

# **The Letter–Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer–Stanhope v. I**

A. M. W. Stirling



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# **The Letter–Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer–Stanhope v. I**

**A. M. W. Stirling**

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[Illustration: THE VISCOUNTESS ANSON]  
THE LETTER–BAG OF LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER–STANHOPE  
COMPILED FROM THE CANNON HALL PAPERS, 1806–1873  
BY A. M. W. STIRLING  
TWO VOLUMES: VOLUME ONE

“TON IS INDEED A CAMELEON WHOSE HUE CHANGES WITH EVERY RAY OF LIGHT.”  
ALMACK’S

TO CHARLES G. STIRLING  
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

## PREFACE

The following papers, which extend over a space of nearly seventy years during a most interesting period of our National History, may be said to form a sequel and a conclusion to two previous publications, *Coke of Norfolk and his Friends*, which appeared in 1906, and *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, which appeared in 1911. They are, however, more essentially a continuation of the latter, in which the Cannon Hall muniments and anecdotes were brought down to the years 1805–6, from which date the narrative is resumed in the present volume.

In that first series of Papers which was published in the *Annals*, the bulk of the correspondence centred round the personality of Walter Spencer– Stanhope, M.P., who lived from 1749 to 1821. In the present series, the correspondence is principally addressed to or written by John Spencer– Stanhope, his son, who lived from 1787 to 1873. Other letters, doubtless, there were in plenty, to and from other members of the family, but only those have survived which found their way back to the old Yorkshire house whence so many of them had originally set forth with their messages of love and home tidings, and which were there preserved, eventually, by the grandmother of the present writer, Lady Elizabeth, wife of John Stanhope and daughter of the celebrated 'Coke of Norfolk.'

The following book, therefore, is appropriately termed the "Letter–bag" of the lady to whom its existence is due, although her personal contribution to its contents does not commence before the year 1822, when she first became a member of the family circle of its correspondents. In it, in brief, is represented the social existence of two generations and the current gossip of over half–a–century, as first set forth by their nimble pens in all the freshness of novelty. Thus it is an ever–shifting scene to which we are introduced. We become one with the daily life of a bygone century, with a family party absorbed in a happy, busy existence. We mingle with the gay throng at the routs and assemblies which they frequented. We meet the "very fine" beaux at whom they mocked, and the "raging belles" whom they envied. Then the scene changes, and we are out on the ocean with Cuthbert Collingwood, in our ears rings a clash of arms long since hushed, a roar of cannon which has been silent throughout the passing of a century, while we gauge with a grim realisation the iron that entered into the soul of a strong man battling for his country's gain. Then the black curtain of death shrouds that scene, and we are back once more in the gay world of *ton*, with its petty gossip and its petty aims.... Later, other figures move across the boards; Wellington, as the ball–giver, the gallant *chevalier des dames*; Napoleon, in his *bonnet de nuit*, a mysterious, saturnine figure; his subordinates, who shared his greed without the dignity of its magnitude; next, in strange contrast, Coke of Norfolk, the peaceful English squire, seen thus for the first time—not as a public character, a world–wide benefactor—but in the intimacy of his domestic life, as "Majesty," the butt of his daughter's playful sallies, as the beloved father, the tender grandfather, a gracious, benevolent presence. We read the romance of his daughter, that pretty, prim courtship of a bygone day; we see her home life as a young wife, the coming of another race of merry children; by and by, we follow the fortunes of graceful "little Madam" with her brilliant eyes, and see the advent of yet another lover of a later day. So the scenes shift, the figures come and go, the great things and the small of life intermingle. And as we read, by almost imperceptible stages, the Georgian has merged into the Victorian, and the young generation of one age has faded into the older generation of the next, till we are left confronted with the knowledge, albeit difficult of credence, that both have vanished into the mists of the Unknown.

Meanwhile, one aspect of this glimpse into the past requires but little insistence. Among these two generations of Stanhopes a high standard of education prevailed. This, coupled with the opportunities which they possessed of mingling with the best–known people of their day, both in England and France, makes it obvious that records written by such writers, with all the happy abandon of a complete sympathy between scribe and recipient, have a value which transcends any more laboured enumeration of historical data. The worth of their correspondence lies in the fact that it presents, artlessly and candidly, the outlook of a contemporary family, of good position and more than average intelligence, upon events ordinary and extraordinary, under four sovereigns. And while many books have been edited describing the sayings and doings of Royal personages and political leaders during that period, few have yet been published which present them in the intimate guise in which they jostle each other throughout the following pages, and fewer still which give any adequate picture of the social life as lived during these years by the less notable bulk of the community.

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Yet more, the writers of these letters are no mere puppets of ancient history, who move in a world unreal to us and shadowy. Their remarks to us are instinct with the freshness—the actuality—of to–day. Whether as happy, noisy schoolboys and girls, or as men and women of the fashionable world bent on pursuit of pleasure or of learning, to us they are emphatically alive. Almost we can hear and echo the laughter of that merry home–circle; their jests are our own, differently phrased, their joys and sorrows knit our hearts to them across the century. They lived at a date so near our own that it has all the charm of similarity—with a difference; and it is just this likeness and unlikeness which lend such piquancy to their experiences.

“In town what numbers into fame advance,  
Conscious of merit in the coxcombs' dance,  
The Op'ra, Almack's, park, assembly, play,  
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day,  
That wheel of fops, that saunter of the town,  
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.”

*Young*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

For the enlightenment of those readers who have not read the previous volumes of which the present is the continuation, it may be well to recapitulate briefly the material with which these dealt.

In 1565 a branch of the Stanhopes came from Lancashire into Yorkshire, and eventually settled at Horsforth, Low Hall, near Calverley Bridge, in the latter county. During the period of the Civil Wars, a branch of the family of Spencer migrated from the borders of Wales into Yorkshire, and in the reign of Charles II. one of them purchased the house and land at that date constituting the estate of Cannon Hall. In 1748 Walter Stanhope of Horsforth united the two families by his marriage with Ann Spencer of Cannon Hall, and their son Walter, eventually inheriting both properties from his respective uncles, bore the name of Spencer–Stanhope.

Walter Spencer–Stanhope was for thirty–nine years a member of the House of Commons, during which time he represented respectively Haslemere, Carlisle, and Hull. In 1787 he married Mary Winifred Pulleine, who inherited the estates of Roddam and Dissington in Northumberland, in trust for her third and fourth sons. By her he had fifteen children, but his eldest son and first–born child, owing to an accident at birth, was rendered *non compos*, and his second son, John, was therefore in the position of his heir.

Mrs Stanhope, an exemplary and affectionate mother, appears occasionally to have become confused with the number of her progeny and to have been fearful of forgetting the order of their rapid entrance into the world or of certain events which formed a sequel to their arrival. She therefore compiled a list of such incidents, which is here subjoined, since the reader may find it useful for occasional reference.

### *The Family of Walter Spencer–Stanhope of Cannon Hall.*

Walter Spencer–Stanhope, his first–born, came into the world about eight o'clock in the morning of the 26th of August, 1784, & was christened in Horsforth Chapel the 25th of September following, his Sponsors were Edward Collingwood, John Ashton Shuttleworth, Esqre., Mrs Lawson of Chirton. He was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale the 13th of February, 1787, and had about 30 small–Pox. He had the measles very favourably in November 1790.

Marianne, our next–born, came into the world in Grosvenor Square on the 23rd of May, 1786, about 7 o'clock in the morning, was baptised there on the 20th June following. Her Sponsors were Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Mrs Stanhope, and Mrs Greame his mother and aunt. She was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale the 13th of February 1787, and was very full. She had the measles in Grosvenor Square very favourably in March 1806. [1]

John, his third child, came into the world in Grosvenor Square on the 27th of May, 1787, between 6 & 8 o'clock in the morning. He had private Baptism in his house that Evening & public Baptism on June 25th, 1787, or thereabouts. His Sponsors were the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Mathew White Ridley and Lady Glyn. He was inoculated the 12th February, 1788, by Baron Dimsdale and had the disorder favourably. He had the Measles and Whooping–cough at Sunbury. [2]

Anne, his 4th child, was born September 7th, 1788, between 6 & 8 in the Morning at Cannon Hall, was christened at Cawthorne Church, November 2nd, 1788, having received private Baptism about a Fortnight after she was born. She was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale on or about 24th of April, 1789, and had the Disorder very favourably. Her Sponsors were the Countess of Burford, Mrs Marriott & Mr Pulleine. [3]

Catherine, his fifth Child, was born between 6 & 8 o'clock on the

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morning of September, 1789, at Cannon Hall; was christened at the beginning of November following, having received private Baptism 3 weeks before. Her Sponsors were Mrs Bigge, Mrs Anne Shafto & Colonel Glyn, She was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale, the beginning of April, 1790, and had the Disorder very favourably. She died 20th of November, 1795, of a Complaint in the Throat or Lungs, and was buried at Cawthorne Church.

Elizabeth, our next Child, was born on the 5th of November 1790, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, had first private Baptism & was afterwards christened at Cawthorne Church on the 11th of December following. The Sponsors were Mrs Ord, of Morpeth, Mrs Pulleine & Mr John Collingwood. She was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale in March 1791 & had the disorder very favourably. Died April 15th, 1801, of obstruction, in Grosvenor Square, and was buried in St James's Chapel, Hampstead Road.

Edward, our seventh Child, was born on the 30th October, 1791 at 1/2 past twelve at noon, was christened at Cannon Hall in December. The Sponsors were Mr Collingwood, Mr Fawkes of Farnley & Mr Glyn. He was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale April 1st, 1792 & had the Disorder very favourably. Had the measles in 1806. [4]

William, our eighth Child was born at 1/2 past four o'clock on the 4th of January 1793, was christened on the 5th of February following, at Cawthorne Church. His Sponsors were Admiral Roddam, Mr Carr Ibbotson and Mrs Beaumont. He was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale the 24th of March, 1793, & had the Disorder very favourably. He had the Measles at Sunbury School May 1802. Went to Sea in the Ocean to join Lord Collingwood off Cadiz, March, 1806. [5]

Thomas Henry, our ninth Child, was born at 1/2 past one in the morning the 14th of May 1794, was christened the 9th of June following in Grosvenor Square. His Sponsors were Lady Carr Glyn, Collingwood Roddam Esqre., & Ashton Shuttleworth Esqre. He was inoculated by Baron Dimsdale in April 1795 & had the Disorder very favourably. Had the Measles at Sunbury 1802. Died April the 3rd, 1808, after a long and painful illness. Was buried with Eliza in St James's Chapel in Hampstead Road.

Charles, our tenth Child, born on the 14th October, 1795, christened at Cawthorne, Sponsors Colonel Beaumont, James Shuttleworth Esqre., Mrs Elizabeth Roddam. Was inoculated in the spring, 1796, by Baron Dimsdale. [6]

Isabella, our eleventh Child, was born on the 20th of October 1797, at one in the morning, christened at Cawthorne Church the 8th of December following. Sponsors, Mrs Roddam, Mrs Smith of Dorsetshire & Mr Smyth of Heath. Was inoculated in Autumn 1798 by Mr Greaves of Clayton. [7]

Philip, our twelfth Child, was born January 25th, 1799, at one in the morning; was christened by Mr Phipps February, 1799. The Sponsors were Mr Edwyn Stanhope, the Rev. John Smith, Westminster & Lady Augusta Lowther. Was inoculated with the Cow-pox May 1800 by Mr Knight. Had the Measles at Putney in the Autumn, 1806. [8]

Frances Mary, our thirteenth Child was born on the 27th of June, 1800, at 1/2 past twelve at Noon in Grosvenor Square & was christened there by the Rev. Mr Armstrong on the 26th of July following. The Sponsors were Samuel Thornton Esqre, Mrs Greame of Bridlington & Mrs Marriott

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of Horsmonden, Kent. Inoculated with the Cow–pox by Mr Greaves in the Autumn of 1800. [9]

Maria Alicia, our fourteenth Child, was born at Cannon Hall the 4th of September 1802, 1/2 before seven in the Morning & was christened at Cannon Hall by the Rev. Goodair on 22nd of October following. The Sponsors were the Rev. D. Marriott, Mrs Henry Pulleine of Carlton Mrs Morland of Court Lodge, Kent. Inoculated with the Cow–pox by Mr

Whittle in Grosvenor Square the Spring following. [10]

Hugh, our fifteenth Child, [11] was born September 30th, 1804, about five in the Morning & was christened at Cawthorne Church by the Rev. Mr Goodair the 1st of November following. The Sponsors were Edward Collingwood Esqre., Mr Smith of Dorsetshire & Lady Elizabeth Lowther of Swillington. The four youngest had the measles at Ramsgate.

As will be seen by this comprehensive list, of the fifteen children of Walter Spencer–Stanhope and his wife, three only failed to attain maturity. The tale of their brief lives has no part in the following correspondence, and might be dismissed without comment, save that the mention of them serves to bring yet nearer to us that mother whose powerful brain, warm heart and tireless pen bound to her the affections of her children with a devotion seldom surpassed.

Of Henry Stanhope, destined to die after much suffering, many letters, not inserted here, remain eloquent of the manner in which, throughout his long illness, his mother denied herself to all her acquaintance and never left his side. Of little Catherine Stanhope, who expired at the age of five, two pathetic mementoes exist. One is a large marquise ring which never left the mother's finger till she, too, was laid in the grave; the other a silken tress like spun sunshine, golden still as on that day in a dead century when, viewing it through her tears, Mrs Stanhope labelled it tenderly—“*My dear little Catherine's hair, cut off the morning I lost her, November 20th, 1795.*” Of little Elizabeth a more curious and harrowing reminiscence has survived.

*Grosvenor Square, Saturday, April the 28th, the day on which the remains of my dear child were deposited in the vault at Mrs Armstrong's Chapel between six and seven in the morning, attended by her dear, afflicted father.*

So little Elizabeth, in the spring–time of her life, passed to her grave at a strangely early hour on that April morning; and her mother, in the hushed house, took up the thread of life once more with pious submission and the iron will for which she was remarkable.

At the date at which this book opens, many years had gone by since that storm of sorrow had fallen upon her, suddenly, like a bolt from the blue. All unsuspected, indeed, another grief, the death of her little son, was approaching; but for the present contentment reigned.

[Illustration: MARIANNE]

[Illustration: MRS. SPENCER–STANHOPE AND HER FIVE DAUGHTERS]

[Illustration: ANNE]

[Illustration: ISABELLA]

[Illustration: FRANCES]

[Illustration: MARIA]

After celebrating the Christmas festivities, as usual, in Yorkshire, early in January, 1805, she journeyed with her husband and family back to their house in London, No. 28 Grosvenor Square, a building since much altered, but still standing at the corner of Upper Grosvenor Street. [12] There she was occupied introducing into society her clever eldest daughter Marianne, aged nineteen, and preparing for the *debut* of her second daughter, Anne; and thence with the dawning of that year destined to be momentous in English history, she wrote to her son John, his father's heir– presumptive, a youth of eighteen, who had just gone to Christ Church:

The New Year smiles upon us, and, thank God, finds us all well, except Henry, and he gains strength. May you see many happy ones and may the

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commencing year prove as happy to you as I have every reason to believe the last was.... You are really, my dear John, the most *gallant* son I ever heard of to make such very flattering speeches.... It is vastly gratifying to a mother to have a son desire to hear from her so frequently, and such a request must always be attended to with pleasure.

How assiduously the writer fulfilled her promise is testified by those packets of letters, dim with the dust and blight of a vanished century, but in which her reward is likewise attested. “I do not believe,” she affirms proudly, “that there is a man at either of the Universities who writes so often to his mother as you do, and let me beg you will continue to do so, for the hearing from you is one of the chief pleasures of my life.” Moreover, that family of eight sons and five daughters, who, at this date, shared her attention, in their relations to each other were singularly united. Throughout their lives, indeed, the tie of blood remained to them of paramount importance, although, as often happens, this fact bred in them a somewhat hypercritical view of the world which lay without that charmed circle. Graphic and lively as it will be seen are their writings, their wit was at times so keen–edged that it is said to have caused considerable alarm to the dandies and belles of their generation, who suffered from the too vivacious criticism of their young contemporaries. This was more particularly so in the case of Marianne, the eldest daughter, afterwards the anonymous author of the satirical novel *Almack's*. Brilliant and full of humour as is her correspondence, it shows her to have been what family tradition reports, rich in talent and accomplishments, gifted with imagination and keenly observant of her surroundings, but withal cynical of speech and critical of temperament—a woman, perhaps, more to be feared than loved.

Her brother John, the recipient of most of the following letters, was, on the contrary, a youth of exceptional amiability, and unalterably popular with all whom he encountered. Intellectual from his earliest childhood, in later life he was a profound classical scholar. A seven months' child, however, the constitutional delicacy which was a constant handicap to him throughout his existence had been further accentuated by an unlucky accident. When at Westminster, a fall resulting from a push given to him by Ralph Nevill, Lord Abergavenny's son, had broken his collar–bone, and with the Spartan treatment to which children were then subjected, this injury received no attention. But what he lacked in physical strength was supplied by dauntless grit and mental energy, so that, although in the future debarred by his health from taking any active part in political life, he early attained, as we shall see, to no mean fame as a traveller and an explorer, while he was regarded as one of the savants of his generation.

During 1805, when he was yet a freshman at Christ Church, his younger brothers and sisters were likewise variously employed with their education, the boys at the celebrated schools of Sunbury and Westminster, the girls in the seclusion of a large school–room in the rambling house in Grosvenor Square. And that the learning for which they all strove was of a comprehensive nature, moreover, that those of their party who had already entered the gay world never disdained to share such labours, is shown in a letter written many years afterwards to John by his brother Charles, in which the writer complains sarcastically—

You have no idea how happy, year by year, as of yore, the little ones seem—for they will always be called so, though now Frances is as big as me and amazingly handsome). Yet still they have not one moment of time to themselves. They cram and stuff with accomplishments incessantly, and they prison me in my room & won't allow me to pry into the haunts of the Muses. Marianne and Anne have been learning to paint for these last two years, and make (*I think*) but slow progress. Marianne never will have done (*I wish I could be so industrious*). She is now beginning to learn the harp. They are both learning to sing from some great star, which is only money and time thrown away; & Isabella, Frances and Maria learn to dance of one of the most celebrated Opera dancers. Isabella learns a new instrument something like a guitar, called a harp–lute. Marianne and Anne, having learnt French, German, Latin and Italian, are now at a loss to find

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something left to know, and talk of learning Russian. They will be dyed blue–stocking up to their very chins.

Allowing for the exaggeration of a schoolboy, the letter throws an interesting light on the standard of education aimed at by those who, despite the imputation to the contrary, had no pretension to belong to the recognised blue–stocking coteries of their day. And the father of that busy, happy circle, in the seriousness of his own life and aims, presented the same contrast to many of his contemporaries which was reflected in his family.

Fourteen years senior to his wife, and at this date in his fifty–seventh year, Walter Stanhope had been M.P. respectively for his different constituencies since 1775. A keen politician, he was punctilious in his attendance at the House.

Nevertheless, as shown in a former volume, although a man of ability and of intense earnestness of purpose, his devotion to his political labours never wholly counteracted a certain lethargy of temperament which, throughout his life, limited achievement. Thus, although in his youth undoubtedly gifted with a lively fancy, or with what his generation termed sensibility, this very trait seems at variance with the sum of his later career. True, that under stress of emotion he could rise to heights of impassioned oratory which provoked by its very evidence of latent power; but the tenor of his existence was scarcely in accordance with these brief flashes of genius, and the fulfilment of his prime belied its promise. The record of his life remains one which commands respect rather than admiration. Level–headed, sober in judgment and conduct, even while possessed of a wit which was rare and a discernment at times profound, his days flowed on in an undeviating adherence to duty which makes little appeal to the imagination. As a churchman, as a parent, as a landowner, as a politician he fulfilled each avocation with credit. As a man of the world he could toy with but remain unmastered by the foibles of his age. While a Fox and a Pitt rose to heights and sank to depths which Stanhope never touched; while a Wilberforce was imbued with religious fervour as with a permeating flame, Stanhope, to his contemporaries, presented something of an anomaly. As in his early years he had been a Macaroni who eschewed the exaggerations of his sect, so throughout life he could gamble without being a gamester, could drink without being a toper, be a politician without party acumen, and a man of profoundly religious feelings devoid of fanaticism. But since he who himself is swayed by the intensity of his convictions is he who in turn sways his fellows, possibly the very restraint which saved Stanhope from folly debarred him from fame. [13]

Meantime his generation was one of colossal exaggeration, both in talent and in idiocy, in virtue and in vice. Men sinned like giants and as giants atoned. Common sense, mediocrity—save upon the throne—were rare. Even the fools in their folly were great. The spectacle was recurrent of men who would smilingly stake a fortune as a wager, who could for hours drench their drink–sodden brains in wine, then rise like gods refreshed, and with an iron will throw off the stupor which bound them, to wield a flood of eloquence that swayed senates and ruled the fate of nations. Even the fops in their foppishness were of a magnitude in harmony with their period. They could promote dandyism to a fine art and win immortality by perfecting the role. Their affectation became an adjunct of their greatness, their eccentricity an assumption of supremacy; their very insolence was a right divine before which the common herd bowed with a limitless tolerance.

In the world of London, as that celebrated gossip, Gronow, points out, from generation to generation, certain men of fashion have come to the fore amongst the less conspicuous mass of their fellows, and have been defined by the general term of “men about town.” The earlier representatives of that race, the Macaronis of a former date, ere 1805 had been replaced by a clique of dandies whose pretensions to recognition were based on a less worthy footing. For while those previous votaries of fashion, although derided and caricatured according to the humour of their day, were, none the less, valuable patrons of art and literature, the exquisites of a later date could seldom lay claim to such distinction. To dine, to dress, to exhibit sufficient peculiarity in their habits and rudeness in their manners whereby to enhance that fictitious value in the eyes of those who did not dare to emulate such foibles, was the end and aim of their existence. Yet it is doubtful whether posterity remembers them less faithfully. Side by side with the great names of their century there has come down to us the record of these apparently impudent pretenders to fame, and it is questionable whether a Nash, a Brummell, or a D'Orsay are less familiar to the present generation than those whose claim to the recognition of posterity was not so ephemeral.

Thus, while the circle of acquaintance with which the lives of Stanhope and his family at this date mingled serves to throw into sharper relief his own divergence of character from that of many of his contemporaries—those men who to great abilities, and sometimes to great achievement, joined the pettiness of a fop and the follies

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of a mountebank—still more did the typical man-about-town, with his whims and his foibles, his shallow aims and his lost opportunities, compare strangely with the larger souls of his generation. For the moment was one which called forth the greatness or the littleness of those who met it, and which heightened that contrast of contemporary lives.

With the coming of the nineteenth century the political outlook for England had waxed grave. The air was full of wars and rumours of wars. Napoleon, the mighty scourge of the civilised world, was minded to accomplish the downfall of the one Power which still defied his strength. "The channel is but a ditch," he boasted, "and anyone can cross it who has but the courage to try." Boats were in readiness at Boulogne and at most of the French ports, fitted up for the attempt, while the Conqueror of Europe dallied only for the psychological moment to put his project into execution. With bated breath Europe awaited the possible demolition of the sole barrier which yet lay between the Tyrant and universal monarchy, while upon the other side of the "ditch" the little Island expected his arrival in a condition of prolonged tension and stubborn courage. At any moment her blue waters and green fields might be dyed with blood. At any moment a swarm of foreign invaders might trample her pride in the dust, and crush her as other nations had been effectually crushed. But she meant to sell her liberty dear. Out of a population averaging 9,000,000 souls there were 120,000 regular troops, 347,000 volunteers, and 78,000 militia; and still Napoleon paused.

Upon the threatened throne still sat good Farmer George and his prim German consort, models of dull domesticity, of narrow convictions, of punctilious etiquette—the epitome of respectable and respected mediocrity, save when, with a profound irony, the recurring blast of insanity transformed the personality of the stolid monarch, and shattered the complacency of the smug little Court. Within its shelter hovered the bevy of amiable Princesses, whose minutest word and glance yet lives for us in the searchlight of Fanny Burney's adoring scrutiny. Afar, the sons pursued their wild careers. The Prince of Wales, the mirror of fashion, dined and drank, coquetted with politics and kingship, and—a very travesty of chivalry—betrayed his friend, broke the heart of the woman who loved him, deserted the woman who had wedded him, and tortured with petty jealousy the sensitive soul of the child who might rule after him.

In secret silence Mrs Fitzherbert endured the calumny of the world, and ate out her heart in faith to the faithless. With flippant and undignified frivolity the Princess of Wales strove to support an anomalous position and find balm to her wounded pride and weak brain; while the passionate, all-human child-princess, Charlotte, awakening with pitiful precocity to the realities of an existence which was to deal with her but harshly, pitted her stormy soul against a destiny which decreed that before her the sweets of life were eternally to be flaunted, to be eternally withheld.

\* \* \* \* \*

But with the dawning of 1805 the crisis of England's fate approached consummation. Napoleon's plans were known to be completed. Pitt's Continental Allies were secretly arming. The sea-dogs who guarded the safety of our shores—Nelson, Collingwood, Cornwallis, Calder—were on the alert. Yet while England's very existence as a Nation hung in the balance, in the gay world of London those who represented the *ton* danced and flirted, attended routs and assemblies, complaining fretfully of the unwonted dullness of the town, or in their drawing-rooms discussed the topics of the hour—the acting of the wonder-child Roscius; the lamentable scandal relating to Lord Melville; or, ever and again—with a tremor—the possibilities of invasion.

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**THE LETTER-BAG OF LADY ELIZABETH  
SPENCER-STANHOPE**

## CHAPTER I. 1805–1806. LETTERS RELATING TO THE WORLD OF TON

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *January 18th, 1805.*

Here we are established as of old and beginning our usual avocations.... Our Opera–box we like extremely. I generally take some young woman, which makes us cheerful. Miss Glyn [1] was of my party one night, and was well pleased. Little Roscius [2] appeared again to–night. I almost despair of seeing him, though I will try.

On Saturday morning, Marianne and I and five or six hundred others went to hear Mr Sydney Smith [3] lecture upon the *Conduct of the Human Understanding*. His voice is fine and he is well satisfied with himself. I cannot say we came away much wiser, but we were well amused. I hear that Mr Smith protests that all women of talent are plain.

Lady de Clifford [4] is to be Governess to Princess Charlotte, Mrs and Miss Trimmer [5] the acting ones. I doubt the mother accepting the appointment. On the 25th February there is to be a grand ball at Windsor.

[Illustration: MRS. TRIMMER]

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *February 1st, 1805.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

I fear you will have thought me long in performing my promise, but as I was to have gone to Court yesterday, I delayed writing to you until the ceremony was over; as it is, instead of my letter being full of royalty, peers and ribbons, you must accept nothing but the remnant of those ideas, which the interesting hairbreadth adventures of *Tom Jones* have left me; in plain English the Drawing–room was put off on account of the Queen's indisposition, and I am just at the end of the above–mentioned delightful book. Oh! had I the wit of Partridge, the religion of Thwackum, or the learning of Square, I might describe with tolerable accuracy the intolerable stupidity of this great town. The Opera is thin of company, thin of performers, thin of lights, thin of *figurantes*, thin of scene–shifters, thin of everything! One night we were a good deal entertained by having his R.H., & *chere amie* [6] in the next box to us, really they squabbled so, you would have imagined they were man and wife....

As for Politicks, of which you ask so much, everyone here seems discontented. All Pitt's friends, angry that he has deserted them for Addington, and Lord Stafford, the head of them all, angry that the ribbon should be given to Lord Abercorn—to one who has protected rather than to one who has insulted Pitt—“Such little things are great to little men.”

The King, everyone agrees, looks charmingly and is more composed than he has been for long. Lady de Clifford is appointed Governess to the Princess (Charlotte)—*the bosom friend of Mrs Fitzherbert,*

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*helas!*—and Mrs and Miss Trimmer under her; some say they will not accept it. Dr Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, is to be Governor. I am for making he and Mrs Trimmer disagree about Religion.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope. February 23rd.*

On Thursday Marianne and I attended the Drawingroom, and so disagreeable a crowd I never was in. Miss Drummond [7] looked very well and Miss Glyn quite pretty—the great Hoop suits her figure. I have not heard you mention being acquainted with a young man of the name of Knox–Irish. [8] His father and mother live in this street, and are friends of Mrs Beaumont's. [9]

I have finished the Life of Sir William Jones. [10] His acquirements appear to have been wonderful—eight languages perfectly, but I think it was twenty–eight of which he had more or less some knowledge. He was withal a very religious man. His attainments were of the right sort, for they fixed his principles and all his writings are in favor of Virtue.

The speech Mr Windham made in the House of Commons was full of wit, and would I think amuse you.

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

*(Undated.)*

The apparent good spirits in which you write, even after a Mathematical Lecture, gives us reason to hope that that favourite exercise has not quite deprived you of your valuable intellect Long may it continue thus! Long may you be the glory of CH. CH. Mathematicians; and when you have left the British Athens, long may your name stand forward among the lists of those Worthies who discovered that two parallel, straight lines might run on to all Eternity without ever meeting!

As a little incitement to you to continue acquiring learning, I will send you a short account of the manner that two Dukes of Suffolk (*sic*) spent their time at Cambridge in 1550:

“During dinner, one of them read a Chapter of the Greek Testament, and did afterwards translate it into English; they then said Grace, in turns; & did afterwards propound questions, either in Philosophy or Divinity; & so spent all the time at Meat in Latin disputation.

“When there was any Public disputation, they were always present; every Morning they did read & afterwards translate some of Plato in Greek, & at Supper present their Labours. They were of St John's College, & every day were devoted to private lectures, & the Residue they did account for.”

I ought almost to apologise for sending you so long an extract, but I thought it would remind you so forcibly of yourself and your distribution of your time, that I was unwilling to deny you the pleasure of the comparison.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

*(Undated.)*

Thanks for the account of the distribution of your time. I flatter myself you are too much attached to home and to the life you have led

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here ever to get into the idle way of spending Sunday, which I fear you will witness too frequently at Oxford, for from your account of what they are obliged to do on that day, a very small portion only need be given up to the religious duties of the day.

I was particularly pleased with a passage I met with the other day in which Bishop Newton on the Prophecies, speaking of Lord Bolingbrook, who, you know, was an unbeliever and from his talents and eloquence had too much weight at the time, says, “Raleigh and Clarendon believed, Lock and Newton believed, where then is the discredit to Revelation if Lord Bolingbrook was an Infidel. 'A scorner,' saith Solomon, 'seeketh Wisdom and findeth it not'“

I know not if your father took any notice of the part of your letter to him where you mention that, in a lecture, it had been proved that the Blacks were a species between men and monkeys—I think, for I have not your letter, that I have stated rightly what was said. It might be asserted, but surely could not be *proved*, and it is doctrine I do not like, as it goes directly to justify using them as beasts of burthen—a very good argument for a slave dealer.

### *March 1st.*

Your father is very well. He was sorry for the fate of the Slave Trade Bill last night.

The Elopement and distress in the House of Petre has been the chief subject of conversation for the last few days. Miss Petre [11] made her escape from her father's house in Norfolk with her Brothers' tutor on Monday last. It is said they are at Worcester and married only by a Catholic Priest. However, Lord and Lady P. are gone there and it is expected she will be brought back to–night. They can do nothing but get her married to the man at Church. She is 18, he 30, and no Gentleman. She was advertised and 20 guineas reward offered to anyone who could give an account of the stray sheep. It is a sad History. What misery this idle girl has caused her parents, and probably ensured her own for life.

### *Marianne Stanhope to John Spencer Stanhope.*

#### *March 3rd.*

You have doubtless read in the papers the account of Miss Petre's elopement with her brother's tutor, Mr Philips. He is a very low man, quite another class, always dined with the children, never associated the least with the family, a sort of upper servant. Lady Petre thought him rather forward, he was to have left them at Easter. She had seen her daughter at twelve the night before, and only missed her at breakfast. Her clothes were all gone. A friend of his, a brandy merchant, accompanied her in the chaise, the tutor rode first. A clergyman refused to marry them some time ago at Lambeth, but they have since been married at Oxford by a Mr Leslie, a Catholic priest, which is not enough. They are not yet discovered.

### *The Same.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *March 4th, 1805.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

... London cannot be duller, those who remember it formerly were astonished at the change that time has wrought, and those who look forward to the future, hope it will not always be so; but without a joke, except the Opera and the house of Glyn, I have scarcely seen anybody or been anywhere. We have three dinner engagements this week, besides one at home, but not one Assembly. You must know that we contrive to go out almost every night, but that it is only one degree better, or if you please, two degrees worse, than dozing at home; then, you know, as the existence of an Assembly is the not having room to stir, when you have plenty of elbow room from the thinness of the company it must be bad; besides another thing, when you have no time for conversation, you fancy everybody is agreeable, and in fashionable life, trust me, imagination is always preferable to reality!

Not a ball have I heard of excepting one the other night at Mr Johnstone's, Hanover Square. Now you know, balls without dancing are such very enchanting things! Without the Opera it requires a stretch of imagination to know how we should have existed. Our neighbour, Mrs Fitzherbert, in the next box to our own, affords us plenty of amusement. I shall almost become an adept at finding out Royalty by their conversation, from frequently overhearing what passes between the Lady, and not only one but several of their R.H.'s. I will give you an infallible guide to a Royal conversation. Stupidity for its basis, an ignorance of intellectual merit for one prop, and a contempt of moral excellence for the other; witticisms, *double entendres*, mimicry, and every species of oaths that any English gentleman ever made use of for the *fond*; as a whole you may call it double refined folly and vulgarity. This is only doing justice to the conversations I have overheard; far be it from me to wish to diminish the meridian lustre with which these noble gentlemen shine. Let me rather forgive *them* for understanding who have no conduct and those for conduct who have no understanding. The excellent qualifications of the lady as an associate are evident, she has neither conduct nor understanding.

The ball at Windsor has been the general subject of conversation this last week. The House of Stanhope put in a good appearance. Mrs Pierrepont was there. The supper was most magnificent. Seats were raised above the rest for the Royal Family; during the entertainment the King rose, and gave the Queen's health, while everybody bowed and curtsied. Afterwards, the Queen repeated the same compliment to His Majesty.

Our next-door flirt complained much to Lord Grantham at being obliged to dance a great deal with Lord Petersham, which she thought very tiresome. Mr Kinnaird [12] seems quite off, Lord P. quite out of spirits. Papa thinks he really loves not her purse but *her*. She seems to love nobody, and flirts with everybody. I saw her at Court on Thursday se'nnight looking beautifully cross at not having a man near her. The Drawing-room was a dreadful squash.

I have seen a good deal of the Kinnairds lately, we dine there tomorrow and stay the evening. Georgiana is very pleased and looks well.

The Royal Institution is more the *ton* than anything and Ladies of all ages submit to a squeeze of an hundred people in a morning, to hear lectures on the Human Understanding, Experimental Philosophy,

Painting, Music or Geology. We only attend a course of the latter—don't shout at the name, it means the History of the Earth. You see how wise I grow! Mr Eyre thinks all the ladies will be pedants, and when you have been there, you will think so too. To see so large a party, the majority ladies, not very handsome though all listening with profound attention to the opinion of Descartes and Newton, some taking notes and all looking quite scientific, is really ridiculous. Mr Davy, [13] who lectures on Geology or the Chemical History of the Earth, is very clever, his style is good, his matter interesting, and to make use of an expression I heard a gentleman use, he certainly writes on the subject *con amore*.

I hope you will like Sir Wm. Jones's life. I have not read it but have heard it is very clever. My lectures at present are *Metastasio*, and *St Simon's Memoirs*, the Bp. of London's lectures and Bigland's *Letters on Ancient History*.

There is a little tale of Miss Edgeworth's which is much admired, "The Modern Griselda," which you must read.

Of the names mentioned in this letter, that of Lord Petersham deserves more than a passing notice. Among the members of the House of Stanhope, it must first be remarked, there were to be found some notable exceptions to the prevailing social type of that generation. Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, for one, although he failed to keep up the traditions of his famous predecessor in art and elegance, was never notorious for the weaknesses of his day; and Charles, the 3rd Earl Stanhope, more violently eschewed the foppishness of many of his contemporaries, devoting all his attention to mechanical contrivances and scientific research. His simplicity of life, however, was said to be the expression of his Republican tendencies which he had inherited in a pronounced form from his father, who had likewise left behind him the reputation of having been a magnificent patron of learning. In fact, in order to emphasize his democratic principles, so shabby had been the attire of the second Earl Stanhope, that on one occasion he had actually been stopped by a new door–keeper as he was about to enter the House of Lords. "Now then, honest man, go back!" quoth this vigilant guardian of the sacred precincts; "you can have no business in such a place, honest man!" And it was only with considerable difficulty that the eccentric peer had asserted his right to admittance among his fellows, whose honesty was enhanced by a more elegant exterior.

In marked contrast, therefore, to these other members of the family, it was in the Harrington branch that the foibles of the *beau monde* were cultivated with intention.

Charles, 3rd Earl of Harrington, born the same year as Charles, 3rd Earl Stanhope, had married Jane, daughter and heiress of Sir John Fleming, Bt, who proved no unworthy successor to her celebrated predecessor immortalised by George Selwyn for vivacity and abnormal conversational powers. [14] The drawing–room of this later Lady Harrington was recognised as a great social centre where her friends could meet, if not actually without invitation, at least at a shortness of notice which marked the informality of the entertainment and lent to it a subtle charm. The hostess, whose energy was unbounded, would go out in the morning and pay about thirty calls, leaving at each house an invitation bidding her friends to assemble at Harrington House that same evening.

She would then walk up Bond Street at the hour at which the fashionable young men of the day were likely to be abroad, and would dart from one side of the road to the other as she spied a suitable object for her purpose. A circle of friends assembled thus three or four times a week, resulted in the formation of a recognised clique, the delightful informality of which was much appreciated by her young relations from Grosvenor Square, and the *entree* into which was much envied by those who were admitted only to the larger and more stately parties reserved for the less favoured.

Nor were Lady Harrington's impromptu evening assemblies less celebrated than her perpetual tea–drinkings at Harrington House. The superior quality of this expensive beverage in which the family of Stanhope indulged there, and the frequency with which Lady Harrington presented it to her visitors at all hours of the day, gave rise to the saying that where you saw a Stanhope, there you saw a tea–pot. A story current in town was that when her son, General Lincoln Stanhope, returned home after a prolonged absence in India, he found the family party precisely as he had left them many years before, seated in the long gallery sipping their favourite refreshment. On

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his entry, his father looked up from this absorbing occupation, and, with a restraint indicative of the highest breeding, gave voice to the characteristic greeting—“Hullo! Linky, my dear boy, you are just in time for a cup of tea!”

Such a home was the very atmosphere in which to develop a fashionable man of the period; and the eldest son of the House, Charles. Lord Petersham, did not discredit his surroundings. Tall, handsome, and faultlessly clad, he was one of the most celebrated dandies of his day. Decidedly affected in his manners, he spoke with a slight lisp; and since he was said to recall the pictures of Henri IV., he endeavoured to accentuate this likeness by cultivating a pointed beard. He never went out till six in the evening, and one of his hobbies indoors was the strenuous manufacture of a particular sort of blacking which, he always maintained, once perfected, would surpass every other. His sitting–room emphasized his eccentricity. One side of it represented the family *penchant*, being covered with shelves upon which were placed canisters containing the most expensive and perfect kinds of tea. On the other, in beautiful jars, reposed an equally choice and varied assortment of snuffs. Lord Petersham's snuff–boxes and his canes were alike celebrated; indeed, his collection of the former was said to be the finest in England, and he was reported to have a fresh box for every day in the year. Thus Gronow relates that once when a light Sevres box which he was using, was admired, Lord Petersham responded with a gentle lisp—“Yes, it is a nice summer box—but would certainly be inappropriate for winter wear!”

Caricatures of the period represent the heir to the Earldom of Harrington clad in light trousers and a brown coat, seated upon a brown prancing horse. One of his whims, indeed, was to affect everything brown in hue—brown steeds, brown liveries, brown carriages, brown harness and brown attire. This was attributed to the fact of his having been in love with a fair widow of the name of Brown, whose charms he thus endeavoured to immortalise; but whatever the truth of this rumour, it is evident from the letter of Marianne Stanhope, that at the age of twenty–five he honoured with his devoted attention a lady whose personal attractions and unamiable disposition afforded a fund of entertainment to his relations living next door to her in Grosvenor Square. And this sidelight on the character of the dandy gives pause to criticism. How much, perhaps, of the eccentricity for which Lord Petersham was remarkable, like that of the celebrated Lady Hester Stanhope, may be attributed to the buffetings of a secret fate? Yet, this man who, with exceptional abilities and exceptional opportunity for exercising those abilities, could contentedly fill his empty days with the manufacture of blacking, or pass an entire night, as Gronow relates him to have done, playing battledore and shuttlecock for a wager with Ball Hughes, was, in much, a typical product of his generation. His mannerisms were accepted by his contemporaries with a forbearance which bordered on admiration, and, however childish his peculiarities, he remained unalterably popular. Nor were the other members of his family less appreciated for their good–nature and amiability.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *March 19th, 1805.*

I shall employ my Pen in sending you an account of last night's gaiety—the first really gay night Marianne has had.

We began our evening at a concert at Mrs Methuen's, from thence we proceeded to a very fine Assembly at the Ladies' Townshends, and about twelve arrived at the Duchess of Bolton's, where we found them tripping on the light fantastick toe with great spirit. Marianne found herself near Lady A. Stanhope, [15] who was extremely attentive to her, &her first partner introduced to her by Lady Harrington was Mr Mercer. After supper she danced a Reel, and afterwards two dances with Mr Dashwood, &then two with Mr Cooke of the Guards. I need not, after this account of the ball say she was well amused. There were a great many men &very young ones, not too fine to dance. Lord Alvanley [16] is not amongst the smartest. Hay Drummond amused me, for *at five in the morning*, he asked me if I had a daughter there!—I was in bed by 1/2 after five.

Marianne is quite well this morning and very well disposed to go to Almack's if your father does not object. On Thursday we go to another

ball at Lady Ledespenser's.

We have now delightful weather, soft rain yesterday; therefore I expect a pull in the Sociable will be delightful to–day & do us all good after our night's raking.

The Duchess of Bolton, [17] who was a cousin of Walter Stanhope, had been a widow since 1794, when the dukedom became extinct on the death of her husband. The latter, well known during the lifetime of his elder brother as the eccentric Lord Henry Paulet, was believed to have supplied Smollet with his character of Captain Whiffle in *Roderick Random*. For many years he had resided at Bolton—formerly Baltimore—House, a quaintly constructed, solitary mansion, standing on the outskirts of London amid rural scenery, and encircled by a fine garden. Celebrated for its hospitality in those the last days of its splendour, Bolton House had opened its portals nightly to the guests who drove down from town to take part in the festivities there, amongst the most frequent of whom had been Walter Stanhope and his young wife. The duchess, however, subsequent to her husband's death, had heard with dismay of a projected transformation in her surroundings. The erection of new buildings in the neighbourhood was predicted—houses which would blot out the rural scenery and for ever destroy the privacy of her country home. And although this dreaded innovation did not actually come to pass till 1801, long before the first stone of Russell Square had been laid, the duchess had sold her threatened mansion to Lord Loughborough, a friend of Walter Stanhope, and had established herself in a new home but four doors from the house of the latter, No. 32 Grosvenor Square.

Settled thus in the heart of London, her love of entertaining remained undiminished, and beneath her hospitable roof the House of Stanhope, in its various branches, continued to assemble as of yore. There Lady Harrington still figured as one of the most constant guests, ever ready to do a kindly action to any of her young relations whom she encountered. Mr Mercer, whom she presented to Marianne Stanhope at the party on March 18th, was, as she was well aware, a man greatly in request in society, and to whom an introduction was eagerly coveted on account of his exceptional talent for music. Gifted with a remarkably fine voice, he sang duets in company with a friend, in Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and English. “Mercer's voice and both their tastes are exquisite,” relates Lord Glenbervie at this date. “They accompany themselves, Mercer on the Pianoforte, Gill on a Spanish guitar, which he has had made under his own directions in London. Their foreign airs and words they have chiefly picked up recently from ballad–singers in the streets.”

Marianne Stanhope was therefore fortunate in securing this acquaintance, as she was in having for a partner “Mr Cooke of the Guards,” better known in London society as “Kangaroo Cooke,” for many years private aide–de–camp and secretary to the Duke of York, and of whom Gronow relates that, “He was in the best society and always attracted attention by his dandified mode of dress.” Still more, besides frequenting all the *Ton* parties in London at night, during the day he was invariably to be seen somewhere between the barracks of the Horse Guards and the premises of Weston the tailor in Bond Street, an ultra–fashionable promenade, which he paced and re–paced, thus satisfactorily exhibiting the beauty of his clothes and encountering the most select members of his acquaintance.

