*Bergen, August 20, 1854.*—We are only just arrived in Norway after seven days’ passage, and though we have not yet landed, are charmed with the beauty of this land-locked bay—so mountainous, and yet so gay with vegetation, like Scotland, but better.”

“*Stavanger, Sept. 5, 1854.*—Norway is much grander than Scotland, but it is very gloomy. The endless waterfalls are the peculiarity, and they come straight down into the fiords from the tops of the mountains. The Voring Foss is a horrid expedition, like riding up the back-stairs of Carlton Terrace, only twenty of them on the top of each other, and when you get to the top you look down twelve hundred feet and you see nothing but foam. You hold a birch tree and a man’s hand, or you may lie on your face if you like it better. . . . We have used the drag-net in fishing—for food, for we get none here except milk, and not always that.”

“*Christiansand, Sept. 7, 1854.*—The cholera accounts from Varna are horrible, and one reads over the names of the dead with fear and trembling. . . .”

“*Christiansand, Sept. 9, 1854.*—We sail to-morrow towards Copenhagen. This is a very pretty place, but, after the fiords, it seems quite unnecessary to go far to look at waterfalls and rocks and scenery, and it is now too late for fishing. We met Lord Dufferin on Monday on his way to Bergen.

“The accounts of sickness at Varna are quite dreadful. How can it be possible to undertake Sevastopol, with cholera in the ships and regiments? It is very, very sad.”

“*Grosvenor Square, Sept. 23, 1854.*—We crossed from Ostend last night, and I never saw London look more deserted: I suppose the cholera has driven away an unusual number of people. We are disappointed not to hear more positive confirmation of the telegraphic account of the landing of the army in the Crimea: I trust it is true, though much dangerous work remains.”

“*Sept. 25.*—The landing on the Crimea is all true. What a comfort it is to know of it. It sounds more perilous than either a battle or a siege.”

“*Sunday, Oct. 1, 1854.*—A *great victory*<sup>1</sup> is worth sending in a Sunday letter, so Canning gives me leave

<sup>1</sup> The battle of the Alma, Sept. 20, 1854.

to tell you before you get it in your *Times*. The Duke of Newcastle came to announce it to us last night. He had a telegraphic despatch from Stratford, dated the 23rd, sent by Tahtar to Semlin, and which arrived here at seven yesterday evening. It is to announce that on the 20th the Russian intrenched camp on the Alma was attacked. The battle began at 1 P.M., and the position was carried, at the point of the bayonet, at 3 P.M. The Russians were in full retreat. Our loss, in killed and wounded, was 1400, and the French about the same. A gazette extraordinary was immediately published, and it was telegraphed all over the country. The details cannot be had till the 5th or 6th at soonest. . . . There must be dreadful suspense till the lists of killed and wounded are published."

"*Oct. 17, 1854.*—You will be glad to hear that Government sends out a band of nurses to Scutari, and Miss Nightingale is to head them. Her family have consented, and no one is so well fitted as she is to do such work—she has such nerve and skill, and is so gentle and wise and quiet. Even now she is in no bustle or hurry, though so much is on her hands, and such numbers of people volunteer services."

"*Paris, Oct. 24, 1854.*—I have little to tell, as we have only seen the Cowleys and Sydneys. To-day we are appointed to go to St. Cloud, and I have had to rush about after bonnets, &c. It is horrid to be so given to frivolities just now, when one is hearing all the



horrors from the Crimea, and in the expectation of more. . . . Miss Nightingale came to see me—very happy and stout-hearted, and with an ample stock of nurses.”

“*Paris, Oct. 27, 1854.*—Canning is gone to shoot with the Emperor at St. Germain, and I am now waiting to go an expedition with Lady Sydney. . . . We went to be presented the day before yesterday at St. Cloud. The Emperor and Empress received us both together in a drawing-room at the corner looking towards Paris. She is certainly exceedingly pretty and graceful. It is a singular face, with the eyes rather too near together, but of a beautiful shape, and she has a short upper lip and good skin, and it is very real beauty of its kind. I always knew she is not what *we* call tall, and she is half a head less than me. The Emperor is very short, and broader than I thought. He and Canning sat on one side and talked of graver subjects, and she and I on the other—much lighter in our topics. They were both of them under the idea that I was a sister of Lady Jocelyn’s, which C. discovered, but I did not, and I had been puzzled why I had especially to answer questions about Lord Palmerston and to be answerable for him. C., I think, cleared it up with the Emperor.