The curious nickname which clung to this dandy through life is usually ascribed to a quaint resemblance noticeable in him to the Australian quadruped after which he was called; but others attributed it rather to the leaps and bounds by which he advanced socially, though on account of his connections and the exquisite perfection of his dress this could not be considered surprising. The fact that he bore such a name was well known to him, and only on one occasion did it cause him any annoyance. Once, when dining on board the flag–ship off Lisbon with Admiral Galton, he was much startled by his host suddenly springing up and shouting out a mysterious order, the terms of which seemed like a veiled insult. “Make signal,” thundered the Admiral, “for the *Kangaroo* to get under way!” For one instant the dismayed beau feared that this was a nautical form of dismissal due to some offence of which he had unwittingly been guilty; but his neighbour at table relieved his fears by explaining that the Admiral was merely directing the immediate departure of one of the vessels of his squadron, which, by a strange coincidence, bore the same name as his honoured guest.

But a yet more celebrated leader of fashion mentioned by Mrs Stanhope as being present at the ball given by the Duchess of Bolton was Lord Alvanley. One of the accepted dandies in the same category as Lord Petersham, the Duke of Argyle, Lords Foley and Worcester, Beau Brummell and his great friend, Henry Pierrepont, Lord Alvanley had served with distinction in the army, and further enjoyed the reputation of being one of the wittiest

men in Europe. Short and somewhat stout, with a small nose and florid cheeks usually adorned with a lavish sprinkling of snuff, like his rival Lord Petersham, he cultivated a lisp which accentuated the humour of his utterances. He also adopted much the same method of enhancing his value by indulging in certain peculiarities which, however inconvenient to his fellows, appear to have been accepted by them with surprising amiability. For instance, being fond of reading in bed, when he at length felt sleep overpowering him, he would extinguish his candle by the novel method of popping it alight under his bolster, or flinging it into the middle of the room and taking a shot at it with his pillow—but if the shot was unsuccessful, with a heavy sigh he left it to take its chance. So well known, indeed, was this little habit of Lord Alvanley, that hostesses who were anxious not to have their houses set on fire at midnight would depute a servant to watch in a neighbouring apartment till his lordship composed himself to sleep, a precaution which was invariably adopted by Mrs Stanhope when he paid his annual visit to Cannon Hall.

However, despite such minor failings, Lord Alvanley enjoyed a popularity seldom surpassed. To his other recommendations was added that of being a celebrated *gourmet*, and the excellence was proverbial of the little dinners which he gave in his house in Park Street, St James's, to which never more than eight friends were bidden, and at which there was an apricot tart on the sideboard all the year round. Moreover, although like Brummell and Sheridan, many a *bon mot* was fathered upon him to which he had never given utterance, yet his reputation as a wit was well deserved, and at a date when both the dandies and the fine ladies prided themselves upon their undisguised insolence, Lord Alvanley remained a shining example of good-nature, so that, save, perhaps, in one instance recorded in this book, his wit never offended. Likewise, only once, it is said, did he exhibit reluctance in consenting to oblige anyone who requested from him a favour, on which occasion he conveyed his refusal in a singularly characteristic manner. Some friends were anxious to get up a representation of *Ivanhoe*, and begged Lord Alvanley to take the part of Isaac. "That I fear is impossible," he replied. "Why so?" urged his friends, "since you are so clever at doing different characters." "Ah, but—" objected Lord Alvanley, "in all my life I have never been able to *do* a Jew!"

In truth, with the House of Israel his extravagance had made him painfully familiar; nevertheless, as mentioned by Lord Broughton, on one occasion he made his peccadilloes in this respect the subject of another jest. "Is there any chance," he asked with assumed pathos, "of the ten tribes of Israel being recovered? For I have exhausted the other two!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was three months after the ball at Bolton House, which had been preceded by a concert at Mrs Methuen's that Mrs Stanhope mentions attending another entertainment given by the latter hostess, to which she went shortly after an evening of painful excitement.

*Tuesday, June 18th, 1805.*

You would read in the papers of the riot at the Opera House. So complete and mischievous a one I never before saw, or ever wish to see again. I saw part of the stage pulled up and thrown into the Pitt, and when the scene was thrown down, it was only wonderful people were not killed, as the stage was full. Notwithstanding the damage was said to amount from L900 to L1200, we are to have an Opera to-night.

It was said the House of Peers intended to, object to the Commons prosecuting one of their House, but I have not heard anything more of it—so I suppose it will pass over.

It formed the great topick of conversation at the Methuen's ball where we were till five this morning—fine, but dull—the best supper I ever saw.

The Opera House, at the date of this occurrence, was usually a brilliant and attractive scene. The accommodation was divided into seats in the gallery, boxes and pit. The latter, where many of the *elite* were seated, was separated from the stage by the orchestra only, which then consisted of less than half the number of performers of which it would be composed to-day. There were, consequently, no stalls, but a passage led from the entrance to the front seats, known as Fop's Alley from the dandies who lounged and promenaded there, partly

to see and partly to be seen by the ladies with whom the house was filled.

The dress of these exquisites was ruled by a punctilious etiquette, and their knee–breeches, lace ruffles, diamond buckles, and *chapeaux bras* were subject to the strictest regulations and to every fluctuation of the prevailing mode. Their gold–handled spy–glasses were impartially directed towards the stars upon the stage or to the belles in the neighbouring boxes, where, from the grand tier to the roof, was a dazzling display of beauty and of fashion. Their excursions to the Green Room were likewise interspersed with visits to those amongst the audience to whose boxes they had the entree; and as they murmured platitudes to their fair acquaintance, they traced languidly the locality of yet other friends whom they could visit, whose names were inserted upon the paper fans with which each lady was provided, and on which was printed a diagram of the boxes and a list of their owners throughout the great building.

But on this momentous night the very atmosphere of the place was transformed. At the first token of the coming storm, many of the frightened beaux hurriedly vacated their beloved promenade, while certain peaceable members of the audience also endeavoured to escape from the building. But the majority remained, brazenly instigating or prolonging the disgraceful scene which followed. The cause of the sudden riot was afterwards related personally by Michael Kelly, the then celebrated actor and stage manager.

On account of the length of the arias and ballets, and the impossibility of being able to get the lady–singers ready to begin in time, the operas seldom finished till after twelve o'clock on Saturdays. The Bishop of London had therefore sent to inform Kelly that if the curtain did not drop before midnight, the licence should be taken away and the house shut up. Against this fiat there was no appeal, and for two or three weeks running, Kelly was obliged, on Saturday night, to order the closing of the performance in the midst of an interesting scene in the ballet. On these two or three occasions this was submitted to with unexpected good–humour by the subscribers and the general public, but such a state of affairs could not long continue.

“On Saturday, the 15th of June (Oh! fatal night!),” Kelly relates, “the demon of discord appeared in all his terrors in this hitherto undisturbed region of harmony. The curtain fell before twelve o'clock, just as Deshayes and Parisot were dancing a popular *pas de deux*. This was the signal for the sports to begin: a universal outcry of ‘Raise the curtain! Finish the ballet!’ resounded from all parts of the House; hissing, hooting, yelling, (in which most of the ladies of quality joined) commenced.

“The ballet master, D’Egville, was called for, and asked ‘Why he allowed the curtain to drop before the conclusion of the ballet?’ He affirmed that he had directions from me to do so. I was then called upon the stage, and received a volley of hisses, yellings, etc. I stood it all, like brick and mortar; but at last, thinking to appease them, I said the truth was that an order had been received from the Bishop of London to conclude the performance before midnight. Some person from the third tier of the boxes who appeared to be a principal spokesman called out—‘You know, Kelly, that you are telling a lie.’ I turned round very coolly and looking up at the box from whence the lie came, I said, ‘You are at a very convenient distance; come down on the stage and use that language again, if you dare!’

“This appeal was received by the audience with a loud burst of applause, and the universal cry of ‘Bravo, Kelly: well replied!—turn him out! Turn the fellow out of the boxes!’ The gentleman left the box, but did not think proper to make his appearance on the stage. This was a lucky turn as regarded myself, but did not appease the rioters; for finding their mandate for drawing up the curtain and finishing the ballet was not obeyed, they threw all the chairs out of the boxes into the Pitt, tore up the benches, broke the chandeliers, jumped into the orchestra, smashed the pianoforte, and continued their valourous exploits by breaking all the instruments of the poor unoffending performers. Having achieved deeds so worthy of a polished nation, and imagining no more mischief could be done, they quitted the scene of their despoliation with shouts of victory.”

There was, however, a finale to the drama which the rioters did not expect. Mr Goold, a lawyer and great friend of Kelly, identified some of the ringleaders and brought actions against them for damages which cost them many hundreds of pounds. The lustres, scenes and musical instruments which had been destroyed alone were estimated at L1500. And the prosecutions were only withdrawn on the culprits undertaking to apologise for their conduct, as well as to recoup all who had suffered through their misbehaviour. Meanwhile, many persons were frightened from attending the Opera for fear of a repetition of such scenes, and the rival attraction of the performances given by the young Roscius prospered in proportion.

This infant prodigy, who was born in 1791, first appeared on the stage at the age of eleven, and for over five

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years personated the most difficult characters before enraptured audiences, earning from fifty to seventy–five guineas per night, apart from benefits, so that he really made from L4000 to L5000 a year.

In 1805, the House of Commons adjourned in a body to witness his performance of *Hamlet*. Wherever he appeared an excited mob instantly gathered; ladies vied with each other in the endeavour to kiss his hand, and at the hour when he was expected at the Play House a larger crowd assembled than ever collected to see the king. “He and Bonaparte now divide the world,” wrote Sir William Knightly at this date; “This is, I believe, the first instance since the creation, of a child so much under age, getting such an income by any ability. I think he is very excellent, his gracefulness is unparalleled and the violence of the desire to see him either on or off the stage is like a madness in the people.”

In the autumn of 1805, Roscius went a tour in the Provinces; in August of that year he was in the North, and Mr Smith, the Vicar of Newcastle (formerly tutor to the sons of Walter Stanhope) wrote to Mrs Stanhope an account of the prodigy's reception there:—

*August 19th.*

The Young Roscius is engaged here for three nights, and makes his *debut* this evening in the play of “Douglas”; places are as yet allowed to be taken only for the first four nights of his performance, and so great is the expectation of Newcastle, that if the boxes had held double the number of spectators, all the seats would have been taken.

But whatever impression the young actor made on the other inhabitants of Newcastle, the verdict pronounced by the critical Mr Smith is very modified praise:—

For Mrs Stanhope's comfort and the credit and taste of the people of Newcastle, I add that Master Betty has had a very good Benefit, considering the thinness of the Town. I should conjecture the house amounted to about L95; and admitting that he mouths a good deal, is indistinct in his lower tones, and does not pronounce very accurately, I was not displeas'd with his performance of Warwick in the play “Earl of Warwick.”

[Illustration: MASTER WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, “THE YOUNG ROSCIUS” *From an engraving by J. Ward after J. Northcote.*]

Despite this far from enthusiastic verdict, great was the excitement of the Stanhope family to hear that the next county to be visited by Roscius was Yorkshire, whither they usually returned before Christmas. Ere that date, however, their thoughts were much occupied by a double tragedy, the death within a month of their friends, Lord and Lady Kinnaird. [18]

*November 2nd, 1805.*

I sent you word of the truly deplorable situation of the two poor Kinnairds; within one month deprived of both parents, and all their brothers in Yeomanry. When the last accounts were received, the present Lord Kinnaird was at Vienna. Lady K. did not, as I sent you word, die in her carriage, tho' in it when she was seized. Lord K. was dining at the Ordinary at Perth races and was seized at dinner, the Uvula descending into the Windpipe. He recovered sufficiently to return into the room, but did not survive many days.

Lord Primrose [19] from whom the whole detail came, sent us also an account of his gaities, he and his father had been a tour in Scotland and had not neglected to visit at Drummond Castle with which he was enchanted, which he could not well fail being, as the lady of the Castle [20] is a passionate admirer of it, and takes great pleasure in

it and manages much about the Estate.

We have at last concluded Roscoe's elaborate work, the *Life of Leo X*, and I do not think I shall ever go through the whole again. The Italian wars are tiresome and to me always most uninteresting. I neither like Leo's principles nor those of his biographer. Parts I shall certainly read again. The style is elegant, and he is an able apologist. I certainly should recommend parts of the work to you; it will be an amusement to you at Christmas.

The comment of Mrs Stanhope, as a staunch Tory, upon the famous *Life of Leo X*., which was then attracting much attention, affords an amusing contrast to the extravagant praise bestowed upon the work by the Whigs of the day. Shortly after she had finished its perusal she must have returned with her family to Yorkshire, where a fresh excitement awaited her.

“The Gallery at Bretton,” she writes, “is to be painted, as well as the staircase. The Architect says, he has worked there six months already. We are going over to see the result of his labours.”

Bretton Park, which was then undergoing such complete renovation, is situated about a couple of miles from Cannon Hall, and its owner at this date afforded endless food for discussion both in Yorkshire and London.

In a previous volume, [21] reference has been made to the celebrated Mrs Beaumont, or, as she was universally called by her generation, Madame Beaumont. The natural daughter of Sir Thomas Blackett of Bretton, she had been made his heiress, and had married Colonel Beaumont, M.P. for York. Although Mrs Stanhope and many others then living could remember her as a village girl riding to Penistone every market day to sell butter and eggs, Mrs Beaumont successfully ignored any such unpleasant reminiscences on the part of those acquainted with her early life, and continued to dominate a situation to which, thus heavily handicapped, she might well have succumbed.

By dint of an unassailable belief in her wealth and importance, she held her own with the county families, whose slights she ignored or repaid with interest, and whom she alternately flouted and patronised. At once a source of irritation and of amusement to her neighbours, this was particularly so in the case of the family at Cannon Hall, whose property adjoined her own and who were perpetually annoyed by her interference and impertinence. There was unfortunately no boundary line between the estates, so Mrs Beaumont used unhesitatingly to inform strangers that all the land from the walls of Bretton to those of Cannon Hall was hers; while on one occasion, when a dispute arose between herself and Mr Stanhope respecting a certain tree, she settled the question in a characteristic manner by causing this to be cut down in the night.

The letters of the younger Stanhopes were full of anecdotes of, or complaints against their aggressive neighbour. “You can have no idea what petty differences my father and Mrs Beaumont have about boundaries and rights, which Madam Graspall claims in everything,” wrote Edward Stanhope on one occasion. “She warned us all not to shoot *anywhere* on her ground or Manors, also from Mr Bosville's, and she at once sent Mr Bird to shoot on my father's land. However, we warned *him* off! “But although the sportsman with the inappropriate name met with a warm reception from the younger branches of the House of Stanhope, Edward adds, “My mother never will take part in these differences but chuses to call and dine. However, as she was thus civil, this year Madam has chosen only to leave cards without inquiring whether we were at home, and has now sent out cards for a party and left us out!” None the less, although later in life, as we shall see, the family at Bretton were cleverly satirised by Marianne Stanhope, a show of friendship was maintained between the two families, which, in the case of the younger generation was very genuine, for the daughters of Madame Beaumont were the antithesis of their parent and were simple and charming.

Yet Mrs Beaumont was undoubtedly one of the most curious characters of her generation, in that, as stated, her self–assurance enabled her to tilt successfully against the strong social prejudices of her day and to sustain an all but impossible position with undoubted success. While Yorkshire and London rang with tales of her effrontery, the imperturbable lady, instead of perceiving snubs, dealt them, and in the height of her triumphant career enjoyed the wrath of the amazed recipients. Meanwhile, although many of the stories related of her were genuine, a few were undoubtedly apocryphal, among which must be classed the following, very generally believed in the West Riding a century ago.

It was said that being much addicted to gambling and proud of the immensity of the wagers which she dared

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to risk, Madame Beaumont on one occasion staked the entire Bretton estate on a game of chance. She lost; and her opponent, being apparently as sporting as herself, dared her to win it back by riding through Bretton Park and village astride on a jackass with her face to the tail. The idea of the haughty and pompous lady undertaking such a penance must have seemed actually incredible, but Madame Beaumont was not readily daunted. To the unbounded surprise of her fellow–gamester she accomplished the feat and thus reinstated herself in all her former wealth and grandeur.

In Yorkshire, she invariably drove about the country in a carriage drawn by four beautiful black horses on which were seated postilions in velvet jockey–caps. She owned an extraordinary number of carriages, and directly news reached her that any visitor of importance was being entertained at Cannon Hall, she would order out her finest equipage and drive over in full state with the intention of enticing away the guest whose rank attracted her. As usual, no rebuffs discouraged her—she failed to perceive them. In London, she strove with equal determination to admit no one to her parties who was not the possessor of a title—commoners, however well born, were received by her with a scarcely concealed insolence. The big yellow coach in which she and her daughters drove about town was a familiar sight, making its triumphal progress through the most fashionable streets, or drawn up by the Park railings that its occupants might converse with the *elite* among the loungers who thronged around it. For those who scoffed at Madame Beaumont courted her diligently on account of the excellence of her entertainments, while her luxury and the lavish nature of her expenditure formed their favourite topic of jest and gossip. Apart from her boundless hospitality to those whom she considered sufficiently important to be honoured by it, the sums which she spent on the house and stables at Bretton were said to have been enormous; and it was doubtless with considerable curiosity that the family at Cannon Hall, on their return to Yorkshire, hurried over to inspect the alterations which their neighbour was effecting.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

CANNON HALL, *December 4th, 1805.*

We drove to Bretton this morning. We walked all over the gardens and the House. The number of people is enough to distract one Architect. Improvers, Agents, etc., etc., without end. Much is done, and still much remains to be done. Madame B. says she shall quite rejoice to leave the place. The plants appear in great order and are very valuable. The Collection is extremely large, but at present the plants are so very small that to the ignorant they appear of little value—which we know is impossible to be the case.

Thanks for the account of your studies; as for mine, I cannot give a very favourable report of them. Hume's *Henry 8th*, Warton on Pope, *Cowper's Letters*, and *The Idler*, are the books I have at present in hand; but I have not much leisure. We are at present alone, and with my family round me, I do not wish for company. It is not a bustle of company I *like*, for I do not like the Society of the Country—it is morning, noon, and night.

Roscius is now performing at Sheffield—I should like to see him there!

Life in the country at this date was apparently more exhausting than life in London. No moment of the day was sacred from the encroachments of visitors. Morning calls were the fashion, and it was held to be impolite to refuse admission to friends who, after a long drive over bad roads, not only expected the offer of some substantial refreshment, but in view of the fatigue they had undergone and their desire that they should be sufficiently recovered before undertaking the return journey, were apt to outstay their welcome. Of a neighbour, however, who resided beyond the distance practicable for a morning call, and with whom Marianne Stanhope had apparently been staying at this date, she gives a more enthusiastic description. Mr Fawkes of Farnley was the son of her father's old friend and neighbour at Horsforth, in the days of his youth, Walter Hawkesworth, [22] who took the name of Fawkes on inheriting the property of Farnley under the will of a cousin. He was succeeded, in 1792, by this son, Walter Ramsden Fawkes, who, in 1806, became Member for York, and later, as his father had

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been before him, High Sheriff for the county. This younger Mr Fawkes was a man of exceptional talent, who is best remembered by posterity as having been one of the earliest and most munificent patrons of J. M. W. Turner, but who was better known to his contemporaries for his remarkable oratory. Mr Stanhope relates of him that once at a meeting which was convened in Yorkshire to discuss the Peace of Amiens, he made a speech so brilliant that the reporters declared themselves unable to take it down, so completely were they carried away by its extraordinary eloquence and beauty of language.

*Marianne Spencer—Stanhope to John Spencer—Stanhope.*

*December 4th, 1805.*

You cannot think how charmed I was with Mr Fawkes when we were at Farnley, he is so full of information and talent. He told us two stories which pleased me so much that I will endeavour to relate them—both facts.

About ten years ago a friend of his was riding thro' a long and gloomy wood in one of the inland counties. As he came to the most intricate part, suddenly his horse made a dead pause, pricked up his ears, snorted, and when spurred, refused to proceed, his eyes all the time upon one spot on the ground. On looking towards this place, conceive the gentleman's horror at beholding a woman's body weltering in blood and a dog licking the wounds. The traveller stood for some minutes petrified with horror, his eyes rivetted on the body, when all at once the dog, perceiving him, set off full speed thro' the thickest part of the wood.

He was resolved to pursue the animal, and instantly spurring his horse, he followed it through most intricate and unfrequented roads for about ten miles, when he saw it enter a miserable house in a little village. The traveller put up his horse, and entering the same house, desired they would bring him something to drink. There were three ill-looking fellows sitting round a table, under which the dog had lain down. The traveller's object was now to find out to whom the dog belonged, he tried every means, in vain, for about an hour, when, seizing hold of the poker he, under some trivial pretext, gave the dog a violent blow on the head, upon which one of the men with an oath asked him why he did this. The gentleman with much presence of mind, turned the poker promptly against the man who asked the question, and having overpowered him in a pretended quarrel, discovered in his pocket a bag of gold. The rest I do not know, but the man was hanged for the murder in Oxfordshire or Warwickshire about ten years ago. Is it not a curious story?

Mr Fawkes thinks it would be a fine subject for a picture—the awful gloominess of the wood, the dead body, the dog licking the wounds, the horror of the horse, and the man's countenance as he sat contemplating the scene—he thinks might be wonderfully portrayed on canvas.

His other story is of a different cast. You have doubtless heard of Edwards the great bookseller. He has quitted his shop in Town, and gone to reside at his native place, Halifax. He is a great miser, but being a man of talent, often visits Mr Fawkes. One day he arrived upon such a miserable hired horse that they resolved to play him a trick. Accordingly, after dinner the Steward came in, with a solemn face, stating that instead of killing a horse that was meant for the dogs, they had shot Mr Edwards's; that it was half eat before they found out

the mistake. Edwards was in a dreadful pucker; but at last, having condoled with him, they told him that the only difference between his deceased horse & the one of Mr Fawkes's which they had meant to kill, was that Mr Fawkes's horse had not a white spot on its forehead, & his legs were not white, but that by *painting them* it would look just the same, and that the people at the livery stable would never find out the mistake. Edwards was highly delighted with this plan, and, would you believe it, he was mean enough to hope by this means to cheat the man. You may picture what fun it was to Mr Fawkes and his servants to see him ride home on his *own* hired horse all bedaubed with paint; after which he wrote word triumphantly, “The man at the Livery Stables has never found out the trick *we* have put on him!” How they will all quiz him when finally they tell him the truth!!

When shall you come to Yorkshire? You will find Frances grown quite a beauty and Philip an adept at *l'art militaire*. I am glad you were so pleased with the young Beaumonts. Their sister rode here the other day, she is a very nice girl and nearly pretty.

Mr and the Miss Abbotts left us yesterday, after a week's visit They are very musical, but rather too Irish for our taste. To give you some idea of them, they talk of people being *beasts and puking whelps, and brutes*. They frequently *blest their souls and bodies*, and “*talked their fill*” which was not a “*few*.” Surely this cannot be elegant, even in Ireland. Have you any Hibernian friends who could inform you on this subject? Adieu, breakfast waits. All here send their love.

These Hibernian friends were apparently not the only guests whose peculiarities occasioned the Stanhope family some mild surprise. The handsome Bishop of Carlisle [23] and his wife, Lady Anne Vernon, were at this date frequently at Cannon Hall, and both of them and of their ten sons various anecdotes are related. Mr Stanhope, indeed, as Member for Carlisle, had long been intimate with the popular prelate, and used to tell with what unstinted hospitality Dr Vernon was wont to receive his countless visitors at the Palace on public days, also what a picturesque sight he then invariably presented in his full–bottomed, snow–white wig and bright, purple coat. But the good bishop, though extremely stately and impressive of demeanour, was gifted with a keen sense of humour and could enjoy a spice of frivolity when he could indulge in it without detracting from his dignity. In 1807 he was appointed to the Archbishopric of York, and was fond of retailing how a groom belonging to his old friend, Sir James Graham, [24] got news of the event and rode hard to Netherby to take his master the first tidings. Bursting into the dining–room where a large party of guests were assembled, the man exultingly shouted out the information which he was desperately afraid someone else might have anticipated—“Sir Jams! Sir Jams! The Bushopp has got his situation!” The sense of humour cherished by Dr Vernon seems to have been inherited by his sons in a different guise. In two undated letters Marianne relates to her brother:—

Here is an anecdote of your friend, the sailor, Mr Vernon, [25] who has got some prize money. He was walking, I believe, a few days since with a gentleman in the streets when they met two men who spoke to him civilly and to whom he returned a very short answer. His companion inquired who they were. He said—“Two men who came over in the ship with me.” “Then why were you so cold in your manner to them?” asked his friend. “Why, my dear fellow, because they were convicts returned from transportation!” was Vernon's answer.

*Undated.*

Your ball appears to have been very gay, but you never named your

opinion of Miss Monckton. [26] I assure you her sisters at Harrogate were quite belles, the gentlemen made Charades on them. I must close my letter with a story of Mr Vernon, [27] told me by a gentleman we met at Sir Francis Wood's.

At one of the Lichfield balls, he came in so late that everybody inquired the reason. He said he had been waiting for his tailor while he was sewing the buttons on his etceteras. Each of these buttons contained the picture of a French beauty, and he had the tailor in his room while his hair was being dressed in order to tell him which to place *nearest to his heart*.

In the course of the evening he told a lady a wondrous story, and upon her looking surprised, he said vehemently—"Upon my honour, Madam, it is true!"—adding gently—"When I say 'Upon my honour' Madam, *never believe me*."

Adieu, and at least believe me, Your affectionate sister, M. A. S. S.

Mr George Vernon, indeed, appears to have been of a somewhat impressionable temperament, for a few years later his sister-in-law, Lady Granville, writing from Trentham to announce her departure for Texel, remarks, "I must take Mr Vernon away to flirt with my beauties there. It will not be dangerous for Lady Harriet, and Corise bears a charmed life. *He will be proud beyond measure and fancy both are in love with him.*" Yet with the dawning of 1806, the mention made by the Stanhopes of these friends comes in sad contrast to the lively tales respecting them in which they were wont to indulge.

As January drew to a close Walter Stanhope received an intimation that the illness of William Pitt was likely to have a fatal termination. He hastened up to town, and was in time to take a last farewell of his friend. [28] His family followed more leisurely, and on the 27th, from Grosvenor Square, Mrs Stanhope wrote:—

I cannot say how shocked I was with the melancholy intelligence of Edward Vernon's death, and of the dangerous illness of George. I hear it was the scarlet fever.

On the 30th she adds:—

This morning I had particular pleasure in reading the favourable report you sent your father of George Vernon. I now trust he will be restored to his afflicted parents, and great as is their loss they will have much cause for thankfulness to Providence when they reflect how near they were losing both their valuable sons. I hear that the Bishop and Lady Anne are wonderfully composed.

But the sinister note with which the year had dawned was unexpectedly accentuated. In February she writes:—

What a moment is the present! Every hour brings report of death. In addition to our great National losses is now the death of Lord Cornwallis—a man who was a blessing and ornament to his country. Awful and critical is the present period. Woronzow, the Russian Minister, is likewise dead. He is brother to the Woronzow who is Ambassador here. [29]

In our Peerage there are also great changes, Lord Coventry, Lord Somers, and it is said, Lord Uxbridge, are *all* dead.

*Friday.*

It is strange there is not a word mentioned of Lord Uxbridge's death in to-day's paper. The Ministry is still unsettled. Lord Moira is

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expected in Town to–day. You will be glad to hear Addington is certainly better, and that the family entertain hopes of his recovery.

Pray inform Glyn I saw Lady and Miss Glyn to–day, the latter in great beauty, just returned from hearing Dr Crotch [30] lecture on Musick at the Institution, where they attend as assiduously as ever.

*Saturday.*

Lo! Lord Coventry is come to life again! I wish it were possible the same could happen to Lord Cornwallis, but alas, that cannot be! Who will succeed him must yet remain a secret.

Mrs Beaumont was with us last night. Col. Beaumont had in the morning inquired whether Gloucester House was to be sold, as provided they could renew the lease, they would like to have it.

Egremont House is to be sold on the 13th. My opinion is they will have that. Why not both?

What think you of Sydney Smith lecturing to small audiences? Such is popular favour. He may thank Westminster for the neglect he now meets with.

I am reading a book I think you would be amused with. Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons. It contains much to amuse an Antiquarian, and I consider you as having a little taste that way. Lady Glyn, who is with us, is studying Juvenal. Marianne has just lifted her eyes from Euclid to desire her love to you. Anne is employed at her Harp.

Meanwhile, the family had resumed the placid routine of their usual life, of which, in the next letter, Marianne furnishes her brother with a graphic account.

*February 14th, 1806.*

Mamma must, I am sure, have informed you of our various proceedings, in her numerous letters to you, and therefore I will not torment you with a repetition. Our life since we came to London has passed in its usual routine of *faisant bien des riens*; arranging the teaching geniuses, making the usual purchases and visiting the usual set; walking in Hyde Park, and watching the people in the Square. This morning, we have Mr Roussin for the third time, have taken a short turn in the Park, and called on Mrs M. Marriott, and at present Anne is rehearsing to Myer on the harp, who is all astonishment at the progress she has made. We dine and stay the evening at the Dowager Lady Glyn's.

Anne relishes London vastly, and hitherto the little going out she has had agrees with her. The Opera is her delight. Papa took William there, and I never saw a child so happy. He enjoys going out prodigiously.

Are you not outrageous at the manner in which Mr Singleton, [31] son–in–law to the great man who died for his country, was turned out? I think it is really a disgrace to the Nation. I should have thought every connection of my Lord Cornwallis would have been distinguished with honours, instead of which he is turned out of Office as soon as the account arrived of his Father–in–Law's death.

The papers have indeed been in a most bloody humour, they have unjustly killed Lord Coventry, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Harrowby, and it was astonishingly reported that Lord Melville had destroyed himself,

when he was quite well. It really was curious to hear people inquiring in the most melancholy tone, what was the cause of such a Lord's death, and the next person announcing merrily that he was perfectly well! Lord Kinnaird is expected home daily with the transports.

We heard the other day that the Princesses had received a letter from the Duchess of Wurtemberg [32] since she had seen the Empress of France. Upon entering, the Duchess said she felt something like *effroi*, which Madame Bonaparte took for *Froid* and she threw over her shoulders a most beautiful shawl she had been wearing herself. The Emperor was very polite and never named England or the English. He brought a most superb *present de noces* for the Princess of Wurtemberg who is going to be married.

I wish also to tell you a story I heard of Erskine. He was dining one evening with a large party at Carlton House. The conversation turned upon Sir Robert Calder's sentence. [33] Erskine said, to set a pack of yellow Admirals who had never seen active service to judge a brave and distinguished Officer was horrible. "They might as well," said he, "*set a parcel of Attorney's clerks to judge Erskine!*" Is not this *Chancellor Ego*?—This was just before he was Chancellor. His wife died a short time ago, and his daughter wrote word to a friend that had her father known how soon her mother would die, he would not have behaved better to her! They must all be mad, I think.

Thomas Erskine, the third son of the 10th Earl of Buchan, was, in 1806, appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain and elevated to the Peerage the same year by the title of Baron Erskine. Brilliant, eloquent and witty, from his habit of invariably talking about himself and his concerns, he was given the name of Chancellor Ego. Owing to his being of opposite politics, the Stanhopes were disposed to view him somewhat disparagingly, and owned, indeed, but slight acquaintance with him till years afterwards when they met him at Holkham. It was on the occasion of a dinner–party in London, however, that Lord Erskine once told John Stanhope the following story, and which the latter used to recount as an instance of the Chancellor's genuine kindness of heart.

"In the days of my youth", Lord Erskine related, "I arrived in Edinburgh one morning after a lengthy absence from Scotland, feeling delighted at the prospect of re–visiting my old haunts and looking up my old friends. I went first to a bookseller's shop which I was fond of visiting, and as I was leaving it, to my surprise and pleasure I encountered an old butler who had been for many years in my father's service. I noticed, however, to my regret, that the old man looked greatly changed. He was pale, worn and shadowy as a ghost. Moreover, when I greeted him genially he showed little excitement at the unexpected encounter. 'I came to meet your honour,' he said, very gravely, 'I want to solicit your interference with my Lord to recover a sum of money due to me which the steward at the last settlement would not pay.'

"Struck both by his manner and his unaccountable knowledge of my movements, I decided to question him further respecting the cause of his evident distress. Stepping back into the shop, therefore, I invited him to follow me, explaining that there we could discuss the matter privately. When, however, I turned round to hear what he had to tell me, I found that he was gone, nor, on returning to the door, could I see him anywhere in the street.

"Unable to account for his abrupt departure, and anxious to help him if it lay in my power, I recalled that his wife had a little shop in the town, and I succeeded in tracing my way thither. Judge of my astonishment on finding the old woman in widow's mourning, and on learning from her that her husband had been dead for some months! Still more was I startled upon hearing that on his death–bed he had repeatedly told her that my father's steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned he would see her righted. Needless to say, as speedily as possible I accomplished the old man's dying wish which had been so strangely brought to my knowledge."

The next mention of Chancellor Ego which occurs in Mrs Stanhope's correspondence is not so complimentary:—

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*June 3rd, 1806.*

Your sisters are now well, and propose being very gay. To–morrow, in the morning, we attend the Drawingroom, after which your father dines at what is called Mr Pitt's Dinner, &where the attendance is expected to be very large. In the evening, I am to have a few friends, amongst them Lady C. Wortley and Mr Mercer, who sing together most beautifully; after which I shall go to Mr Hope's, the finest house in London, with respect to taste and *vertu*.

We have now fine weather. You would delight in Kensington Gardens, or perhaps you would prefer joining the impertinent Loungers who sit on Horseback, too lazy to join the walkers. The political world is at present in a strange situation. Should Lord Melville be acquitted he will probably take an active part in Indian affairs. There is a canvass against him, but I trust British Peers are not to be influenced.

I hope our *Dancing Chancellor* will act properly as far as he is concerned, but I believe he is now referred to the House of Peers. If the intelligence has not yet reached you, you will wonder at the expression “Dancing Chancellor.” Know then that at Sheridan's ball the Lord High Chancellor of England [34] danced with Miss Drummond after having dined and sat too long with a party where was the Prime Minister, [35] the Chancellor of the Exchequer [36] and a greater Personage than any. They contrived to set Somerset House on fire *twice*, and, after dancing, the head of the Law amused himself with rowing on the Thames.—So much for the Rulers of this Land!

Thomas Hope of Deepdene, Surrey, and Duchess Street, Portland Place, who is mentioned in the above letter, was a member of an eminent commercial family, of Scottish descent, generally known as the Hopes of Amsterdam. Having inherited an immense fortune at the age of eighteen, he became an early patron of literature and the arts. Flaxman owed much to his support, Thorwaldsen and Chantrey to his recognition of their genius early in life. Crazy also about architecture, Mr Hope travelled all over the world, studying famous buildings and collecting, meanwhile, priceless treasures in pictures, statues, and furniture, so that on his return he reconstructed his home in London, and replenished it with beautiful possessions. In 1805 he published a handsome volume on Household Furniture, illustrated by many drawings of the fine specimens in his own house. He afterwards wrote other works, but is most celebrated as the writer of a romance, *Anastasius*, the authorship of which was at one time attributed to Byron, and of a scientific work, *The Origin and Prospects of Man*, which may be considered the parent of the well–known *Vestiges of Creation*, and which formed the basis of one of Carlyle's most remarkable essays.

In 1806, he was, however, still looked upon as a mere superficial dilettante, though, on account of the *objets d'art* which he owned, everyone was eager to gain access to his house. This desire was accentuated with regard to the party which he gave that year, it being the first for which he had issued invitations since his marriage, in the previous April, with Louisa, the youngest daughter of the Right Rev. Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

*June 6th, 1806.*

Had you been here on the Birthday night, you would have pronounced us of the Wronghead Family, for we had nothing but *contretemps* from the moment we set out for the Drawingroom till the next day rose upon us.

At three we set out in wind and rain for St James's, &drove down Grosvenor Street; but as there was a string of carriages from Oxford Street, to get in was impossible. We therefore turned about and tried Dover Street, but there we were not permitted to go. At last, after

much whipping and much delay, we were admitted into the string in Albemarle Street, and in process of time reached St James's safely and proceeded as far as the Guard Room.—Further, we never arrived! All the people who came out of the Drawingroom looked expiring, and begged we would not attempt to go in, as they were almost dead, and many had fainted. Very soon we found the Queen had taken herself off, not having spoken to above one third of the Company. Notwithstanding that we had only our labour for our trouble, we were there till half past seven before we could get our carriage.

In the evening I expected Mr Mercer and Lady C. Wortley to sing, and the Eyres. All came but Mr Mercer, the songster,—another disappointment! They stayed with me till half past eleven, when we set out for Mr T. Hope's rout, but after waiting in the street *till near one*, we found to get in was impossible. Therefore very reluctantly we turned about and came home. Did you ever hear of such disappointments? However, we are all quite well, which probably would not have been the case had we done all we intended.

The Wit at the Drawingroom was to call it the *levee en masse*. London does not abound in wit. The only things of the sort I have heard are what has been said about Mrs Fox's Ball. The first is given to Fox himself who was asked what it was like, and referred the inquirer to the 22nd Chapter of the First Book of Samuel at the second verse, [37] where is to be found a very just description of it, tho' probably you would not have thought to have looked at your Bible for an account of Mrs Fox's Ball. The other was a *bon mot* of your friend, Lyttleton [38] who said, “There was all the world, but little of his wife!”

Last night I was at Mrs Law's, a very pleasant Assembly. Osborne Markham [39] was flirting with his intended, Lady Mary Thynne, a pretty-looking woman.

Mr Lyttleton, whose *bon mot* respecting Mrs Fox's ball so pleased Mrs Stanhope, was a constant source of amusement to her and her daughters. Earlier that same year, on March 4th, she had written:—

I suppose you saw the address which Mr Lyttleton made to the Freeholders of Worcestershire? It was very short & I think comprehended in these words:—“*Be assured that the Hon. William Henry Lyttleton will offer himself at the next county Meeting; if the Freeholders will be true to their interest & to the welfare of the country.*”

This short address was posted in the corner of the newspaper. Now you must know that his father knows nothing about his offering himself; and this was printed in the corner of the newspaper that his sister might cut it out before his father saw it! I understand that he has the majority on the Poll at present & that he made a speech of above two hours in length.

In an undated letter she subsequently relates:—

Have you heard the latest story of our friend Lyttleton? It appears that at some large party he was seated at the card table next to Mrs Beaumont who expressed herself very dissatisfied with the smallness of the stakes. “In the great houses which I frequent,” she explained

grandly to Lyttleton, “we constantly play for *paper*.” “Madam,” said Lyttleton in a solemn whisper, “In the little houses which I frequent, we play for note paper.”

Meanwhile another event had been arranged to take place on that Birthday night which for Mrs Stanhope proved so unfortunate, and had been announced by her so early as May 30th previously:—

On the Birthday, all the friends of Mr Pitt have agreed to dine together instead of on *his* birthday, which is just past. The first idea rose from the Opposition wishing to dine together on the 4th, but many objected. They then determined to celebrate Mr Pitt's birthday on that day. Your father means to be there.

“Pitt dinners,” as they were subsequently termed, forthwith became an annual institution, and were held in all parts of the United Kingdom. John Stanhope, who, in 1806, was staying in Edinburgh, attended one in that city, and eight days later was invited to be present at another public banquet designed to be commemorative of a very different event.

Throughout the months of May and June, public attention had been absorbed by the famous trial of Lord Melville. So early as May 6th, Mrs Stanhope had written delightedly:—“You will be glad to hear that the cross–examination of Mr Trotter went in favour of Lord Melville who looked perfectly composed the whole time.” But not till the 12th did the end arrive.

*June 13th, 1806.*

Your sisters both attended the trial and had the gratification of hearing Lord Melville acquitted. The Prince had the good sense not to vote. The Court was as full as possible & when the two youngest Peers voted on the first charge & said Guilty, there was something like a hiss from the House of Commons. I am glad it is over & I hope the country will not be put to the expense of any more trials of the same kind for many years. The Princes went and shook Lord Melville by the hand as soon as it was over.

Thus it was that eight days after the Pitt dinner, Edinburgh felt itself called upon to give another banquet, designed to celebrate the joyful event of Lord Melville's acquittal. It was likewise proposed to illuminate the city, but the Solicitor–General (Chief Magistrate in the absence of the Lord Advocate) prohibited such a demonstration. He was, in consequence, nicknamed, “The Extinguisher General,” and the friends of Lord Melville, to the number of five hundred, consoled themselves by singing a song written by Walter Stanhope for the occasion, and entitled, “A Health to Lord Melville.” Each of the eight verses of which it is composed proposes a toast that was staunchly drunk by all present; but perhaps those in honour of the volunteers and of the luckless Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, are the most significant.

“Since here we are set in array round the table,  
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,  
Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing as I'm able  
How innocence triumphed, and Pride got a fall;  
But push round the claret,  
Come, Stewards, don't spare it;  
With rapture you'll drink to the toasts that I give.  
Here, Boys,  
Off with it merrily,  
Melville for ever and long may he live!

What *were* the Whigs doing, when, boldly pursuing,  
Pitt banished Rebellion, gave treason a sting?  
Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur O'Connor  
And fought hard for Despard, 'gainst Country & King!

Well then, we knew, Boys,  
Pitt and Melville were true Boys,  
And tempest was raised by the friends of Reform.  
Ah, woe!  
Weep for his memory;  
Low lies the Pilot that weathered the storm. [40]

\* \* \* \* \*

They would turn us adrift, tho', rely, Sir, upon it,  
Our own faithful Chronicles warrant us that  
The free Mountaineer, and his bonny brown bonnet  
Have oft gone as far as the Regular's hat.  
We laugh at their taunting,  
For all we are wanting  
Is licence our life for our country to give;  
Off with it merrily,  
Horse, Foot and Artillery,  
Each loyal Volunteer—long may he live!

\* \* \* \* \*

And then our Revenue, Lord knows how they viewed it,  
While each petty Statesman talked lofty and big,  
And the Beer tax was weak as if Windham had brewed it,  
And the Pig Iron Duty a shame to a pig;  
In vain is their boasting,  
Too surely there's wanting  
What judgment, experience and steadiness give;  
Come, Boys,  
Drink about merrily,  
Health to sage Melville, and long may he live!

Our King too,—our Princess—I dare not say more, Sir,  
May Providence watch them with mercy and might;  
While there's one Scottish arm that can wag a day more, Sir,  
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.

Be d—d he that dare not,  
For my part I'll spare not  
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give!

Fill it up steadily,  
Drink it off readily,  
Here's to the Princess and long may she live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie [41] in glory,  
And make her brown visage as light as her heart,  
Till each man illumine his own upper storey  
Nor *Law* trash nor Lawyer shall force us to part.

In Grenville and Spencer  
And some few good men, Sir,  
High talents and honour slight difference forgive,  
But the Brewer we'll hoax;  
Tally ho! to the Fox;  
And drink Melville for ever as long as we live!"

## CHAPTER II. 1805–1810. LETTERS OF AN EXILE

To a man far distant from the memorable scene of Lord Melville's trial, the news of the verdict, sent by Mrs Stanhope, must have caused peculiar satisfaction.

Among her numerous correspondents at this date, probably few had been more frequently in her thoughts during the past two years than her kinsman, Cuthbert Collingwood. From her earliest days, indeed, he had occupied a certain prominence in her horizon. Her mother, Winifred Collingwood, had belonged to another branch of the Northumberland family which owned a common ancestor with that of the afterwards famous Admiral, [1] and this tie had been strengthened rather than diminished throughout the passing of generations by the propinquity of the two branches.

In the commencement of his naval career, Cuthbert Collingwood, on board the *Lennox*, had attracted the hearty approbation of Mrs Stanhope's other relation, Admiral Roddam, [2] the grand old veteran who had been in the service about thirty–seven years before his young neighbour from Northumberland had become his midshipman. In 1787 he won as warm an appreciation from her husband when he stayed at Cannon Hall and first made the acquaintance of Walter Stanhope, who then formed for him a lifelong friendship. During the all–too–brief period when Collingwood was on shore, there occur entries in Stanhope's Journal recording many a quiet rubber of whist played with the man whose harsh fate was to render such moments of happy social intercourse a precious recollection through long, lonely years. Returned to his post, Captain Collingwood's thoughts clung to that family circle he had left—to the man who basked in the happiness of a home life from which he, personally, was debarred. Year by year Collingwood kept his kinsman Stanhope in touch with all his movements. Year by year, Stanhope and his wife responded, supplying the absent seaman with news of the chief events which were happening in the political world at home. And the letters from Collingwood, with their stern grip of a strenuous life, with their deep underlying tragedy of a profound loneliness, afford a curious contrast to the shallow utterances of other correspondents. Over the intervening miles of ocean, from that isolated soul on guard, they reached the family in Grosvenor Square, bearing, so it seemed, something of the freshness and the force of the wind–rocked brine which they had traversed. Into that restless routine of London life, they carried the echo of a distant clash of arms, the mutterings of a brooding storm. They told how the sea–dogs upon the alert were playing a desperate game of tactics with their country's foe, the outcome of which none could foretell and the chances of which few dared to contemplate. And in the minds of those to whom they were addressed they awoke an answering apprehension, which entered into the heart of their home–life, for one of that circle, little William Stanhope, was shortly to join his great kinsman at sea and to play his small part in the fierce ocean drama which was going forward.

*Captain Collingwood to Walter Spencer–Stanhope.*

*“Dreadnought” off CADIZ, July 10th, 1805.*

I shall have great pleasure in taking your young sailor into my care, whenever you chuse he should come—and you may assure yourself that I will be as regardful of everything that relates to him as you yourself could be. Considering how uncertain my situation is or where I may be at any particular period, had I known your intention in March, I should have recommended that he embarked then, and made his first essay in a warm country and far from home....

When I sailed from England I had under my command a fine fleet, but the change of circumstances since that has both altered my destination and reduced my force. I am now blocking up the ports here. On my arrival I found the Spaniards on the point of sailing, waiting only for the Carthagea Squadron to join them, and *they* were actually at sea, in their way down, but recalled by a dispatch boat on our appearance off the coast. We never know whether we go too fast or too

slow—had I been a few days later, we should probably have met them at sea with their ten sail, and made a good day of it.

And he proceeds to append a comment on the news of Lord Melville's impeachment which had just reached him from Mrs Stanhope.

Oh! how I lament the fall of Lord Melville! But I never can consent to rank him amongst the herd of speculators who prey upon the publick. He has been negligent in the economy and management of his office—he has paid too little attention to the management of his own money affairs. Had he been avaricious and greedy of wealth how many years has he been in official situations wherein he might have enriched himself—and is yet as poor as poverty, for I have it from good authority that his patent of Nobility was several months in office before he could raise L2000 to pay the fees of it, and Melville Castle must have been sold if his son had not taken it.

Then the virulence with which he has been pursued from all quarters—not merely submitting his case to the calm deliberations of Parliament, or the lawful decisions of Courts of Justice, but made a subject for Pot house discussion, where the snobby meetings of half-drunk mechanicks have been convened to pass judgment on a man whose whole life has been devoted to his country's service, and whose conduct has been unimpeached till now. It is disgraceful to the justice of the country, for it matters little what may be the decision of a Court hereafter, when a man is already condemned in the publick opinion. Those to whom Lord Melville was before indifferent and those who blame the negligence of his office, have acquired a sort of respect for his misfortunes, in being the object of such a factious hue & cry.

I was very sorry to hear Mr Collingwood [3] had been so indifferent in his health last spring, but I hope the warm weather will be of service to him—the last I heard from his home he was better, I beg my best and kindest regards to Mrs Stanhope & all your family and wishing you & them health and every possible happiness.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your faithful & most humble servant,  
CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

*The Same.*  
*Sept 23rd.*

It is a long time since I have heard from England.... I have here a very laborious and a very anxious time. You will have heard from my wife, perhaps the narrow escape I have had from being cut off by the combined fleet. At that time I had only three ships with me and a frigate—they had 36 sail, and had they managed their affairs with the least ingenuity, I should have found it a very difficult thing to have fought my way through them, but we made good use of their want of skill and after seeing them safe into Port, we continued on our Station to blockade the town and prevent all commerce.

I hope the Admiralty will give me credit for maintaining my station in the neighbourhood of so powerfull a fleet, for I never quitted them for a day, though I had but four ships; but now that I am reinforced

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by the squadron under Sir R. Calder, I have a fine fleet of 26 ships of line and some small frigates; and hope every good—and with God's blessing with me will do a good day's work for my country, whenever they give me an opportunity. That done, I shall be glad to retire to my home & enjoy the comforts of my family, for my strength fails, and the mind being on the full stretch, sinks and needs relief.

I have a gentleman from Newcastle for my Captain, but he is a man of no talent as a sea-officer and of little assistance to me.

How glad I shall be to get to my garden again at Morpeth and quitting the foe, see for the rest of my life only friends about me.

Ever through the thunder of cannon or the stress of a watch which ceased neither day nor night, through the threatenings of death or the allurements of fame, one thought was paramount in Collingwood's mind. A yearning for a peaceful garden he had left behind—to him a veritable garden of Paradise—for the innocent prattle of his children, the sweet companionship of his wife. A dream of reunion tormented and sustained him. "Whenever I think how I am to be happy again my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth," he wrote. Incapable of a dramatic appeal to sympathy, his letters to Stanhope, in their strong self-repression, breathe a longing the more profound. For that Paradise of his dreams Collingwood would have joyfully bartered fame, emolument, all that the world could offer, had not duty claimed from him a prolonged sacrifice of all which he held dear. Whether, if he could have looked on through the few remaining years of his life and have foreseen the end of that longing and those dreams, his weary spirit could still have borne the burden laid upon it, none may say. But buoyed up by that ever-present hope he faced the strain of his eternal watching with an unflinching courage, which may have been occasionally strengthened by a recollection which visited him, and the remarkable circumstances of which cannot be ignored.

For the week before the war had broken out, Collingwood, in the peace of that distant Northumberland home, had been elated by a vision which contained for him a strange element of great promise. In his sleep he had seen with extraordinary vividness the English Fleet in battle array; the details of their position were clear to him, and, later, he beheld an engagement in progress the incidents of which were extraordinarily realistic. Finally, the glory of a great victory came upon him, to fill his waking moments with delight and haunt his recollection. So minute, so circumstantial had been the particulars of the dream, that, profoundly impressed at the time, he had related them in full detail to his wife. In much imaginative, Collingwood was not without the vein of superstition which seems inseparable from his profession, and he had the simple faith of a child. He believed in the ultimate fulfilment of that vision and the thought pursued him.

Meanwhile, his letter to Stanhope of September 23rd, reached its destination at a moment of increased national suspense. Napoleon's elaborately planned ruse to entice Nelson to the West Indies had succeeded only too well. And while Nelson sought his decoy Villeneuve off Barbadoes, the French Admiral, as pre-arranged, was hastening back to effect, in the absence of his dupe, the release of the French Fleet blockaded by Cornwallis. But luck and wit saved England. Nelson chanced upon a ship which had seen the returning enemy; he succeeded in warning the Admiralty in time; Villeneuve, intercepted by Calder, suffered an ignominious defeat, and Napoleon consummated his own disaster by the tactlessness of his wrath against his unfortunate admiral who had thus succumbed to a force inferior in numbers. Villeneuve, stung by the bitter taunt of cowardice, rashly left Cadiz to fight Nelson—a manoeuvre which, at best, could little advance the cause of the Emperor, which, as the event proved, courted a catastrophe out of all proportion to any possible gain, and which was undertaken by the luckless Frenchman for no other end save that of disproving the imputation of cowardice under which he smarted.

Whether in the placing of the ships at the Battle of Trafalgar that vision of Collingwood played any part, history will never know—whether it must be regarded by the curious as in itself prophetic, or merely as a chance occurrence, the suggestion of which was by chance adopted. Yet it is obvious that the relation between this remarkable dream and its fulfilment can scarcely be viewed merely as an interesting coincidence. The inference is too strong that in any consultation between Collingwood and Nelson with regard to the order of battle the recollection of the scheme of attack which had so impressed the former must—even if unconsciously—have coloured the advice given by him to Nelson. Moreover such reflections give rise to a further curious speculation. To Nelson posterity is wont to ascribe the entire merit of the order of battle on that memorable day; he, it is held,

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was the active genius who conceived the plan of action, Collingwood was the acquiescer, a passive though able coadjutor. Yet Collingwood himself, the most modest of men and the least likely to make an erroneous statement with regard to such a question of fact, expressly asserts the contrary. “In this affair,” he says, “Nelson did nothing without my counsel, *we made our line of battle together* and concerted the attack.” [4] On this point he also insists, in writing to Stanhope, to whom, as to his wife, he incidentally recalled the circumstances of his having foreseen the battle in a dream at Morpeth the week before the war broke out.

Throughout this period, in England, news was awaited with increasing anxiety. On October 31st, Mrs Stanhope wrote to her son John:—

The Papers are now quite alarming. I fear it is up with the Austrians for the Russians cannot now join them. This horrid Bonaparte is a scourge to the whole world. It is wonderful with what enthusiasm he seems to inspire his men. They go where he likes and accomplish all his plans.

Your father has written again to Admiral Collingwood to inform him that if he does not return home, which, as he has changed his flag from the Dreadnought, is not very probable, that he will send William to him in the spring. Admiral Roddam, tho' he prefers a frigate, approves of his going with Admiral C. as he is both a good man & an excellent sailor, & will scrupulously perform that which he promises to undertake.

*Nov. 2nd, 1805.*

Not only Glyn, but all of us must shake with the horrid German intelligence. I have little faith in the hope the papers hold out that we may yet hear of a victory gained by the united Armies of Russia and Austria—a few days must relieve us from our present state of uncertainty—though I fear not of anxiety. How thankful I am that I have no near connection going on the cruel expedition at this time.

A few days, and the great news came, with its conflicting elements of glory and of grief.

*Walter Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

My Dear John,

It is impossible to begin on this day any letter to any person without most joyfully and most thankfully celebrating the glorious victory of Lord Nelson. I cannot say that my triumph is so much alloyed as that of many others seems to be and yet I trust I have as grateful a mind and as high an admiration for Military renown as another man. No, it is that I think that Nelson's glorious death is more to be envied than lamented, and that to die wept by the land we perished for is what he himself would have wished.

Would to God my little William had been on board Collingwood's ship on that glorious day, whatever might have been the risque!

*The Same to the Vicar of Newcastle.*

Although the death of Nelson is in my judgment more to be envied than lamented, yet England secured by the loss of his life ought to feel, bewail & reward it as far as posthumous honours and benefits to his family and general Regret can do it. The late Victory affords peculiar satisfaction to me from the brilliant Part that Admiral Collingwood has had in it & the exquisitely good account he has given of it in his

Dispatches.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

CANNON HALL, *November 9th, 1805.*

Your father said he should write you a long letter this morning.... No longer have we cause to talk and grieve about the Austrians, we may now talk and rejoice at our glorious, and at the moment, unexpected victory. What a day it was! but in the midst of our rejoicings we must pause to shed a tear over the Hero who fell, though as every Hero must wish to fall. Admiral Collingwood's dispatches do him honour, he at all times writes well and this was a subject to draw out all his powers and show the Feeling and Goodness of his Heart. Your father wishes William had been with him. I am satisfied as it is!

*The Same.*

*November 14th, 1805.*

Your letter my dear John, arrived on Sunday, after mine was sealed, and as the carriage was at the door to take us to church, I had not time to open it, to add my thanks for your letter of Congratulations on our great and glorious Victory. What has followed since, at any other time would have been considered great, at all times must be thought gallant.

Yesterday letters from Barnsley, reporting the capture of the Rochefort Squadron, were so firmly believed that the Bells were ringing.

The tears of the Nation must be shed over the brave Nelson, but his death was that of a Hero, and such he truly was. The Dispatches do Admiral Collingwood great honor, and his bravery is already rewarded with a peerage. I had a letter from his wife to–day, who says he wrote in the greatest grief for his friend. She had not heard since the Dispatches were sent, when the Fleet was in a miserable state, she, of course, under great anxiety. The Euryalus has, I hope, brought further accounts. Probably the funeral of Lord Nelson will be Publick—what a thrilling sight it will be. Surely some mark of honour will be bestowed upon his Widow. At present his Brother's wife has place of her, and she has not been mentioned.

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

I have made a vow not to name Lord Nelson or the Victory or Victories in any of my letters, but postscripts are excluded. Every letter Mamma has had has been full of nothing else; if care is not taken, it will be like the invasion, a constant topick when you have nothing to say.—I think it is a great proof of genius to have written a letter without naming the event. What say you to Lord Collingwood? I would rather have his patent of nobility than the longest pedigree in the kingdom. I should glory more in his title than in the Duke of Norfolk's.

Mamma had a letter from Lady Collingwood to–day, still very anxious for his safety, as she had heard nothing since the Victory, and his ship was then much disabled. He had written to her Lord Nelson's death was a most severe blow to him, for he was his greatest friend. I

almost wish dear William had been with him.

*November 20th., 1805.*

FARNELY.

We begin to be impatient for more news. Think of poor Lady Collingwood—she was in a shop in Newcastle when the Mail arrived covered with ribbands, but the coachman with a black hat—band. He immediately declared the great victory, but that Lord Nelson and all the Admirals were killed. She immediately fainted. When she heard from Lord Collingwood first he wrote in the greatest grief for his friend, and said the fleet was in a miserable state. Perhaps that may bring him home.

Are you not pleased with his being created a Peer in so handsome a manner. Why has not Lady Nelson some honour conferred upon her? Surely the Widow of our Hero ought not to be so neglected.

Yesterday we drank to the immortal memory of our Hero. Mr Fawkes has got a very fine print of him.

The clock strikes ten which announces breakfast, therefore adieu, my dear John.

The wish expressed in the last letter that more tidings would arrive respecting the great event which had taken place, was speedily gratified. A letter written by Collingwood to Sir Peter Parker on November 1st, was sent *via* Stanhope for his perusal, and he preserved a copy of it.

*Lord Collingwood to Sir Peter Parker.*

*November 1st., 1805.*

You will have seen from the public accounts that we have fought a great battle, and had it not been for the fall of our noble friend who was indeed the glory of England and the admiration of all who saw him in battle, your pleasure would have been perfect.... It was a severe action, no dodging or manoeuvres. They formed their line with nicety and waited our attack with composure. They did not give a gun until we were close to them & we began first. Our ships were fought with a degree of gallantry which would have warmed your heart. Everybody exerted themselves and a glorious day they made of it, people who cannot comprehend how complicated an affair a battle is at sea and judge of an officer's conduct by the number of sufferers in his ship, often do him a wrong, and though there will appear great difference in the loss of men, all did admirably well; and the conclusion was good beyond description, eighteen hulks of the enemy lying amongst the British fleet without a stick standing, and the French Achilles burning.—But we were close to the rocks of Trafalgar [5] & when I made the signal for anchoring, many ships had their cable shot & not an anchor ready.

Providence did for us what no human effort could have done, the wind shifted a few points and we drifted off the land. The next day bad weather began and with great difficulty we got our captured ships towed off the land. The second, Gravina, who is wounded, made an effort to cut off some of the ships with a squadron of 9 ships with which he retired. In the night the gale increased and two of his ships, the “*Mayo*” of 100 guns and “*Indomitable*” of 80 were dismantled. The “*Mayo*” anchored amongst our hulks and surrendered;

the “*Indomitable*” lost on the shore and I am told that every soul perished. Among such numbers it is difficult to ascertain what we have done, but I believe the truth is 23 sail of the line fell into our hands of which three got in again in the gale of wind....

The storm being violent and many of our own ships in most perilous situations, I found it necessary to order the captures,—all without masts, some without rudders & many half full of water—to be destroyed, except such as were in better plight, for my object was their ruin & not what might be made of them. As this filled our ships with prisoners and the wounded in a miserable condition, I sent a flag to the Marquis of Solana [6] to offer him his wounded men, which was received with every demonstration of joy and gratitude, & two French Frigates & a Brigg were sent out for them. In return, he offered me his Hospitals & the security of Spanish honour that our wounded should have every care & every comfort that Spain could afford, so you see, my dear Sir, though we fight them, we are upon very good terms.

But what most astonished them was our keeping the sea after such an action, with our injured masts and crippled ships, which I did the longer to let them see that no efforts of theirs could drive a British Squadron from its station.

This letter is of exceptional interest since it throws fresh light on a matter which has now afforded food for controversy for over a century. Nelson's dying injunctions had been that the fleet was to anchor. Owing, it was contended, to Collingwood having failed promptly to carry out these instructions of the master mind, many prizes were lost. James, who in his *Naval History* is severe in his criticism of Collingwood's error of judgment in this particular, has further pointed out that four ships which did anchor on the evening of the engagement weathered the gale successfully. This letter of Collingwood gives his reasons for his course of action. It proves that although when he did give the order to anchor its execution was impracticable, yet that he had strong reason for destroying a number of the captured ships, which were all but worthless as prizes. His assertion, “My object was their ruin and not what might be made of them,” bears out the verdict of Lord St Vincent, quoted by Lord Eldon, that “Collingwood's conduct after the Battle of Trafalgar in destroying under difficult circumstances the defeated fleet was above all praise”; while the conclusion of Collingwood's letter contains a sentiment at which few will cavil.

From Mrs Stanhope's Uncle, Edward Collingwood, in Northumberland, there was subsequently forwarded to her a letter written by Collingwood in the first glory of victory and the first bitterness of his grief for Nelson's death.

My dear friend received his mortal wound about the middle of the fight, and sent an officer to tell me that he should see me no more.

His loss was the greatest grief to me. There is nothing like him for gallantry and conduct in battle. It was not a foolish passion for fighting, for he was the most gentle of human creatures, and often lamented the cruel necessity of it; but it was a principle of duty, which all men owed their country in defence of their laws and liberty. He valued his life only as it enabled him to do good, and would not preserve it by any act he thought unworthy. He wore four stars upon his breast and could not be prevailed to put on a plain coat, scorning what he thought a shabby precaution: but that perhaps cost him his life, for his dress made him the general mark.

He is gone, and I shall lament him as long as I live.

To Walter Stanhope he wrote:—

*Queen, March 6th., 1806.*

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I thank you and Mrs Stanhope most sincerely for your kind congratulations on the success of the Fleet, and the high honour his Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on me in testimony of his approbation, which I am sure will be very gratifying to all my friends, and that you will enjoy it as much as any of them.

I have indeed had a severe loss in the death of my excellent friend Lord Nelson. Since the year 73 we have been on terms of the greatest intimacy—chance has thrown us very much together in service and on many occasions we have acted in concert—there is scarce a Naval subject that has not been the subject of our discussion, so that all his opinions were familiar to me; and so firmly founded in principles of honour, of justice, of attachment to his country, at the same time so entirely divested of everything interesting to himself, that it was impossible to consider him but with admiration. He liked fame and was open to flattery so that people sometimes got about him who were unworthy of him. He is a loss to his country that cannot easily be replaced.

Thus in a few words, the very reticence of which enhances their significance, did Collingwood sum up the greatness and the weakness of Nelson. Gifted, brilliant, faulty by reason of his emotional temperament, strong by reason of his enthusiasm—his all—enthraling sense of duty, Nelson flashed like a meteor across the ken of his generation to vanish in a haze of glory. He died at the psychological moment—his life, according to this account, the sacrifice to a dazzling folly. And the man whom he loved—the man whose sterling worth is swamped by Nelson's more vivid personality, was left to battle on alone through the weary years. The intoxication of victory did not blind Collingwood to the colossal task which yet lay before him. To Stanhope he wrote with undiminished anxiety:—

The idea that the Victory we gained has so entirely reduced the enemy's fleet that no danger is now to be apprehended from them, ought not to be encouraged. On the contrary, I believe they will make up for their loss by extraordinary exertion. You see they have immediately sent all their fleet to sea, and clean as they are from Port, they can avoid an encounter when they are not very superior. The ships that I have here are many of them the dullest in the British fleet, so that I have little chance of getting near them until they come with double our number, and when they do, I shall do the best with them I can. Whatever their project is, it must be interrupted—defeated if possible. Bonaparte seems determined to have the whole of the Mediterranean, islands and all. Whenever he is prepared to take possession he knows how to make a quarrel with the Court of Madrid.

A few months later he wrote:—

I have a laborious and anxious life and little time to write even to my wife. The only comfort I have here is good health and the consciousness that I am doing the best I can for my country—and a good deal I believe we shall have to do before we can establish a happy and secure peace—for I believe in the heart of the Tyrant enmity is so deeply rooted towards England, that it will only be extinguished with his natural life. I consider the contest with him but in its infancy—our independence as a people is at stake. Wisdom in our councils and fortitude in the field was never so necessary to us, and I trust neither will be found wanting.

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In every quarter the power of France is increasing,—here the Spaniards are but his Puppets, his mandates come to Cadiz as they go to Brest. His birthday is kept as that of their Sovereign, the French flag is worn upon the Governor's house, upon rejoicing days, with that of the Spanish. In Italy they hoist it upon the same staff as that of the Pope—it will not be long before the Pope's is worn out with the contentions of its bad neighbourhood. Sir Sidney Smith is doing what he can to rouse the Calabrians to resistance—he gives them money and the mob follow his officers—but the people of property have universally attached themselves to the French—not from liking them—but in the hope that in the end they may be left with the rag of their fortunes.

At Cadiz they are making great progress in their equipment of a fleet, they have 12 sail of the line ready for sea, two more well advanced in their fitting,—I have 9, which I consider to be equal to beating them, but whenever we meet I would do more—*not a shadow of one should be left upon the face of the waters*. They will be cautious whenever they come—and my ships sail but ill in general.

I heard from Lady Collingwood that she had the pleasure of visiting you when in town.

And then comes a more personal note:—

I am totally at a loss about the obtaining my patent—from what office does it issue and about what sum is the amount of the fees? I suppose I shall be ruined by them. I will be much obliged to you for any information you can give me on these subjects—that I may not, by delaying to do what is proper, seem negligent of this high honour of which I am (I hope) justly proud. Sir Isaac Heard sent me the form of a letter which it was necessary to write to the Duke of Norfolk or Hereditary Earl Marshal, for his Grace's patent to Garter, to grant me supporters of armorial bearings appropriate. I suppose he will let me know when that is done.

I hope you will forgive me, my dear Sir, for mentioning this subject to you, but from my total ignorance of everything relating to it, I am afraid of neglecting something which I ought to do.

Stanhope furnished his friend with all necessary information, and on the following December 4th, Mrs Stanhope wrote to her son—

Lord Collingwood proves himself worthy of the great charge reposed in him. Mr Stanhope says he thinks next to Pitt's his is the greatest trust. His property must be small. He married a Miss Blackett whose father was brother to the late Sir Edward and is Uncle to the present Sir William Blackett, a man of large fortune in Northumberland. He has two daughters, the eldest must be nearly fourteen. I had this morning a long account from my uncle of a ball given by Lady Collingwood at Newcastle, where 450 people sat down to supper. Unfortunately the Mayor instead of giving Lord Collingwood's health, gave *The Memory of Lord Nelson*, with a solemn dirge, which so affected Lady Collingwood that she fainted, and was obliged to leave the room. She had not heard from Lord Collingwood for some time which made it the more affecting.

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It was on December 23rd, that Nelson's body preserved in spirits arrived at Greenwich, and forthwith the favourite toast in Yorkshire was one perhaps peculiarly characteristic of the county, "Here's to the Hero who died for his country and came home in spirits!" On January 9th, his funeral took place at St Paul's Cathedral, and Stanhope, who attended it, must have felt a tightening of the throat as he realised how soon his small son was to face dangers such as had occasioned the death of the gallant man whom all England mourned. Moreover, Lord Collingwood had encouraged few delusions with regard to his own capability of aiding the career of the future midshipman. "If Parents were to see how many of their chicks go to ruin from being sent too early abroad they would not be so anxious about it," he wrote on one occasion, while on another he pointed out—"I need not say how glad I shall be to take all the care of William I can, and do him all the service in my power, but it is rather late in my day to be very useful to him as I shall be seeking to retire about the time he is launching into the world." Still more did he emphasise his inability to obtain promotion for those for whom he might have most desired it. On one occasion when Stanhope enclosed a letter from his friend Sir James Graham begging for the advancement of a young lieutenant, Collingwood replied, "I would gladly show every attention in my power to any friend of yours, but I have *no opportunity of advancing any officer beyond a midshipman sometimes*"; and four years after the Battle of Trafalgar he explained that he had still "some of the Lieutenants who were with me in action a few years since and no prospect of providing for them—I have little here but constant labour."

But what he could do in the way of protecting and befriending his little kinsman he was eager to accomplish, and his letters show how much anxious thought he devoted to the subject.

*Admiral Lord Collingwood to Walter Spencer–Stanhope.*

*January 20th, 1806.*

I shall be very glad to see your son William, and will take good care of him, and give him the best introduction to this service that I can.

I hope he has got on a little in mathematicks, because I have not a school master now in my ship—I had, but he got hurt in the *Sovereign* and went home. Lord Barham tells me a ship is to be sent out to me soon—William might come out conveniently in her....

With respect to his equipment, do not burden him with baggage—if he takes care of it, it is but a miserable occupation, and if he does not it will be lost. Therefore, to keep him clean and above want is enough; a comfortable bed, that his health requires; two or three Blue jackets and waistcoats; his Navigation books that he has been taught from—whether it is Robinson's Elements, or Hamilton's Moore; a quadrant and a case of instruments. For his reading, you will give him such books as you think proper and are least voluminous—a history of England—of Rome—and Greece, with voyages or abridgment of them—but his baggage must be *light*—for the moment he enters a ship he must have no personal cares—all that relates to himself must be secondary—or nothing.

With respect to his supply of money or anything else, when he comes to me, he shall want for nothing. I will take care he is sufficiently provided and whatever expenses he has, I will tell you that you may repay me.

You would be delighted at the glorious fight we have had. Had but my friends Lord Nelson & Duff lived through it, I should have been happy indeed. Lord Nelson was well known and universally lamented; Duff had all the qualities that adorn a great and good man but was less known. He commanded the *Mess*, and stuck to me in the day's battle as I hope my son would have done—it was however a great day, yet I feel we have much more to do—the French are venturing out with their squadrons and they must be crushed. The powerful armies that are opposed to them on

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the continent will, I hope, do their part well, but I cannot say I have a very high opinion of Austrian armies & Austrian generals; their military education is good, but they yet seem to want that good independent spirit that should animate a soldier—they are all money–making and *will* trade—and a soldier that makes wealth his object will sell an army whenever he can get a good price for it.

I have received letters from Mr Collingwood and Admiral Roddam and am exceedingly happy to hear they were then in good health. The Admiral by this time has taken up his quarters at Skillington.

I am rather upon the rack just now. Duckworth went after the French Squadron that I had intelligence of near Teneriffe. I am afraid the Frenchman has duped him, and by throwing false intelligence in his way has sent him to the West Indies—or I ought to have seen him again before this; but Sir John Duckworth who is a well–judging man ought not to have been so deceived as to suppose that a squadron which had been three or four months at sea were on their way to the West Indies—but I do not despair of catching them yet, even without him.

Napoleon then believed that he had successfully duped Collingwood in this manner; “*Mon opinion est que Collingwood est parti et est alle aux Grandes Indes,*” he wrote at this date, only to discover later that his enemy had never been deceived.

Meanwhile Stanhope was devoting all his attention to a matter which he had much at heart. So far Collingwood's great services to his country had been rewarded with the barren honour of a peerage which had made an unwelcome claim upon his slender means, and with regard to which his one petition had been refused—that since he had no son to succeed him the title should descend to one of his daughters. Stanhope was therefore anxious to procure for Lord Collingwood a more substantial award in the form of an annuity which might benefit his family. On February 11th 1806, Mrs Stanhope wrote to her son—

News I have none for you to–day, further than that your Father is delighted with having had it in his power to be of use to Lord Collingwood. His Pension was granted for three generations in the Male line; now, as he has no son nor ever likely to have any, it was really only rewarding him for his own life. At the Duchess of Gordon's, where your Father was last night, he saw Sheridan and Lord Castlereagh [7] and he mentioned that if half was settled upon his widow and the other half on his daughters after his death, it would be a real advantage to him, which both said should be done, if he would attend the House to–day. Most probably he will propose it in the House [8] and the intelligence will be conveyed by William. I think I sent you word we had heard from Lord Collingwood—the date the 20th., of January, therefore I imagine he must have been off Cadiz.

Yet even this suggestion to reward the man to whom England owed so much met with considerable opposition. “Lord Collingwood's Annuity Bill came on again on Monday,” wrote Mrs Stanhope on February 28th. “Your Father still hopes it will be settled on Lady Collingwood and her daughters, tho' Lord H. Petty does not approve of the change, Lord Castlereagh and Mr Sheridan are both of your Father's opinion.”

Stanhope, however, carried his point and earned the gratitude of the family of the absent Admiral. It is true that when the news first reached Collingwood of the discussion relating to his pension which had taken place in the House, he was deeply wounded. Some of the speeches seemed to him to imply that the representation of the slender state of his finances had been made with his concurrence, and he felt, as he told his wife, that he had been held up in the House as an object of compassion. “If I had a favour to ask,” he wrote emphatically, “money would be the last thing I should require from an impoverished country. I have motives for my conduct which I would not give in exchange for a thousand pensions.” But when he heard of Stanhope's amendment of the original

proposition, and that Lady Collingwood and his daughters would now profit by the thoughtfulness of his kinsman, he wrote an acknowledgment of such efforts on his behalf with a sincere gratitude in which pride still mingled.

I am much obliged to you Sir for your kindness in taking so much trouble about my pension—it is a subject I had not thought of myself—as my family are amply provided for I left the bounty of the King to take its course, but this is so much in addition and I am very much obliged for your consideration of what perhaps I should not have thought of.

By a strange coincidence, at the very moment when the question of this annuity was before the House, Collingwood and Stanhope may be said to have benefited jointly by a legacy from a common kinsman. Edward Collingwood, Mrs Stanhope's uncle before referred to, expired in February 1806, leaving his estate of Chirton to Lord Collingwood and his estate of Dissington to his niece Mrs Stanhope in trust for her third son. The Admiral, however, expressed little satisfaction in the acquisition of his new property. "I am sorry the possessor of it is gone," he wrote with his usual warmth of heart, "for I have lost a friend who I believe sincerely loved me, and have got an estate which I could have done very well without. I am told poor Admiral Roddam laments him very much and I love him the more for it." Much correspondence forthwith ensued between Collingwood and Stanhope with respect to the distribution of the portion of the furniture and personalties which had been bequeathed to Stanhope and which he was anxious to place at the disposal of Lady Collingwood, who, nevertheless, declined the offer. "Lady Collingwood informed me of your kind attention to her," wrote Collingwood, gratefully, on hearing of it, "but I think she judged right, considering the uncertainty at what time I should come to live there, ... besides, if I should have a son to succeed me, I should probably rebuild the house, and the present furniture would not be suitable to the new one. But," he adds again, feelingly, "the subject of it must become more indifferent to me than it now is before I can determine anything about it: it never engages my attention but in sorrow. I lost more real happiness in the death of my friend, whom I esteemed and revered, than his estate can make me amends for—its greatest value to me is that it is *his* bequest."

Likewise with regard to Stanhope's proposition of leaving "the moiety of the books at Chirton which by the will of Mr Collingwood were devised to the possessor of Dissington," Collingwood decided—"I think in this, as in every other respect, his will should be literally complied with and nothing left to future arrangement." He therefore requested his brother-in-law, Mr Blackett, to choose "some learned and competent gentleman" who was to act for him in conjunction with any person Stanhope saw fit to appoint, to make a just division between them "in all the branches of learning and science and with respect to value." Referring to the fine classical volumes in the library, he pointed out that this would be a simple matter, as most of these had duplicates or triplicates, but "God knows," he exclaimed, "whether any of my family may want any of them! To me the English authors are valuable and whether I shall ever see any of them is doubtful."

The amicable discussion with regard to this matter was still in progress while little William journeyed out to join his kinsman. A month after Nelson's funeral, Stanhope was taking the preliminary steps for his son's departure. "I brought William home to be measured," he wrote on February 9th, "and sent him back yesterday in very good spirits. His mind certainly appears to open very much and he is a good little fellow. At times he is low and said the other day how odd he should feel to be entirely with strangers."

On February 26th, the embryo sailor set forth on his perilous adventures, followed by the thoughts of his family, whose tender solicitude brings very near that parting of a century ago. "I long to hear how the dear little midshipman bears his departure," writes one of his brothers, "How very pretty he will look in his uniform!" and the first details of the little lad's arrival on board ship, of his quaint sayings and doings, and how manfully he bore his separation from the last member of his family circle have been faithfully preserved. But he soon pronounced a favourable verdict on his new profession—"I like being on board a ship very much, but today it has been a very rough see," he wrote on March 10th, with a fine discrimination of the advantages and disadvantages of a nautical career; while, anxious to prove that he was now become a man of the world, who could appreciate the exigencies of a situation which had been occupying the attention of the public, he observes with sudden irrelevance—"What a sad affair this seems, this death of Mr Pit!"

Early in April, Collingwood wrote to announce the arrival of his new midshipman, whom he describes as "a

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fine sensible boy with great powers of observation,” and William wrote, as he continued to write, gratefully and enthusiastically of his treatment by Collingwood, whom he explains is “the kindest and best man who ever lived.” Thenceforward every item of information respecting his son was sent by Collingwood to Stanhope, who in return retailed to Collingwood everything which he could glean respecting Lady Collingwood and her daughters. The latter came to London in May, with a view to completing their education, and both they and their mother seem to have turned to Stanhope and his family in every perplexity in life. “I am greatly obliged to you for your account of my daughters,” wrote Collingwood, in a letter which shows how minutely he was kept informed of every detail relating to them, even to their little tricks of speech and manner. “I am not impatient for their going in to the North. I hope they have lost much of their provincial dialect.”

And still, at any mention of his home or of those dearest to him, there breaks involuntarily into his correspondence that longing, which would not be repressed, for a sorely needed respite from labour and for the balm of reunion with those he loved. There were, perhaps, few people to whom he ventured to unburden himself as simply and spontaneously as he did to Stanhope, a man linked to him by the tie of kinship, yet not so closely as to make any such self–revelation on his part a possible selfishness. Thus it is that this hitherto unpublished batch of his correspondence betrays ever more and more, with a pathos of which the writer was obviously unconscious, how the strain of watching and of loneliness was undermining an indomitable brain and soul.

Collingwood's existence, indeed, alternated between an eternal racking anxiety and a monotony before which the imagination sinks appalled. “Between days and nights I am almost wore out,” he wrote briefly to Stanhope on April 29th, 1806, “but I do not mean to quit my station while I have health”; and on September 26th of that same year, after writing an account of the situation in which he finds himself, he exclaims abruptly, “It is the dullest life that can be conceived and nothing but the utmost patience can endure it!” During long months of blockading, dawn after dawn arose to reveal to his weary gaze the same boundless expanse of rocking ocean, which he had well–nigh learnt to hate; the same restricted space of deck to traverse; the same routine of action to contemplate; the same type of food further to nauseate a reluctant appetite; the same complete lack of mental and physical relaxation, which is, in itself, almost an essential to sanity. Thus, soon, to the tension of that perpetual guardianship was added the haunting dread that an existence which was undermining his health might also impair his mental faculties, and this at a time when he was aware that one false step, one error in strategy, and ignominy might be his portion or the liberties of England herself be the sacrifice.

In a diary [9] in which, during the last years of his life, he entered memoranda, ostensibly from which to compile his dispatches, there is conveyed more eloquently than by any laboured insistence the ceaseless fret of his guardianship and the impracticability which he experienced of sifting the truth or falsehood of the information on which his line of conduct was dependent. Incessantly do its pages recall, with elaborate care, the details of reported engagements and of reported manoeuvres of the enemy, supplied from some apparently unimpeachable source, and incessantly are such memoranda revoked emphatically by a later entry. Once, after retailing minutely the details of an assault undertaken by the Portuguese and Spaniards against the French—which he was informed had continued for six days and during which about 8000 of the former and 6000 of the latter had been killed—and subsequent to which all the inhabitants of Elvas had been put to the sword by the French—he appends with pardonable irritation—“*Not a word of this true—the whole a fabrication for the amusement of country gentlemen and ladies.*” Meanwhile he was confronted by the knowledge that those who were most ready to criticise his decisions, had least comprehension of the difficulties with which he had to contend.

On May 15th, 1807, Mrs Stanhope writes:—

I have had letters from Lord Collingwood and William of so late a date as the 29th of April. Lord C. writes out of Spirits, the recent great losses have hurt him and the failure at Constantinople, tho' no blame attached to him. He sent out one third more force than the Government considered necessary and they were at the Dardanelles when they were supposed to be with him; but the defences of Constantinople, both natural and of art, were little known, the Castles as strong as Cannon can make them and of that particular kind the Turks use and from which they fire balls of granite or marble;—those would not go far, but

they do very well for a passage which is so narrow their object cannot be far off. One which passed through the *Windsor Castle* weighed 800 pounds. He thinks there will be an active campaign in Italy—Sicily their object.

On December 19th, Marianne Stanhope retailed—

Papa has this instant received a most delightful account from Lord Collingwood of William, everything that is satisfactory. He says everything that we could wish both of his health, disposition and capacity, the letter is dated October 13th, off Sicily. He mentions his hopes of being able to catch the French if they come to Sicily, but the difficulty will be, from the extent of the coast they will come from all quarters. He said that the Sicilians finding that we take the part of the Court who are most completely detested will make for relief from any quarter. The Turks, he says, detest the Russians, and lament much the misunderstanding with us, but are completely in the power of the French past all relief. The Buenos Ayres expedition, he says, he always blamed, and that it turned out exactly as he predicted, and that we are most completely detested by the people who formerly respected us.

On August 13th, 1808, off Cadiz, Collingwood learnt that the French General, Dupont, and some officers who had capitulated, had been brought to Port St Mary, for their better security to be embarked on board a Spanish Man-o'-war. The mob, however, attacked and wounded Dupont before he could be got on board, and on August 26th Collingwood relates to Mrs Stanhope:—

The Mob of Port Santa Maria seized on Dupont's baggage, for the Generals and Juntas may make Conventions as they please, but the People is the only *real Power* at the present moment, and they will observe as much of them as they like. On breaking open the Trunks they were found to be filled with plunder—Church Plate mostly—but everything that was gold or silver was acceptable. I went to see it yesterday at the Custom House, and an immense quantity of it there was—from a silver Toy to the Crown of Thorns which they had torn from the head of Jesus Christ. I heard at first that the mob had been raised against the French by the black servant of a Frenchman having part of the robe of a Bishop for his dress, but this was not the case. The black man had the Bishop's Cross hung with a chain of gold round his neck—it was of large amethysts and diamonds worth about 2000 pounds.

Dupont was so very silly as to write to the Governor complaining of the people who had *robbed* him, saying that he felt sensibly for the honour of Spain and desired that his “property” might be returned to him. He had nothing but those trunks of plundered silver!

Collingwood's own reception by the Spanish people afforded a remarkable instance of the estimation in which he was held and the extraordinary recognition of his integrity even by a lawless, unreasoning mob. John Stanhope, some years afterwards, recorded:—

“When, at an earlier period of the war, our expedition under the command of General Spencer appeared off Cadiz, there prevailed so great a jealousy against the English Army that the authorities refused to allow them to land.

“Such, however, was not the case with Lord Collingwood when he appeared with his fleet.

“He was received by high and low with the greatest enthusiasm. A publick fete was given to him, and my

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brother William who accompanied him on shore described the scene as one of the most striking sights he ever witnessed. One only feeling seemed to pervade the immense crowd of all ranks assembled to receive the Admiral, the desire of showing their respect and admiration for his character. What a triumph for one who, in the hour of victory, had succeeded to the command of a fleet that had annihilated the Spanish Navy, and since that time had been constantly blockading their coasts! But what must have been Lord Collingwood's feelings *when the only pledge required before they permitted an English force to land in a place of so much importance, was his word of honour!* They felt in him a confidence which they denied to our Government.”

But in the midst of a situation so unique, Collingwood ignored the unparalleled homage paid to him, to revert persistently to each item of news respecting his distant home. The splendid fetes of which he formed the central figure, the adulation of an entire nation, find no mention in his letters to Stanhope, and are of less account to him than the most trivial circumstance regarding his family or his native county, on which his thoughts dwell tenderly, lingeringly. From Cadiz, in August, he laments the tidings conveyed to him by Stanhope of the death, at the age of eighty–nine, of his former Commander and neighbour, in Northumberland, Admiral Roddam.

Poor Admiral Roddam! I have indeed mourned his death, because I lost in him a kind friend who had always taken a sincere interest in my welfare; but he was become too infirm to enjoy comfort, and then to die is a blessing. I am glad he left your son his estate, but it was want of knowing the world if he thought of improving the Property by keeping him out of it so long.

For little William, on attaining the age of twenty–five, was to succeed to the estate of Collingwood's former Commander, and this must, if possible, have strengthened the link between the Admiral and the midshipman in whose progress he took a profound interest. Collingwood's own character is perhaps never more clearly portrayed than in his criticism of the little lad who had been committed to his care. “Of William,” he wrote to Stanhope, in 1808, “everything I have to say is good—and such as must give you and Mrs Stanhope much satisfaction. He is the best–tempered boy that can be—has a superior understanding, which makes everything easy to him. He is very inquisitive in what relates to his duty, and comprehends it with a facility which few boys do, at this time I believe he has more knowledge than many twice his standing. He is never engaged in disputes, and this not from a milkiness and yielding to others, but he seems superior to contention, and leaves a blockhead to enjoy his own nonsense.” In December of the same year he reiterates, “Your son always gives me satisfaction. He behaves well and always like a gentleman and I endeavour to instil in him a contempt for what is trifling and unworthy. When I come home I will leave him in a frigate and I hope I may soon, for I grow very weak and languid.”

It was to be regretted that while evincing to the utmost his own contempt for what was “trifling and unworthy,” it was impracticable for Collingwood to follow the example of his small midshipman and contentedly “leave a blockhead to his own nonsense.” The realisation was torment to him that the very conditions of his service were dictated by those who had only a partial conception of his requirements, that his representations—his advice—were alike incessantly ignored, yet, none the less, that his tactics would subsequently be criticised pitilessly by men incapable of appreciating the difficulties with which he had been beset at the time of action. “I have lately had a most anxious and vexatious life,” he wrote on May 16th, 1808, “since the Rochefort ships came into the Mediteranean and joined the Toulon, I have been in constant pursuit of them, but with bad intelligence and never knowing whether I was going right or not.” Yet though compelled to act thus blindly, in that torturing uncertainty, the eyes of the world were upon him, and men, wise in the cognisance of after– events, would unhesitatingly judge him in the light of that knowledge.

More than once in his letters to Mrs Stanhope did the pent up bitterness of this recognition find vent. On May 16th, 1807, he wrote:—

I am sorry to see Mr Pole's speech about the Rochefort Squadron and Sir R. Strachan, insinuating that he was well provided with everything—and that had he been in the station that it was expected he should have held, they could not have escaped. The fact is they came here destitute of everything, one of his ships had not 20 tons of

water, and none of them were in a condition to follow the enemy to a distant point. Those insinuations, though they advance nothing positive, are disgusting—the season of the year and the situation of the fleet on such an errand were sufficient reasons. Let your Politicians beware how they sour the minds of such men—men whose lives are devoted to their country. If ever they accomplish that, your State would not be worth half-a-crown.

And again, in December of that same year, on discovering that he, personally, had been the subject of brutal slander, his indignation burst forth:—

*December 29th, 1808.*

I have just seen in the newspapers what I conceive to be exceedingly mischievous, and to officers who are bearing the brunt and severities of war, is exceedingly disgusting, when the whole nation is clamorous against the convention of Lisbon and the treaty which Sir Chas. Cotton made with the Russian Admiral about the ships, it is stated that *I* had made a proposition of the same kind to the Russian Commander at Trieste which had been rejected. There is not a syllable of truth in it. *I* have had no correspondence with Russia, nor anything happened that could have given rise to such a conjecture. It must therefore be sheer mischief. There are such diabolical spirits, who, incapable of good, cannot rest inactive but fester the world with their malignant humours.

And meanwhile the ardent patriotism of Collingwood was deeply wounded by the attitude of the politicians of his native land.

*OCEAN, OFF TOULON, May 16th, 1808.*

The contentions in Parliament are disgraceful to our country and have more to do with its reduction than Bonaparte has. They grieve my heart; when all the energy and wisdom of the Nation is required to defend us against such a Power as never appeared in Europe before—the contest seems to be who shall hold the most lucrative office. I abhor that kind of determined opposition; if the Ministers have not that experience it were to be wished they had, they the more need support and assistance. We have resources to stand our ground firmly, until this storm is over—but it depends on the use we make of our means, whether we shall or not.

It would appear to me good policy to make and preserve peace with all the nations who have the smallest pretention to independence—we should shut our eyes to many things which during the regular Governments in Europe would deserve to be scrutinised—the laws and rules of former times are not suited to the present—a man cannot build a Palace during the convulsions of an earthquake, and I sincerely hope our differences with America will be accommodated—if favourable terms we can grant them. Are not *we* constantly in storms obliged to take in our topsail?—and even sometimes limit ourselves to no sail at all? But our ship is saved by it and when the storm is over we out with them again, and so should the State do.

The truth was that, in much, Collingwood was a more able diplomatist than the men by whose authority he was circumscribed. His letters to Stanhope prove that he was a more apt tactician and had a profounder grasp of the political situation of his day than he has been credited with by posterity. Again and again, does he foretell that

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a particular line of action will be fraught with a particular result, or show how his representations had been ignored until, too late, events had proved their accuracy. Again and again, in some apparently trivial situation which he had the insight to recognise was big with import, did his tactfulness avert catastrophe which a lesser man would have hastened. “I have always found that kind language and strong ships have a very powerful effect in conciliating the people,” he says in one letter to Stanhope, with dry humour. And meanwhile the incompetency of many of those with whom he had to work in alliance was a further source of trial to him. Only too shrewdly did he recognise wherein lay the efficiency of Napoleon and the incapacity of his opponents.

*October 7th, 1809.*

Should the Austrians make their peace, which I am convinced they must, the next object of Bonaparte will be Turkey, and probably the Austrians be engaged to assist him in the reduction of it. All the south part of Europe seems as if within his grasp the moment peace is signed with Austria; he has long been intriguing with those countries, sometimes with the Government, in other places with the people against their Government; the arts, the dissimulations with which those intrigues are conducted, avail him more than even the rapidity of his armies—all the people he employs are equal to the task assigned them; while in Austria and Spain, the operations are often directed by men who, from Court favour, have got situations they are totally unfit for. Catalonia has suffered much from this cause and everything has gone wrong in Istria and Dalmatia, because there there was wanted a man capable of conducting the war. It is true they have been removed, but not until everything was lost by their want of skill.