“They said a great deal about Sevastopol and the anecdote of Lord Raglan’s saying about his arm, which they told with great delight; but I don’t the least believe he said it, it sounds so much more like a Frenchman. The Empress asked after no end of English friends, and now and then launched into gossip with

great animation: she must be very amusing when at her ease. The *dames d'honneur* and the Princesse d'Essling, the *grande maîtresse*, were sitting in another salon, like people in an English country-house, and aides-de-camp going about from room to room. The quantity of rooms and good furniture and good flowers beat our English palaces terribly: at Windsor, for an audience, we should have to take people through a shabby dark corner. They believe the French visit to England is to be next year, if all goes well."

"*Windsor Castle, Dec. 20, 1854.*—I found the whole royal party going to dine with the Duchess of Kent. This is rather a dull little party, which happens once or twice a year, and the same dinner, and music, and company serve over and over again, as at Windsor. Everybody knits, and the Queen is doing a comforter for the Duke of Cambridge. . . . They all seem in much better spirits than a month ago.

"Lou's drawing has just arrived here. It is 'Reading the Queen's Letter at Scutari,' and very good."

"*Windsor Castle, Dec. 24, 1854.*—We assembled in the corridor at seven this evening for the Christmas trees and to receive presents. Everybody had very pretty things, and the children quantities of toys and books. There were pictures and things from Balmoral for the Queen and Prince, and no end of surprises of work from the children to them. A great drawing of Mary Queen of Scots and a poem illustrated

by the Princess Royal were full as good as Lou could have done at her age—perhaps, in some ways, better than Lou's, and done quite by herself, at fourteen.

“A happy Christmas to you and Grandmama and the dear Aunts.”

“*Windsor Castle, Jan. 1, 1855.*—There is little news from the East, but an impression that things are better, and past the worst, and the storming very near. They now find all the much-needed hospital stretchers, &c., were lying all the time unopened at Balaclava, and so it probably is with everything: I believe the staff is most inefficient. The *Times* writes worse than ever about Lord Raglan: he has probably snubbed the correspondents.

“We have a concert of sacred music to-night in St. George's Hall, and on Friday we go to Osborne till Monday—a little change, which will be good for the Queen and Prince, for all these troubles keep them awake at night, as well they may.”

“*Jan. 31, 1855.*—I am so glad the Duke of Cambridge has had such a good reception. It will please him, and it is quite right.”

VISCOUNTESS STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE to  
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Constantinople, Feb. 5, 1855.*—Things are looking better in Crimea and here—our weather is brightening, the warm clothing has reached the camp, the huts are springing up on all sides, and the railroad-stations are

up. I have taken upon myself Koolali Hospital, holding 2000, with Miss Stanley and her nurses. Miss S. is doing beautifully."

VISCOUNTESS CANNING *to*  
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Feb.* 19, 1855.—I have just sent off five bales and five boxes of collected comforts to the Crimea. I wonder if Louis Napoleon will really go to Sevastopol: if he thinks of it really, it is a good sign that he believes the place will be taken, for he would not venture on a strong chance of failure."

"*Grosvenor Square, Feb.* 22, 1855.—I feel anxious about Caledon,<sup>1</sup> and am glad you are gone to Tyttenhanger, where Aunt Caledon must have felt lonely, with no one to talk to of her hopes and fears."

"*March* 8, 1855.—I believe I am to have all the new nurses on my shoulders, and I think with terror of L.'s light way of talking of writing 800 letters, and seeing 800 women. It is harder duty, if not exaggerated, than any nursing of the sick: but I must trust to her having cleared the path, and next week I begin, if Lord Panmure pleases. The Turks' victory over the Russians at Eupatoria has been a really great event.

"The Duke of Cambridge's little dinner went very well and made him very happy. The Queen invited

<sup>1</sup> Her first cousin, James Du Pré, third Earl of Caledon.