And yet pitted against “such a Power as never appeared in Europe before,” with the need of every faculty upon the alert, Collingwood was haunted ever more and more by the dread that his increasing bodily weakness must engender mental incapacity. A sinister note crept into his correspondence and so early as August 26th, 1808, he wrote:—

*August 26th, 1808.*

I have been lately unwell. I grow weak, and the fatigue and anxiety of mind I suffer has worn me down to a shadow. I do not think I can go on much longer, and intend, whenever I feel my strength less, to request that I may be allowed to come to England. I have mentioned this to Lord Mulgrave, but have not to the Admiralty Board.

Yet, determined not to abandon his duty, over a year later he was still at his post.

*“Ville de Paris,” PORT MAHON, December 18th, 1809.*

The truth is that I am so unremittingly occupied, that my life is rather a drudgery than a service. I have an anxious mind from nature and cannot leave to any what is possible for me to do myself. Now my health is suffering very much, which is attributed to the sedentary life I lead, and it may well be to the vexation my mind suffers when anything goes counter. But when I *do* come home, I hope I shall not be thought to flinch, for I have worn out all the officers and all the ships, two or three times over, since I left England.

Within a fortnight he wrote again:—

*December 29th.*

I have no desire to shrink from a duty which I owe to my country, but my declining health—the constant anxiety of my mind and fatigue of my

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body—made me desire to have a little respite, and I asked to be relieved from my command—a request which the Ministers seem to have no disposition to grant to me, but if his lordship knew me personally and was sufficiently acquainted with my sentiments he would know that my request was not made without good reason. The service here requires the most energetic mind and robust body—they cannot be hoped for in an invalid, whose infirmities proceed from too long and unremitting exertion of powers, but feeble at first.

Meanwhile, in Grosvenor Square, every item of news respecting the intentions of Lord Collingwood was eagerly looked for, since on these were dependent the movements of little William Stanhope. In the autumn of 1809 Mrs Stanhope wrote:—

William writes word that his height is 5 ft. 4 in., very fair for a Stanhope of his age. What an affectionate creature he is, and how I should delight in seeing him. I do not like the account he gives of Lord Collingwood's health. If the French fleet would but come out and he beat them, I doubt not he would then return immediately.

And on the 6th December she mentions an event which served to accentuate the sadness of that protracted absence:—

Lord Collingwood has actually a daughter grown up. She has made her appearance in Newcastle, very shy and distressed.

*February 27th, 1810.*

We came to Town, Sunday Se'nnight. Since then Captain Waldegrave, who was eleven months in the ship with William, and Dr Gray who was his shipmate two years and like a Father to him, have both dined with us and agree in their favourable accounts. He is quite well and breakfasts every day with Lord Collingwood, with whom he also dines three times a week, and he teaches William himself. Your father said—“I fear he is a Pet!” To which Waldegrave answered—“It can never do anyone harm to be Pet to Lord Collingwood!” As soon as the weather is warm I suppose Lord C. will come back, in his last letter he said he should leave William in a Frigate, but Dr Gray is inclined to think he would bring him home. All the reports respecting the Toulon Fleet being out, will, I hear, prove false.

On March 20th Mrs Stanhope wrote—“It is said that Sir C. Cotton is going out immediately to take Lord Collingwood's command, for that he wrote word if they did not supersede him quickly he should supersede himself. I fear his health is very bad.” Not till April, however, did this intelligence receive confirmation—“At last Sir C. Cotton has sailed, so that, by the end of June, Lord Collingwood may be back, having given up the command to Sir C. Cotton. He was better the last account. Captain Waldegrave dines here to-day, you would be exceedingly pleased with him, for his manners are agreeable and his intelligence great.”

Little did Mrs Stanhope, as she penned the reference to her dinner-party, foresee the conditions under which this was destined to take place. Still less did the authorities who were sending out that belated relief to the wearied Admiral, or the family who now so joyously pictured his return, dream how that service had been already superseded or in what guise that return would take place. Weeks before, at Cadiz, the last act of a prolonged tragedy had been performed. Still firmly refusing to forsake his post till a competent successor had been appointed, Collingwood did not surrender his command to Rear Admiral Martin till March 3rd, when a complete collapse of strength made this imperative. Two days subsequently were lost in the vain endeavour to leave port in the teeth of a contrary wind, but on March 6th, the *Ville de Paris* succeeded in setting sail for England.

The day of days in Collingwood's life had at last arrived—that day to which he had looked forward throughout

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the weary years, when, his task honourably concluded, he could know that every beat of the waves was bearing him towards home and his loved ones. Yet as, prostrated with weakness, he lay in his cabin, listening to the familiar fret of the waters, he understood that the burden had been borne too long, the promised relief had come too late.

With the same dauntless courage with which he had faced existence he now accepted the knowledge that this day—the thought of which had sustained him through loneliness and battle and tempest—was to prove the day of his death. History indeed presents few events of an irony more profound. At sunset on March 6th, Collingwood set sail for England; at sunset on the 7th, he lay dead, and that fortitude with which he met a fate, the harshness of which must have cruelly enhanced his bodily anguish, presents to all time a sublime ending to a sublime career.

Meanwhile in England those whom he had loved continued to count the lessening days to his return and to plan with tender solicitude every means for cherishing and restoring the enfeebled frame which they fondly believed needed but care and happiness to endow it with renewed health. Little as they recked of the burden which the waves were, in truth, bringing them, the knowledge, when it arrived, came with a blow which stunned. In the first announcement of the news, the very terseness of the communication seems to recreate more vividly the intense feeling which the writer knew required no insistence.

On April 17th, 1810, Stanhope wrote briefly to the Vicar of Newcastle:—

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

DEAR SMITH,

You are the fittest person I know at Newcastle to execute with propriety a most painful & most melancholy office. I have only this moment been apprised of the loss both the public and the Collingwood family have sustained, and am so shocked with the intelligence that I can hardly write legibly. I enclose the letter. I am sure you will communicate it with all delicacy & due Preparation to Lady Collingwood & Mr and the Miss Collingwoods. Mrs Stanhope will endeavour to see Miss Collingwood to-morrow. Pray assure them of my readiness to be of every assistance to them in my power.

Of the manner in which the news arrived, Mrs Stanhope furnishes more details.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *April 23rd, 1810.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

“I little thought when I wrote to you on Tuesday last that I should, before that post went out, hear the afflicting intelligence of the death of our great and valuable Friend, Lord Collingwood, whose loss is a public calamity. But I will enter into particulars.

“Just after I went out at three, a second post arrived from Captain Thomas, desiring your father to communicate the dreadful tidings to poor Lady Collingwood. It was five when we received the letter; your father immediately enclosed the letter to the Vicar, to desire he would break it to the family, and I wrote to the Mistress of the School to acquaint the second girl. She wished to see no one or I should have called the next day. Mr Reay heard of the event before we did and recollecting that the Papers at Newcastle were delivered an hour before the letters, wisely sent off an Express; therefore I trust there was time for her to be somewhat prepared for the worst.

“With respect to ourselves, I need not tell you how shocked we were, and unfortunately, we had not only a large party to dinner that night, but some people in the evening. Amongst those who dined with us was Captain Waldegrave, who had not heard of it till he came here, and I never saw anyone so distressed, for Lord Collingwood had been a Father

to him as well as to William; and he is one of the most pleasing young men I ever met with. Two days afterwards he brought here Mr Brown, the flag–lieutenant of the *Ville de Paris*, who gave me many interesting particulars, and spoke highly of William.

Your father has seen Lord Mulgrave twice, and it is settled that a monument at the Publick expence shall be executed for Lord Collingwood. He cannot have a publick funeral, but they wish the family to bury him at St Paul's near Lord Nelson, which your father is this day to write to propose, and I think it impossible Lady Collingwood can have any objection, in which case it will be attended by the Lords of the Admiralty & his own private friends. The Body is now at Greenwich, for it arrived at Portsmouth as soon as the letters announcing his death. He died like a hero, and when that character is added, as it was in him, to the Christian, it is great indeed.

On the same date Mr Stanhope wrote to his son—“I saw Lord Mulgrave the night before last, who desired I would inform Lady Collingwood and the family that it was meant to move in the House for a monument for Lord Collingwood in St Paul's, next to Nelson's. Of course the Body, which has arrived in the Thames, will be deposited in that Church, and the funeral must be splendid without ostentation—at the expense of the executors, or rather of the family.” It was not, however, till May 8th that Mrs Stanhope was enabled to furnish her son with full details of the manner in which the intended ceremony was to be performed.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *May 8th., 1810.*

I can tell you what Lord C.'s funeral is to be. It is to take place on Friday at St Paul's. Mr C. and one of his sisters are in town. He is anxious that it should be proper & your father has been his adviser, but he was determined that it should be as private as possible, as Lord Collingwood's wish on that subject was strongly expressed in his Will.

The Body is now at Greenwich where the Hearse & ten mourning Coaches will go. The company are to assemble at a room on the other side of Blackfriars Bridge, where betwixt 20 & 30 are to get into the mourning coaches, & their own are to follow, but no others. The company are, as far as I can recollect, besides the ten relations & connections, the first Lords of the Admiralty who have been in power since he had the Command—Gray, Mulgrave, T. Grenville; Ld St Vincent declined on account of health; the Chancellor & Sir Walter Scott; Admirals Ld Radstock & Harvey, Capt Waldegrave, Purvis, Irvyn Brown, Haywood—perhaps others; Doctors Gray & Fullerton, Sir M. Ridley & Mr Reay.

Government mean to vote him a national monument to be placed near Lord Nelson & the Body will be placed as near his as it can be. You will be glad to hear that there is a picture painted about a year & a half ago which Waldegrave will get for Mr C. I therefore hope there will be a print of him. His loss will be felt every day more & more. They say he saved to the country more than any Admiral did before, in repairs of the fleet; and to that country his life has been sacrificed.

A reference to Lord Collingwood written by the recipient of this letter, John Stanhope, although it presents no new reflection upon his career, is not without a peculiar interest in that it was a contemporary comment and one of unstudied pathos.

Lord Collingwood, [he wrote in 1810] has sacrificed his life to his country and to the full as much as has done his friend and commander

Lord Nelson. But Nelson's death was glorious; he fell in the hour of victory amidst a nation's tears. Poor Collingwood resigned his life to his country, because she required his services; he yielded himself as a victim to a painful disease, solely occasioned by his incessant and anxious attention to his duties, when he knew from his physician that his existence might be spared if he were allowed to return to the quiet of domestic life. Must not his mind have sometimes recurred to his home; to his two daughters, now grown to the age of womanhood, but whom he remembered only as little children; so long had he been estranged from his country! Must he not have felt how delightfully he could spend his old age in the society of his family, at his own house at Chirton, the ancient possession of his ancestors, which had been left to him by my uncle, and in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which he had gained during his professional career! What a contrast did the reverse of the picture show! A lingering disease, a certain death. He repeatedly represented the state of his health to the Admiralty, but in vain; his country demanded his services; he gave her his life; and without even the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice he was making would be appreciated. "If Lord Mulgrave knew me," said he in one of his letters to my father, "he would know that I did not complain without sufficient cause."

It was thus that Collingwood came home—that the long exile ended and the tired frame attained to rest. On May 11th, he was laid by the side of Nelson in St Paul's, and the comrades of Trafalgar were re–united in a last repose. The ceremony on this occasion exhibited none of the pomp and circumstance which attended the obsequies of the hero of Trafalgar. In harmony with the wishes and the character of the dead man, so simple was it that the papers emphasise in surprise that "not even the choir service is to be sung on the occasion." And this, possibly, constitutes the sole particular in which England endeavoured to fulfil any desire of the man who had laid down his life in her service. His earnest request that the peerage which had been bestowed upon him might descend to his daughter, his pathetic representation that but for the unremitting nature of that service he would presumably have had a son to succeed him, were callously ignored. There were obvious reasons why Nelson's dying bequest to the nation of the woman he had loved remained unregarded, there was none that that of Collingwood should not have been granted and his barren honours thus made sweet to him. But his generation mourned him with idle tears, and succeeding generations have, possibly, done him scanty justice. Yet one, a master–mind in English Literature, has raised an eternal testimony to his worth—"Another true knight errant of those days," proclaims Thackeray, "was Cuthbert Collingwood, and I think, since Heaven made gentlemen, there is no record of a better one than that. Of brighter deeds, I grant you, we may read performed by others; but where of a nobler, kinder, more beautiful life of duty, of a gentler, truer heart? Beyond dazzle of success and blaze of genius, I fancy shining a hundred and a hundred times higher the sublime purity of Collingwood's gentle glory. His heroism stirs British hearts when we recall it. His love and goodness and piety make one thrill with happy emotion.... There are no words to tell what the heart feels in reading the simple phrases of such a hero. Here is victory and courage, but love sublimer and superior."

Nevertheless there is, in truth, little which appeals to the imagination of posterity in the story of that drab martyrdom. Moreover Collingwood is judged, not individually but by comparison. For ever he is obscured by the more dazzling vision of Nelson. It weighs little in his favour that, devoid of the vanity and the weakness which made of the latter a lesser man even though a greater genius, Collingwood, throughout his life, exhibited a nobility of soul which was never marred by one self–seeking thought, one mean word, one base action. That very fact militates against him. Collingwood had no dramatic instinct, and in the great issues of life he never played to the gallery; he has not even attached to his memory, as has Nelson, the glamour of a baffling and arresting intrigue. And there remains eternally to his disfavour that he did not die at the psychological moment. Whether he was, as some recent researches might lead us to believe, a greater strategist than Nelson, as he was undoubtedly a man of stronger principles and more disinterested motives, of wider education and of profounder political insight,

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it is not our province here to inquire. On his column in Trafalgar Square, to all time, Nelson stands aloft surveying the generations who do him homage; far away, on the shores of Tynemouth, a solitary figure of Collingwood, not erected till 1845, gazes out across the ocean of his exile. It is as though the loneliness which tortured that great soul in life haunts him beyond the grave, as the adulation which was balm to Nelson's soul remains his portion to all eternity. There might even be imagined an unconscious irony in the last reference to Collingwood which occurs in the Stanhope correspondence, wherein Mrs Stanhope, after the first horror which the news of her kinsman's death had evoked, sums up thus the immediate effect of that event upon her family life:—

*May 10th.*

London is very gay now.... To give you some idea how we go on, I will mention some of our engagements. To–night Opera; tomorrow, concerts at Mrs Boehms and Lady Castlereagh's; Thursday, Dow. Lady Glyn, Lady de Crespygny musick, and Lady Westmorland's; Saturday, Opera; 23rd., 24th and 26th Balls. On Friday, of course, there are cards, but I shall not go out on account of its being the funeral of our justly–lamented friend.

### CHAPTER III. 1806–1807. ON DITS FROM YORKSHIRE, LONDON AND RAMSGATE

Three years before his death, in the midst of the stress and labour which was undermining his bodily strength, Collingwood had written with regard to this same wearing anxiety—“My astonishment is to find that in England this does not seem to enter into the minds of the people, or at least not to interrupt their gaieties. England on the verge of ruin requires the care of all; but when that *all* is divided and contending for power, then it is that the foundation shakes.”

To the lonely Admiral tossing on the ocean of his exile, absorbed in that mighty problem of England's defence, the attitude of his countrymen at home—their callousness and absorption in trivialities—had seemed well– nigh incredible. But propinquity affects proportion, and as a small object close at hand looms larger to the eye than a vast object upon a distant horizon, so the anomaly continued to be witnessed in England which has often formed part of the history of nations. Possibly one of the strangest phases of the French Revolution was that in which—while heads fell daily and the land ran blood—the round of theatres continued without interruption and the existence of a certain section of the public remained undisturbed. Thus it is not surprising to find, after the storm of feeling which was roused by the Battle of Trafalgar, how quickly personal interests superseded national, and the social life of the country reverted placidly to its normal groove.

True that Nelson's great victory, even while it had dealt a final and shattering blow to Napoleon's maritime power, had not been fraught with the vast consequences which in the moment of exultation it was fondly believed had been achieved. Bonaparte's supremacy in Europe remained unshaken, and his victory of Austerlitz, following hard upon Trafalgar, minimised the latter, while it crushed with despair the dying heart of Pitt. As we have seen, that year dawned darkly which was to witness the death of two of England's foremost statesmen, the great Tory in January, the great Whig in September; but while, big with import, history traced the tale of such giant upheavals in the national life, in strange contrast comes the quiet ripple of contemporary gossip.

“The Prince,” wrote Mrs Stanhope from Yorkshire in the middle of September, “returns to attend Fox's funeral & then has said he will immediately come back to make his promised visits to Wentworth, Raby and Castle Howard.” On the 20th of September Marianne wrote to her brother an account of H.R.H. attending Doncaster Races.

Doncaster Races were not near so splendid as they were expected to have been, few south country people, none of distinction.

The Prince of Wales looked wretchedly; he is thought to be in a bad state of health and was to be cupped last Monday. He arrived at Doncaster about *two* in the morning, and the yeomanry commanded by Mr Wortley met by order to escort him into the town at *nine the next morning*, so that was *manque*. The ball was very ill–managed, the Prince arrived at the rooms before they were lighted, neither of the stewards there to receive him—quite scandalous, I think.

*The Same.*

*Nov. 16th.*

The Royal visitors at Wentworth were magnificently received. Lord Milton [1] exerts himself much in politicks, his only *forte* perhaps, however, that is better than if it were his only *foible*. Lady Milton charms everybody, I have never met with one exception.

The Prince, of course you know, inspected the Cavalry at Doncaster and complimented them much. They were out five days on permanent duty, on one of which Mr Foljambe gave the whole regiment a dinner in the Mansion House, a whole pipe of wine was consumed.

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Lord Morpeth, [2] I am rejoiced to hear got his election. Mr Howard, his brother, is a very gentlemanlike, very handsome young man, worthy of his sister Lady Cawdor. [3] Would you believe it he has never been at Stackpole.

We were much disappointed on Friday by the non–arrival of Mr Wilberforce, [4] as I had promised myself much pleasure, even from so short a visit from such an excellent man. I have been reading some of his *Views of Christianity*, and tho' I believe it is in some parts rather methodistical, I think it quite an angelic book. If he talks as he writes he must be charming.

CANNON HALL *November 28th, 1806.*

A most dreadful and fatal accident happened on Tuesday at Woolley [5] about seven in the Evening. Mrs Fawkes, [6] Mother to Mrs Wentworth, went to an unfinished window, fell out & was killed on the spot. She fell eleven yards perpendicular height.

Mr Wentworth, and his brother Mr Armytage, were here. Mrs Wentworth was not well, & had not accompanied them, therefore she was at home at the Moment, & poor Mrs Farrer, sister to Mrs Fawkes was actually in the room. They immediately sent for Mr Wentworth, & you may imagine the distress in which he left us. Poor Mrs Wentworth had only just recovered from the shock of her Governess dying after an illness of a few days.

To turn to a more cheerful subject—as the occupations of this house interest you, I must describe the present drawing–room trio. Hour eight; tea ordered; at the top of the table, in a great chair, Anne, reading the Roman history. At the bottom, Marianne with two folios, making extracts from Palladio on Architecture. My occupation speaks for itself. I greatly doubt whether a busier scene could be found at Oxford at the same hour.

Miss Baker [7] mentions that Yarborough has been ill at Cambridge from their intense studying that the young men at the Universities are so frequently indisposed. wishes to know whether it arises

*Mrs Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROVE, *January 26th, 1807.*

We are now returning to town, your father arrived there last Thursday. The waggon with our goods was overturned twice in going from Cannon Hall to Wakefield....

This day se'nnight we left home, & called at Woolley, but Mrs Wentworth was not well enough to see us. Thence we waded through the worst possible road to Hensworth where we found Sir Francis (Wood) with the gout and Lady Wood like a Ghoul....

More bad roads to Fryston where we found, including ourselves, a party of seventeen, three less than was expected, among others Lord and Lady Galway [8] and two Miss Moncktons.

The noise, riot and confusion of the house I shall not attempt to describe.

On the following day they drove from Fryston to a ball in the neighbourhood, of which Mrs Stanhope relates:—

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We arrived about nine. The ball–room was beautiful. It was hung with white Calico, with a wreath of evergreens round the top of the room and festoons from it of the same all round; the only fault was *the pure white of the Calico made all the ladies look dirty*. There were 160 or 170 people, many I did not know, many Men, but where the majority came from I cannot pretend to say; Darlington, Ramsdens, Cookes, Taylors, etc, and our large party the chief from the neighbourhood.

The dances were too long and too crowded, which made it not pleasant for the dancers, but it was a fine ball, upon the whole, but much inferior in every respect to Kippax.

Your sisters danced a good deal, and both of them with a Bond Street lounge whose name was Carey. I believed he was rouged. He desired his hostess to introduce him to a partner, stipulating—“*But let her be charming!*” and as she had promised Anne, *she* had the good fortune, and I suppose he found her what he wished, for he afterwards honoured Marianne, and they were both vastly amused at his conceit and folly.

Michael Angelo [9] was *superb*. Since the honour the Prince did him, he has been obliged to part with many of his servants as they would no longer work.

We arrived at Fryston from the Ball at 1/2 past six, the rest of the party at 1/2 past seven, when they breakfasted before they went to bed.

The next day was breakfast all the morning long, & very jolly they were. Miles is as eccentric as ever. So odd a man I never saw.

Of their Yorkshire neighbours who did not live in the immediate vicinity, the family at Cannon Hall saw but little during the winter months; therefore, during their journeys to and from town, they invariably took the opportunity of staying a few nights with those friends whose houses happened to lie conveniently near the line of route. One of the places thus constantly visited by them was Fryston, where at this date there dwelt, with a numerous family, the widow of Richard Slater Milnes, formerly M.P. for York.

The position of the Milnes in Yorkshire was almost unique. In Wakefield, during the flight of years, there sprang into prominence certain merchant princes whose names became household words throughout the county. The Milnes, Heywoods and Naylor, in turn, rose to affluence; but foremost and distinct among these remained the Milnes, who from 1670 owned the great cloth trade of the North, and who, towards the close of the eighteenth century, were represented by four brothers whose firm had secured a monopoly of that trade between England and Russia.

These brothers, by reason of their wealth and influence, were received on terms of intimacy by the older county families. They built themselves each a substantial house in Wakefield, fashioned out of bricks which they manufactured and timber which they had imported from Russia, with which country they were naturally in constant communication in the course of their business. These houses, which stood close together, facing the main road through Wakefield, were handsome in construction and luxuriously furnished; but, by and by, two branches of the family migrated from the town of their birth; James Milnes built Thornes House, and Richard Slater Milnes purchased the estate of Fryston, where he took up his residence about 1790. His new possession was a larger and more comfortable home than the dwelling he had quitted, and although standing in the centre of the great West Riding industries, it was beautifully situated on the banks of the river Aire. Besides extensive gardens and shrubberies, it was surrounded by a fine park, while adjoining it were miles of beautiful larch and beech woods. On the death of Richard Slater Milnes it passed into the possession of his son, Robert Pemberton, who with his brother, Richard Rodes, were the only two sons in a family of nine children.

The brothers, in some particulars, presented a marked contrast to each other, though both were fascinating and clever.

Robert Pemberton was extremely eccentric, but brilliant. He was recognised to be full of promise, and it was

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anticipated that he would one day make a considerable stir in the political world. Writing of him many years later, John Stanhope mentioned the following anecdotes:—

“Mr Milnes of Fryston was one of my earliest friends. After a sharp contest with Mr Smyth of Heath he was returned for the Borough of Pontefract. His Maiden speech in Parliament produced a very great sensation; but a second speech which he made shortly after was considered as a failure, though Mr Plummer Ward, himself no bad judge, declared it was superior to the former and spoke highly of it. I rather think that Milnes terminated it abruptly and was considered to have broken down. He seems himself to have thought so for he made no further effort, and, soon after, abandoning all political views, turned his mind entirely to Agriculture.

“At that date Milnes was a wild, unstable creature, at one time devoting his days and nights to reading; at another giving them up to play; at another engrossed entirely with shooting; always agreeable, clever and sarcastick, he was everything by fits but nothing long, yet always dearly loved by his friends and companions, always a straightforward man, full of high feeling and honour.

“Perhaps nothing will give a better idea of the wild spirit of his character than an occurrence that took place in his youthful days. At a time when Battues and a system of the preservation of game as it is now carried on in Norfolk were little known in this part of the country, he undertook the entire management of the game at Fryston, and succeeded in stocking the Plantations there with abundance of Pheasants. Not content with giving his orders to the keepers, he used frequently to accompany them in their nightly watches.

“On one of these occasions they fell in with a party of poachers, who took to their heels.

“Milnes, who was the foremost in the chace, succeeded in grappling one of the fugitives. The man struggled on to the brink of a deep quarry and finding that Milnes did not slacken his grasp, determined to dare the jump, calculating, as he afterwards confessed, that as his limbs were strong and well knit, that he should suffer no damage, but that Milnes, being slight, would break his leg. Milnes, nothing daunted, kept his hold, and went down with the poacher, whose calculations were reversed, for *he* broke his legs, and Milnes escaped, comparatively speaking, unscathed.”

Rodes Milnes, the younger brother of Pemberton, though gifted with less natural genius, at first bid fair to be of a more dependable character; and while his mother retained an interest in the firm of Milnes, Heywood & Co., he continued to go into Wakefield regularly two or three times a week to look after the business, driving himself in a phaeton drawn by a pair of beautiful black ponies. But later he became closely connected with the turf, and many lively stories are attached to his name. He and Mr Peter of Stapleton were racing associates, and their stable won the St Leger no fewer than five times in eight years; he was also a turf comrade of Lord Glasgow, and after a successful day at York Races, it is said that these two friends would station themselves at the window of the inn where they were staying and stop every passenger to insist that he or she should drink a glass of wine with them.

Rodes Milnes was exceedingly handsome, but later in life became very stout, after which he used to enjoy the pleasures of sport in a somewhat original fashion. In the middle of the plantations at Fryston was a mound on which he used to seat himself in a revolving chair; the keeper would then beat the neighbouring woods in order to drive the birds in the direction of the mound, and as they appeared, Rodes Milnes used to spin round in his chair and take rapid shots at the flying game.

As the Milnes withdrew themselves more and more from their former business, the Naylor came to the fore. For long this later firm was represented by two brothers, John and Jeremiah. The former was the ornamental partner, the latter the useful. John, clad in faultlessly cut clothes and a carefully powdered wig, was an impressive figure, and was well supported in his picturesque role by his wife, a handsome and stately dame. Jeremiah, the working bee, was less polished in manner and more careless in dress. As Rodes Milnes drove into Wakefield twice a week, so did Jeremiah Naylor drive into Leeds Market regularly every Tuesday and Saturday morning, in order to buy white and coloured cloth in its unfinished state. Thence he would return followed by one or two large waggons full of the cloth so purchased, which was subsequently finished, partly at the works of his firm and partly by cloth dressers in the town. Indeed, Jeremiah, who was noted for his shrewd business capacity and frugal tendencies, was said to have bought one–third of all the cloth manufactured in the West Riding.

Only on one occasion is it reported that the shrewd Yorkshireman was outwitted in a bargain. The story is thus amusingly told by the late Mr Clarkson of Alverthorpe Hall:—

“Mr Jeremiah Naylor had a favourite mare which used to take him to Leeds twice a week; but at last, from age, she got past her work, and he unwillingly consented to sell her. He drove her himself to Doncaster fair, and

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early in the day met with a customer; but at a very low price. After this shabby way of disposing of an old favourite he had to look out for a successor, and after dinner went again into the fair where, after a critical search, he saw for sale an animal likely to suit him, which took his fancy from its resemblance to his old favourite of twenty years before. The price was a stiff one, but the bargain was concluded at last, and the new purchase put into the harness, which seemed exactly to fit.

“Mr Naylor was delighted with the pace at which his fresh steed took him home to Wakefield; but on arriving at his house, was met by his old groom, who, after scanning the new acquisition, said dryly: 'Well, Sir, you've brought the old mare back again!' Mr Naylor rather rebuked the man, who replied by loosening the mare from the harness, when she walked straight to her own stand in the stable, and doubtless felt there was no place like home. The poor thing had been cropped and docked and groomed so as completely to deceive her old master.”

As the Naylor waxed in wealth they considered themselves to be the successful rivals of the former great merchants of Wakefield, the Milnes and Heywoods, so that it is said a favourite toast of theirs was—“The Milnes *were*, the Heywoods *are*; and the Naylor *will be*”; a toast destined never to be realised, for in 1825 the mercantile house of the Naylor collapsed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another Yorkshire neighbour whom the Stanhopes visited at this date was Mr Beaumont of Whitley Beaumont, [10] and although on this occasion the entry regarding their visit is scanty, a fuller description of their eccentric host, written by Marianne the following autumn, may be here inserted:—

*Nov. 14th, 1808.*

Last Monday we met the Mills' at Grange, she, delightful as usual. We returned the next day, and in our road called on Mr Beaumont of Whitley.

The master of Whitley is a strange creature, half mad. He leads the life of a hermit, and has not had a brush, painter or carpenter in his house since he came into possession many, many years ago.

It is more like a haunted house in a romance than anything I ever saw. He is now an old man, and has never bought a morsel of furniture; half the house never was finished; one of the staircases has got no banisters. The stables were burnt down some time ago and have never yet been rebuilt. The rooms he lives in have not been put to rights for many years—a description of the things they contain would not be easy,—hats, wigs, coats, piles of newspapers, magazines and letters, draughts, bottles, wash–hand basins, pictures without frames, apples, tallow candles and broken tea–cups.

The whole house looks like a place for lumber. There are some fine rooms, but so damp and mouldy it is quite shocking. There is a chapel completely filled with old rubbish and a plaid bed which was put up for the Pretender.

In the room Mr Beaumont sleeps in I saw his coffin made of cedar wood. He scarcely ever sees a living creature and quite dislikes the sight of a woman. He does everything in the room, which no housemaid ever enters, nor indeed any part of the house.

We saw there Jack Mills, the Democrat, and his little boy who is christened Alfred Ankerstrom Mirabeau. Ankestrome was the man who killed the King of Sweden; Mirabeau the chief author of the French Revolution. He was godfather to this boy. Before you re–instate the Bourbons, should you not extirpate such a man?

Shortly after the return of the Stanhopes to town in 1807 they entertained a guest of a very opposite character, but nearly as remarkable for eccentricity as was the hermit of Whitley. In Walter Stanhope's journal for January 30th of that year is recorded a dinner party of strangely incongruous elements. “This night there dined with us

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Wilberforce, Wharton, Smedley, Skeffington, Sir Robert Peel and Ward.”

John William Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, was the son of a former Yorkshire neighbour of the Stanhopes, Julia, second daughter of Godfrey Bosville of Gunthwaite. As such he was an *habitué* of their entertainments both in London and the country, and was much liked by them in spite of his peculiarities, which occasionally led to most awkward *contretemps*.

An exceptionally brilliant man, agreeable, a profound scholar, a witty *raconteur* and noted for a remarkable memory, of which several surprising instances are still recorded, Mr Ward, in common with so many of his contemporaries, was also a celebrated *gourmet*, and experienced the popularity of the host who provides dinners of unusual excellence for his friends. In view of these recommendations, his eccentricities were treated with leniency by those who suffered from them; none the less, they were apt to occasion most of his acquaintances, including the Stanhopes, considerable alarm. For, a singularly absent–minded man, Mr Ward was not only in the habit of unconsciously uttering aloud his most secret reflections in a voice which could not fail to reach the ears of those most concerned, but his often uncomplimentary criticisms were sometimes, in complete mental aberration, actually addressed to the subject of his thoughts. At a dinner party this was extremely embarrassing, and when he was seen, according to his usual habit, to be engaged in stroking his chin contemplatively, preparatory to giving vent unwittingly to severe strictures upon his host or his fellow guests, universal uneasiness might be observed to prevail amongst all present.

Still more, such remarks on his part were apt to be uttered in a fashion calculated further to upset the gravity of those who overheard them. Even in ordinary conversation Mr Ward had a curious trick of employing two voices of a totally different type—one, Marianne Stanhope described as being drawn from the cellar, the other, as having its origin in more celestial regions. At one moment he spoke in the deepest bass, and the next in the highest tenor, these different tones sometimes succeeding each other with a rapidity which was singularly disconcerting, and which strangers found so perplexing that it was with difficulty they could believe two different persons were not addressing them in such varied notes. Yet, with all this eccentricity, his conversation was so well worth listening to that the matter and not the manner of it remained in the minds of his guests. Therefore, it was with universal regret that, during his later years, and after he had been Foreign Secretary under Lord Goderich, his friends learnt how his peculiarities had developed into mania, and how he had been placed under restraint.

Nor was he the only guest destined afterwards to be the victim of a tragic fate, amongst those present at the dinner party with which Mrs Stanhope began the season of 1807. Another man, then in the heyday of popularity and fame, was doomed to a yet sadder close to his meteoric career.

Sir Lumley Skeffington, of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, was a celebrated votary of fashion. Descended from “Awly O’Farrell, King of Conereene,” and from innumerable Kings and Princes of Ireland, his ancient lineage, as well as his pronounced dandyism, gave him a claim upon the attentions of society, which was further augmented by his literary pretensions. Nevertheless, he subsequently experienced a reverse of fortune, typical of the days in which he lived; and of his rise and fall John Stanhope gives a brief account.

“Poor Skeffington,” he relates, “was the Dandy of the day, *par excellence*. Remarkable for his ugliness, his dress was so exaggerated as to render his lack of beauty the more marked. He was a very good–natured man, and had nothing of the impertinence of manner of the fops who succeeded him. Moreover, he was a *bel–esprit*, writing epilogues and prologues, and was at one time the observed of all observers. I have seen him at an assembly literally surrounded by a group of admiring ladies.”

Skeffington, in short, in 1805, wrote a play entitled “The Sleeping Beauty,” which, produced at great expense at Drury Lane, gained for him much fame among his contemporaries and caused him for a time to be looked upon as a lion in the fashionable world. Enjoying to the full his reputation as a literary celebrity, he elected to ape certain mannerisms and eccentricities which he considered in keeping with this character. “He,” Gronow mentions, “used to paint his face like a French toy. He dressed *a la Robespierre* and practised other follies, although the consummate old fop was a man of literary attainments, remarkable for his politeness and courtly manners, in fact, he was invited everywhere. You always knew of his approach by an *avant courier* (sic) of sweet smells, and as he advanced a little nearer, you might suppose yourself in the atmosphere of a barber’s shop.”

Skeffington, after the publication of his play, was known by the nickname of “The Sleeping Beauty,” and a representation of him in that role John Stanhope describes as “the best caricature I ever saw.” Tall, thin, and a complete slave to his toilet, Sir Lumley not only indulged in an abnormal use of perfumes and cosmetics, but was

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incessantly to be seen combing his scented tresses by the aid of a hand mirror, till it was suggested that one of his Royal ancestors must have formed a *mesalliance* with the mermaid who most appropriately figured in his armorial bearings, similarly employed. The extreme slimness of his figure was accentuated by a coat which he made as famous as Lord Petersham did the garment called after his name; and Byron added to the fame of the beau by mentioning him in the satire “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers”:—

And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise  
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays  
Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines  
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs,  
Nor sleeps with 'Sleeping Beauties,' but anon  
In five facetious Acts comes thundering on,  
While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,  
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean.

[Illustration: CARICATURE OF SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON AS “THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.”]

Unfortunately, however, the harmless foibles of Sir Lumley were combined with an unbounded extravagance which finally involved the luckless dandy in a ruin as complete as it was pathetic. He disappeared from fashionable life to undergo a dreary imprisonment, and when he at last issued thence, the world which had showered blandishments upon him in his prosperity, would have no more of him. In vain did he dress exquisitely, enunciate witticisms and assume a gaiety of manner which he was far from feeling. The friends who had courted his society before his downfall now shunned his acquaintance, and a *bon–mot* uttered at his expense elicited the applause which his most happily–conceived jests failed to evoke. On some stranger pointing out Skeffington to Lord Alvanley, and inquiring who was that smart–looking individual, Alvanley responded with a wit more keen than kind—“It is a second edition of 'The Sleeping Beauty,' bound in calf, richly gilt and illustrated by *many cuts*.”

For long did the luckless beau continue, with a pathetic persistence, to haunt the scenes of his former triumph. At theatres, at picture auctions, in the Park, and in all fashionable thoroughfares, he was a familiar sight, still with the passing of years the butt of the contemporaries who had once fawned upon him, and, as they gradually diminished, the standard jest of a younger generation. With the flight of Time, the blackness of his false ringlets never varied, the brilliant rouge of his cheeks, or the strange costume which he had worn during the heyday of his existence, and to which he clung after it had been obsolete for half a century. And with each year his slim figure became yet thinner, his back more bent, and his spindle legs more bowed, till at length the man who had been born early in the reign of George III. witnessed the dawning of the year 1850; after which the quaint figure of the once–famous Sir Lumley Skeffington was seen no more.

[Illustration: MADAME CATALANI *From an engraving by Carten in the collection of Mr A. M. Broadley.*]

But of the fate which the future held for their guest, the Stanhopes can little have dreamed when Sir Lumley dined with them a few months after the production of his play and at the moment when his society was courted by all his acquaintances. The little dinner party composed of so many brilliant conversationalists was enjoyed by all present; the reaction which it represented to the host and hostess after the comparatively quiet week in Yorkshire was much appreciated by them; and two nights after the entry respecting it, Mrs Stanhope records further gaieties:—

Marianne went to the Opera last night with the charming Miss Glyn. It was thin & they were in their old box for the first time this season, & that is so high up, no one found them out, but she saw Frank Primrose [11] at a distance. The Opera is new done up and beautiful. Catalani [12] is very good in the Comic Opera, & there is a new dancer who is a scholar of Parisides, and dances delightfully. Kelly's room [13] is no longer open, therefore, the only ways out are the great and chair doors. However, one good has arisen—the large room has become the fashion.

London is thin, & the only party I have heard of is one at Mrs Knox's

on the birthnight.

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*  
*February 8th, 1807.*

Yesterday, we dined at Sir Richard Glyn's.... Poor Dickey! he was more forlorn than ever. I never did see such a little wooden puppet. He speechified just in the way you used to say he did at Christ Church to all the ladies in rotation. His chief business is getting chairs for the company. I think the old description of a husband would very well apply to him.... *“It is a thing that sits at the bottom of the table &likes legs better than wings of Chicken.”*

The Duke of Norfolk, Papa has heard, just after accepting the Lord Lieutenancy of Surrey, at the Whig Club gave his old toasts—“The Sovereignty of the People.” We have seen the youngest Prince of Holstein [14] &the tutor, as agreeable as usual. They heard of you at Inverary, the bad news arrived while they were in Ireland, they immediately set off for London, expecting to be ordered back to Holstein; on the contrary, they found a letter recommending them to stay quietly here. Papa means to give them a dinner. He dined the other day at his College Club himself &Lord Moira who has promised to meet the Princes here.

Papa is highly delighted with Mr Wilberforce's letter on the Slave Trade; Ld. Grenville's speech on that subject, he says, was the finest thing he ever heard.

Your love, Mrs Cator, [15] came to town for Court last Thursday. Miss Glyn saw her, and informed her how you were smitten. She laughed very hard and was much amused. She gives a curious account of the Cators of the people she lives with at Beckenham, she says, she never was used to such people, at her uncle Sligo's; [16] but that Mr Cator [17] has known them all his life &likes them. He proposed in a curious manner. One day Miss Mahon said she must go &pack up her jewels. He asked her how many she had. She said, “About twenty pounds' worth.” He said, “Well, I have about as many, suppose we club &put them together.” Which they forthwith decided to do!

Our Sunday dish, Frank Primrose, is here.... I suppose we shall have him every Sunday till the family come to town. The Duchess of Gordon has taken a house in this Square, opposite the Law's in Duke St. I saw Kinnoull in the Pitt at the Opera last night. Our visitors were, the Prince Auguste for about two hours, &Jack Smyth. [18] Young Prince Estahazy [19] is one of the greatest beaux in town—he is of the first family in Hungary. The Princess of Wales not going to the Drawing–room was a sad disappointment. Some attribute it to the Prince, others hope it is her health. *Dieu Sait.*

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope.*  
*February 12th, 1807.*

All the world is going to Court to–day, except us—&many hope to see the Princess there. I believe they will be disappointed, as there is some difficulty about her dressing in Carlton House &I suppose it is thought proper she should not go from any other.

Lady Chesterfield is to be the new Lady of the Bedchamber in the room

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of Lady Cardigan who declines on account of the age of her Lord, that she may dedicate more time to him.

The story of the unhappy marriage of Caroline of Brunswick with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., is too well known to need repetition. Since 1796 she had lived apart from the Prince at Shooter's Hill or Blackheath, and was the object of much sympathy among a large section of the public. In 1806 reports respecting her conduct had led to there being instituted against her what was subsequently known as the *delicate investigation*, proceedings in which the prosecution relied principally on evidence supplied by Sir J. Douglas. The verdict was that her conduct had been imprudent but not criminal, and the populace, ever ready to take up the cause of one whom they considered unjustly treated, sang about the streets and under the windows of Carlton House, a refrain far from complimentary to H.R.H:—

“I married you 'tis true  
Not knowing what to do,  
My affairs at the time were  
So bad, bad, bad;  
But now my debts are paid  
And my fortune it is made,  
You may go home again to  
Your dad, dad, dad!” \*/

Great excitement naturally prevailed as to whether the Princess would or would not make her re–appearance at Court, but it was not till May 22nd, 1807, that she succeeded in asserting her right to do so, and on this occasion she seems to have enjoyed one of the few triumphs achieved in her unfortunate career.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.  
May 22nd, 1807.*

The appearance of the Princess of Wales, both at Court and at the Opera you would read with pleasure. At the former place Sir J. Douglas was in the outer room, and a lady near who knew him by sight said something handsome of the Princess and that she hoped her Calumniators would be brought to justice. All around joined in cordially, and he slunk away.

The following year Mrs Stanhope wrote:—

Lady Hertford [20] is very busy trying to bring about a reconciliation between the Prince and Princess, and I hear she has made some progress.

Lady Hertford, who was long known by her nickname of the “Sultana,” had become celebrated for her liaison with the Prince of Wales, which was destined to continue for some years till she was superseded in favour by Lady Conyngham. She was described as shy and insipid, her manners were stately and formal, and the impression which she conveyed was that of a person rigidly correct in comportment and morals. But if, indeed, she ever attempted to reunite the husband and wife whom her conduct had assisted to alienate, it was scarcely to be expected that such a mediator would meet with success in such a task. Of the luckless Princess, however, Mrs Stanhope was for long a distinct partisan; and on March 19th of that same year she wrote a description of the tactless Caroline which shows that, on occasions, the Princess could assume a dignity foreign to the usual tenor of her conduct.

Thursday, we attended the Drawingroom; most brilliant. The Princess of Wales looked extremely well & *her manners are the most graceful and Royal of any I ever saw.*

Ere that date, however, London had been plunged into confusion by the sudden fall of Lord Grenville's Ministry.

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*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

April 27th, 1807, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

As Parliament is to be dissolved to–morrow or Tuesday, conceive the bustle which prevails thro'out this great town. The gentlemen are in agonies for their purses, and the ladies for their parties, which must either be postponed or destitute of beaux.... This last week we have been very gay—that is, we have been almost squeezed to death at sundry grand crowds, and knocked up with balls. Mrs Robinson's was good in everything but dancing, and Lady Scott's [21] was good in everything but company. The latter was nothing but a little dance, a rehearsal to a magnificent ball she means to give in May, in which she has asked us to dance in the French country dances—but *helas!* all that will now be at an end.... You would have been charmed with Lady Scott. I know how much you admire her, and to increase your delight, I will tell you what she eats for supper. After having already been at one table, she came to ours when everybody had done eating. *She had first half a breast of mutton, then half a chicken, then a whole lobster, a blanc–manger & a mixed salad.*

The Election of 1807 was one long celebrated in the history of Yorkshire, being unprecedented in the fierceness of the struggle it provoked. As is well known, there were in those days but two representatives for the entire county, and there was but one polling booth, which was in the castle yard at York. The retiring members on this occasion were Mr Walter Fawkes and William Wilberforce. The former did not seek re–election, for he took the dissolution so much to heart that he declared he should withdraw for ever from public life, but the latter speedily made good his right to represent the county once more. There remained, therefore, but one seat to be contested, and great was the excitement when it was found that the candidates were to be chosen from the two great Yorkshire houses of rival politics—Lord Milton, the son of Earl Fitzwilliam, in the Whig interest, and the Hon. Henry Lascelles, son of the Earl of Harewood, for the Tory party. Mr Stanhope, having secured his own election for his old seat of Carlisle, hastened back to Yorkshire to take part in the contest in favour of the Tory member there, whose chances of success he hoped would be enhanced by the youthfulness of Lord Milton, which gave his opponents a valuable handle for satire. As already pointed out, precocious in every role of life, Lord Milton had married at the age of nineteen, and having just attained his majority, was now anxious to represent the county.

*Walter Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

CANNON HALL, May 18th, 1807.

I had no time to write to you this Day Se'nnight from Carlisle after my Election. I got to York on Tuesday night, attended the Nomination at York the next day, which was carried almost unanimously in Favour of Wilberforce, and by a great Majority in favour of Lascelles over Lord Milton, but nevertheless, this young Lordling, who was only of age the third of this month, told us he would demand a Poll on Wednesday next. My Canvass against him has been very successful and I mean, having concluded all my arrangements, both here and at Horsforth, to give my Vote on Thursday or Friday.

There has been a flood at Silkstone more tremendous than ever was known by the bursting of a cloud on the Hill to the West of the Village. An old woman and two children were drowned in one of the cottages near the Vicarage, and much damage was done all along the Course of the Brook. Strange Events seem becoming frequent in this Neighbourhood, for last year, you may have heard, during a violent storm a cottage was struck, an old woman and her two sons knocked out

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of the chairs in which they were seated at the table, and the soles of one of the Boys' shoes ripped from off his feet, although the entire party suffered no other damage.

To York, consequently, Stanhope repaired, where he found Lord Milton prepared to hold his own with spirit. On being taunted with his youth, he replied in the well–known words of Lord Chatham that it was a fault he would remedy every day, while a still more brilliant rejoinder to the attacks of his opponent gained him many votes. Mr Lascelles, determined to make a *coup*, on the Nomination day stepped across the hustings, and referring contemptuously to the age and short stature of his rival, offered him a whip and a top. Lord Milton took both with unruffled composure, and throwing the top into the crowd, he handed the whip back to his adversary with the remark that he thought Mr Lascelles' father might find greater use for it to flog his slaves in Jamaica. As the most vexed question at the election was the emancipation of the slaves, this sally provoked great enthusiasm. None the less, on the first day Mr Lascelles headed the poll.

*Walter Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

YORK, May 22nd, 1807.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I have but a moment to tell you I am engaged in the severest contest that ever was known. On Wednesday the Poll began, and closed leaving Milton in a Minority, but yesterday we got near three hundred ahead, by getting early possession of the advances to the Polling Booths. To–day, Wilberforce, who was last yesterday, is regaining his lost ground fast, and I fully expect Lascelles will beat the young Lord, but the contest will be dreadful and the cost enormous. I like your eagerness, but you are full as well where you are. Were you here, you would have a fair chance of a Fever. I am a good deal heated, but not ill. We poll 2 or 3,000 a day.

What a charming account we have of William. We are all in high spirits this day. Wilberforce is the head of the Poll and Lascelles has gained upwards of fifty upon Milton.

*May 27th.*—Hoping that Lascelles is above 300 ahead, I left York this morning. I send you an Electioneering song I wrote, but you must not let anyone have a copy of it.

SONG.

Wave the flag, hoist the pennant,  
Hear our great Lord Lieutenant  
Who would save us the trouble of choice.  
“Let not Lascelles content you,  
Milton *shall* represent you,  
And I'll in the House guide his voice!”

Wise in speech, look, and act  
(I appeal to the fact),  
At nineteen he determined to marry,  
And all I could say,  
Till his twentieth birthday,  
Would hardly persuade him to tarry.

Ere at years of discretion,  
He sat a whole Session,  
E'en Grantham made way for the boy.  
Who's the fittest law–maker?  
He that's first a law–breaker;

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To catch thieves you a thief should employ.

What a lordling it is,  
With his carrotty phiz,  
So cried up, so flattered, so built on.  
You may oft take a rule  
From a nickname at School,  
And the boys named him *old Lady Milton*.

Oh patriot revered  
Go shave for a beard!  
Hie to Wentworth and finish this strife,  
York, Malton, the county,  
Disdained to be bound t'ye,  
Go and cherish your nice little wife,  
Oh! soon may she bear  
You a fine son and heir;  
Then ten oxen whole you may roast;  
May Fitzwilliam carouse  
With *two boys* in the house  
Nor bewail *Milton's Paradise Lost!*

The contest lasted three weeks, while the actual polling occupied fifteen days, during which 25,120 votes were tendered. It is thus described in the *Annals of Yorkshire*:—

The county was in a state of the most violent agitation, party spirit being wound up to the highest pitch by the friends of the two noble families, and everything being done that money or personal exertion could accomplish; the roads in all directions were covered night and day with coaches, barouches, curricles, gigs, fly–waggon, and military cars with eight horses, conveying voters from the most remote parts of the county.... On the fifth day Lascelles passed his opponent and kept the lead till the 13th day, at the close of which the numbers stood,—*Milton*, 10,313; *Lascelles*, 10,255. Now the efforts were prodigious and the excitement maddening.

“All parties,” wrote Mrs Stanhope, “consider themselves secure. Lord Milton met with more success than Mr Lascelles at Sheffield, Rotherham, Doncaster, and, I am sorry to add, Leeds. At Halifax, he had a very cold reception.... Mr Osbaldiston and another man were almost killed going in to vote, owing to the enormous crowd.”

During all this time the state of York was indescribable, and since the public–houses were ordered by the candidates to supply gratis whatever refreshment the voters called for, the roads in every direction were lined with tipsy men who molested travellers, indulged in rioting, or slumbered in heaps by the roadside; so that, partly on account of the fatigue of travelling, but still more owing to the dangerous condition of the roads and of the city of York, the county gentlemen agreed together that the ladies who were entitled to vote should not exercise this privilege unless it should be found essential. [22]

At length the Poll closed, and amid unparalleled excitement it was found that the numbers stood thus:—

MR WILBERFORCE 11,806.

LORD MILTON 11,177.

Mr Lascelles 10,990.

When the news of Lord Milton's success became known in London on Sunday, all the Whig families caused their horses to be adorned with large orange favours, while the ladies at the fashionable promenade in Kensington Gardens made a lavish display of his colours. In Yorkshire, the event was celebrated by the victorious party with mad rejoicings, not the least remarkable being the behaviour of the people of Wakefield who, unable to do honour in person to the successful candidate, seized upon an old woman who lived on Clayton Hill and “chaired” her all round the town with wild enthusiasm. She was ever afterwards known by the nickname of “Lady Milton,” and the

street where she lived bore the name of Milton Street. But even the successful candidate must have found his triumph tempered by the fabulous cost of the election. The unusual size of the county, and the fact that voters had to be brought from and returned to such distant localities, while the cost of their transit and their keep was meanwhile defrayed by the candidates without stint, brought out the electioneering expenses at the enormous sum of L100,000 for each candidate. Lord Harewood, to whose outlay was added the mortification of its uselessness, is said to have kept a card in his pocket from that day forward with the ominous figures L100,000 inscribed on it, and whenever he was asked again to contest the county, he would produce this as an unanswerable argument against his doing so.

Meanwhile, at Ramsgate, Mrs Stanhope and her party were contenting themselves with whatever gaieties the place afforded, and on May 31st, 1807, Marianne Stanhope sent her brother an interesting account of the conditions prevailing there at that date.

NELSON'S CRESCENT.

Just now I think you would be very miserable here, for the wind is very high and whistles at every corner, the sea is rough and everything looks blowing. The night before last was dreadfully tempestuous, &all yesterday morning was very stormy, but it cleared out, happily for us, in the evening, so that we were able to take a turn on the pier.

That famous pier! The only thing worth seeing, I think, either in or out of Ramsgate, for you must know I have now seen almost all the lions:—that miserable forlorn Mansion, East Cliff, *ci-devant* Lord Keith's; the elegant little cake house of Mr Warne, who is going to Russia; the soi-disant cottage of Mr Yarrow, in the romantic vicinity of Pegwell Bay, celebrated, I am told for its fisheries; and last, though certainly not least, the splendid and deserted King's Gate. The building is very classic and elegant, but surely Tully's Villa must be a very different thing in the sweet Campagna of Italy, than placed on such a barren cliff. Poor fellow! Could he look out of the Elysian fields (for there, I suppose, we must place him) I think he would not admire the change of situation!

There is a regiment of Irish Dragoons here. The Colonel has just left them to take possession of a large fortune, &another officer has gone to Ireland to give a vote. Both the Irish and Germans have very good bands which often play before our windows &this is the only gaiety there is.

I am sure all the pleasure of this place must depend upon the company &when you have society that you like, what spot will not appear pleasant?

We are not too well off in that respect as you will think when I have described our acquaintance.

Our greatest intimate is Lady Jane Pery, [23] Lord Limerick's daughter, who has had so many complaints she is unable to move from her chair, though full of life and spirits. Lady Conyngham [24] is the great lady of the place, a nice, civil old woman. We were at a party at her house where we met all the natives. Her daughter, Miss Burton, is 6 ft. 4 in. in height &ugly in proportion, but very agreeable. Tomorrow we are going to a party there where we are to meet *everybody*, for you must know that even in this small society there is an improper set. Lady Dunmore [25] &her daughters, Lady Virginia Murray, &the married one, Lady Susan Drew, [26] sisters to the Duchess of Sussex,

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[27] and Lord and Lady Edward Bentinck [28] & their two daughters are visited by very few *proper* people, but both these houses are the *rendez–vous* of the officers. Lady Sarah Drew had a ball the other night.

At Lady Conyngham's, we are to meet all these.

Miss Bentinck [29] is a great beauty; there has been a long affair between her and Hay Drummond, which is at last broke off by the lady. She had been sent to the Duke of Rutland's to be out of his way. Drummond contrived to introduce himself to the servants as her maid's beau, by which means he slept in the house and was able to walk with her before breakfast & late at night. At last her brother, who was shooting one morning early, & knew Drummond by sight well, found them out and gave the alarm. The Duke sent Miss Bentinck home directly, they were to be married in September, but lo! she has changed her mind.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

NELSON'S CRESCENT, RAMSGATE, *June 1st.*

There are parties here, but the majority of women is quite ridiculous. Lord Cranley [30] the other night at Lady Conyngham's for a short time found himself the only man amongst twenty women. He said he looked as if he had broken into a Convent. I do not like his wit, he is too like a thing to be laughed at.

*June 2.*—We were last night at another party at Lady Conyngham's, where there were four card tables, and it was then settled that there should be a ball on the Birthday, to the no small pleasure of your sisters, who expect to have officers in plenty to dance with.

I do not believe there is any truth in Lady Glyn's report respecting Milnes, though I am convinced he thinks Miss H. Monckton very agreeable. [31] I am certain she asked Lady Galway, for she wrote me word she did not take Joy, [accept congratulations].

I have been here long enough to admire the sea, but the country will not do for a Yorkshirewoman.

*June 5th.*

Yesterday was the dullest Birthday I ever remember. The Guns were fired and something attempted by the Military on the sands, but it was high water, and they, moreover, fired ill. A Ball Miss Burton determined to have, and though neither Lady Edward Bentinck's party nor the Dunmores chose to attend, they danced nine couple very pleasantly. Some of the Gentlemen of the 13th had too loyally celebrated the King's Birthday, however, they *did* dance, and thanks to the Germans, we have some new figures, and two of them amused us very much with a Waltz, which we were very curious to see. [32] Your sisters and two men finished with a Reel, but as we were the only ladies remaining at one o'clock, we were obliged to come away, tho' the Dragoons all indignantly exclaimed that it was not keeping the Birthday. As there were more men than women, the dancing went on with spirit.

Some of the 13th went away early as they ride a race on Barham Downs

this morning.

From Ramsgate, Mrs Stanhope and her Party appear to have gone a brief Tour, with which they were much pleased.

*July 25th, 1807.*

Our tour answered in every respect—the weather continued fine & the country through which we passed very pretty. When we arrived at Woodstock, we found we could not see the House at Blenheim before three, we therefore took fresh horses and drove all round the Park, and visited the House where Lord Rochester died. We then ate cold meat at the Inn, and at three went thro' the House & over the Pleasure Ground—large enough for a tolerable sized place. From thence, drove through the Parks of Ditchley & Hey Thorpe to Warwick.

The next morning we saw the Castle and grounds, and afterwards went to Mr Greathead's, Guy's Cliff, a pretty, small place, but noted for some beautiful paintings by his only Son who died at the age of 23 abroad. There are two pictures of Bonaparte, one with his Court face, the other when reviewing; both taken from recollection immediately after seeing him & said to be extremely like. He took a third which he presented to Louis Bonaparte.

This expedition appears to have terminated in a visit to the Lowthers at Swillington, where Mrs Stanhope records an instance of the drastic medical treatment in favour with our ancestors.

*November 5th, 1807, SWILLINGTON.*

Lady Lonsdale [33] is living at Leeds with Lady Elizabeth, who I fear is little, if any, better. And though Lady Lonsdale is willing to flatter herself, I fear she is too ill to be relieved by Grosvenor's plan of friction which is what they are now trying. *She has five people to rub her at once.*

Do send me some particulars of Miss Drummond's wedding. I hear such various stories—one that she was married in an old riding habit with a red scarf round her neck.

The recipient of Mrs Stanhope's correspondence, her son John, was at this date completing his education at Edinburgh, under the auspices of the famous Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy, who the year previously had received from the Whig Government a sinecure worth L600. Judging, however, by Mrs Stanhope's reference in the following letter to the kindly ministrations of a certain "Miss Anne," Moral Philosophy was not the only study which was engrossing the attention of John Stanhope.

*CANNON HALL, November 23rd, 1807.*

After the long quiz you will this morning receive from Marianne, perhaps a matter–of–fact letter from your mother may not be unacceptable, and if your weather in any degree resembles ours, the post will be a person held by you in great estimation, as you sit freezing over your fire.

I sincerely hope that Miss Anne's pills and grey Dinnark had the desired effect and that you are now quite in Ball trim. I like your account of Dugald Stewart and hope you retain a great deal of the knowledge which flows from his mouth. How I should like to hear him! For Moral Philosophy is my favourite study.

Your account of your dinners amused us. Sir John Sinclair [34] always collects from all quarters of the Globe; sometimes he mixes them

oddly, but I think his dinners are not disagreeable. Knox, with whom you dined, lives in Grosvenor Street, his mother gives balls, and Mrs Beaumont expects she will be with her at Christmas on her road from Ireland.

It now snows as fast as possible. Thursday was a very bad day, and we have had severe frost ever since. I do not ever remember so determined a snow before Xmas, and all the old people foretell a hard winter.

Sir John Smith [35] is dead. Mrs Marriott [36] tried to be sorry, but when she recollected it would enable the Smiths to live in town and a hundred other *et ceteras*, for the life of her she could not grieve; and in truth he was not a man to be much regretted, he was of too selfish a character to be either much loved or esteemed.

We are much amused at the extract which you have sent us from Drummond Castle.

The extract in question, which was enclosed in this letter, runs as follows:—

PART OF THE JOURNAL OF THE CELEBRATED ELIZABETH WOODVILLE (afterwards Queen of Edward IV.) previous to her first marriage with Sir John Grey. Extracted from an ancient MS. preserved in Drummond Castle.

*Monday morning.* Rose at four o'clock & helped Catherine to milk the cows, Rachael, the other Dairy Maid having scalded her hands the night before. Made a Poultice for Rachael & gave Robin a penny to get something comfortable from the Apothecary's.

*6 o'clock.* The Bullock of Beef rather too much boiled & the beer rather stale. Mem: to talk to the Cook about the first fault & to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrell.

*7 o'clock.* Went to walk with the Lady Duchess, my Mother, [37] in the Courtyard. Fed 25 Men & Women. Chid Roger severely for expressing some ill words at attending us with the broken Meat.

*8 o'clock.* Went into the Paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy, & caught Thump the black Poney & rode a matter of six miles without either Saddle or Bridle.

*10 o'clock.* Went to dinner. John Grey [38] a most comely Youth,—but what is that to me? a Virtuous Maiden should be entirely under the guidance of her Parents—John ate but little and stole a great many looks at me; said “Women could never be handsome in his opinion that were not good temper'd.” I think my temper is not bad. No one finds fault with it but Roger, & he is the most disorderly serving man in our Family. John Grey likes white Teeth. My Teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think, & my hair is as black as Jet. John Grey, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

*11 o'clock.* Rose from table, the Company all desiring a walk in the Fields. John Grey would help me over every stile & twice he squeezed my hand. I can't say I have any great objections to John Grey. He plays at Prison Bars as well as any Country Gentleman; is remarkably dutiful to his Parents, my Lord and Lady; & never misses Church on a Sunday.

*3 o'clock.* Poor Robinson's house burnt down by accident. John Grey proposed a subscription among the Company for the relief of the Farmer & gave no less than 4L himself. Mem: Never saw him look so comely as at that Moment.

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*4 o'clock.* Went to Prayers.

*6 o'clock.* Fed the Pigs and Poultry.

*7 o'clock.* Supper on Table, delayed to that hour on account of Robinson's misfortune. Mem: the Goose Pie too much baked & the Pork roasted to rags.

*9 o'clock.* The Company fast asleep. These late hours very disagreeable. Said my Prayers a second time, John Grey distracting my thoughts too much the first. Fell asleep at ten. Dreamed that John Grey had demanded me of my Father. [39]

## CHAPTER IV. 1808–1810. ON DITS FROM GROSVENOR SQUARE AND CANNON HALL

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, Jan 27th, 1808.

Poor Philip went to school to–day, to the great regret of all the party, for he is a general favourite. Such a lively little monkey I never saw.

On Sunday Roast Beef and Plum Pudding [1] dined with us, and were entertaining as usual, also Orator Milnes, who was quite fascinating, the first time I ever saw him so! He is perfectly different with his town face to what he appears in Yorkshire. Yesterday we had a pleasant *dinnette*. In the evening Lady Glyn arrived *bien triste*, and Mrs Beaumont all magnificence for Lady Castlereagh's. We were much surprised to find Count Holmar [2] in town, but we have had the mystery explained. He took the Princes back to their own country, and then came back here on account of his love for Miss Gifford, Lady Lansdowne's daughter by her first husband. [3] She is pretty and clever, without much fortune, but Lord Lansdowne has taken a fancy to her, has settled Southampton Castle upon her, and having no child of his own, intends making her an heiress. The young lady does not like the Count much, but her friends wish it, so there are delicacies and difficulties enough for a novel of the first order. He spent three months there this autumn, and certainly as far as a pale cheek, sunk eyes, and slender form can prove anything, he is either hopelessly consumptive or in love. So much for him!

Mrs Beaumont is quite on her high horse. 'Tis said *he* has asked for a peerage on account of his *overwhelming* influence in the county of York, all of which he employed in favour of Lord Milton! Bravo, say I!

Another story is that he has had the offer of a Swedish order, fees L150, a sky–blue ribbon, which gives no place, and the honour of being a Sir, not hereditary. I never heard of its being conferred on any but dancing masters and medical geniuses.

My father has become acquainted with Mrs Knox, and is much charmed with her. He says they seem to live in prodigious style, have a magnificent house, as finely furnished as Bretton. She said her son mentioned you in the highest terms.

We were at the Opera on Saturday. Fuller of men I never saw it; the boxes thin. The Duchess of A. was there looking *fade*. Kelly's room is at an end; so we had the pleasure of waiting, or rather starving in the great room for near an hour.

Marianne Stanhope, later, thus describes this room at the Opera where the audience assembled on leaving, and where each lady who was unattended by a cavalier of her own family, strove anxiously to escape the crowning ignominy of not having a beau to “hand her to her carriage.”

Then came the pleasures of the crush–room, that most singular of all places of amusement, where a mob of good company assemble twice a

week, in a thorough draft of air, to enjoy the pleasure of inhaling the odours of expiring lamps, amid the ceaseless din of "Lady Townley's carriage stops the way"—"Lord D——'s servants'—"—"the Duchess of N——'s carriage"—"Lord P——'s coming down"—"The Duke of S——must drive off," and sounds such as these constantly reiterated.

Young ladies by the dozens were to be seen freezing, with shawls off one shoulder, trying to inveigle some man, by means of sweet words or sweeter looks, to hand them to their carriages; the unfortunate mammas behind them, looking worn out in the service, ready to expire with the cold and bustle, sinking on the sofa opposite to the fireplace to await their turn with what patience they might. [4]

And after enlarging upon the various methods by which the representatives of the *haut ton* strove likewise to secure the satisfaction of "hearing their names proclaimed by each passer-by," she exclaims—"Say! ye frequenters of the Opera round-room, if these are not its chiefest pleasures?"

Meanwhile the flirtations which were wont to beguile this tedious hour invariably attracted much attention.

*January 29th, 1808.*

I have heard some news respecting the little Viscount which surprises me—that he is to marry the second Miss Bouverie as soon as she is presented. [5] That the eldest was cruel & moreover that he always preferred the second, though he has never given the slightest hint did not go near her at the Opera, not even in the crush-room. He is gone to Bath, probably to avoid the talk & gossip of London till it is publickly declared.

*February 22nd, 1808.*

On Monday we were charmed at Drury Lane with Mrs Jordan in "*Three weeks after Marriage*." I admire her so much I could forgive the Duke of Clarence anything. On Friday, we had a dinner party at Mrs Glyn's—*hum-drum enough*. The next night we had a dinner here, at which we had George Hampson, who is now one of our great flirts; he has been much in Edinburgh and likes nothing better than Scotch dancing.

The dear Prims [Primroses] dine here *a l'ordinaire*. I met the Viscount in the Park with his love, and he went again in the evening, but I wonder they don't dine together of a Sunday. She is a nice little girl, very genteel and pleasing, but no beauty like her sister, who is all-conquering this year. At Court the other day she had a trimming and headdress of her own composition, all pheasant's feathers, the plumage of two-and-thirty. As for poor little Frankey [Frank Primrose] as Mary Lowther says, all the Roast Beef and Plum Pudding will produce nothing.

Miss de Visme [6] has not yet arrived. She has made great havoc among the Staffordshire beaux. Your old Square Flame, Miss Calcraft [7] is in a few months to come out a raging belle. She is amazingly admired by the few who have seen her. London is pronounced dullissimo, so pray continue to amuse yourself in Edinburgh, which by your account must be the gayest and pleasantest place in the world.

We are much obliged to the Duchess of Gordon for giving you so happy an opportunity of announcing the beautiful, or extraordinary presents we may expect to receive—perhaps Scotch husbands—who knows! Pray

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don't be dilatory. Miss Glyn is smarter, gayer, and a greater flirt than ever. A last attempt—may it succeed!

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*  
*February 26th, 1808.*

Yesterday I had the pleasure of your gay, wild epistle. You remind me of the French prisoner who was asked how he spent his time. He answered—“We breakfast, then dance; dine, dance again; sup— *encore la danse!*” This I begin to suspect is a Scotch life, and very good for bile, provided the dinners are such as the prisoner partook of. You seem to be the happiest of the happy and the gayest of the gay.

Peter was quite shocked you had not mentioned Walter Scott. Have you ever met with him? Great expectations are formed of his poem. Campbell and Rogers are both going to publish poems.

*March 11th, 1808.*

I believe I have not written to you since your sisters were at the Argyle Rooms, [8] which they liked extremely, but where they had small opportunity of exhibiting their new steps. There was first an Operetta, then a supper, and afterwards an attempt at a dance; but the stupid English voted it not *ton*, and there were only about fifteen couples who ventured to defy this opinion—Marianne and Mr Macdonald one of them. Anne remained a spectator. As the dancing did not seem to be approved, Mr Greville said, for the future there should be none except upon ball nights.

*March 16th, 1808.*

We were at the Opera on Saturday and at the Argyle Rooms on Monday. At the latter place we had only a concert and supper—thin and I thought dull. The men are always in the house and have little time for anything but politicks.

The King is, I understand, quite provoked with the Opposition, and says that their present method of proceeding is different to any that has ever been in his reign. They depend upon wearing out the Constitutions of the Ministers. Your father told Lord Castlereagh he was certain it was all owing to his pale face and therefore he ought to put on a little rouge. The Lords sending back the Bill on the orders of Council had given great spirits to the Opposition.

The dullness of London is beyond anything I have ever known. The only new belle is Miss Hood, daughter to Lord Hood, who is quite beautiful.

Your friend Mr Macdonald did us the honour to remember us at the Argyle Rooms, but he has made so little impression on your sisters, they both asked who he was.

Mr Macdonald, who was unfortunate in having made so little impression upon Mrs Stanhope's daughters, was Archibald, third son of Alexander, Baron Macdonald of Sleat, called “Lord of the Isles.” He was a great friend of John Stanhope, who, in 1806, had accompanied him on a canvassing tour through the Hebrides when such an expedition was fraught with discomfort and even danger, so little had civilization penetrated to that wild region since the days of Dr Johnson's famous tour seventy years previously. Failing in his canvass, Archibald Macdonald subsequently made another attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament, of which he sent the following account to the former companion of his efforts:—

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*Archibald Macdonald to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

METHVEN CASTLE, *May 26th, 1808.*

My Dear Stanhope,

You will have heard by this time that I have been half way to the North Pole (Kirkwall in the Orkneys) in quest of a seat in Par., and perhaps you will also have heard that I did not find it. However, I left no stone unturned in my researches—Philosopher's stone excepted—and only came back from my transportation four days ago, not a little happy to find myself at Methven again, for such a country I never beheld. Starvation reigns there with *pinching sway*, as both my nose and my stomach very soon informed me, for the one was nipped into a sort of beetroot colour by the North Winds, and the other was forced thro' a course of Salt Fish and Whiskey, for the hard season had laid an embargo on animal food, etc., and this you will say was pinching fare for a candidate from the land of plenty! Posts, only once a week, were irregular.

I must not forget to mention that I went to Orkney in the King's Cutter (The Royal George), and scarcely had we landed at Kirkwall than accounts were brought of a French privateer being within sight. Away went the Royal George, and, in 10 hours after, returned to her moorings with the *Passepartout* of 16 guns and 63 men from Dunkirk. The French Captain, Vanglieme, was my guest to Leith, and a most extraordinary genius he was, full of life and spirits, not in the least downcast at his misfortunes. He had a most excellent little band of music on board, which amused us all the way home; he is now on his Parole at Peebles. His behaviour to some English Captains that he had taken was so generous that they came forward to sign a certificate in his behalf to be presented by me to the Commander–in–Chief, everything that can be done for him I hope will be done—generosity for generosity.

I perceive a very beautiful place to be sold in ye papers, Park Place—Lord Malmesbury's. I wonder what they expect for it—it would suit me—but rather too high land.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *June 11th, 1808.*

The Princess of Wales danced all night at Burlington House with Lord Ebrington.... Mrs Bankes's rout was as full and as good as even she could wish, so many men scarcely ever seen at any Assembly, & in every respect it was good. The only disappointment was that the night would not permit of the world going into the Garden, tho' it was lighted the Pandear Band played. Before we came away they were beginning to dance, but to that music I do not think it could be kept up with spirit.

We left dancing also at Lady Neave's, & had thoughts of returning there, but Mrs Bankes's was too pleasant to allow of our attempting to get away,—no easy thing if we had wished it, for I really believe there must have been near 2,000 people there.

A most desperate flirtation between Miss Glyn & Mr Archibald Grey. How fine “my Uncle Portland” would sound! Little Sir D——y would be killed with delight.

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To–day and to–morrow we dine fourteen. Your father was at the House till past five yesterday morning. However, he stole an hour for Mrs Bankes's.

Mrs Bankes, the wife of the M.P. for Corfe Castle, [9] presumably gave this successful party for her two daughters, one of whom Lord Broughton, writing a few years later, describes as “lively and entertaining, very lovely and very clever, but a little odd.” This latter characteristic appears to have been shared by her father, for various stories of his absent–mindedness have survived, and one mentioned by the same correspondent was often subsequently quoted with peculiar zest by his large circle of acquaintance. When Chantrey was thinking of a design for Satan, Mr Bankes, in the presence of a grave and learned assembly, volunteered the following unexpected recommendation: “My dear Chantrey, you had better choose some part of Satan's history and so make your task more easy—take, for instance, his conflict with *sin and death!*” The shout of laughter with which this unsolicited advice was received completely mystified Mr Bankes, who, for some time could not be persuaded that he had made any inappropriate suggestion. Nevertheless both he and his wife enjoyed exceptional popularity, and their parties were appreciated far more than the next entertainment referred to by Mrs Stanhope:—

*June 20th.*

Lady Dartmouth gives a breakfast at Blackheath this morning, the heat and dust will be dreadful. To–night we expect to be amused at the Argyle Rooms, as those who choose may go in masks. Lady Harrington goes nowhere, and the Marquis almost lives here.

Meanwhile the news from the continent was again calculated to arrest the attention of the most frivolous amongst the gay world of London. Events were assuming a more threatening aspect. The long–protracted Peninsular war had begun; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, dispatched to the relief of Portugal, three weeks after landing defeated Junot in a decisive victory at Roliga, on August 17th, 1808. Had he then pushed on, as it was said he wished to do, the whole French army must have surrendered; but his superior officers, Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hugh Dalrymple, who landed on the two succeeding days, forbade all pursuit, and, it was asserted, obliged Wellesley to sign with them the pitiful Convention of Cintra, which allowed the French army to evacuate Portugal unharmed, and to be carried on British ships back to France. Junot admitted frankly that his men would have capitulated had they been pursued but two miles by the English, and so great was the indignation roused in England by the news of this fiasco, that the three generals demanded and obtained a court–martial. All were acquitted; but Wellesley, who had denounced the Convention vehemently before the Court, was instantly employed again, an honour which was denied to his superior officers. Hence the refrain, which became a favourite at the time.

Sir Arthur and Sir Harry, Sir Harry and Sir Hew,  
Doodle, doodle, doodle, cock a doodle doo!  
Sir Arthur was a gallant knight, but for the other two  
Doodle, doodle, doodle, cock a doodle doo!

Some years afterwards, with regard to this famous occurrence, John Stanhope wrote in his journal—

I regret that I did not at the time dwell at a greater length upon the Convention of Cintra.... That Convention and even the battle of Vimiera, at one time the theme of every tongue, are effaced from the memory of even us their contemporaries by the more brilliant achievements of the British army—by successes which have blotted out all recollections of former errors. I can scarcely recall to my mind the arguments that were used for and against that Convention by those who were present at the battle; but the feeling against it in England was so strong, that, strange as it may appear in these days, at a Race Ball at Carlisle where I accompanied my father, then Member for that City, when the Steward, Sir James Graham, gave the health of Sir Arthur Wellesley, an officer rose and declared that he would not drink

the health of a General *who had disgraced England*.

That Sir Arthur Wellesley was fortunate in throwing the blame from his own shoulders on to his superiors in command, there can be little doubt, as notwithstanding the assertion of his friends, it is not possible to consider the signature of such a man in the situation that he then held, as a mere matter of official duty.

If a General is superseded in his command in the hour of victory he does not become a mere aide–de–camp or secretary to the officer by whom he has been superseded. In conducting a negotiation, he stands rather in the position of an ambassador, who, though he may not have full power himself, is still held to be mainly responsible for the treaty that he signs. If Sir Arthur only signed the Convention *officially*, he ought, for the sake of his own character, at once to have remonstrated openly against all the terms of which he disapproved and which tarnished the splendour of his victory.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from his signature of the Convention was that, the opportunity of following up the victory having been lost, the surrender of Lisbon and the evacuation of the whole of Portugal by the French troops were advantages too great to be rejected and left to the uncertain decision of arms.

But whatever may have been his private opinion, he was fortunate to rise superior to the disgrace which fell upon his commanding officers, probably because the victory of Vimiera must have served to open the eyes of our Government to the folly of submitting a man of his abilities to the command of Generals higher in rank but far inferior in military experience. It can but appear singular that a General should be superseded in his command in the very moment of battle, and that, before his successor had time to grasp the reins of power, the latter should in turn be himself succeeded, by yet another commander! It affords an extraordinary instance either of indecision or of intrigue in the Cabinet!... Suffice it to say that this Triumvirate produced as a monument to their glory the Convention of Cintra!

Following upon this event, Sir John Moore took command of the British troops in Portugal, and advanced into Spain to relieve the Spaniards. “There was,” relates John Stanhope, “at this period no man in the army whose character stood higher than that of Sir John Moore. He was a man of the finest principles and of the most undaunted courage; by those under his command he was adored. In the hour of battle he had the most perfect self–possession and confidence both in his troops and in himself, which alone was sufficient to ensure success. Though not a fortunate general, he was esteemed one of the most able in the British service, and it gives me pleasure to add, that I have since heard French officers who served against him give the highest testimony in favour of his military conduct. But his political opinions, which were hostile to Government, added to the difficulty of his situation, and that circumstance undoubtedly weighed upon his mind.... It is to this very susceptibility, this want of moral courage and readiness to sacrifice his own reputation to the cause in which he was engaged, that his misfortunes are principally to be attributed.”

The story of Moore's advance into Spain, as John Stanhope points out, “undoubtedly betrays, both on his part and on that of the Government, a most lamentable ignorance of the real state of that country. Because they heard of Spanish armies in the field, they idly supposed that these were armies in the accepted sense of the word and not a mere collection of peasants, undisciplined and chiefly unarmed, officered by men as ignorant of their profession as themselves and commanded by a General yet more incompetent.—And with armies so composed they actually sent a British force to co–operate! ... Sir John Moore had not been long in Spain before he discovered the mistake that had been committed and the danger of his situation; he saw at once that the course he ought to adopt was to

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retreat upon Portugal, fall back upon his resources and rely entirely upon his own judgment.”

The story of his dilemma, and of how he was forced to act against his convictions, is well known to posterity. After dwelling at length upon the aspects of the situation, John Stanhope concludes:

He made a rapid march on Madrid and was on the point of attacking Soult when he learnt, by an intercepted dispatch, that Bonaparte was marching against him in person and that he was in immediate danger of being surrounded. The consequence was his famous retreat. As to the manner in which that was conducted, I have heard a French General, who was employed in the actual army by which Moore was pursued, speak of his enemy's tactics with boundless admiration. But perhaps the highest praise which can be accorded to it is that the pursuit, in the first instance, was conducted by Bonaparte in person, and subsequently by Soult and Ney under his express directions, and yet that Sir John Moore succeeded in effecting his escape without once being *entraîne*, and crowned his efforts by the victory of Corunna—a victory which, sealed as it was with his own blood, ought to wash out the memory of any errors which he may have committed. [10]

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

RAMSGATE, *January 27th, 1809.*

You will have experienced the greatest grief for the loss of our gallant defender, Sir John Moore—a great blow to this country. But while deploring his death, we must not forget to glory in what our brave troops performed, tho' 'tis grievous to think how many lives have been lost, and what the remaining army have gone through, without lamenting that this almost unexampled victory will be of so little use.

Last night this place was thrown into surprise and confusion by the arrival of one or two Transports with part of the 52nd, and of two or three other Regiments. The poor men were obliged to pass the night in the Transports as they could not come on shore till the orders came from Canterbury. Your father went last night to see some of them. He found a Serjeant who said they had no assistance from the Spaniards, but the accounts are so various I do not like to give too ready credit to what I hear, tho' I hear there is not the patriotism amongst them one should suppose.

Lady Lilford, [11] that beauty *en masse* (who is here with two daughters ill out of the four she has with her) was made very happy last night by the arrival of her Son who was in the 52nd, & of whom she had not been able to hear anything.

We have put on a black ribbon for Major Stanhope, son to Lord Stanhope. [12]

The Knoxs will have been in great anxiety, for they have a son in the 52nd. Knox would be just in time to receive him.

The excitement occasioned by news of the victory of Corunna and the lamentable death of Sir John Moore had scarcely abated when the attention of the public was arrested by a *cause celebre* which occasioned an unprecedented commotion.

The Duke of York, Commander–in–Chief, had for three years had a *liaison* with Mrs Mary Anne Clarke, a woman of humble origin, but great powers of fascination. It was at length discovered that she had been selling commissions in the army for extortionate sums and sinecures in almost every department of State, so that men of

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all classes, by her intervention, had procured places and privileges as a matter of favouritism or of merchandise. So much was this the case, that a footman whom she liked was given a commission in the Army, and a clergyman, for substantial payment, had secured the honour of preaching before the King. On January 27th, 1809, Colonel Wardle, M.P. for Okehampton, brought forward a motion of inquiry in the House, charging the Commander–in–Chief, not only with having been a party to such practices, but of actually participating in the proceeds. Instead of this inquiry taking place, as he had intended, before a secret Committee, so great was the belief in the Duke's innocence, that it was decided to give the investigation all the publicity possible, and that the witnesses should be examined before the whole House. This was singularly unfortunate, as the consequent scandal was great.

On February 14th, 1809, Mrs Stanhope wrote:—

The House sat till three this morning examining Mrs Clarke, who your father says is a lively, clever woman. End as it will, it must be disgraceful to the Duke of York. The King is much hurt at it. Except the floods, that is the only subject of conversation.

During the progress of the inquiry, Mrs Clarke appeared daily at the bar of the House exquisitely dressed, witty, impudent, and answering the attacks of the cross–examiners with a cleverness and fund of smart repartee which completely foiled them. On March 8th, Mrs Stanhope wrote again:—

It is very extraordinary that the day should arrive and Colonel Wardle never have signified what his Motion is to be. Tierney wrote to him the day before yesterday, to which the answer was that he should not be at the House, and referred him to Lord Folkstone who did not appear till the Debate was begun; therefore all is conjecture. This conduct on the part of Mr Wardle will be in favour of the Duke, who I doubt not will be honourably acquitted.

Mr Burrell says, what a fuss they make about the Duke's having what every man in Office must have—*a clerk*.

Mr Stephens, brother–in–law to Wilberforce, made a speech of four hours on the Commission business. For three he commanded attention. It will be published.

Although the verdict eventually given declared charitably that the Duke was exonerated from the charge of personal corruption, it was evident that he had been guilty of culpable neglect of his duty, that he had signed papers presented to him without troubling to read them, and had agreed to every arrangement made by Mrs Clarke, although knowing that she was making a traffic of such commissions.

The Duke, in consequence, was forced to resign his Commandership, although in 1811, he was, to the indignation of many people, reinstated in it by his brother, the Prince Regent.

Ere that date, however, another topic of conversation had been provided for the social world.

*February 25th, 1809.*

We are very quiet. To–night, we go to the Opera, and on Wednesday, another dance at Mrs Knox's and *voilà tout*. Your father was at the House till four, but I cannot give you any account of the Debate, as our thoughts have been engaged by the fire at Drury Lane. The whole fabrick burned down in a very short time. Fortunately, as it is Lent, the Theatre was not open. It took fire during the rehearsal, and even some of the stalls are down. Charles has been there this morning and says there was only one life lost. It is the fifth theatre I remember being burnt. Canning was speaking when the account reached the House. The Debate was immediately interrupted, and it was proposed to adjourn, but Sheridan requested they would

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not postpone it for him, and it went on. Knox, with his good–humour, asked Anne if he was not to have a ticket in my box, but she told him, as he could not want one at present, he should have one from the beginning of April.

Your father and Lord James [13] go to the Speaker's to–night. We are grown very good and walk in Hyde Park every day. From Ramsgate, I hear that the place is full of poor Irish soldiers who are dying fast. I fear the mortality has been so great since the return of the Army that it will increase the loss of men largely.

The destruction of Drury Lane was rendered yet more tragic by the conditions under which the news of such a startling disaster reached those who were most affected by it. “On the 24th of February,” Michael Kelly relates, “Mr Richard Wilson gave a dinner to the principal actors and officers of Drury Lane Theatre, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. All was mirth and glee; it was about 11 o'clock when Mr Wilson rose and drank 'Prosperity and Success to Drury Lane Theatre.' We filled a bumper to the toast; and at the very moment when we were raising the glasses to our lips, repeating '*Success to Drury Lane Theatre*' in rushed the younger Miss Wilson and screamed out, '*Drury Lane Theatre is in flames!*' We ran into the Square and saw the dreadful sight. The fire raged with such fury that it perfectly illuminated Lincoln's Inn Fields with the brightness of day. We proceeded to the scene of destruction. Messrs Peake and Dunn, the Treasurers, dashed up the stairs, at the hazard of their lives, to the iron Chest in which papers of the greatest consequence were deposited. With the aid of two intrepid firemen they succeeded in getting the Chest into the street—little else was saved.

“I had not only the poignant grief of beholding the magnificent structure burning with merciless fury, but of knowing that all the scores of operas which I had composed for the Theatre, the labour of years, were then consuming. It was an appalling sight! And, with a heavy heart I walked home to Pall Mall. At the door I found my servant waiting for me, who told me that two gentlemen had just called, and, finding I was not at home had said, 'Tell your master when he comes home, that Drury Lane is now in flames, and that the Opera House shall go next.' I made every effort to trace these obliging personages, but never heard anything more of them.

“Mr Sheridan was in the House of Commons when the dreadful event was made known, and the Debate was one in which he was taking a prominent part. In compliment to his feelings, it was moved that the House should adjourn.

“Mr Sheridan said that he gratefully appreciated such a mark of attention, but he would not allow an adjournment, for 'Public duty ought to precede all private interest,' and with Roman fortitude he remained at his post while his Play House was burning.” [14]

Sheridan, indeed, in the midst of such a misfortune, showed a nobility and disinterestedness which did him infinite credit. Forgetful of self, he begged the whole Theatrical Company to stand by each other, even at personal loss, till the Theatre could be rebuilt, pointing out that while the superior actors would have little difficulty in getting other engagements, the inferior ones were in far other case. “Let us,” he urged, “make the general good our sole consideration. Elect yourselves into a Committee and keep in remembrance even the poor sweepers of the stage, who, with their children, must starve if not protected by your fostering care.”

Although the cause of the disaster was never ascertained, a general impression prevailed that the Theatre had not been set on fire by accident, and the mysterious message left at the house of the unhappy manager seemed to confirm this suspicion. A report was also current that the Prince of Wales had some time previously received an anonymous letter telling him that all the principal public buildings should be burnt down one after the other. Innumerable fires, indeed, occurred, and many people were afraid of attending the Opera, since it was rumoured that a train of gunpowder had been found under it. Hence, doubtless, the “good–humoured” request of Mr Knox for a seat at the post of danger; and shortly afterwards another mention of him occurs. He had attended a Drawing–room held by the Queen, which had proved unusually crowded, owing to the sympathy that all were anxious to show for the Royal family on the acquittal of the Duke of York.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *March, 1809.*

Knox was presented yesterday, and his Mamma takes him to introduce to all her acquaintances, which he does not like. Her last ball was much

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too full, she might have opened her whole house, therefore, there was no good dancing till just before supper, when the Musick was sent away, to the sore annoyance of Anne, who was just beginning the dance with Mr Fraser. The Knoxs say that Charlotte Bouverie is a painted thing, but Archy was charmed with her, and her dancing. He has given up talking of home, both he and Lord James dine here again, the 11th, with the Primroses and Mr Knox, Lady Milton, Lord Euston, and some others. The Drawingroom was very full yesterday, and I believe the Queen spoke to everybody; she thinks there are times to be civil.

I was surprised at Court to hear Knox say he thought it was everybody's duty to go to Court yesterday, as he supposed Queens would feel like other Mothers. I was delighted to hear so loyal a speech from one of that house, for though his father and his uncle are in possession of a place of L10,000 a year, I do not believe they are disposed that way.

Miss Shuckburgh [15] was presented yesterday, and as she has a borough, Knox thought she might be worth looking at, but the Borough and Twelve Thousand a year must be thought of, by any one disposed to think of her.

The Beaumonts are to be at Cheltenham on Monday, the Colonel is much better, a *very* large Blister has roused his senses. [16]

*March 22nd.*

You must put on a black coat for the Duchess of Bolton who died yesterday. [17]

*March 30th, 1809.*

Your brother Philip is by the kindness of the Duke of Montrose, the Master of the Horse, appointed Page to His Majesty. We are ordering him his smart uniform, sword, etc., for him to go to Court in, to kiss the King and Queen's hand, the week after next.

Marianne is busy learning to make shoes. Archy was so pleased that he has begun. The Shoemaker says he does very well, but he thinks Lord James [Murray] understands better. The Master is a Scotchman. What think you of Princess Charlotte learning the trade? It rather discomposes me, as it is not an amusement for a Queen of England.

A novel occupation was absorbing the attention of the fashionable world. The craze for making shoes suddenly obsessed Society. Shoemakers unexpectedly found themselves the most favoured of mortals. Lessons in their art were demanded on all sides and at all costs. They were so busy teaching it, they had little time to practise it. Men and women alike would forego engagements while they strove to perfect themselves in the new hobby; and the lady who, at balls, could boast that her feet had been shod by her own fair hands was an object of envy to all the less talented. [18]

The Stanhopes threw themselves with avidity into the new pastime, and still in existence are the little cards which they had printed in jest announcing that this new profession was “Carried on at Cannon Hall and Grosvenor Square.” Mrs Stanhope apparently viewed the occupation with equanimity, save when it became the recreation of Royalty. Nevertheless it seems occasionally to have interfered seriously with her arrangements. That same month she writes:—

I have not seen Archy of some days, but I think I shall this morning as I have sent an Opera ticket for either him or Lord James yesterday, and they neither of them appeared. They are so busy learning to make

shoes that they can think of nothing else, and all engagements are forgotten.

The new opera last night was excellent. The *Chasse of Henri Quatre* when we had *Viva, Viva, Nostro Re*, there was universal applause, and it was with spirit encoed. The dancing excellent. Miss Gaylon does not dance after Saturday, as she is to marry a Mr Murray, a clergyman.