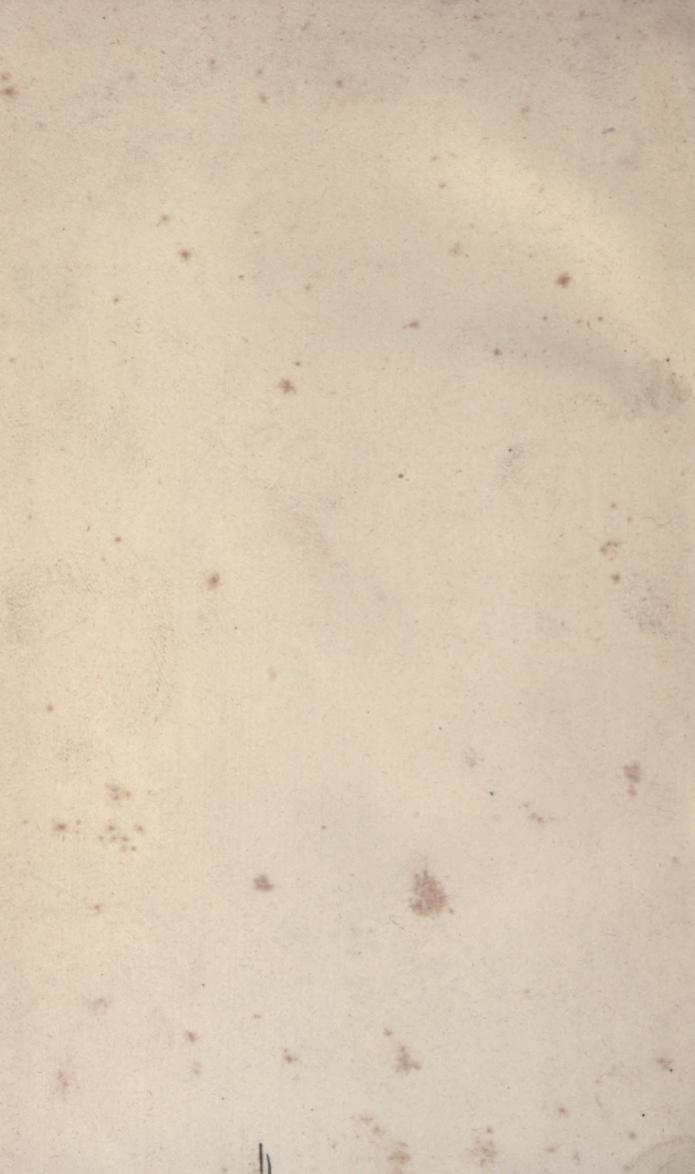
herself, and his little bachelor apartment was beautifully smartened up to receive her. Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord Hardinge and Kilmansegge were the *invités*. To-morrow we go to Woolwich on an expedition after ammunition and sick soldiers."



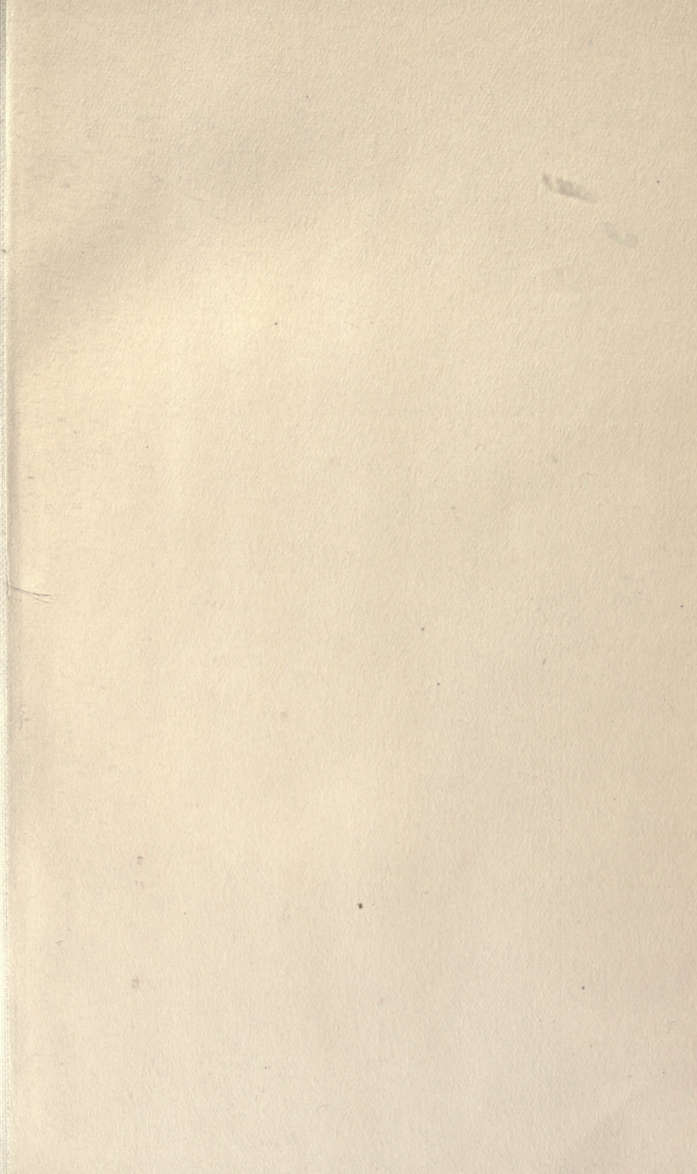
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