Knox is gone to Ireland; I believe heartily glad to get from his Mamma's introductions. When he was introduced to the Duke of Gloucester, H.R.H. inquired what profession he was brought up to—and at the reply exclaimed—“What, *no* profession!” Mrs Knox, who had presented him as an eldest son, coloured.

I must conclude with an extract from the papers:—

“A few days ago was married by special license, at St George's Church, Hanover Square, Mr Tho. Kay of Hickleton, near Doncaster, farrier and blacksmith, to Miss Sarah Walker, of Upper Grosvenor Street, London.”

The enclosed paragraph I send you, because the lady is my *laundry-maid*, and is at this moment at the wash-tub. She chose to marry a day or two before I came to Town, to the rare annoyance of my footman, Robert, as there had long been an attachment between them, though she is old enough for his mother. She has now announced her decision to the fashionable world.

Meanwhile the visit to Ireland does not seem to have been altogether happy for Mr Knox. Various letters speak of his serious illness, and the multiplicity of the remedies resorted to in his aid rivalled those employed on behalf of Lady Elizabeth Lowther. On June 11th a certain Mr Maconochie, a Scotch friend of John Stanhope, wrote from Edinburgh:—

We had fine fun at Pitt's dinner. Lord Melville made a very good speech; we had good singing too. I went to the evening Collation on the King's Birthday where there was about 1,000 people, and the immortal memory of Mr Pitt drunk with three times three. The Whigs, I can assure you, are quite down in Scotland.

By the way when I speak of Whigs, you have alarmed me very much about poor Knox. What is his complaint? You have never told me, you only say he is in great danger—no wonder, poor fellow, *with six physicians attending him*.

Later, Mr Maconochie furnished John Stanhope with news of another common friend.

I was in Edinburgh on Wednesday last. Mrs Playfair has got three or four youths from the South, among whom is the *aimable* Lord John Russell [19] I suppose he intends to honour the speculative with his presence as Mrs Playfair told me she hoped I would not vote against him. I certainly shall not, as I think any *thing* of the appearance of a gentleman will be of invaluable service.

You must observe in the newspapers that old Sir William Douglas [20] is dead, and I am very sorry to say that owing to the negligence and delay of Frank Walker's papa, our friend William does not succeed nearly to what his Uncle intended, nor does he indeed get anything till after his father's death.

The state of the Case is this:—Sir William met his agent, Mr Walker, at Harrogate, this summer, and he then desired him to make out a settlement for him by which he left *everything* he should die

possessed of to William. Mr Walker recommended him to delay it till he should get to Scotland that he might execute it formally. To this Sir William agreed. On his getting to London, however, he found himself so very unwell that he wrote to Mr Walker to say that he had no time to lose. Mr Walker, none the less, still delayed, and did not send the Deeds for above a fortnight, and Sir William had died two days before they reached Town. By the Will which is valid, and which was executed so long ago as the year 1790, his whole fortune is to be divided between three brothers, William's Papa, Mr Douglas (Sir James Shaw's partner), and one in America. The American one is since dead, leaving an only daughter, and there is a great question whether or not she will be entitled to anything.

But let the worst come to the worst, our friend will have the Castle Douglas estate entire, about L7,000 per annum, besides his father's estate of Orchardton, L5,000 a year more. This he will in a great measure owe to his uncle, Mr Douglas's, kindness, who says that as far as possible, the unexecuted Deed shall be complied with. In the meantime, you see, he would have nothing till his father's death.

But I have since heard that the old Boy is going to reside at Castle Douglas, and going to give his present place immediately to William.

Douglas is no doubt disappointed, as he has lost above L150,000 exclusive of what he will get, for actually the old Curmudgeon died worth, L4,000,000!

From such an event as the disposal of a fortune of four hundred thousand, the thoughts of Mrs Stanhope were again distracted by the news in the political world. A letter from Archibald Macdonald, dated July 23rd, 1809, echoes the current gossip respecting Lord Wellesley, afterwards Viceroy of Ireland, of whose movements with regard to the Continental campaign no one could speak with certainty. "Is he gone to Spain or not?" questioned Mr Macdonald. "I have heard it very confidently asserted that he is not going, and that all his *gout*, etc., is merely affected to prevent his being sent. In short, that he has changed all his plans and did not venture to stir one step. On the other hand, it is said, that he is become nearly quite imbecile." Meanwhile, although Sir Arthur Wellesley had obtained victories at Oporto and at Talavera, having been unsupported by the Spaniards he was obliged to retreat; and following on this, an expedition sent out by the British Government to Walcheren under Lord Chatham proved a terrible failure. The mutual recriminations of Canning and Castlereagh led to their resignation and resulted in a duel which took place between them on September 9th, and of which Archibald Macdonald writes:—

When we were at Glasgow Circuit the Lord Advocate shewed me Lord Castlereagh's *own* account of the duel, and really from it I think there is no doubt he behaved most infamously. Canning was certainly not in the least to blame. I hope the King will still take Lord Wellesley and him into the Cabinet.

Lord Melville intended to have gone to England in the beginning of the month; he has now, however, determined not to stir till everything is fixed, lest it should be said that he has gone a-place hunting.

In October Perceval succeeded the Duke of Portland as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Lord Wellesley became Minister for Foreign Affairs. A rumour meanwhile reached the Stanhopes with regard to their young friend Mr Pemberton Milnes which roused their curiosity.

What say you in the South to the Administration? Will it be possible for them to go on? 'Tis strongly reported here that Milnes refused being Chancellor of the Exchequer. True it is that a King's Messenger

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was sent to him, and I believe that something which he declined was offered to him, but surely not that great office. I live in dread of the United *Talents* being called in! Lord Wellesley and Lord Melville might enable them to go on, but without them they will never do. I am still willing to hope that Peace is not signed and that Bonaparte may be ill.

The true story of the offer which was made to Pemberton Milnes was afterwards thus recorded by John Stanhope:—

Soon after he left Cambridge, Milnes made a bet of L300 to L500 with Kit Wilson, then a great character on the Turf—indeed for a long time Father of the Turf—that before seven years were over he should be Chancellor of the Exchequer. I do not mention this from mere rumour, for I heard Mr Wilson himself tell the story at dinner at Wentworth House, adding that the bet was drawn before the seven years were over. As will be seen by his letter to me, he was actually offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer at five—and—twenty,—not perhaps exactly in the view in which he originally intended, as that place has now for years been considered as attached to the position of the Prime Minister, but still with a place in the Cabinet.

*Robert Pemberton Milnes to Walter Spencer—Stanhope.*  
*October 23rd, 1809.*

My Dear Sir,

As I feel as strongly as I can the kind expressions of friendship that we have interchanged, and as I flatter myself on this occasion you may find an interest in what perhaps may be thought a leading event in my life, I sit down to send you a line informing you of my having reached London, having received a letter from Perceval which would have made it personally disrespectful to him had I declined coming. On my arrival here, and after he had submitted in great detail the history of the Cabinet discussions, he closed by no less an offer than saying he had the King's orders to propose to me the situation either of Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of War,—the latter without a seat in the Cabinet, if I wished to lessen the responsibility.

This was on Saturday, and I have employed the interval, not in reviewing the grounds upon which he stands as Prime Minister, which really on the first statement satisfied me there was no alternative, but in duly weighing my own situation and taking my measure (as it were) for my fitness for the Office. The result of my reflections has been to decline both offers. In so doing, you may imagine I had no ordinary feelings of personal vanity to contend with, nor a common self-satisfaction in thinking that the proposal had been made me. At the same time, dazzling as the place of a high Cabinet situation might have been, I do conscientiously assure you that I looked to my country more than to myself, and differing from Perceval in thinking that its interests would well be entrusted in my hands, I have answered decisively that I thought there were others who would conduct them better.

I believe that he proposes offering the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Rose, and the Secretaryship of War to Palmerston.

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In all this business, however well or ill determined on my part, you will be glad to hear that I think Perceval's case quite a triumphant one, and such as, when well stated to Parliament, will meet with sure support.

I write in the greatest hurry.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

ROB. P. MILNES.

The tradition of this famous bet has long been related and disputed. The incident was one of national importance, for it was the refusal of Mr Milnes to accept this brilliant offer pressed upon him by Perceval which gave Lord Palmerston admission into the Ministry, and started him on a career which finally led him to the Premiership. Lord Palmerston's Maiden Speech in the House was made in reply to one by Mr Milnes.

In Mrs Milnes's Diary, there is given the following account of the reception of the offer by her husband:—

One morning when we were at breakfast a King's Messenger drove up in a post–chaise–and–four with a despatch from Mr Perceval, offering Mr Milnes the choice of a seat in the Cabinet, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of War. Mr Milnes immediately said “Oh no! I will not accept either. With my temperament I should be dead in a year.” I knelt and entreated that he should, and represented that it might be an advantage to our little boy, please God he lived, but all was to no purpose, and he went up to London to decline the most flattering and distinguished compliment ever known to have been paid to so young a man. [21]

Immediately after Christmas, as was their custom, the Stanhopes returned to London, and 1810 found them once more resuming their life in Grosvenor Square.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope.*

*February 27th, 1810.*

London is not yet gay. Of Politicks, whether the present Ministers can stand seems doubtful. Lord Chatham in his examination throws blame on the Navy; his having presented a paper to the King without any communication with the other Ministers, has made sad work. The business in the House is every day, and all day, and all night.

I have not seen any of your friends yet. Miss Acklom is not yet come. The body of Mr Eden [22] is found, & though he had been so long in the water, some Bank Notes were found perfect in his pocket.

Sir T. Gascoigne [23] and Sir C. Turner [24] both dead, the former has left his fortune to the Olivers, and failing them and their issue to Lord Fitzwilliam—very distant, if any relation.

Sir C. Turner, his house, stud, and plate at Newmarket to his groom there; everything else, for ever, to Lady Turner.

Honoria Blake has married Captain Cadogan—amiable and poor. Lord and Lady Barnard to live at the Duchess of Bolton's old house—the two Lords of that name so near will make a confusion.

*March 20th, 1810.*

There are more girls of high fashion just come out than has been known for many years.

London, I never knew so dull.... I hear of no matches, the flirtations have not yet begun.

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*March 27th, 1810.*

Ministers have much to do this week. The Walcheren Debate came on yesterday and is to last Tuesday; Wednesday they repose from their labours, and Thursday and some say Friday the Debate is to last.

We have sent to Mr Knox for the numbers, he came home at one, and he thought there would be no division. I suppose this question will decide the fate of the Ministers.

There was a very interesting debate the other day on a statute, precluding all men who have written on hire for newspapers from becoming Members of Lincoln's Inn. A lawyer present described a case in which a young man of the highest expectations, most distinguished education, might be driven by necessity to accept of such an offer for existence. After enlarging with great feeling on such a case, he concluded by saying he had not described an imaginary situation, but his own, thirty years before. The applause of the House was excessive. I wish you may meet with the speech for it was very interesting.

Sir F. Burdett has published a letter to say that the House of Commons have no right to imprison Gale Jones. [25] There is to be a debate upon it. I fear his conduct will do much mischief. His letter is addressed to his Constituents.

Pole Carew got drunk at Oxford and made such a riot he was sent to the Castle. Think of Wentworth (Beaumont) coming from Cambridge to have a tooth out without leave!

[Illustration: SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BT., M P. *From an engraving by Wm. Sharp, after a picture by J. Northcote, R.A. Painted while Sir Francis was a prisoner in the Tower.*]

*April, 1810.*

Yesterday early I went into the Park to see between 4,000 & 5,000 Cavalry pass in Review before the Commander–in–Chief. The sight was highly gratifying, the morning beautiful, & as they entered from the Kensington Barracks & went down the Ride, all the carriages went up the drive, several open carriages and a large concourse of people both on foot & horseback. It was well–timed, as this morning there is to be a Meeting of the Electors of Westminster in Westminster Hall to address, I believe, the Commons for having deprived them of one of their Members, but the sight of the army yesterday will, I doubt not, keep all quiet.

Sir F. Burdett is going to Law with the Speaker on the illegality of his Warrant. Thursday, the Foot Troops are all to be reviewed in the Park, the number about 17,000. Major Gibbs and his Regiment are on guard in the Square.... Since Sir F. Burdett was safe in the Tower the town has been perfectly quiet & all parties in the House join to condemn his conduct.

*May 10th.*

This year there is quite a new Ball set. Mrs Beaumont's was the best of the year—a child's Ball from 8 to 10, and then a grown–up one, two suppers, magnificently done, never too full, nor too hot. I had a few people before, only 14 or 15 women and plenty of men. They danced to the Pianoforte.

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I invited Lady Eleanora Dundas. [26] Our visiting arose from an odd mistake. She called here and believed herself at Lady Dalkeith's. I, somewhat surprised at her invasion, of course, as in politeness bound, returned her visit—at which *she* must have been much astonished, being still unaware she had called on *me*. When she came to return my return-visit, she was not a little shocked and surprised to discover where she had actually been when she supposed herself to be calling upon Lady Dalkeith! Archy says La Belle [27] is to marry the son of Picture Davis, at whose house they are, and who has bought Lord Leicester's house.

London is very gay now. Mrs Knox has contributed more to its gaiety than anybody yet. Last night she had another excellent dance downstairs in two rooms. I was there till five, Esther (Acklom) with me, the little Lord still perseveres, but I am told it will not do.

Archy has got a capital house, elegantly furnished, in Connaught Place, close to Tyburn, with a fine view of the Park.

*May 22nd, 1810.*

To-day all the world are wishing it may continue fair, as Lady Buckinghamshire gives a Venetian Breakfast. I scarcely expect she will find the world fools enough to mask by daylight.

The last week has not been gay, we have had nothing but dinners and assemblies.

Lord James Murray was married on Saturday, [28] and this day at twelve Miss Dashwood gives her hand to Lord Ely, [29] all her first cousins to attend to the amount of forty. I hope he will behave well to her for she is truly amiable.

To-day Esther goes to the Breakfast, to the Opera to-night with us, and then to sup at Devonshire House with Lady Caroline Wortley. I see no beau likely to succeed at present.

Towards the close of 1810 the mental affliction under which George III. had so long suffered became more pronounced, and was declared by his physicians to be incurable. In the February following, the Bill was passed by which the Prince of Wales became King in all but name; and forthwith, in the worst possible taste, he determined to celebrate the inauguration of his regency by a fete at Carlton House, which should surpass all previous entertainments given by him in its unrivalled magnificence. The selfishness which prompted such callous indifference to the condition of his father was accentuated by the fact that he fixed upon the date of the old King's birthday as an appropriate anniversary on which to hold this public rejoicing at the incapacity of the unfortunate monarch; while the occasion was rendered still more memorable by the fact that from this great festivity, not only was the Princess of Wales perforce excluded and Mrs Fitzherbert, by a studied slight on his part, prevented from attending, but even the unoffending Princess Charlotte, now verging on womanhood and panting to taste that gladness of youth of which she had known so little, was denied participation in the gaiety for which she ardently longed.

None the less, all other members of the world of fashion went to the entertainment, which proved one of surpassing brilliancy. The night was fine, and the company, which began arriving soon after nine o'clock, stayed till the small hours of the following morning. The walks adjacent to the Palace were enclosed and converted into temporary rooms, glittering with lights and festooned with flowers. The supper took place at two o'clock in the morning in an exquisite grotto of rare exotics, and along the centre of the table, which was 200 feet long, a river of pure water flowed from a beautiful fountain at its head. Gold and silver fish disported themselves in its limpid waters, while along its banks were ranged cool green moss and aquatic flowers. In contrast with this scene of simulated sylvan beauty, the daily papers relate with awe, if with some lack of humour, that "the gold and silver plate used at the fete amounted to seven tons. *Nearly a wagon load of it belonged to the late Sir W. Pulteney and*

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*was borrowed for the occasion.* “In the midst of this astonishing display, surrounded by his most favoured friends and waited on by sixty servitors, sat the Regent, resplendent in his finest clothes and swelling in the plenitude of his new importance. To him it mattered nothing that his daughter was breaking her heart in the dullness of Windsor, that his wife was chafing in her seclusion at Blackheath, or that the woman who loved him knew herself publicly humiliated by his attitude towards her; yet the condemnation meted out freely to his conduct, even by those who accepted his hospitality, finds no echo in the correspondence of Mrs Stanhope, who with tireless energy attended the royal fete previous to starting on the long journey to Cannon Hall.

CANNON HALL, *July 1st, 1811.*

The day before I left Town I attended the most magnificent fete I ever saw, given by the Prince Regent. It was to have been on the King's Birthday, but the preparations could not be ready in time. Three Thousand people were invited and there was room at supper for all, the tables were in the temporary rooms in the garden, and it was more like Vauxhall than anything I know to compare it to. All our princes, the Duke of York & Princess Sophia & the Duke of Gloucester were there.

We did not get home till 1/2 past 5 & started on our journey to Yorkshire at 3. I hear the public are to be admitted to see the *Hebris* of our feast.

Unfortunately, this well–intentioned decision on the part of the Prince Regent was attended with a dire result. “The condescension of the Prince,” relate the papers, “in extending the permission to view, for three days longer, the arrangements for the late fete at Carlton House, has nearly been attended with fatal consequences. Wednesday being the last day of the public being admitted, many persons took their station at the gates so early as seven o'clock. By twelve the line of carriages reached down St James's Street, as far as Piccadilly, and the crowd of pedestrians halfway up the Haymarket. At three o'clock the crowd had so much increased, that the Guards were forced to give way; several ladies were unfortunately thrown down and trampled upon; and we regret to learn that some were seriously hurt, among whom were Miss Shum of Bedford Square, and a young lady, daughter of a gentleman at the British Museum. Another young lady presented a shocking spectacle; she had been trodden on till her face was quite black from strangulation, and every part of her body bruised to such a degree as to leave little hopes of her recovery.”

“I hear,” wrote Mrs Stanhope from her safe retreat in Yorkshire, “that no one knew what to do nor how to disperse the people. At last, the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland ordered ladders to be brought, and, climbing up on to the wall of the court–yard, they personally announced loudly that the Prince Regent had given orders that the house should be shut up and no more people admitted. There were numbers wounded, however, before the immense crowd could get away. What a mercy Esther Acklom did not go, as I know that she intended doing!”

Esther Acklom, to whom constant reference is made in the correspondence of Mrs Stanhope, was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Acklom, Esq., of Wiseton Hall, Nottinghamshire. She was much sought after in society on account of her reputed wealth; and although stout and somewhat plain in appearance, she was a decided flirt, and extremely fond of amusement.

Partly owing to the fact that her mother was in delicate health, partly to the proximity of her father's house in Lower Grosvenor Street to that of Mr Stanhope, she was the constant associate of the young Stanhopes, and attended many balls and routs chaperoned by their mother. There was, indeed, much to recommend her companionship. Clever, well–read, lively in manner and witty in conversation, she was invariably agreeable, despite the fact that her speech was apt to be too frank and her determination too unswerving to render her universally popular. Of her extraordinary decision of character, indeed, her life furnishes more than one striking instance, and an illustration of this may be given, which occurred when she was but fifteen years of age.

She was then journeying abroad with her parents, when, in common with some other English travellers, they were detained at Vienna on its capture by Napoleon. The danger was imminent. Once plunged into a foreign prison, it was impossible to say when or by what means they might escape thence. In such a dilemma none knew what to do or to advise; but Esther Acklom was equal to the occasion. Hearing that the military commandant was Marshal Mortier, who had been known to her family in England, she took her maid, and went off to interview

him. She found the great man seated in the Hotel de Ville, surrounded by a large staff, listening to the complaints of the burghers and administering justice. She presented her petition, but he scarcely glanced at it, and roughly bade her to stand aside till others had been attended to who were of more importance. Her maid, terrified at his manner, implored her young mistress to come away, but Esther, nothing daunted, stood her ground. She had shrewdly observed that an aide-de-camp of the Emperor was by the side of the marshal, and concluding that this fact might account for his manner, she patiently awaited the turn of events. Nor was she wrong. In course of time the aide-de-camp departed, and the commandant then politely inquired in what he could serve her. She explained, and, evidently struck by her courage, he further asked in the kindest manner how many passes she required. Again she had presence of mind to perceive the drift of his question, and to see that he was anxious, if she so desired, to aid her friends as well as herself. She boldly answered, three, in the hope of serving two English families of her father's acquaintance. To her delight, the passes were at once handed to her, and within a few hours the three carriages were hastening from Vienna.

Even then her adventures were not at an end. An English family, who had failed in securing a pass, decided, as a forlorn hope, to follow in the wake of the other carriages on the chance that, in the confusion of so many vehicles leaving the city, they might effect their departure under cover of the passports of their friends. As was to be expected the attempt failed. The Official on guard allowed the three carriages with passes to drive through the gates, but the fourth was at once arrested and ordered to return. Vainly did its frightened occupants entreat and expostulate, the man was obdurate, and they had given up all for lost, when the clever girl who had secured the safety of the rest of the party came to their rescue.

Thrusting her head out of the carriage in which she was seated, Esther looked back at them with well assumed anger. "Why on earth don't you go back to your hotel and fetch your pass," she cried impatiently, "instead of giving all this trouble? It is absurd! We will, of course, wait here till your return!" So convincing was her indignation, and so complete her assurance, that the Official was deceived. The fourth carriage received permission to pass the barrier, and the fugitives hastened to make good their escape, showering blessings on the young girl whose coolness and presence of mind had saved them.

A character of so much individuality and resource doubtless appealed strongly to the young Stanhopes, and Esther, besides being their constant companion in London, was often their guest at Cannon Hall. Between the years 1810-1811, mention is made of an incident which occurred during one of these visits, and which in a striking manner serves to emphasise the gulf between a past and a present century.

An advertisement had been issued in Wakefield announcing that, on a given day, a man would fly from the Tower of the Parish Church to the Bowling-green in Southgate. Much local interest had been roused by this statement and wagers had been made upon the practicability or impracticability of the attempt. The Stanhopes had no thought of attending this performance, but they happened to be driving in the neighbourhood with Esther Acklom on the day appointed, and their lively guest, with her usual wilfulness, insisted that they should make their coach pause near the Church in order that she might witness the occurrence.

At the appointed time, accompanied by some other men, the adventurer appeared. He stood for a moment in view of the crowd, outlined darkly against the Tower of the Church, then, stepping cautiously off the roof, he apparently committed himself to space, and was pushed off on his voyage by his companions. With his arms waving to and fro like wings he slid slowly towards a tall pole upon the bowling-green, while the vast mob below watched his flight with breathless anxiety. The fact was that a fine rope was attached from the Tower of the Church to the stake, and a piece of board with a deep groove underneath having been securely strapped to the "aviator," the groove was then balanced upon the rope, and the action of the man's arms sufficed to set it in motion. The venture, however, was sufficiently perilous to sustain the interest of a crowd who must presumably have been cognisant of the existence of the rope, and when the successful adventurer reached the ground in safety, he was greeted with heart-whole acclamations from an enchanted crowd, in which lively Esther Acklom joined.

A more important incident in the life of Miss Acklom was likewise due to her acquaintance with the Stanhopes. But we must first glance at the train of events which indirectly gave rise to it.

## CHAPTER V. ANECDOTES FROM A PRISONER OF NAPOLEON. 1810–1812

John Stanhope had early evinced a desire to travel. His most youthful venture had been a tour in Wales, whilst his next excursion, the tour to the Hebrides already referred to, had been of a more daring nature; indeed, a man, in those days, who had made such a journey, was looked upon as a traveller of some experience. Not content, however, with having acquired this reputation, young Stanhope, when not yet twenty-three years of age, determined to extend his researches further afield.

He was anxious to investigate the antiquities of Greece, about which little was then known, and having imbued his friend Tom Knox with his own enthusiasm the latter decided to accompany him. On the 29th of January 1810 the two young men therefore embarked on board the ship *Vestal*, which was carrying Mr, afterwards Sir Charles Stuart [1] as Minister, out to Lisbon.

It was a singularly exciting time to venture upon the continent. The very atmosphere seemed permeated with terror of Napoleon. Each country was on the defensive, struggling openly or surreptitiously to preserve its threatened liberty; while the one topic of conversation was the defeat or the success of armies. Thus the correspondence of the young travellers, so eagerly awaited and devoured by the family in Grosvenor Square, serves to throw many interesting sidelights upon continental existence during a period of history with regard to which interest can never wax cold. [2]

John Stanhope and his friend for some time wrote from Lisbon, where, under the auspices of the new Minister, they mixed in the best society, and met the most prominent civil and military residents of the day. Among others, they saw a great deal of General, afterwards Lord, Beresford [3] and were much struck by the discipline of the Portuguese troops under his command.

A field-marshal in the British Army, William Carr Beresford, had, in 1807, been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the island of Madeira. Subsequent to the Battle of Corunna, at which he was present, he was sent back to Portugal to take command of the troops there, and at the head of 12,000 men he drove back the French. Of the difficulties, however, with which he had to contend in his stupendous task, John Stanhope gives a graphic description.

“At the time,” he relates, “when Beresford was appointed to the command of the Portuguese army, it was conspicuous for a lack of discipline which in these days would hardly be credited. To say that it was the worst in Europe would hardly give any idea of its degradation. The Portuguese soldiers were a weak, worthless rabble, without pluck or organisation, and practically useless for the campaign. Nor was the Government of the country in a much better state; a long series of misgovernment had introduced every species of corruption and deteriorated the character of the people.”

But the English general at once took a characteristic method of dealing with a complex situation, and produced order out of chaos in the following drastic manner.

“Lord John Russell,” relates John Stanhope, “once told me an anecdote of Beresford's first advent in Portugal, which serves so well to illustrate his character that I cannot do better than retail it.

“Upon one of the first occasions of his taking the field with the Portuguese troops, an officer, after having been despatched to a particular post, came galloping back to him.

“‘Why are you come here?’ asked the marshal, surprised.

“‘The fire was so hot,’ the man exclaimed, ‘that if I had remained there a moment longer, I should certainly have been shot.’

“‘Shot! but, to be sure, it was to be shot that I sent you there! Now, I will give you fresh directions. I advise you to give in your resignation, otherwise you must go back whence you came and be shot, or else be tried by court-martial, which will come to the same thing!’

“The officer, who was of high rank, took the hint; he gave in his resignation, and the other Portuguese officers learnt that under the English commander it was necessary to make up their minds to be shot.”

“Further,” John Stanhope adds, “Beresford cashiered the field officers of every regiment in the service. The fury that prevailed in the country at such a measure may be better imagined than described. It was believed that thousands of stilettoes would be raised against the tyrant Beresford. He heard both threats and murmurs with

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perfect apathy, and immediately put at the head of each regiment young officers belonging to our service, distinguished for their spirit and decision. Raised to a rank above their highest expectations, these young men were anxious to justify his choice by their conduct, as well as to distinguish themselves; and gloriously did they succeed. To content myself with mentioning one instance, I will relate the case of Colonel Campbell, an officer whom I know well here in Lisbon.

“Campbell was appointed to the command of one of the regiments of cavalry, and the first breach of discipline which came under his notice was that of a private striking an officer. Campbell determined to make a signal example of the culprit. He was promptly warned, however, that when, upon some previous occasion, a similar event had taken place, on the officer then in command attempting to inflict punishment upon the delinquent, the entire Regiment mutinied. Campbell, on hearing this, came to a quick decision. He advanced and faced his battalion with a pistol in each hand. He made them a brief speech in which he pointed out how glaring a breach of discipline it was for a private to strike his superior; and he ended by saying that he understood in a similar case the regiment had mutinied. 'I,' he concluded quietly, 'am determined that this man *shall* be punished; if you intend to mutiny, you must begin with me. I am perfectly ready to receive you.' He then cocked his pistols and waited imperturbably in expectation of the result. No one moved. Awed by his manner and his threat, not a murmur escaped from the soldiers who confronted him, and Campbell's influence over his men was permanently established, so that he soon had the satisfaction of seeing them one of the best disciplined regiments in the service.

“Marshal Beresford, who was capable of selecting his subordinates with such perspicuity, did not fail to set them an example which roused their emulation, so that the soldiers soon became proud of their own discipline, and consequently attached to their officers and devoted to their marshal, till the latter, adored by the army, is become completely dictator of Portugal, his word is law, and the regency is little better than the shadow of Government. Moreover, the marshal acts his part to perfection, riding about the town in semi–regal state, surrounded by a brilliant staff. The man who has accomplished all this may not be a genius, but he has a right to be considered an extraordinary man, a man of the highest courage and energy.

“To show the extent of his power and the coolness with which he exercises it, I have only to instance the case of the embargo laid upon horses which are private property. At the instigation of Beresford, an order was issued for all the horses in the kingdom above a certain height to be taken for the use of the army, the Government allowing a fixed price for each. One of the first persons against whom the order was enforced was the Prince Regent; his carriage, under the charge of some officers of his household, was actually stopped in the town and the horses taken out of the vehicle, which was left standing in the middle of the street. The Portugese at once recognized that if the order was executed so strictly against the Regent himself, his subjects were not likely to be treated with more consideration, and the entire nation submitted with a good grace to the inevitable. Portugal, in short, in the manner in which all deferred to the dictation of Beresford, affords an extraordinary proof of how much may be done towards regenerating a people by the hand of a vigorous ruler.”

The Regent, however, if ignominiously bereft of horses, appears to have remained the owner of innumerable unique, if useless carriages, which, on one occasion, John Stanhope was taken to see.

“I was extremely amused,” he writes, “with these curious specimens of ancient magnificence. Some of the coaches were literally rooms on wheels. They were extraordinarily cumbrous, covered with gilding and lined with velvet, embroidered in gold. Many of them were decorated with pictures on the panels and large gilt figures in front of the boxes. There were, however, some of a more modern construction which had been built in Paris, and one of these was pointed out to me as celebrated for having conveyed the English generals on their entry into Lisbon after the famous Convention of Cintra. Upon this occasion, I understand, it broke down and became the cause of much wit among the generals as to whether it was their personal weight or the weight of their dignity that caused their fall. Had they been superstitious, they might have feared that it was ominous of a yet greater fall!”

At length the two young travellers determined to journey on into Spain; but in order to accomplish this, it was necessary first to buy horses—no easy matter, since all that were available had been seized for the army. After considerable delay Stanhope heard of a pretty little black Andalusian, which belonged to a Spanish gentleman willing to sell it, and lost no time in going to see the animal. He found that it furnished one of the most quaint instances which he had yet come across of the intense hatred to the French then universally cherished. “I took a great fancy to it,” he says, “from a curious trick which it had been taught; one, however, which would have proved very inconvenient to me. *The moment it heard anyone speak French, it put back its ears and flew at him!*”

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As I wished to try this intelligent animal before I made my bargain, I returned to give orders that my saddle should be sent to its stables; but in the meantime, to my great disappointment, the servant in charge sold it to another man, unknown to his master, and for a less price than I should have been willing to give for such a remarkable animal.”

At last, having procured the necessary steeds, the travellers started on their journey, encountering many adventures and seeing many interesting sights by the way. On one occasion they were quartered for some days upon a poor Captain Major, whose habitation was a humble hut in a singularly lonely district. Yet they found that he was a learned man, who had his small but treasured library; and in the latter John Stanhope was further astonished to find that one of the volumes which its owner considered most priceless was a Latin translation of Young's *Night Thoughts*.

“It is a curious thing,” he remarks, “that this work, held in general in but little estimation in England, is invariably one of those most admired throughout the entire Continent, not only by the Portugese, but particularly by the lively Spanish.”

It was men of the rank of their host, he adds, who had given occasion to an amusing mistake on his part upon his first arrival in the country: “According to the Portugese pronunciation,” he writes, “*Major* sounds like *Moor* or *More*. The first time I met a Captain Moor, I was much surprised at finding a man of that name in Portugal; but when at every turn I found another Captain Moor, I could no longer refrain from expressing my astonishment at meeting with so many of that family, *and all Captains!* The laugh that was raised at my expense may be imagined!”

The two young travellers at length reached Cadiz, which was then besieged by the French army. Almost one of the first things which struck John Stanhope with regard to the city, he records as a feat both novel and ingenious:—

Situated as Cadiz is, almost in the midst of the sea, the constant breaking of the waves was sufficient to endanger, not only the walls of the city, but even the neighbouring houses. A Spanish engineer, Don Thomas Minoz, undertook to provide a curious security against so alarming a danger. He effected his purpose by placing, at certain intervals, large planks extending some distance into the sea; these intervals he filled up with stones and cemented with a peculiar species of mortar which had the advantage of becoming hardened by the effects of time and exposure to weather; the wall above he built in the shape of a bow; by these means the force of the waves was effectually broken. But he met with those difficulties that so frequently are opposed to the efforts of men of distinguished genius. His labours were, in the first instance, counteracted by the misguided parsimony of his employers, and subsequently, when completed, the work was neglected and not kept in repair, in opposition to his express injunctions, so that a great part of the cliff has since fallen.

The morning following his arrival, young Stanhope was taken to be introduced to Admiral Purvis, then in command of the fleet off that coast; and, having received from him an invitation to dinner, he returned on shore to pay his respects, in the interval, to the Minister, Mr Wellesley. On again boarding the ship he found the Admiral occupied in studying through a telescope a vessel then in sight, which to Stanhope's great excitement he explained was the *Ville de Paris* returning to England with Lord Collingwood. Overjoyed at the unexpected prospect of seeing, not only his kinsman, but also his brother William, young Stanhope begged to be allowed to accompany Admiral Purvis in paying a visit to the approaching ship. Accordingly they snatched a hurried meal and set off in a small boat. Scarcely, however, had they embarked than they were greeted by the tidings that the vessel which they proposed to visit bore, not the brave Admiral returning to his native land, but his lifeless corpse, worn out with an arduous service sustained too long.

They immediately tacked about and returned to the ship they had just quitted, and thence young Stanhope watched the stately *Ville de Paris* as she approached over the shining water, while he thought sadly of the gallant

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life which had thus ended, and of the grief which the news that had thus strangely become known to him would be learnt, many weeks later, by his family in Grosvenor Square. The following day he saw his brother William, now a sturdy youth grown out of all recognition; then the brothers parted once more, William eventually to return to England, his naval career ended, and John to experience a fate which he then little foresaw.

He, with his companion Knox, remained some time in Cadiz, taking great interest in the operations of attack and defence, into which they were initiated by their friend, the celebrated Lord Macduff, [4] an exceptionally keen and gallant soldier, who, however, apparently owed his predilection for war to a singularly horrible event in his life.

“A tragic episode,” writes John Stanhope, “has rendered the excitement of active service an absolute necessity to him. His delight in battle arises solely from the loss of a beloved wife, and sadly calculated was the end of the beautiful Mrs Macduff to make the most serious impression on a husband's mind, all the more so, perhaps, in that so fully did she merit that epithet *beautiful* which was always attached to her name. She had a Newfoundland dog, which one day leapt up in apparent affection, and catching her nose, gave it a bite, which not only seemed little more than a scratch, but as the dog had just sprung out of the water no suspicion attached to him. After some lapse of time, however, Mrs Duff was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia, and soon fell a victim to that dreadful disorder. Such a death for anyone cannot be contemplated without a shudder, but in the case of one in the full pride of youth and exceptional beauty, it appears, if possible, more inexpressibly horrible; and her unhappy husband has subsequently striven to find even a temporary oblivion of it in the greatest of earthly excitements—the din of arms.”

Mixing with the most interesting society of Spain, enjoying many novel experiences and encountering many famous people, the days of the young travellers passed pleasantly. The Spaniards at this date cherished the most profound admiration for the English. “They,” explains John Stanhope, “consider an Englishman as something superhuman, and, indeed, are anxious that 'George terceo' should come to reign over them.” He was also much struck by the “devotion of the entire nation to the forms of their religion”; and he adds: “There is, perhaps, nothing more striking amongst the numerous ceremonies of this superstitious people than the effect produced by what is usually known as the Angelus. On a fine evening in summer, when the Alameda is crowded with Spaniards of all classes, enjoying the delights of a Southern sky and the pure breezes of the sea, at one moment all is noise and animation, the eyes, the tongues, the faces of the fair Andalusians are all in motion and the Spanish *caballeros* all devoted to the terrestrial object of their adoration: on a sudden, the Angelus sounds, the whole babel stops, a profound stillness falls like a cloud over the gay scene, and everyone remains totally absorbed in prayer so long as the sound of the bell is heard. It is scarcely possible to convey any adequate idea of the effect produced by the instantaneous silence of so vast a crowd. The moment the bell ceases, each addresses a salutation to the person whom chance has thrown near him, and the stillness—so striking, so solemn—is as suddenly broken by the recommencement of all the former pandemonium and a deafening noise of eager tongues.

“Yet in Spain a religion of forms and ceremonies seems to have been substituted for a religion of Christian purity and morality. Although the large majority of the population are devoted to their Church, they yet imagine that if they strictly observe her ceremonies, fast rigidly, and go regularly to confession, they have done all that is requisite. The consequence of this state of things is the prevalence of the greatest profligacy, which is fostered by the innumerable herd of monks who infest the country. Common prostitutes sell indulgences which exempt from fasting in Lent; and by what means they have obtained possession of these it is not difficult to conjecture.”

Another great drawback which John Stanhope found to life at Cadiz at that date was the prevalence of a condition of society which entailed that each Spanish lady should have her cortejo, or devoted attendant. “Behind each lady who smiles at you,” he explains, “there stands—not a duenna, such a one as is represented on our stage—but a grim, black, ugly grandee, ready to avenge with the stiletto every glance you may chance to give to the lady of his love.”

Nevertheless, Stanhope was enveigled into a silent flirtation which he describes thus amusingly:

“Immediately opposite to my habitation are two houses belonging to two merchants, who are either brothers or brothers-in-law. The one has an only daughter, who cannot boast of much beauty, the other has two daughters, the one a very pretty girl of a style rather unusual in Spain, for she has auburn hair, while her sister is a thorough Spaniard, a lively little thing with Andalusian eyes.

“A general flirtation was soon established between us; the heiress made me a sign every morning, upon which

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I descended into the street; she then threw out a most beautiful rose, which I picked up, and, pressing to my lips, returned to my balcony. This was certainly something like swearing allegiance, but I must confess that the fair cousin with the auburn hair, who lived next door to her, was the real object of my admiration; she was very modest and shy, and would only favour me with an occasional smile, but there was a sweetness in that timid, blushing smile which surpassed that of all the roses of Andalusia. She used also to serenade me on the piano by playing *God save the King*, to which I responded politely by playing some of the national airs of Spain. This silent flirtation continued for some time, when one day while I was on my balcony, I was not a little surprised to find standing beside me the servant from the house of the modest little lady with auburn hair. He at once accosted me in French, and, *sans ceremonie*, asked me which of the two young ladies I admired. “It is not *that* one, I am sure!” said he, pointing to the lady of the roses. “No,” said I, somewhat ungratefully, and pointed to her fair cousin. The servant instantly disappeared; a conscious smile from the beauty rewarded me for my preference, but—no more roses!”

An episode of a very different nature is described in another letter from Cadiz. “An extraordinary execution took place the other day,” he writes; “extraordinary both from the manner in which it was carried out and the circumstances under which it took place. The unfortunate man was strangled by means of a machine of a new construction. It was an iron case or collar that was fitted round his neck and drawn closer by means of a screw till it occasioned strangulation. I did not follow the general example and attend the execution, as I did not feel sufficient curiosity about this new instrument of death to tempt me to witness so distressing a sight.

The sufferer was one of the principal judges in Madrid, and had rendered himself peculiarly odious by the severity which he had exercised towards the patriots, many of whom he had condemned to death. The guerrillas had, in consequence, signalled him out as their victim, and nothing can perhaps better illustrate the extraordinary state of Spain at this moment and the power of the guerrillas than the daring nature of their attempt and the success with which it was attended.

Having received information that the judge was to be present at a ball given on the occasion of the marriage of one of his servants at a village a short distance from Madrid, a guerrilla chief determined to take advantage of the opportunity which this offered. He accordingly made his appearance at the ball, and accosting the judge, requested him to come at once to the door of the house, as he had something important to communicate to him. No sooner had the judge reached the door than he was seized, placed upon horseback, and hurried off. From the actual vicinity of the capital, in a part of the country thickly occupied by troops, he was thus carried away, and finally brought to Cadiz, where he was condemned to atone for his treachery by his death. Previous to his execution, he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, but declared that there are now in Cadiz many men far more deserving of punishment than himself, some of whom are actually in the employ of the Government.”

At length John Stanhope decided that, in June, he would embark for Gibraltar, intending to proceed thence to Carthage, Valencia and Majorca. At this juncture, however, Tom Knox, reluctantly listened to the persuasions of his family, who feared his inability to stand a hot climate, and decided to return home. How fortunate it was for himself that he decided to do so, events were subsequently to prove.

John Stanhope, in company with some other friends, next made an agreement with an English merchant to take them to Gibraltar. The man, however, played them false, and sailed without them; whereupon they took passage on board a wretched boat called the *Liverpool Hero*, on which they endured extreme discomfort. One of Stanhope's greatest wishes had been to set foot on the coast of Africa, but owing to the unseaworthy nature of the vessel on which they found themselves, combined with the extreme roughness of the weather, they were driven from the coast, and only after a most dangerous passage did they eventually arrive at Gibraltar. As they entered the bay, the first object which met their eyes was the ship in which they had originally intended taking their passage. She had only just dropped her anchor, and as they passed she hailed them. “On going on board,” relates John Stanhope, “the captain gave us a detailed account of a most melancholy occurrence which had marked their voyage. Their few hours' advantage in starting had enabled them to effect what we had in vain attempted—the weathering Cape Espartel. There were on board the actual passengers who had cut us out of our berths. They had felt as anxious as I had done to plant their feet upon the coast of Africa. They accordingly got into a boat and landed. They were amusing themselves with walking a little way into the interior when a party of Moors, who had apparently been watching them, stole gently through the brushwood with which the coast was covered, and, getting between them and the coast, cut off their retreat. The Moors killed two of them, one being a boy, to whose

head they deliberately put a gun and blew his brains out. The third they carried away captive.

“We could not help shuddering at the thoughts of our narrow escape. Had we fulfilled our original intention and occupied the berths which we had actually taken on board that vessel we should undoubtedly have been in the place of these unfortunate men, and should have experienced the horrible fate which befell them.”

A strange illustration of the fluctuations of fortune peculiar to those days next came under the notice of young Stanhope, on his way to Carthage. “We passed,” he writes, “the house of a Spaniard whose history is singular enough. He was originally a poor peasant, but during the last war with England he happened to be upon an island near the coast, in company with one of his friends, when they observed two sailors land from an English vessel. They promptly concealed themselves so that they might observe the proceedings of these men without themselves being seen. The sailors whom they watched dug a hole, put something carefully into it, and then covered it over; after which they re–embarked.

“No sooner were they out of sight, than the two Spaniards came out from their place of hiding, and hastened to the spot, eager to ascertain what it could be that had been so mysteriously buried. Great was their delight when they dug up what proved to be a treasure of great value, a heavy bag of gold. They divided the spoil, and returned home wealthy men. Subsequently, however, one of them, either feeling scruples with regard to the possession of the booty or else in the due order of confession, unburdened himself to his priest, who at once impressed upon him the sinfulness of retaining the stolen treasure and the obligation of endeavouring to find the rightful owners and restoring it to them. The penitent, therefore, went to explain these views to his fellow–thief, who appearing fully convinced by such reasoning, at once promised to undertake on behalf of both himself and his friend the researches necessary for the restoration of the stolen property. Believing this assurance, the repentant man at once gave up to his friend his own share of the treasure, only to discover, when too late, that his less scrupulous comrade had not an intention of carrying out any such obligation, but having thus got possession of the whole of the gold, he kept it, and is now one of the richest and most influential men in this part of the country, while his more honest dupe is still a poverty–stricken peasant.”

In short, as John Stanhope was soon to find to his cost, it was not an age when a sense of honour dictated the actions of the majority of men. It happened soon afterwards that, unable to procure a satisfactory passage to Majorca, Stanhope was constrained to embark upon a small vessel, the appearance of which was singularly unprepossessing. But untrustworthy as was the boat, its captain proved to him a greater source of danger. Ignoring the undertaking he had given to the young Englishman, he traitorously sailed for Barcelona, where he delivered up his passenger to the French authorities, and John Stanhope thus unexpectedly found himself doomed to the fate which Esther Acklom had so ingeniously escaped, that of being a prisoner of Napoleon.

After various vicissitudes, and having been for eight weeks confined in a dungeon in hourly expectation of death, he was at length ordered with other prisoners of war to the depot at Verdun. Part of the journey thither was accomplished on foot, part driving in a diligence. The weather was bitterly cold, and the windows of the vehicle, which on this account were perforce closed, were chiefly of wood, so that not only was the view excluded, but the greater part of the journey was passed in darkness.

During part of the time, his only *compagnon de voyage* was a French soldier, who had just obtained his *conge* and was returning home after a long period of foreign service. “Poor fellow,” writes John Stanhope, “his happiness was unbounded! He could think and talk of nothing but the moment of his first arrival at home, amusing himself with discussing the various modes in which he might surprise his family. At length that which he seemed inclined to adopt was to apply for a billet upon his own people; to enter the house with all the swagger of a soldier quartered on strangers— in short, to enact the part which he had often played in Germany and so many other countries, and after having well tormented and frightened the whole household, to throw himself into his father's arms with—“*Mon pere, embrassez votre fils!*” I enjoyed the thought of the *denouement*—so truly French—but with envious feelings; not to draw a contrast between our relative situations was impossible, and I kept thinking, When—if ever— shall I be able to surprise my family with my unexpected return?”

At another period of his journey one of Stanhope's fellow–travellers was a certain Captain Reid, who had been aide–de–camp to General Reding, [5] and had been taken prisoner. He told Stanhope the following curious story, “which,” the latter suggests, “Walter Scott would probably hail as an additional proof of the reality of the art of divination. Captain Reid's mother, many years ago, having heard of the fame of some fortune–teller, resolved, out of pure frolic, to have her fortune told. She therefore disguised herself as her own maid and went to see the

woman. She was at that date a wife and the mother of five children. The fortune–teller informed her that she would have, in all, fifteen children; that, out of those, two only would survive their infancy, and of those two, she would only have comfort from one. The predicted number of children were born. Reid and his sister alone lived to grow up, and 'what the future may produce, I know not,' Reid concluded, 'but as I am a prisoner in a foreign land, she certainly has no comfort in me.'

With many anecdotes of General Reding did Captain Reid likewise regale his fellow–prisoner: "—that distinguished but unfortunate officer," says John Stanhope, "who at length fell victim to anxiety of mind arising from the difficulties with which he had to struggle and disappointment at finding that he commanded men who were not brave like himself. One day when Reding was about to engage the French (I rather think it was to make an attack on Barcelona) he sent his aide–de–camp, Reid, to a Spanish general, with imperative orders to be at a certain post, at a certain time, with his division. Just as Reding was on the point of moving forward to commence the projected attack he perceived the Spanish general riding leisurely towards him. 'What, *you* here!' he exclaimed, horror–stricken, 'Why are you not at your post?' 'I have received no orders,' was the reply. 'Reid!' shouted the Swiss general in an overpowering fury and raising his sabre over the head of his aide–de–camp, 'why did you not give my orders to the Spaniard?' Reid, knowing his General's irritable temper, thought that instant death was before him. 'I did!' he asserted emphatically; 'there stands his aide–de–camp who was present at the time—let him deny it if he dare!' Fortunately the aide–de–camp was too much a man of honour to deny the truth. Reid was acquitted in his General's eyes; but the old Swiss turned away heart–broken at the recognition that all his schemes at this important juncture had been defeated by this act of treachery or cowardice on the part of the Spaniard, and, in unconcealed disgust, he gave the order for a retreat.

"Reding while on active service usually drank three bottles of wine a day, and never slept for more than three hours; he and his men were always in motion, yet Reid, though pursuing the same *regimen*, declared that, in common with his General, he was never in better health or happier at any time of his life."

Of another famous general, Stanhope also records some interesting observations. Arrived at Dijon, which was a depot for Spanish prisoners, he went to call on an English fellow–prisoner, and found him having breakfast in company with two Anglo–Spanish officers, both of whom had served at Saragossa. "I therefore," he relates, "felt great interest in talking over with them the events of that memorable siege, in which they had acted an important part. Of course, to judge from their own account, to them and to other Hibernian–Spanish officers was due the honour of having conducted the defence of Saragossa; but what was indeed of interest was to find that of Palafox [6] they spoke but slightly, and seemed to consider him merely as the nominal commander. All this was so new, so incredible to me, that I could not help openly expressing my doubts on the subject; these, however, were met by an argument to which it was impossible not to attach considerable weight—that Palafox was at that moment on parole in a town in France. 'Do you really think,' asked they, 'that if he were the powerful man he is represented to be he would be left in comparative liberty? No; the Emperor is too wise for that! If Palafox were what he has been supposed to be, *Napoleon would consider that no prison in France is strong enough to hold him!*'"

At length young Stanhope arrived at Verdun and entered upon a period of detention there to which he could foresee no prospective conclusion. "There was no positive suffering of which to complain," he wrote afterwards, "yet there is a weariness, an utter hopelessness in the life of an exile which none can understand who have not experienced its intensity." The patriotism which had gilded the voluntary exile of Collingwood was perforce absent from the imprisonment of John Stanhope. No glory of martyrdom dignified his forcible detention; he was merely the victim of mischance. And the outlook was singularly hopeless. "The negotiation for the exchange of prisoners has totally failed," he writes. "The hope of the conclusion of the war appears to be more distant than ever. Whilst the Emperor lives, peace seems to be impossible, and he may live twenty years without the least diminution of his energy or his ambition ... there is but one source from which we can any of us derive the slightest consolation, and that is from the character of Napoleon himself. His insatiable ambition, after having prompted him to the execution of everything that is practicable, may finally urge him to attempt impossibilities. Alexander wept because he could find no more worlds to conquer; Napoleon may find there are too many worlds for him. Universal dominion is not now so easy an acquisition. 'Give him rope enough and he will hang himself!' is in all our mouths!"

With this slender consolation the luckless prisoners endeavoured to cheer themselves; but meanwhile, as

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Stanhope points out, they existed “a thousand people of different characters, ranks and habits collected together in one town, without any occupation to divert the tedium of their lives.” Nor were there wanting additions to their society of an undesirable character, men who had voluntarily fled across the Channel to escape the consequence of nefarious dealings in horse–racing and gambling. One of these, indeed, was described by the French Minister of War as “the worst monster which England in her wrath has yet vomited across the Channel”; and the enforced idleness to which the prisoners were subjected, rendered them for the most part ready victims to the designs of such unscrupulous villains, while it tended to make the life of the town peculiarly demoralising. One source of satisfaction alone did Stanhope find in his altered conditions. His family, who for many months had believed him to be dead, were now overjoyed to hear of his safety, and to find themselves once more able to communicate with him; none the less it was impossible to ignore the constant danger to which his position still exposed him. At any moment he or his fellow *detenus* might be sacrificed to the vindictiveness of Napoleon or to the exigencies of some political situation, and he had not been long at Verdun before a recognition of this fact was unpleasantly brought home to him.

Lord Blayney, [7] an Irish friend of his, was suddenly arrested one day in the streets of Verdun and hurried off to the citadel. There he was informed that by order of the French Government he was to answer with his life for the safety of a French prisoner in England, who, having been detected in some treasonable intrigue, was condemned to close confinement and likely to be shot. Thus for a long time subsequently Lord Blayney remained a prisoner in hourly peril of instant death.

There were also other evils to be reckoned with. The governors in whose charge the prisoners were placed were too often unscrupulous men, who, so long as they were secure from detection, did not hesitate to employ tyranny or fraud in the endeavour to further their own advancement, either by the pretended discovery of imaginary plots, thus giving a fictitious impression of their own zeal to the ministers, or by extorting money through terrorism from their defenceless victims.

A story in this latter connection is told by John Stanhope. It appears that a certain General Wirion, who had at one time been attached to Moreau's party, had succeeded in getting into favour with Napoleon, who made him Governor of Verdun. Forthwith, the General's principal object was to devise some means of extracting money from the prisoners resident there, towards whom his conduct, on all occasions, was peculiarly atrocious.

Among the *detenus* he soon observed a young man of more fortune than wit, whom he at once recognised as a victim ready to his hand. He accordingly sent for this youth one morning, and informed him that he would give him leave to reside in a village a little way beyond the limits, for so the imaginary boundary was always designated within which the prisoners were confined by their parole. Although surprised at a permission for which he had not even applied, the young *detenu* naturally was delighted, and, utterly devoid of suspicion, he lost no time in availing himself of his increased liberty.

Shortly afterwards, the Governor caused a bogus order to be posted in the office in Verdun to which the prisoners went at fixed periods to sign their names. It announced that the Minister of War had issued a decree commanding that all prisoners found out of the limits should be shot.

This notice the young prisoner in question either did not see, or ignored, thinking that in view of his having received special permission for his departure from the Governor, it could not apply to his individual case. From this false security, however, he was suddenly awakened one morning by the appearance of a detachment of *gendarmarie*, who, without any circumlocution, presented him with a copy of the order, and informed him that, as he had been found out of the limits, he was included in the number of those to whom the decrees applied, and that their orders were to carry the sentence into immediate execution.

So sudden, so unexpected an announcement of instant death might well have shaken a man of stronger nerve. As it was, the condition of the poor youth was pitiable. In vain he protested his ignorance of the notice and his innocence of any intentional disobedience to the Government; to all such representations his captors turned a deaf ear. Still more, no means were neglected by them, no note of preparation omitted, that could tend to increase the agony of his terror.

At last, at the very moment when not a hope of life remained to him, a Gallo–Irishman, the chosen confidant of the Governor, made his appearance, as if by accident. At the sight of this man, one last chance of escape presented itself to the miserable youth, and he entreated the fellow to save him. The Irishman replied decisively that he could hold out no hope; the orders of the Minister of War had been imperative, and any chance of eluding

them was impossible.

“But I have the General's permission to reside beyond the limits!” pleaded the youth eagerly.

“True, but the General exceeded his powers in giving you that permission; you cannot expect him to sacrifice himself for you. It is unfortunate, but you must be the victim!”

“Is there no possibility of your doing anything? You are so intimate with him, cannot you save me?”

“I fear not.”

“But at least make *one* effort!”

“It is a hopeless case!” the Irishman assured him. Then, after consideration, he said: “Well, I will *try*, but upon one condition, and one only.”

“Name it!” was the eager reply.

“That you give me *carte–blanche* to act as I see fit!”

The condemned man did not hesitate. He agreed readily to all the Irishman suggested; and the villain having given orders to the *gendarmes* to await his return, departed triumphantly. After an interval which appeared sufficiently long for him to have journeyed to Verdun and back, he reappeared and informed the poor youth, who meanwhile had been awaiting his verdict in a state of indescribable anxiety, that the mission had been successful. This had not, however, he explained, been accomplished without the greatest difficulty, as General Wirion trembled at the serious responsibility which he was about to incur in disobeying the Minister's express orders; nevertheless, the Governor would consent to spare the Englishman's life on condition of his paying down immediately the sum of L5000. The young man was startled by the largeness of the amount, but in the position in which he was placed, it required few arguments to convince him of the worthlessness of money when his existence was at stake. He accordingly consented to the proposal, signed a draft for the specified amount, and was set at liberty. When, however, in a calmer frame of mind he came to consider the transaction and to discuss it with his friends, he felt convinced that some trickery had been employed towards him. He thereupon wrote to his banker, cancelling the order for the money. But this only made matters worse for him; for the General, furious at such an attempt to defeat his machinations, enforced payment, not merely of the L5000 originally demanded, but of an additional L200, under pretext of having incurred that latter expense in trying to substantiate his lawful claim to the larger sum!

Needless to say, robberies of this description were perpetrated without the knowledge of the Ministers; but a rumour of some disgraceful transaction on the part of Wirion having at last reached them, he was summoned to Paris to undergo examination before a court of inquiry. In consequence of what then came to light, upon the next public occasion at which he was present, the Emperor turned his back upon the General. The latter understood the hint. He left the presence of Napoleon, got into a hackney coach, drove to the Bois de Boulogne, and there shot himself.

Occasionally, however, Napoleon himself was outwitted by the cunning of the villains in his employment. Wirion's successor at Verdun, Colonel Courcelles, a less daring but more clever scoundrel, found favour with the Emperor by a very simple expedient. He had lost one of his legs in *partie de chasse*, a loss which gave him the valuable air of a gallant veteran, and of which he knew how to take the best advantage. Passing through Verdun to join his army, the Emperor spied the apparently maimed hero, and at once honoured him with a special notice. “*Monsieur le Colonel*” he inquired with a note of respect, “*ou avez–vous perdu la jambe?*” Courcelles, sufficiently quick–witted to convey the impression he desired without risking the utterance of any lie, replied truthfully: “*Sire, j'etais a la bataille de Marengo!*”

Courcelles succeeded in robbing the prisoners who were in his charge in a more cautious manner than his predecessor; he, in short, contrived to subtract something for himself from any remittances which reached them, and paid them francs for livres. But if in many instances the prisoners suffered at the hands of the French authorities, on one occasion the position was reversed, and a French commandant became the victim of a prisoner's cunning.

The hero of this incident was Lord Blayney, the Irishman before referred to. A certain General Cox, formerly Governor of Almeida, owned a very nice little Andalusian horse, Sancho, which had distinguished itself as one of the first racers in Verdun. Lord Blayney offered a challenge for Sancho to run against a horse which he promised to produce for the event, and his bet was accepted with alacrity. He thereupon sent to an Englishman who was in young Talleyrand's service, and who was a recognised connoisseur in horseflesh, instructing this man to send him

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a particular English race– horse which had formerly figured at Verdun, and in the capabilities of which Lord Blayney still apparently had confidence, although it was now pretty well advanced in years.

Nevertheless, when the animal reached Lord Blayney's stables, sundry alterations were made in its appearance which would prevent its being recognised as an old acquaintance by those who had seen it formerly; and thus when the date for the race arrived, an unknown beast entered the lists against Sancho.

It was soon patent to all that the age of this competitor made its chance of success but small; and, in fact, General Cox's fleet little horse won in a canter. Everyone laughed loudly at Lord Blayney's folly in imagining that so obviously incompetent an animal could run against the beautiful little racer Sancho; only Lord Blayney himself seemed stupidly surprised at his own failure. None the less, he bore his loss with amiability, and as he had previously invited his antagonists to dine with him that night he did not omit to make them welcome.

General Cox and the backers of Sancho were, not unnaturally, in the highest spirits that evening; and when wine had loosened their tongues, they expressed their triumph rather incautiously in loud praises of their favourite horse. Lord Blayney likewise appeared to drink heavily, and at last, seemingly elated by this fact, or stung past endurance by the taunting remarks of his adversaries, he swore that he would again match his horse against Sancho and for a yet larger sum of money. Cox, delighted, instantly closed with the offer, and Lord Blayney shortly afterwards, as though overcome by the wine he had drunk, fell asleep.

His guests sat on drinking till at length their host awoke, when it became evident to them that, sobered by his nap, he was ready to view matters in a more cautious light. "Cox" he observed anxiously, "I will give you a good sum down to be off the bet I made just now." "Oh, no! no!" cried General Cox. "It is too late to withdraw it—you cannot show the white feather." "Well, then," shouted Lord Blayney, with apparent angry recklessness, "I'll double the first bet!" "Done!" cried the General, enchanted at the certainty of extracting a still larger sum from the pockets of the foolish peer. So delighted was he, in fact, that he generously arranged for several of his most intimate friends to share his prospective good fortune, and seeing an unparalleled opportunity for currying favour with the Commandant, he invited the latter to participate in such exceptional luck.

One man alone saw through the whole transaction. This was a certain friend of Lord Blayney's who is mentioned in John Stanhope's letters by his nickname of "Paddy Boyle," [8] which had apparently been conferred upon him on account of his exhibiting certain characteristics which are more usually illustrative of an Irish than a Scottish nationality. Lord Boyle went to Lord Blayney with the unwelcome announcement: "By Jove, my Lord, I'll tell of you!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" rejoined Lord Blayney; "I'll give you a hundred pounds to hold your tongue!" The bargain was struck and the secret was kept.

The eventful day arrived. So large a bet had attracted universal attention. "I will not attempt to describe," writes John Stanhope, "the intense interest felt by all present at the commencement of the race, nor the confusion and dismay of the Cox party when they saw the previously incompetent animal now cantering away from Sancho with all the ease and style of a true English racehorse; nor will I attempt to give the crimination and recrimination that followed. I will content myself with transcribing the observation with which the poor Commandant consoled himself for his loss. *'Les Anglais pretendent que Lord Blayney est fou; je reconnais a mes depens qu'il est plus fin que les autres!'*"

With regard to Lord Boyle, who so intelligently fathomed the intended ruse in this instance, Stanhope subsequently relates some amusing anecdotes. "During the time of our races," he writes, "Lord Blayney had invited a large party to dine with him on the race ground. Instead of putting myself in the path of the prospective host, as did most of my friends, I studiously avoided him, and thus escaped an invitation, as I was anxious to do, for I had little doubt that there would be a profusion of wine which would lead to its inevitable consequences at Verdun—a good deal of quarrelling. I rode to the course with Lord Boyle, who congratulated me on my prudence. I never heard a man talk more reasonably or eloquently than he did upon the state of the society at Verdun, and particularly upon the reprehensible consequences which invariably arose from successive drinking. The first thing I heard next morning was that Paddy Boyle had, after dinner, *insulted every man at the table but one*, uttering sarcasms founded doubtless upon truth, but as biting as they were clever. *From every individual except the one who had escaped his attacks he had just received a challenge*, which he had been forced to meet by sending round a circular apology. He had thus given a pretty practical illustration of the truth of the remarks with which he had favoured me on the previous evening!"

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Subsequently Lord Boyle afforded another illustration of his “strange admixture of shrewdness and muddle–headedness.” On an occasion when, it must be emphasized, he was entirely sober, he was discovered going out into the garden at twelve o'clock at night with a hand–candle in order to ascertain what was the correct time by the sun–dial!

But in a society which comprised men of so many different types and varying calibre, there were not wanting some of the survivals of a France which was rapidly becoming extinct. An inhabitant of Verdun frequently referred to by Stanhope was the Chevalier de la Lance, an aristocrat of the *ancien regime*, who piqued himself upon possessing the peculiar grace of manner belonging to a bygone day, and which he carried to such a point of exaggeration as often to render himself ridiculous. “He is nevertheless a kind–hearted, gentlemanlike and amiable old man. Like most others of his rank who are still alive, he emigrated at the beginning of the Revolution. He retired to Germany, where he lived for some time under the assumed character of a humble music–master. He tells me that one of his most pleasant experiences was the surprise of his various pupils when, upon leaving the place of exile, he sent them back all the tickets for lessons which they had given him, and for which he no longer required payment. He did not, however, return to France alone; in the country–house of some of his pupils he had met a lady whose heart was touched by the misfortunes of the exile. She was related to one of the leading families of the Austrian Empire, but had learnt to feel compassion for the unfortunate emigrant, and as compassion is akin to love, it soon grew into a warmer sentiment, and she at length agreed to unite her destiny to his.”

On an occasion, destined to be momentous in the life of another friend of Stanhope, did the Chevalier have an opportunity of displaying his exquisite manners to the full. One day young Stanhope was walking through the streets of Verdun with a friend of his, Captain Strachey, [9] when they met a young Frenchman of their acquaintance, “one, indeed,” he remarks, “of the few *ancienne noblesse* of Verdun.”

'Ah, Monsieur Stanhope,' said the Frenchman, 'you must go to the Cathedral, my cousin is the Queteuse [10] to–day; you must give her a Napoleon at least!' Strachey announced that he would like to go with me, and together accordingly we went.

“At the appointed time the Queteuse made her appearance. She proved to be a most lovely girl, dressed in black silk, with a garland of snow–white marguerites on her head. As a mark of particular attention from the ecclesiastical authorities, she was permitted the escort of the Chevalier de la Lance, who, thoroughly enjoying the situation, held the tips of her fingers and conducted her with all the airs and graces of the olden time through the crowd assembled in the church. At length, preceded by the beadle in full costume, she approached the place where we were standing. The graceful simplicity of her manners formed an admirable contrast to the affectation of the old chevalier. With a low courtsey, and with a smile which united the sweetest expression to the most perfect modesty, she presented her purse to each of us in our turn. I was no longer at the happy age when the heart is carried away by every sweet glance; but I own that, for the moment, I was bewildered by the beautiful sight which the young girl presented, as, engaged in so holy a cause, and with her extraordinary loveliness framed by the picturesque surrounding of Gothic arches, she might well have been mistaken for the vision of an angel. All the money in my pocket was at once transferred to the little silk purse of the fair petitioner; but to Captain Strachey's peace that smile was far more fatal. It was decisive of the destiny of his life. A copy of French verses which he penned to the beautiful Queteuse was the first proof of the impression produced upon his heart. Many were the obstacles with which he had to contend; but at length the lovely Mlle, de la Roche became the bride of the English prisoner.”

There was, however, but little intercourse between the English and the French families at Verdun. “There is one set,” Stanhope writes, “who keep themselves very select and consider themselves *par excellence* the society of the town. Almost the only English admitted into their circle are the Marine officers. It is said that they obtained this preference by persuading the French that they are distinguished by the title of *Royal Marines* entirely because they rank highest in the British service!”

Only a certain Mr and Mrs S. who belonged to the class of *detenus* were allowed, on sufferance, occasionally to mingle with the French families; and in this connection Stanhope relates one more story.

“My fair countrywoman, who is sharing the captivity of her husband, formerly an officer in the army, is singularly attractive. If her features were not too pronounced and her form much too thin, she would be a very pretty woman. As it is, there is something remarkably airy and graceful in her figure, and very lively in her countenance. Still more lively is she in her manners. She is, indeed, one of the cleverest and most sarcastic

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women I ever knew, very agreeable when you are not yourself the object of her satire. In order to preserve her character for wit, she is not very scrupulous in her language; and in consequence of this an Englishman once ventured to make her an insulting proposal, upon which she very quietly caught up the poker and knocked him down, thus establishing her reputation in such a forcible manner that, whatever she has subsequently been bold enough to say, she is quite certain of being considered a perfect Diana.

“An adventure occurred to her which would be amusing if I could tell it in her own language. On one of the coldest nights of a severe winter she left her apartments to go to one of our Verdun balls. Her husband pleaded a severe headache as an excuse for not accompanying her; and, that her amusement might not be disturbed by any disagreeable suspicions, he actually retired to bed and enacted the part of a sick man so well that he eluded even her penetrating glance. No sooner, however, had the carriage driven off which conveyed her to the ball, than up jumped the sick man, dressed himself and set off to the club in order to indulge his darling passion for play. At an hour rather earlier than he had calculated upon, his wife left the ball, doubtless anxious to look after her invalid husband. She was driven home by a friend, and in order to inconvenience the latter as little as possible, she got out of the carriage without waiting for the house–door to be opened, and allowed her friend to drive away. It was a piercingly cold night, the ground was covered with snow, and she picked her way carefully up the steps and then felt in her pocket for her *passe–partout*. To her horror she discovered it was not there, she had forgotten to take it out with her! She used all her efforts to rouse her sleeping husband or some of the inmates, but in vain. No resource remained but for her to walk, quarterdeck, in her satin shoes and ball dress, the bodice of which, to make matters worse, was generally very décolleté.

“While engaged in this truly miserable occupation, who should come up but her husband, returning from his club! Had he had the key in his pocket much might have been forgiven him, but he, too, had forgotten it. He was obliged, therefore, to join his wife's promenade before the door of their lodgings, and submit to a snowy curtain–lecture, till dawn broke, and the miserable, shivering couple were at last able to make themselves heard by the inmates of the house.”

Many years afterwards John Stanhope related a yet more extraordinary meeting which occurred to this same couple.

“When the allied troops entered France, the hope of that liberty of which he had so long been deprived was again kindled in the breast of Captain S., and at length rose to such a pitch as to overpower all other considerations, till he made his escape *en garcon* from the *depot*. The unpleasant situation of his wife when she found herself thus abandoned in the midst of a foreign land may be imagined; but she was not the type of woman to give herself up to despair. After some time had elapsed she set off with the intention of making her solitary way to England. During her journey she encountered a detachment of the Russian army, and on finding herself surrounded by troops, nothing daunted, she demanded to be taken to the General commanding them. She was conducted to his presence and was received by him and his aide–de–camp, who stood beside him. Something in the appearance of the latter attracted her attention—she looked again and again—did her eyes deceive her, or was that figure in a Russian uniform, with an order at his button–hole and his face partly concealed by heavy moustachios, indeed her husband? Another look converted her doubts into certainty, and she was in her husband's arms. He had directed his course towards the Russian army, been of great service to the General—probably by giving him information on the state of the country—and had been rewarded by the situation he now held.

“He subsequently re–entered the English army, having obtained a commission in the Horse Guards. Later, I often saw the fair heroine of this story riding in Hyde Park, in a costume which resembled the uniform of her husband's regiment, and accompanied by a daughter whose grace as an equestrian was set off by her personal beauty, whilst an orderly enacting the part of a groom completed the singular appearance of the group.”

Meanwhile, amongst the men of all nationalities who were to be found among the prisoners, certain of these, like Captain S., from time to time succeeded in effecting their escape. One brazenly went as a courier carrying despatches to the *grande armée*; another cleverly passed himself off as a Custom House officer and actually accompanied a battalion of French soldiers, during the whole time receiving the utmost civility from the unsuspecting officers and men. But all studiously avoided Naval disguises, for the French believed that there was some peculiar predisposition in English blood to the Naval Service; indeed, on this account, all English foundlings were sent to Marseilles or Toulon to be brought up as sailors!

Once, during John Stanhope's residence at Verdun, did Napoleon pass through the town. When this occurred,

the young *detenu* made his way so close to the carriage and inspected its occupant with such determined scrutiny that, he adds with satisfaction, "I can boast that I made Napoleon himself draw back!" His description, entered in his journal, of the Man of Destiny, then approaching the reverse of his fortunes, is of peculiar interest.

"How shall I describe him? He was in a coloured nightcap, not a very Imperial, nor, at any time, a becoming costume; he had travelled all night, which, also, is neither calculated to improve a man's beauty, nor to shed a ray of good-humour over his countenance. His face looked swollen, his complexion sallow and livid; his eyes—but it is impossible to describe the expression of those eyes; I need only say that they were the true index of his character. There was in them a depth of reflection, a power of intention (if I may so call it) of seeing into the souls of men; there was a murkiness, a dark scowl, that made me exclaim—'Nothing in the world would tempt me to go one hour in that carriage with that man!' I could understand the power of that eye, under the glance of which the proudest heart in France shrank abashed; but still the whole countenance rather brought to my memory the early impressions I had formed of a moody schoolmaster, than those of a Caesar or an Alexander." [11]

The days were then long past, however, when Napoleon's assumption of regal magnificence had provoked merriment among those as yet unfamiliar with it. In 1804 Lady Louisa Stuart had recorded how the unaccustomed deference with which the first consul elected to be treated was viewed in the nature of a farce by those surrounding him. Everyone of any rank who employed the titles by which the parvenu monarch desired to be called, did so as a recognised jest. "*Sa Majeste Imperiale et puis du rire!*" But if that phase had now gone by and the boldest in France had learnt to quail before the piercing glance of the usurper, there remained apparently a few stout English hearts in whom he still failed to inspire awe. John Stanhope relates:—

"An incident occurred during Napoleon's passage through Verdun, which, however difficult to describe with full effect, is yet too good to be omitted. An old British merchant captain went up to the window and presented a petition. This the Emperor refused to receive, observing—'I take no petitions from the English.' 'Then—d——n your eyes, you b——y son of a ——!' exclaimed the old sailor with engaging frankness, as, turning on his heels, he strode disgustedly away. Napoleon did not appear to understand this comment, but probably he had some shrewd suspicion of its nature."

So profound a sensation, however, did the countenance of the Emperor make upon John Stanhope that he could never afterwards recall it without a shudder. That sense of an all-dominant will, of a boundless egoism, of a villainy which refused to be limited and could not be gauged by any of the ordinary restrictions applicable to normal humanity, was never subsequently erased from his recollections. It must be emphasised, moreover, that John Stanhope was by temperament and training singularly cosmopolitan in his outlook, and free from insular prejudice even with regard to his country's foe, so much so that, when he again had an opportunity of observing Napoleon, he readily acknowledged the strange magnetism of the man whose personality yet filled him with such instinctive repugnance.

On this latter occasion Bonaparte was already past the meridian of his glory, and had met with reverses which enforced a more careful cultivation of his popularity with the masses. "He was," relates John Stanhope, "most gracious in his manner to the surrounding crowd, greeting them with a smile; and that smile was strikingly beautiful; there was a fascination about it, which, even in spite of my previous impressions, I could not resist."

Still more, he records with obvious pleasure an instance of the Emperor's magnanimity:—

"It would not be doing justice to Napoleon to omit the case of Captain Fane. That gallant officer had been taken prisoner in an attack that he had made upon some town on the coast of Spain. He had landed with the greater part of his crew, and carried the place with great bravery; but success was fatal to the discipline of his force. Unaccustomed as they were to fighting on shore, not all the efforts of Captain Fane could keep them together. They dispersed in all directions, plundering, and looking for wine. The French who had watched the whole proceedings from the heights, sent a force down, which, unobserved, got between them and the sea, cut off their retreat and took the whole party prisoners.

"Captain Fane, who was a true English sailor, had some dispute with the officer into whose hands he was committed on the French frontier. The latter thereupon refused to accept his parole, so that Fane was conducted to Verdun by the *gendarmes*, treated with considerable harshness, and lodged in prison at the end of each day's march. This treatment was not calculated to produce a favourable impression on his already prejudiced mind, and not unnaturally there was not in the whole depot a more violent anti-Gallican than was Captain Fane.

"But his residence at Verdun was not long. A circumstance had occurred in the earlier part of his career which

his friends justly thought likely to be of service to him in the unfortunate situation in which he now found himself. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, he had been midshipman on board a man-of-war employed on the coast of Egypt. One day some French prisoners had been in danger of being drowned, when Fane jumped overboard and saved their lives at the risk of his own. The circumstance had at the time come to the knowledge of General Bonaparte, and he had expressed his high sense of the bravery of the young English officer.

“Now under the changed circumstances in which Captain Fane found himself, his friends did but justice to the Emperor in believing that if the occurrence were but recalled to the memory of Bonaparte, coupled with the knowledge that that once gallant midshipman was now a prisoner in his dominions, it would at least militate in favour of the captive. The information, of which Captain Fane himself would have scorned to make use, was therefore conveyed to Bonaparte, and not a moment did the Emperor hesitate. He at once ordered Captain Fane's unconditional liberation.—It is with great pleasure that I record this trait of magnanimity in Napoleon; similar instances of which more than once came under my notice.”

Of Jerome Bonaparte, on the contrary, John Stanhope gives a very different description. He was one morning for a considerable time in the same room with the King of Westphalia, in fact, for over an hour, while the latter was occupied with the consumption of a lengthy breakfast, and his impression of the man whom he thus watched closely is summed up briefly:—“A more insignificant personage,” he says, “I have never yet beheld!” After which he dismisses Jerome as undeserving of further comment.

After a long and dreary residence at Verdun, John Stanhope heard by chance that a French lady was desirous of having any English prisoners of undoubted respectability *en pension* at her Chateau de D., near Ligny. He therefore applied to the commandant for permission to pass there what was termed *la belle saison*; and this was granted on condition that he reported himself at Verdun at the end of the month. Much delighted at the prospect of such a change in his surroundings, he therefore set out for Ligny, with his gig, two horses, and an old field captain, who attended him in the capacity of servant. His experiences are not without interest while thus resident in a French country family who were singularly typical of the period in which they lived.

The family, of whom he purposely suppresses the names, consisted of Monsieur V., a kind-hearted man, about fifty years of age. Madame V., whom he describes as “one of the most singular specimens of a French woman that it ever was my lot to meet with”; and her son-in-law and married daughter, Monsieur and Madame M.

“Madame V.,” he wrote long after, “was a thorough *intrigante*, never quiet for a moment, but always with some project in her head, a constant prey to all sorts of sharpers, who flattered her, fed upon her and converted her schemes into an abundant source of profit to themselves. The great object of her ambition at this moment was to obtain the post of governess to the King of Rome. *Madame!*—I have only to represent to myself that little round figure, nearly as large as it was long and much the shape of a ball, with her Parisian graces grafted on to her pretension to the manners of the *vieille Cour*, to enjoy, even now, a hearty laugh at her vanity in supposing that it was in her power to supersede and triumph over a Montesquieu. “As it may seem extraordinary that people in the position of the V.s should have admitted English prisoners *en pension*, I ought to mention that it was entirely a *galanterie* on the part of Monsieur. He stipulated it should be no expense to him, excepting in the article of wine, which he would freely give; that whatever benefit arose from the money paid by us, should belong entirely to Madame V.; and a considerable profit she must undoubtedly have made, as little was the addition on our account to their domestic expenditure.

“The daughter of this couple was married to a man of talent, who, however, had a brusquerie of manner which rendered him rather forbidding. He seemed to aim rather at the rough independence of Revolutionary France than at the *politesse* which marked the *vieille Cour* of which Madame was an exponent. He treated me, however, with the utmost kindness and attention. Originally he had been but clerk to Monsieur V. and lived in the house. As is not unusually the case under such circumstances, an attachment grew up between him and Mlle. V.; but when did the course of true love run smoothly? Madame V. had other designs for her daughter; she destined her to the arms of one of Napoleon's generals, and had already opened negotiations with a view of carrying these intentions into effect. The father, unable to resist the daughter's tears, joined with her in endeavouring to extort from Madame V. a reluctant consent; but the latter remained inflexible. After all other arguments had been exhausted in vain, Monsieur M., her daughter and even her husband threw themselves on their knees before her in tears, and entreated her to yield to their wishes. Such a scene was too much for a Frenchwoman. She yielded, and

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abandoning her ambitious project, gave her daughter to Monsieur M.!

“Monsieur V. thereupon built a nice house for the young couple at the extremity of the garden, so that his daughter had the advantage of being perfectly independent, and yet of living as much as she chose with her father and mother. In general they formed but one family, and great was their contentment, though this was not, in reality, increased by the circumstance of Monsieur M. having recently been raised to the dignity of Mayor of D. and Secretary to the Prefect of the Department, a situation which gave him considerable power, and made him a person of greater consequence than his father–in–law.

“Our life was very uniform. At eight o'clock punctually we met at a little building at the end of the garden which Madame had dignified by the title of *La Ferme*, though it had not a pretension of any sort to such a denomination. It was in fact a small cottage consisting of a kitchen fitted up in cottage style, a small pantry, two bedrooms above, furnished with all the luxury of modern refinement—so much for the cottage. From what books Madame V. had drawn her ideas of rural felicity I know not, but she deemed it more sentimental to breakfast in the cottage than to enjoy that meal comfortably in her dining–room, so to the *ferme* we were to go, and, whether the weather was hot or cold, to sit near the blazing fire in the little kitchen and enjoy the rural felicity of making our own toast. At one we dined, took a ride or walk in the afternoon, and at eight sat down to supper.

“The house was not an uncomfortable, though somewhat singular one. Monsieur V. having been called away from home during the time that he was building it, Madame took advantage of his absence to take care of herself, and, in so doing, to spoil the house. She had a fancy that she could only breathe freely in a large room; she therefore constructed out of the body of the house an enormous bedroom for herself. It was square, with a dressing–room at each angle. Her husband, upon his return home, found his house completely spoilt, as this room occupied the main part of the first floor. However, as the mischief was done, he bore it with the greatest philosophy, venting his feelings with his usual exclamation on such occasions—'*Oh, ma femme! ma femme!*'

“The drawing–room was a pleasant and well–furnished room, it opened by a door, partly of glass, on to a flight of steps which served also as a bridge over a rivulet which ran close to the walls of the house. These steps led to the flower garden which was laid out in the old–fashioned style. In the centre was a fountain, round which there were beds of flowers. At the extremity of the garden there was a large orangery which had no pretensions to architectural beauty, but contained a magnificent collection of orange trees. During the warm weather, these ornamented the garden, and at a more wintry period, being ranged in rows in the orangery, afforded us an agreeable promenade.

“The gardens extended a considerable distance. They included on one side a kitchen garden and a vineyard, and on the other, to give the effect of what the French call an English garden, a wood had been considered a necessary requisite. It was cut out in walks, one of which led to the *ferme* and another to the hermitage, so that the garden may be said to have possessed every requisite for a perfect garden. But absurd as this reunion of *bois*, hermitage and *ferme*, may sound, the gardens were really pretty, and the connecting of the kitchen garden and the vineyard with the pleasure ground not only added to its extent, but its variety. I have often thought that our English kitchen gardens, by a little more variety in their form and by an intermixture of shrubbery, might be converted into an ornamental instead of a formal addition to our country houses.

“Adjoining the drawing–room was a room, prettily furnished, in which I slept, and which also formed a not uncomfortable sitting–room when I wished to be alone. Behind the drawing–room was the dining–room, which, like all French dining–rooms, had the appearance of an anteroom. It opened into the library where there was a good collection of books and also of minerals, indeed, there was hardly anything of which there was *not* a collection.

“On one occasion I incurred Madame V.'s serious displeasure. A hornet's nest had been discovered, and, as it was voted a great curiosity, was placed by Madame's orders among the other specimens of Natural history in the library. Warmed into life by the heat of the room, some of the hornets began to show signs of activity. The prospect was far from pleasant, and, alarmed at the disagreeable interruption about to be offered to my studies, I secretly commissioned a servant to throw the hornet's nest into the water. Boundless was the indignation of Madame V, on finding that I had deprived her museum of so great a treasure; and it was a considerable time before an act of such temerity on my part was forgiven.

“We sometimes took advantage of a fine evening to form a party in the woods. On an occasion when the Chevalier de la Lance was staying with us accompanied by his fifteen–year–old daughter, one of the prettiest of

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our Verdun belles, we had one of these excursions to the forest. After dinner some of the most musical of our party were requested by the young belle to enliven the evening by music. Madame M., my hostess's daughter, had a most beautiful voice, and had, of course, enjoyed all the advantages to be derived from Parisian masters. Whilst she was singing, we all observed that a nightingale perched upon one of the neighbouring trees continued silent; the moment she stopped, he began to warble forth his 'wood–notes wild.' This occurred not once, but repeatedly. He was far, however, from showing the same attention to the chevalier. Apparently not entertaining an equally good opinion of the old man's musical talents, from the moment that gentleman began to take up the song, the nightingale began also, and evidently did all in his power to drown the chevalier's voice!"

Another diversion at Ligny was *la chasse*. Monsieur M. was a great sportsman and very fond of shooting; he kept a small pack of hounds and seldom went out with them without inviting young Stanhope to accompany him. "One day," relates John Stanhope, "we were out fox–hunting on foot, our business being to head the fox and—*horresco referens*—to shoot him! The hounds were running, and all of a sudden came to a check and ceased giving tongue. At that moment Lord Boyle, who was out with us, and who was not far from me, levelled his gun and took, as it proved, a deadly aim. I looked at him in some astonishment, at a loss to imagine what game he could have seen when the hounds were not running. He fired, and then throwing up his arms in horror, cried out, at the same time stamping and raving, 'Oh! Monsieur M., I have killed your best dog!' Vexed as I was at such a disaster, I could not help laughing at the gesticulations of my friend, and at Paddy, with eyes quick enough for anything, having mistaken a *dog for a fox*. It was quite a practical Bull. No one could have behaved better than Monsieur M. He concealed his regret and said everything in his power to reassure and recompose the distracted culprit."

There was, Stanhope remarks, not much game in the neighbourhood of Ligny, though there could not be a country better adapted to it, as the house was situated between two forests, both of which abounded in wolves. "However," writes Stanhope, "I was only out one day at *la chasse aux loups*. I had been so long deprived of the amusements of a sportsman that an invitation from Monsieur M., to accompany him on the following morning produced so much excitement in my mind that I lay awake half the night ... and I was not too late for the appointed hour of six o'clock. Monsieur M., another sportsman and myself, proceeded to a distant part of the forest. We were all stationed, in advance, at different posts where it was thought likely that the wolf might cross the path. The hounds were soon in full cry. My heart beat high as I heard them approach me, but, alas! instead of the *grand gibier* I expected, a poor little hare stole quietly by! It was a terrible falling off, and no wolf crossed our path that morning.

"Yet at the time of which I am speaking, we had pretty good proof of their being in our immediate vicinity, for one morning, when I was out walking, I heard, close to the house, a piercing yell. I ran to ascertain what was the matter and found that a favourite setter of Monsieur M., itself as big as a wolf, had just been carried off by one of these ferocious animals. Poor M. could hardly be consoled for the loss of another favourite dog, and was some days before he recovered his usual spirits. After I left Ligny, Lord Blayney and some other Verdunites killed six or seven wolves in one day's sport."

The warfare against both wolves and foxes at Ligny was, however, very essential, in view of the fact that Madame V., in order to further her favourite project of becoming Governess to the King of Rome, had resorted to a singular plan to ensure her popularity at Court.

Napoleon was exceedingly anxious to promote the progress of agriculture in France, and as a first step in that direction to introduce the breed of Merino sheep into the country. "Madame V. therefore determined to have her flock of Merinos. But as the pure breed could only be procured at a considerable cost, she resolved to arrive at the completion of her purpose in a more economical manner. She succeeded in purchasing some rams of the Merino breed, and she calculated that by crossing the sheep of the country with them she would in eight years succeed in establishing a flock of perfectly pure blood. She did not trouble herself about the evil results attributed by agriculturists to breeding in and in. Her speculation was the more extraordinary from the circumstance of her having no farm, nor any land upon which to keep her sheep; but for this difficulty she found an easy remedy. She sent out her flock under the guidance of a shepherd boy, to feed wherever food they could find, but principally in the Imperial forests.

"In order to give a greater *eclat* to her favourite hobby, she built a magnificent sheep–shed which was finished whilst I was there. But before the sheep were introduced to their new abode, the priest was sent for to give it his

blessing. This he did in due form by sprinkling holy water in all directions and consecrating it with as much solemnity as if he had been dedicating a church to the service of God. Further, to celebrate the event with yet greater pomp, she had likewise promised to give a ball; but, to the disappointment of the prisoners resident with her, she finally decided that the religious ceremony must suffice, and the Merinos were allowed to enter upon their new career with no secular demonstration to succeed the ecclesiastical.”

Various indeed were the methods employed by the ambitious in order to attract the attention and win the coveted favour of Napoleon. “A person of great distinction,” writes Stanhope, “the Marechal Oudinot, who resides in the town of Bar, has built a large manufactory for the purpose of making sugar from beetroot. He does not appear to entertain any sanguine expectations of profit, for upon General Cox asking him one day, when he was dining at Bar, what had been the success of his manufactory, the Marechal replied with rather more honesty than discretion, 'Ce n'est que pour plaire a l'Empereur!' Certainly in this point of view it was a magnificent piece of flattery!

“That this Marechal is a *nouveau riche* the appearance of his house at Bar sufficiently indicates. It stands in the middle of the town, and is surrounded by a high wall, upon the top of which a range of shells and bombs are represented in stone. At the entrance door stand two sentinels— two wooden grenadiers painted in full uniform and as large as life, which certainly cannot be considered as any *preuves de noblesse*, or marks of a refined taste. One day Madame M. grievously offended this important person. Gazing at his mansion and its surrounding tokens of magnificence, she enthusiastically gave vent to a compliment which, however clever she might think it, was not calculated to flatter the pride of a *parvenu*. 'Ah! Monsieur le Marechal!' she exclaimed indiscreetly, 'vous montez, nous descendons!'

“Indeed, what the Marechal's origin may be, I know not; but I am told that, till quite recently, he conducted himself with the best possible feeling towards his old friends and relations, and was universally praised for the kindness and condescension of his manners. A great change, however, has lately been observed, perhaps because he has married a young and pretty girl belonging to the *ancienne noblesse*. His old friends are now treated with the greatest *hauteur*; he even requires the company at his parties to remain standing in a circle round him, and he appears to feel the regal coronet already budding upon his brows.

“Singular times, in truth, are these, when a man of the very lowest birth may indulge in such *reveries* without the faintest absurdity!”

## CHAPTER VI. 1812–1813. LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED PRISONER

At length the prospects of the luckless prisoner brightened. John Stanhope obtained leave to change his place of detention for Paris, where existence promised to be far more agreeable than at Verdun or Ligny. Having journeyed thither with a light heart, and some of the hopefulness of youth restored, he was not disappointed. He found himself warmly welcomed by many of his fellow–countrymen; while the French savants, having learnt the original object of his journey and all the circumstances which had led to his imprisonment, received him unhesitatingly as one of their body and give him free access to the Institute.

Forthwith life became once more full of interest, and as agreeable as it was practicable for that of an exile to be. He rapidly made friends amongst both the French and English residents in Paris, while one of his fellow–prisoners on parole in the capital at this date was the well–known banker, Mr Boyd [1] with whom his family had long been acquainted, and in whose vicinity he now took rooms.

“Mr Boyd,” relates Stanhope, “was in a singular position. He had originally been one of the first, if not *the* first banker in Paris. He stood, as I have heard, in a pre–eminent position, admitted, as an Englishman, to those highest circles which were closed to the monied men of France, and aspiring to that commanding influence in the commercial world which although often maintained in England is seldom countenanced in France, unless we may consider Lafitte as an exception. At the breaking out of the Revolution, the temptation offered by Mr Boyd’s wealth was too great to be resisted. The French Government chose to consider him as an *emigre*, and seized upon the funds of the bank, which are said to have consisted of L600,000. At the Peace of Amiens he returned to Paris to reclaim his property, but upon the renewal of the war he was detained as a prisoner, being included in the class of *detenus*. In vain he remonstrated with the Ministers, and said, ‘If I am a Frenchman, give me my liberty; if I am an Englishman, restore me my money; you cannot be entitled to detain me prisoner as an Englishman and to keep my money as that of a Frenchman!’

“All his remonstrances were in vain; but distressed as his circumstances were at this date, his heart was warm and his board as hospitable as ever. Many an evening have I passed with him talking over the events of former times and of his financial schemes. I have never met with a spirit more buoyant nor a disposition more sanguine. In that Paris where he had once stood at the head of the mercantile interest, and enjoyed, with a zest of which few men were capable, every luxury that the luxurious capital could supply, he was now the double bankrupt, the prisoner of war. But to the credit of the French financiers—then, indeed, the men of most distinction in the world of fashion—he was not neglected. He still lived in that society of which he had formerly been so distinguished a member, nor was he treated with contempt because his wife and daughters now went to parties in their *fiacre*. On one of these occasions he met Talleyrand, who could not help exclaiming, ‘Ah! *Monsieur Boyd, vous voir comme cela!*’

“An application was at one time made to Boyd for his opinion on the financial affairs of England. This, although not avowed, he was perfectly aware was made by the Emperor’s desire and for his Majesty’s private information. Mr Boyd was not a man, be the consequences what they might, to bend before the Imperial footstool or to disguise the truth. He was placed upon his hobby–horse—Pitt’s financial system and the sinking fund. His statement proved anything but satisfactory to the high quarter for which it was desired; and never again was Mr Boyd applied to on the subject of English finance.”

With regard to his acquaintance amongst the French, John Stanhope speaks with the greatest interest of a man who became his great friend, Monsieur de Baure, a Member of the Institute and President of the Cour Imperiale.

“I do not know,” he writes, “that I ever remember to have seen a countenance expressive of brighter intelligence than his. His was indeed the eye of genius, and gave me a perfect conception of the meaning of an *eagle eye*. Yet I have seen it alight with a much greater disposition to fun than I expected to have found in one occupying so high a judicial situation. Indeed, in one instance, I was more amused than I can express by the extremely dry manner in which he completely took in an assembly of the wisest men in France!”

On this occasion young Stanhope was seated amongst a number of distinguished men at the Institute, when M. de Baure rose to his feet, and a hush fell on the assembly of savants, who waited with profound attention for the words of wisdom about to flow from the lips of their learned colleague. As he rose, however, de Baure caught

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Stanhope's eye with a glance which the latter says “spoke as plainly as a glance could speak, 'Now I am about to have some fun with these wiseacres!’”

Drawing himself up, the speaker announced with the most profound solemnity, “Gentlemen, I must preface my remarks by stating how I consider that a cook who discovers a new dish deserves a seat in the Institute more than a man who discovers a new star....”

Loud were the interruptions of horror which burst from the Members of the Institute, who, to the unutterable amusement of Stanhope and certain of his friends, took the remark literally.

“*Que me fait une etoile?*” continued de Baure with impassioned eloquence. “*Que me fait une etoile* whilst a chef who discovers a new dish which tempts me to begin again after I have satisfied my appetite confers upon me the greatest obligation which it lies in the power of one human being to confer upon another!” [2]

Urged by his grave and astounded colleagues to elaborate his reasons for his extraordinary statement, de Baure declined on the following ground: “A king of France,” he said, “was passing through a provincial town when a pompous mayor, addressing his Majesty, regretted that he had twenty very urgent reasons for not having fired the guns in honour of the Royal visit, the first of which was that he had not any powder. 'Stop there!' said the King, 'I will excuse you the other nineteen.’”

Another Frenchman, of a very different type, who was a friend of John Stanhope at this date, was the young Comte de St. Morys, of whose tragic fate, so illustrative of the conditions then prevalent in France, Stanhope subsequently gave the following account:—

“The Comte de St. Morys had been an *emigre* at the period of the Revolution. His mother, however, had not accompanied her husband during that exile, and, in consequence, had succeeded eventually in preventing the confiscation of some of his property. When, later, Napoleon adopted the course of gathering round his throne as many of the old *noblesse* as he could, he conveyed the hint to Madame de St. Morys that, unless her son returned, the remainder of her property should be confiscated. In consequence of this notification the young Comte deemed it his duty to return to his native land, and he established himself in the *basse–cour* of his former home, which was all of the chateau which now remained.

“Unfortunately for him, the rest of the property had been sold to a man whose character may be best described by stating that he had been a branded fellow. A good understanding was not likely to exist between men of such opposite principles, and St. Morys, although he possessed the kindest and the warmest heart, was rather of a hasty disposition, and had a little more brusquerie of manner than is generally found among Frenchmen of his rank. What may have been the first, or the principal cause of the dispute, I know not, but, from what I heard, it appeared to me most probable that the object of Colonel Barbier de Fay was to compel Monsieur de St. Morys to give him a high price for his land in order to get rid of so disagreeable a neighbour.

“However that may be, Colonel Barbier's hatred to St. Morys at length carried him so far as to lead him to form a plan of vengeance which I can characterise by no other expression than diabolical.

“At the restoration of the Bourbons, Monsieur de St. Morys, like many others, was raised to the rank he would have held according to the army list. He therefore became a general in the army and a lieutenant in the Garde de Corps, which, as the regiment was entirely composed of nobles, was a very high situation. Colonel Barbier, with a double motive—first that of tormenting Monsieur de St. Morys and next that of throwing discredit on a corps which he detested—introduced into the Garde room, and circulated wherever he could find access, printed papers blackening the Count's character. That gentleman accordingly challenged him. Colonel Barbier replied that he would only accept the challenge on one condition—that two pistols should be put into a bag, one loaded and another not, and that they should draw for the chance.

“This St. Morys rejected, stating that he was prepared to fight, but not to commit murder. In order, however, that his character should be free from stain he referred the matter to the Marshals of France. They approved of his conduct, and there the matter ought to have ended. Unfortunately the Garde de Corps, aware of the jealousy with which the old army viewed their position, were very touchy on the point of honour. Wherefore the Duc de Luxembourg, his Colonel, considered that St. Morys was under a cloud, and refused to allow him to perform his military duties till his reputation was cleared. This was, in point of fact, the object which his adversary had in view. It placed St. Morys in a most awkward position, and threw an apple of discord among the Garde de Corps.

“My poor friend unluckily consulted everybody, and followed everybody's advice. That which our joint friend, the Comte G. de la Rochefoucauld, gave him appeared to me the best; he advised him to make up his mind

at once to the sacrifice of his commission; that having challenged his opponent he had done all that was incumbent upon him as a man of honour, a fact which was unquestionable after the decision of the marshals, and that he should express himself ready to meet any person who should arraign his conduct. But this would probably have involved him with the Duc de Luxembourg, and consequently compelled him to resign his commission in the Guards, which would have been peculiarly unfortunate as he was daily in expectation of being raised to the rank of captain, upon which he intended to have retired upon half pay.

“Instead, therefore, of following this advice, he endeavoured by further irritation to compel his opponent to meet him; he went into a cafe and struck the Colonel on the face with his fist, believing that so public a disgrace would induce Barbier to meet him on his own terms; but the other was not to be diverted from his predetermined purpose; he continued to persist in his declaration that he would fight only on the terms he had originally proposed.

“In this state the matter continued for some time, till Barbier thought he had sufficiently achieved his first object of bringing disgrace upon St. Morys, and therefore, at last, consented to meet his antagonist. They accordingly met, fired two brace of pistols, and then drew their swords. The seconds had previously decreed that the duel should terminate as soon as blood was drawn. Monsieur de St. Morys having, or thinking he had, slightly wounded his enemy, called out, 'Monsieur, vous etes blesse!' and laid himself open in full confidence that the fight was over. 'Non, monsieur,' replied Barbier, '*mais vous etes mort!*' and not only plunged his sword into his victim's body, but is said actually to have given a turn with his wrist to secure the mortality of the wound.

“Thus terminated the life of poor St. Morys!”

The consummation of this tragedy, however, belonged to a date later than that of the residence of John Stanhope in Paris, and during his sojourn there St Morys was still, like many of his day, endeavouring to reconcile his royalist proclivities to the changed conditions of his surroundings and his own altered fortunes. Meanwhile, into the comparatively peaceful routine of Parisian life came, ever and anon, news of a series of victories achieved by the *grande armee*, which was received in France with the customary complacency and elation that such events had long been wont to evoke. By the bulk of Frenchmen the triumphant issue of the Russian campaign was looked upon as a foregone conclusion, and, therefore, when there suddenly broke upon Paris the knowledge of the supreme disaster of Moscow the effect was overwhelming. The 10th Bulletin disclosed the truth with a shattering finality: “*Dans quatre jours cette belle armee n'existait plus.*” The effect was as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon the smiling, placid country. France was plunged into mourning for her sons, Ministers trembled for their posts, and everywhere reigned consternation, uncertainty and grief.

Suddenly, into the middle of this general *bouleversement*, a rumour gained credence that the Emperor himself was at the Tuileries. Young Stanhope hastened to the palace to learn the accuracy of this report, and was soon convinced of its truth. Throughout the building were tokens of unwonted activity; lights were visible in all the windows, and a small crowd was stationed outside. From a French soldier standing near him he learnt that the carriage in which Napoleon had travelled had broken down at Meaux, “and the Emperor had then got into one of the little cabriolets vulgarly called a *pot de chambre*; they are little cars which ply between Paris and the neighbouring towns, and carry four inside, and one, generally called a *lapin*, on the same seat as the driver.” Upon his arrival in Paris his Imperial Majesty got out of this vehicle and walked to the Tuileries, where he was stopped by the guard at the door, who, in the dusk, failed to recognise him. “*Je suis de la maison!*” explained Napoleon briefly, and he was permitted to enter.

Thus Bonaparte returned to Paris, not as the triumphant victor, the indomitable conqueror of Europe, but as a defeated general, bent on retrieving some singularly grievous errors by tact and perseverance. Yet something never to be regained was lost to the Man of Destiny. The spell which had deified him was broken. Napoleon the Invincible, the Infallible, had blundered. “This supernatural man, this god—or devil—had sunk below the level of ordinary men. '*Le prestige est passe*' was in everybody's mouth.”

Paris soon rang with stories of the disastrous campaign—tales, in the most trivial of which the Parisians recognised the complex personality of that god or devil of their mingled idolatry or detestation. A French officer told John Stanhope two anecdotes, which, although in themselves slight, are strikingly illustrative both of Napoleon's shrewdness and of his brutality. On one occasion the Emperor heard some men murmuring and declaring that rather than suffer the torments which they were then enduring, they had better give up the struggle and make up their minds to go to Siberia. Napoleon turned to them, and, fixing them with his glance, merely

observed, “En Siberie ou *en France!*” Well did he understand the emotional temperament of the men with whom he had to deal! The tone in which he uttered *en France* recalled vividly to their thoughts their own, their beautiful France; and the men, who a moment before were abandoned to despair, roused themselves and advanced on their march with all the enthusiasm and the renewed vivacity of Frenchmen.

The other story, as indicated, is of a less creditable nature. After the terrible crossing of the Beresina, when, through faulty generalship and inexcusable want of forethought, thousands upon thousands of lives were needlessly sacrificed, the Emperor, during the wretched bivouac west of the river, was, like the rest of his regiment, suffering intensely from the bitter weather. His officers, therefore, went round calling for dry wood for his fire, and soldiers, perishing with cold, came forward to offer precious sticks, with the words, uttered ungrudgingly, “Take this for the Emperor.” Shortly afterwards, Napoleon was seated in a miserable *barraque*, with his *surtout* over his shoulders, enjoying the poor fire thus obtained. Folding his coat more closely about him, he remarked casually, “Il y aura diablement des fous geles cette nuit!”

Yet the man before whose colossal egoism imagination waxes impotent, could, on other occasions, exhibit an irresponsible *bonhomie*, which seemed totally at variance with the more sinister side of his character. This John Stanhope illustrates by another anecdote.

“Amongst my fellow–prisoners at Verdun had been a gentleman who promoted to the rank of his mistress a woman who was previously his maid–servant. He obtained permission to reside in Paris, but was included in the general order of the Duc de Rovigo upon his appointment to the Ministry of Police, by which nearly all the English were returned to the depots.

“Madame Chambers, who found herself, under that fictitious title, occupying a very different position at Paris to that which she could fill at Verdun, where her real situation and origin were generally known, had no inclination to go back to that depot, but determined to leave no stone unturned to obtain leave for Chambers to remain in Paris. She was not a person to be easily daunted or troubled with any unnecessary *mauvaise honte*. Accordingly, the first time that the Emperor went to the *chasse*, Madame Chambers made her appearance. It was after the shooting was over, when a great circle was formed, in which the Emperor paced backwards and forwards, generally with his hands behind his back and his eyes fixed upon the ground, whilst the game which had been shot was laid out before him. Madame Chambers advanced and presented a petition to him. He inquired curtly who she was and what she wanted, and took no further notice of her. The next time the Emperor went to the *chasse* Madame Chambers again made her appearance, the same scene was re–enacted, with the same result. He went again a third time, and there also again appeared Madame Chambers with her petition.

“Comment!’ exclaimed the Emperor furiously, ‘*toujours Madame Chambers!*’

“Oui, Empereur, *toujours Madame Chambers,*’ she replied imperturbably.

“This was too much for Napoleon. The man who was accustomed to see the greatest of his generation tremble before his slightest frown gazed in no small astonishment at the plump, placid little soubrette who confronted him without a tremor. He burst into a merry laugh, and exclaimed. ‘*Eh bien, que votre mari reste a Paris. Berthier, je vous en charge!*’ turning to Marshal Berthier who was in his suite; and Mr Chambers was never sent back to the depot.”

Few, however, shared the temerity of Madame Chambers. John Stanhope writes: “The awe that even the principal ministers felt in the presence of Napoleon would not be credited in England. His courtiers literally trembled before him. ‘In what sort of a humour is the Emperor to–day?’ was a frequent question in Paris.... How I have blushed for the adulation, the degrading, I may almost say the blasphemous flattery that has been offered before the throne of Napoleon by men of the highest rank. But perhaps I ought to make some allowance for those who had witnessed the horrors of the Revolution. Can, however, such men be expected to recover the high tone of feeling they once entertained? Can France ever be restored to a sound state?”

Yet one man stood alone in heroic opposition to the Conqueror of Christendom. Frail, old, and deserted even by those upon whose support he had relied, the Pope, Pius VII., had courage to oppose the Conqueror of the world. While John Stanhope was in Paris the celebrated interview took place between the aged Pontiff and the autocrat to whom the Vicar of Christ was but as a temporal Sovereign to be crushed beneath the might of an all–but universal monarchy. Pius VII. had indeed had an ample warning in the fate of his predecessor, who, bereft of all power, had been consigned by Napoleon to an imprisonment in which he had expired. In 1801 Pius VII. had been forced to conclude a *concordat* with Napoleon, which the latter had afterwards subjected to arbitrary

alterations; in 1804 the Pontiff had found himself compelled to repair to Paris to assist at the coronation of his enemy. Shortly after his return to Rome the French had entered the Eternal city, and in May 1809 the Papal States were annexed by France. Promptly the brave old Pontiff excommunicated the robbers of the Holy See, and the vengeance of Bonaparte upon this act was swift and sure. The Pope was removed as a prisoner to Grenoble, then to Fontainebleau; and it is curious to learn, by Stanhope's contemporary account, the light in which such a stupendous event in the history of the Roman Church was regarded at the date of its happening.

“The Holy Father, the representative of St Peter, he who holds the Keys of Heaven and Hell, is actually a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon! Poor, excellent old man, gallantly and with the resignation of a martyr does he bear up against his sufferings and maintain the dignity of the Papal See. It is a singular thing that in a *soi–disant* Catholic country the imprisonment of the Father of their Church should make so little sensation. I hear, indeed, that many women gathered round the different places at which he stopped in the course of his journey through France, but even the interest they felt for him soon appears to have subsided. *A partie de chasse* the other day was announced to take place in the Forest of Fontainebleau. This afforded the Emperor an opportunity of having a conversation with the Pope without any sacrifice of his own dignity, without any troublesome arrangement of ceremony, and still more without drawing upon himself the public eye, as to go hunting near the Palace of Fontainebleau without even paying a visit to the Pope would have been a positive breach of politeness.

“The interview took place. On the one side was the venerable churchman bending beneath the weight of affliction as well as of years, on the other Napoleon Bonaparte; yet if the reports circulated in Paris are to be believed, the old Pontiff held his own with unabated courage and dignity, and nobly maintained the cause of his religion, though the Emperor is said *actually to have thrust his fist in his face and all but struck him*. How the interview terminated I cannot learn, but I heard the fresh Concordat cried about the streets of Paris that same evening.

“This dispute,” he writes later, “has narrowly escaped producing the most important results in ecclesiastical history—the separation of the French Empire from the See of Rome. The Emperor had assumed the nomination to the French Bishoprics, but the Pope refused to give the investiture to the persons he appointed. The Church almost universally stood by their Chief; the consequence was that there was a considerable difficulty in filling up the vacant Sees. The Archbishopric of Paris was one of these. The Emperor offered it to his Uncle, Cardinal Fesch, but he, either from sincere attachment to his Church, or from the duty he owed to the Roman supremacy as a Cardinal, or from a conviction that he was safer in possession of the Archbishopric of Lyons, held under the Pope's authority, than he could be in one held in defiance of it, resolved to brave the Emperor's anger and refuse that offer. Napoleon, contenting himself with calling Fesch a fool, offered it to Cardinal Maury, who became titular Archbishop of Paris. There are few things in the history of the French Revolution that make one blush more for human nature than the falling off of that man whose opening career had been so brilliant....

“More and more the Emperor had felt that to be second to the Pope was inconsistent with his own dignity, and that if he could not bend the pontiff to his will, he must do without him. He had accordingly determined to assume the sole presentation of the Bishoprics; but how to get the Church to assent to such a proceeding was the question. He came at length to the decision of summoning the Gallican and Italian Churches.... When the Council met, I was allowed by a friend of mine to copy a letter from one of the members. It was a curious document and I preserved it for some time with great care, but I became at length alarmed at having such a compromising paper in my possession and reluctantly committed it to the flames. The tenor, however, of some parts of it I remember....

“The writer stated that the Emperor at first proposed to try the effects of corruption and to tamper with the Bishops individually, and that he had succeeded in that course, to some extent, more particularly with the Italian Bishops; but that when he abandoned that plan and summoned a Council, he committed a great error and entirely defeated his own intentions. Those men, who could be gained by corruption or intimidated by power, when they found themselves surrounded by their Brethren, were withheld, by shame, from giving way to such considerations. Numbers give power; individually each man might tremble at the thought of resisting Napoleon, but united, the *esprit de corps* which is, as it ought to be, the most powerful incentive among all Churchmen, taught them to offer an unyielding opposition to all demands inconsistent with the rights of their Church. But there was another circumstance which rendered the assembling of the Council fatal to the Emperor's project, and which, not to have known, was on his part inexcusable ignorance. At the opening of all Councils each member takes an oath that he will not alter anything that has been fixed by former Councils, so that everyone in this case

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was individually bound by an oath taken in the presence of his Colleagues to reject such conditions as were required by the Emperor from the Council! The consequence of this was that even those who had given their adhesion to his plans were now found united with the brethren in the cause of their Church. Napoleon found that he had overreached himself.

“The letter further stated that the Bishop or Archbishop of Tours had conducted himself like an angel. *Du sang nous en avons tous dans nos veines*, was the opening of his speech, *et que nous en devons repandre puisque la derniere goutte*, etc., etc. It stated further that when the Bishops took up the address to the throne they commenced in the following words—*Sire, nous vous apportons nos tetes!* Upon which the Emperor actually started, surprised at hearing himself addressed in words which were suited to a Nero or a Caligula.”

Meanwhile Napoleon, having failed to bend the Church of Rome to his will, was preparing for another campaign against terrestrial powers. He had started a conscription and was raising an army of 400,000 men, with which he hoped to regain something of his lost prestige in the eyes of the world. Apart from troops, he had to acquire horses for his cavalry and for this end some expedient had to be devised. The methods which he adopted were in accordance with the rest of his policy.

“Bold, indeed, as well as singular, was his plan. A conscription of horses would have been too violent, certainly too straightforward a proceeding, but still it was only by some measure of that nature that his object could be attained. That which was determined upon was the *voluntary presentation* of horses to the Emperor, a plan which obviated the necessity of paying anything, whereas, in a case of conscription, some sum, however inadequate, must have been fixed upon as a sort of regulation price.

“The example was set by the Senate, then followed by the city of Paris and all the authorities. The papers teemed with fulsome statements of the “presents” made to the Emperor. Monsieur A. had sent his son, fully equipped; Monsieur B. had sent two horses, which the Emperor had graciously accepted, etc., etc. If this fashion had been confined to those whose situation rendered it incumbent upon them to prove their zeal for the Emperor's service, there would have been no great harm; no one would have felt much pity for this slight sacrifice on the part of those who were basking in the sunshine of Court favour. Far, however, was the measure from being limited to courtiers; its operation was universal. The stables of every individual were visited, their horses examined and practically seized....

“A friend of mine was so indignant at having his stables inspected that he boldly refused to allow his horses to be taken out, declaring that if the Emperor insisted upon having them, he would give them poison. I heard of only one other case of resistance. A man whose horses were to be taken away, inquired, with unprecedented temerity, ‘Is this compulsory?’

“No!—Ah, no!” was the emphatic reply.

“Then if it is voluntary, it rests with me?”

“*Mais certainement!* But we *advise* you to send them!”

“May I then demand payment?” he next inquired.

“*Mais certainement!*” was again the assurance which he received. He might have payment at a subsequent date—they could not say exactly when, but they *advised* him not to demand it.

“It may be concluded that such indiscriminate spoliation, only rendered the more disgusting by the humbug with which it was accompanied, could not but tend to increase the unpopularity of the Emperor. So violent was the discontent, that nothing but the dread of the police and the state of apathy, into which the whole nation had sunk, prevented an open insurrection.”

In the midst of the general discontent, however, a ripple of merriment passed over Paris. Madame mere, who, of course, could not avoid following the new fashion, presented her horses as an offering to her son. They were at once, to the delight of the Parisians, returned to her as *good for nothing!* “Whether,” says Stanhope, “she had selected her gift with a view to this verdict, or whether it represented the general state of her stud, I know not, but, from what I have seen, I conclude that the latter is not an unlikely case.” This little incident and the fact that many of the untrained horses thus acquired, pirouetted in an undignified manner and turned their backs as the Emperor passed, momentarily restored the good humour of the Parisians.

But John Stanhope, whose own steed escaped confiscation on account of its being blind of one eye, took far less interest in the Emperor's movements than in a chance of freedom which at last presented itself to him. “There was not a man in France at this date,” he states, “certainly not a Minister, who would have dared individually to

plead the cause of a prisoner. With the exception of Talleyrand, few among the French dignitaries were superior to that singular influence by which Napoleon was able to subdue the proudest spirits; and since the Ministers had positive orders not to submit to the Emperor any proposal of that nature, there was not one of them bold enough to defy such a mandate.” But as with the ecclesiastics, so with the Savants of France; what a man dared not attempt singly, a body of men, in their collective strength, might venture. It was patent to the Savants that the young Englishman had been unjustly detained. The object of his journey had been so obviously not only a peaceable but a laudable one, that the Institute determined at length, if possible, in the interests of Science, to effect his liberation.

And at last they succeeded. At last, after a period of alternate tormenting hope and despair, John Stanhope secured the longed–for passport which accorded him permission to quit Paris. Even then, when liberty was once more within his reach, it was all but snatched from him. Savary, Minister of the Interior, taking advantage of the Emperor's absence, harshly ordered all prisoners to return to their *depots*. But Stanhope, with Napoleon's passport in his pocket, decided to disregard these orders, and since his parole no longer prohibited an attempt at flight, he determined to sell his newborn liberty dearly. After many hairbreadth escapes he succeeded in reaching the German frontier, and to his unbounded relief knew that he was at last free!

[Illustration: PASSPORT GIVEN BY NAPOLEON I TO JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE, MARCH 14TH, 1813]

By the advice of his friends he decided to make his way back to England, instead of going direct to Greece as he had at first intended. Passing next through Vienna, therefore, he viewed with pardonable curiosity Francis I., the father of Marie Louise; and his description of the attitude of the Emperor of Austria towards his redoubtable son–in–law at this date, when the latter still retained the Imperial power, is of interest in the light of the complete change of front exhibited by Francis directly the ascendancy of Napoleon appeared to be on the wane. Stanhope relates:—

We English view with such horror all despotic Governments that we cannot conceive the possibility of happiness existing under the sway of an absolute Sovereign. Yet such I found to be the case at Vienna. The Government of the Emperor is mild and paternal, the people seem to have as much freedom of speech as they could enjoy even in England, and at this particular moment the measures of the administration are anything but popular. The Emperor is supposed to be devoted to the cause of Napoleon, whilst his subjects are almost universally enthusiastic for the liberty of Germany. Upon some occurrence, I think it was upon the occasion of an insult offered to the Conte de Narbonne, the Emperor was reported to have said—“Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, you and I are the only two *Frenchmen* in the country!”

The Empress was described to me as a woman of a proud and violent temper, whilst the Crown Prince was spoken of with great interest, but as a young man kept in the highest subjection. When the Emperor summoned him to accompany himself and the Empress on their way to meet Napoleon and Marie Louise, then on their road to Vilna previous to opening the Moscow Campaign, the Prince was said to have replied that he should have been most happy to have gone to meet his sister, *but not that Man!*—the consequence of this was that he was immediately put under arrest.

I was much pleased with the simple and unaffected manner in which the Imperial family seemed to mix with the people. The Archduchesses frequently drove about the streets without Guards or more attendants than any lady of fashion would have had, though among the nobility there is occasionally a display of state that is not to be found in any other capital in Europe. I saw a man of rank going to Court who

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had with him at least twenty servants magnificently dressed; and although it was drawing towards the end of the season, Vienna still appeared to be extremely brilliant and luxurious.... The city, however, still bore marks of her recent misfortunes; the French cannon–balls were still visible, and ruined buildings still testified that she had been forced to yield to the proud will of a Conqueror.

At length, on what John Stanhope subsequently described as the happiest day of his life, he reached Cannon Hall; and he used to relate that one of the first discoveries which he made on entering his old home convinced him how confident at one time his family must have been that he was numbered with the dead, for a very valuable collection of prints, which he had greatly prized, had, in view of his supposed decease, been employed by his brothers in papering one of the bachelors' bedrooms!

Naturally, he was strongly urged by his relations not to risk leaving England again, and many of his friends added their persuasions to those of his family, pointing out the serious risk which he ran in again visiting the continent. To all such representations he turned a deaf ear, since he held that, as his liberty had been granted him with the ostensible object of enabling him to prosecute his proposed researches in Greece, he was in honour bound to fulfil that obligation. His brother Edward decided to accompany him, and to his brother William he wrote:—

CANNON HALL, *September 1813.*

Edward and I start for Greece next month, & my old friend Bonaparte is at such a low ebb that I think perhaps I may be able to return through France without the agreeable title of Prisoner.

You seem to think that I am not obliged to go into Greece. The truth is that I do not consider myself as positively obliged, but I consider that the honour of a Stanhope must not only be maintained, it must not even be suspected, so go I will, be the consequences what they may.

[Illustration: EDWARD COLLINGWOOD, SON OF WALTER SPENCER STANHOPE, ESQ., M.P.]

Thus it befell that John Stanhope nearly became, for the second time, a prisoner of Napoleon, and the tale of his adventures may be concluded here.

He had promised that he would *en route* deliver some despatches to the Queen of Wurtemberg; he therefore journeyed to Stuttgart, where he had a lively interview with the former Princess Royal of England, who, although now forty–seven years of age, and exceedingly massive in figure, still retained her girlish sprightliness. On hearing that a young Englishman desired to see her, she at once concluded that someone had been sent with fresh news of her father, George III., the thought of whose mental affliction was a constant source of grief to her. John Stanhope writes:—

STUTTGART, *January 10th, 1814.*

As soon as I had breakfasted, I went to the Palace. I was shown into a sort of ante–room, the servant took in the letters, and returned for answer that the Queen would see me herself. In another moment she hastened into the room where I was, and without giving me time to make my proper salutations, she burst out with—“*How is the King?*” I was astounded at so disagreeable a question, and with difficulty answered—“Much the same?” “What, no better?” continued she in great disappointment. At first she supposed that I was a messenger, but upon hearing my name, she took me herself into another room and remained conversing with me for full half an hour.

She inquired if I was Captain Stanhope's son, and upon hearing that I was a Spencer–Stanhope, she made a sort of start of surprise, she said she knew my father and well remembered my mother's marriage. She added that she remembered it particularly from one circumstance, the King

was desirous of buying for Princess Sophia a diamond pin which my father had previously ordered. There was much *pour parler* about the matter. My father refused to renounce his purchase to any other intending purchaser, and the King refused as obstinately to give up all hopes of persuading the unknown owner of the pin to relinquish his rightful claim. At last my father learnt who was his rival, and instantly gave up the pin to the King!

I had for some time found it difficult to keep up the respectful manner necessary to be observed to Sovereigns, but here, at the thought of our respective parents obstinately haggling over the same bit of jewellery, with a jeweller who was in great terror of offending either, we both threw etiquette to the winds and laughed outright.

She asked me after Lord Chesterfield, and inquired how he bore the death of his wife. She asked after the Arthur Stanhopes. I told her the story of my recent imprisonment. She inquired whether the Queen [Charlotte] appeared much older; and also asked the number of our family, when she laughed yet more heartily at my saying that I could not tell how many girls there were without counting. She said to me, “You see I know more about your family than you do!” She at length told me she was much obliged to me for the trouble of bringing her letters and curtsied me out.

After this interview Stanhope saw the Palace which, he says, “is a splendid building, and on its summit appears a magnificent new crown that does not fail to remind the spectator of the recent acquisition of the Royal title.”

He was shown the apartments of the King, which he found handsome and well–furnished, “but amongst the decorations, parrots, plants and musical clocks made a conspicuous figure, as well as no little clamour for the attendant setting all the clocks in motion as he passed, a singular concert was produced, which was increased by the screaming of parrots, paroquets and macaws.

“I afterwards went through the gardens of the menagerie, where there is, amongst other creatures, a large collection of monkeys; then to the farms where there are some cattle, but a most singular assemblage of monsters, such as *sheep with five legs*, etc., etc.; rather an odd taste in farming, to which pursuit the King professes to be much attached! In some of the fields I saw Kangaroos, which were originally a present from our King, and have bred and become numerous.”

He then saw the King's carriages, “one built by Hatchard in England which cost a thousand pounds”; also, in contrast, the humble little garden chair in which her Majesty usually drove out, “And, I assure you,” the attendant added confidentially, “*she fills it well!*”

He finally visited Beau Sejour, where he says:—

I was not a little surprised, on entering a salon in a building opposite to the Palace, to find myself in the midst of an assembly of Knights in robes of their respective orders. I involuntarily started back at being thus transported, as it were, into the days of chivalry, but as soon as my first surprise had passed away and allowed time for a little reflection, I observed that my Knights were made of wood and intended to show off the habiliments of the different orders.

I afterwards went to a little island where there was a chapel built upon some rock–work. I was conducted by my guide into a cell which had been formed underneath it, and I saw the figure of a monk seated near a table on which was a skull and an hour–glass. Upon my entering, he turned his head round suddenly to look at me, but though the deception has been very well contrived. I was not long in discovering that this

also was a fictitious monk.

Another anecdote relating to Continental Royalties of that day did John Stanhope send to regale his family. During his travels he met Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who, he explains, was a native of Geneva brought up to the French bar. Having made himself of considerable use to the English Government by exposing the arts and deception employed by the French Government, he became a great authority on finance, and was rewarded by an English pension and a knighthood. Stanhope recounts the following adventure which once befell d'Ivernois:—

“He was at one time on the Continent as a travelling tutor with two young Englishmen. He happened one day to be sauntering with his pupils near one of the Royal Palaces of Prussia, when they observed some young and very striking-looking girls walking at a little distance. This was enough to excite the romance of the young Englishmen, who were in no great awe of their tutor. They began to give chase, which excited an evident alarm among the ladies. In her embarrassment, one of them dropped her handkerchief, which was immediately picked up and presented to her by one of the young gentlemen. This, of course, tended to increase the agitation of the ladies, who retreated as fast as they could, and disappeared through a door in the wall before them.

“Upon the return of the youths to Monsieur d'Ivernois, he addressed them with—'Well, gentlemen, unless I am mistaken, you have got into a pretty scrape. I suspect that those ladies were the Princesses of Prussia!'

“'Pooh, pooh, nonsense!' answered his pupils, highly amused.

“'Not so much nonsense as you suppose; by their dress and appearance they were evidently persons *comme il faut*; they were frightened and embarrassed by your conduct, and they retreated through a gate which opened into the Palace gardens!'

“The young men laughed at their tutor's conjecture, but shortly after, they were at some ball or reunion at Berlin, when the Duchess of Brunswick went up to Monsieur d'Ivernois and addressed him with—'Monsieur d'Ivernois, come with me, I want to speak to you.' Conducting him into a more retired part of the room, she continued—'The other day the young Princesses were guilty of an indiscretion. Tired of always walking in the Palace Garden at Potsdam, they could not resist the inclination they felt to steal out and enjoy a walk in the open country—a pleasure enhanced perhaps by the feeling that it was forbidden. They were followed and addressed by two young English gentlemen who were in company with a man older than themselves, and of a grave and more sedate appearance, who was supposed to be their tutor. I have taken it into my head that you were this person of more sedate appearance, and that the two indiscreet young men were your two pupils. Now if I am right in my conjecture, I suppose that you have no *great wish* to pay a visit to Spandau, and therefore I need not impress upon you the absolute necessity of holding your tongue on the subject. The Governess, who is fully aware of the indiscretion she committed in permitting such an escapade, is in the greatest alarm and as anxious as you can be that the strictest secrecy should be observed, so that *she*, at all events, will not boast of the adventure.'

“M. d'Ivernois had nothing to say in reply. He took the hint, for the name of Spandau effectually sealed both his lips and those of his pupils, whilst the Princesses, when their alarm had subsided, were most probably flattered to find that their beauty produced no less an effect when not enhanced by the splendour of Royalty.”

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Space forbids following in detail the adventures of John Stanhope *en route* to Greece or the outcome of his researches there; an account of which latter, moreover, he published personally. He accomplished his journey without misadventure and succeeded in closely investigating the historical remains of Olympia, the description of which, brought out in two separate volumes, he dedicated to the Institute of France. [3] A severe attack of fever, however, unfortunately brought his operations to an untimely ending; and on becoming convalescent, he was forced to start upon his homeward journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Retracing their steps through Italy, he and his brother found the land terrorised by the gangs of robbers with which it was infested, but who, far from being common banditti, he explains, were to be looked upon as a body of men who were at variance with the Government of that day.

“At one part of our journey,” he writes, “the driver flatly refused to go the route we had chosen, declaring he must go a shorter way for safety; thereupon a priest, with whom we had been conversing, exclaimed—'Come with me, you will be quite safe; here is *my* pistol.' He drew back his coat and displayed the cross which was attached to his breast. He then told me that one day, as he was travelling, a robber with black moustachios and a very ferocious appearance came to attack him. He instantly drew back his gown, and with an air of authority showed

the cross. The robber immediately sank upon his knees and implored a blessing. What a strange state of society in which men can unite to the greatest veneration for their religion, an open violation of its most sacred laws!”

Another day Stanhope had to go through a lonely Pass which was known to be occupied by a very celebrated band of robbers. “We entered a dreary dismal country and at length came to a wild but extensive plain. We suddenly perceived, on our left, a small troop of nine men, well mounted and drawn up in a regular line, and evidently exercising themselves in a military manner. Our Gendarmes informed us that they belonged to the banditti. This was by no means acceptable intelligence, and we were not a little thankful to find that we passed quietly on without molestation. This was the spot in which they had captured an immense Government treasure a few months before. It was escorted by 250 men. These were so confident in their strength that, concluding that there was no danger of their being attacked, some were at least a mile in advance and others as much in the rear. Those who had remained near the treasure were so confounded by the unexpected attack that they were soon put to flight, and the contributions of all the Province beyond the Pass fell into the hands of the robbers.

“Murat, indignant at so great a loss, disgraced the General, who commanded the Province, and sent down another with a thousand men and orders to exterminate the robbers.

“I heard an anecdote of the Captain of the band that savours so much of the time of Robin Hood that I cannot help relating it. The Duchess of Avellino, who was on the point of passing from her chateau to Naples, happened in some public place to mention that she was much alarmed at the thoughts of going through the celebrated Pass. A gentleman present assured her that her fears were groundless, and that there was not the smallest danger. Shortly after, the Duchess pursued her journey, and when she arrived at the Pass she perceived a stranger riding at no great distance from her carriage. She felt considerably alarmed. However, he followed the carriage closely till it was out of the Pass. He then rode up to the window, pulled off his hat, and told the Duchess that he was the Captain of the Band; that he had escorted her out of the limits of his territories, and that she was then perfectly safe. She offered him money, but he refused it positively, though politely. He then took his leave, but not before she had recognised in him the man whom she had met at the dinner party, and who had assured her that there was no cause for alarm.

“Not long ago one of the haunts of the banditti was discovered, and an enormous amount of booty was found in it.”

At Naples Stanhope and his brother arrived in time to be invited to a masquerade given by the Princess of Wales. Caroline, weary of her anomalous position in England, had in 1814 obtained leave to go to Brunswick, and subsequently to make a further tour. She lived for some time on the Lake of Como, an Italian, Bergami, who was now her favourite, being in her company. Feted by Murat, King of Sicily, [4] she pursued unchecked her career of eccentricity and indiscretion.

“Directly the Princess heard that we were at Naples she invited us to her masquerade. My friend Maxwell was going in a Turkish dress which he had brought with him from that country, therefore I thought I might as well adopt a costume of the same land, and chose that of a black slave. The ball began by fireworks which were let off in a little Island immediately in front of the Palace in which we were assembled. I had been assured that the Commandant had declared that as he had a considerable quantity of gunpowder in the Fortress, he could not allow anything of the sort without an express order from the King, as the danger would be considerable. None the less, out of deference to the wishes of the Princess, the order appears to have been given. The ball which followed was brilliant, the dances were magnificent, and the King and Queen took part in almost every dance. She is an extremely pretty woman. The King, to my amusement, changed his dress frequently in the course of the evening. In the middle of the proceedings a little cabinet was thrown open, in which was disclosed a bust of Murat with the Inscription Joachim 1er Roi de Naples. I met the Princess of Wales coming out of the cabinet, and was informed that when the door was first opened she was stationed near the bust, and in a theatrical manner placed a crown upon its head.

“To all this magnificent entertainment *there was no supper!*

“A few days afterwards, to my dismay, I received an intimation from the Duc di Gallo that the King wished me to be presented.... On New Year's Day, at the appointed time, I accordingly repaired to the Salon destined for the Corps Diplomatique. I there found many people assembled, and a table set out with a good breakfast, coffee, tea, all sorts of wine and liqueurs. We were at length ushered into the Presence Chamber and formed a circle round the King.

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“I had been far from pleased with Murat's manners at the Princess of Wales's ball, but he now certainly played the part of a Monarch like a consummate actor. The former Inn–keeper's son was dressed magnificently in a Spanish costume. He walked round the circle, and when he came to me he exclaimed, as if aside, '*Ah, un beau nom!*' He asked me whence I came and whether I intended to remain long in Naples; upon my answering the latter question in the negative he said, '*J'en suis fache!*'

“As soon as our audience was terminated we were ushered into the Chapel where all the nobility of the Court, both male and female, were assembled. Each seemed to vie with the other in splendour of dress. The music was immeasurably fine; but this theatrically magnificent assembly in a Chapel seemed much like a mockery of Religion. Murat, however, who was in a very conspicuous place, acted his part very well. His little boy stood near him and he found out the different parts of the service in the child's prayer–book. As soon as the mass was over the Duc di Gallo placed us in a room which opened into that in which the King received the ladies of the Court, so that, by standing near the door, we could see the whole of the ceremony. The Queen was absent as she had caught cold at the Princess of Wales's ball. The ladies, in consequence, only passed with a side step and solemn demeanour, making *en passant* a low, deferential bow to the King. But I was extremely amused at their manner directly this was over. As soon as they arrived within a short distance of our door, their solemn and respectful countenances relaxed into a smile of mockery, their side swimming steps into a run, and they all appeared as changed as if they had been touched by a magician's wand. I could not refrain from laughing at them as I read in their altered demeanour the distastefulness of the ceremony through which they had just passed.”

Later, Stanhope received, through the Princess of Wales, invitations to various other balls; and finally he was the recipient of a letter from Lord Sligo inviting him to become a subscriber to a ball which it was proposed to give in honour, jointly, of the Princess and of the King and Queen. Stanhope, in common with several of the English, refused to take part in a measure which the latter considered their own Government would not approve, as England had not recognised the Sovereignty of Murat. At a dance, however, that same evening, the Princess, who had previously taken no notice of Lord Granville who was present, came up to him as he stood near Stanhope and informed him that she was exceedingly anxious there should not appear to be any division among the English on this occasion, and that therefore she wished him to subscribe. Lord Granville answered that if it was *her* wish he should certainly consent to do so. She thereupon proceeded to attack Stanhope's other friend, Maxwell, but the latter stood firm, flatly refusing to consent to a proceeding of which he disapproved. On this the Princess, greatly indignant, turned her back on him and walked off, exclaiming emphatically, “No more dinners at *my* house, Mr Maxwell!”

Before the disputed ball took place, Stanhope and his brother had journeyed on to Rome. On the road thither they again ran great danger from robbers; indeed, at the first town in the Pope's dominions, where they were obliged to submit their baggage to the examination of the custom house officials, a soldier informed them that he had orders not to let an Englishman pass without an efficient guard, and he begged them, to their astonishment, to take an escort of fifty–two men.

“We, however,” Stanhope relates, “passed the next stage safely without seeing any robbers, but we were informed that our danger was not yet over, as we had to pass near a wood which was one of their regular haunts. We saw nothing to alarm us in this wood, but, shortly after, we were startled by seeing two men lying in the middle of the road, swimming in blood. We learnt that these were two robbers whom the gendarmes had been conveying to Turin, when a rescue was attempted. The gendarmes immediately shot these men and pursued the others. This had happened only a quarter of an hour before we passed.”

In Rome Stanhope wrote, “I frequently meet Lucien Bonaparte. We have also some excellent English society—the Duke of Bedford, Lords Holland and Cawdor, Sir H. Davy, Mrs Rawdon, etc., and most of them give parties, so that I could sometimes fancy myself in London, I see so many London faces.”

At Milan he was shown how the French soldiers had playfully made the fresco of “The Last Supper,” by Leonardo da Vinci, the butt of their bullets; and at Turin he was struck by the strange sight in the Museum of a black man in *puris naturalibus*. He had been a favourite servant of the King of Sardinia, who had left nothing undone to cure him of the disorder from which he suffered; but having failed in this endeavour, he had the deceased nigger stuffed and affectionately preserved thus!

The travellers next crossed the Mont Cenis by walking up the mountain and sledging down the other side. And now, at length, they again approached Paris. With strangely mingled feelings, not unmixed with a sense of

premonition, did John Stanhope once more draw near the scene of his former captivity. A transformation had taken place in the surroundings which he knew so well; Napoleon was now himself a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, and Louis XVIII. was seated upon the throne of his ancestors. But Stanhope was not long in discovering that the metamorphosis was far more apparent than actual. The eleven months' Sovereignty of Louis had not served to render the monarchy secure, and the spirit of Napoleon brooded like an unseen presence over the land which it still dominated.

“During the period of my rapid journey,” writes Stanhope, “I lost no time in ascertaining the feelings of the people with respect to the Bourbons and to all the extraordinary changes which had taken place since I left. We had an officer in the coach who told us that if Bonaparte were to appear, almost all the privates would join him, and I found that disaffection prevailed universally through that part of France. Even boys, who were running along the side of the coach begging, and who cried *Vive le Roi!* after having begged in vain for some time, ran off crying *Vive l'Empereur!* This was a degree of licence very different to what I had been accustomed to see in France in the days of Napoleon's iron rule and tyrannical system of espionage. The impression produced in my mind by what I heard and saw was that, if I had formed a just estimate of Bonaparte's character, *he would soon be in France and at Paris!*“

The latter was not a comforting conviction, and, ere long, Stanhope learnt that plots were undoubtedly on foot to bring such an event to pass, “A regiment of the old Guards marched into some town, and, addressing the young Guards quartered there, said, 'Our cry is *Vive l'Empereur!* What is yours?' '*Vive le Roi!*' was the answer. 'Well, then, we must fight it out; but as we are of the *Vieille Garde* we will give you choice of weapons.' 'No,' replied the others, 'we will neither cry *Vive l'Empereur* nor accept your challenge.' Such a reception was not what the conspirators expected; in consequence, the plot failed, the old Guards returned to their quarters, and the Generals concerned in the business attempted to escape. Some succeeded, but others were taken. Louis XVIII., however, did not dare to put them to death.

“But that a conspiracy preceded and signalised Napoleon's return there can be little doubt, and the violet was the emblem of the conspirators. Frederick Douglas [5] told me that before Napoleon's return he was at the Duchesse de Bassano's when the subject of flowers became the topic of conversation. The Duchesse exclaimed, 'Pour moi, j'aime la violette!' A general smile appeared on the countenances of all present, and Douglas saw that there was some joke or secret that he did not understand. That secret became sufficiently clear afterwards.” [6]

Meanwhile, upon Stanhope's arrival in Paris, he called upon several of his former friends; but the following morning, to his dismay, he was seized with a return of the fever which had attacked him in Greece. His brother had left him to return home by another route, and he thus found himself alone, stricken with a severe illness which “was no longer ague, but a violent fever, scarcely, if at all, intermittent.” He at once sent for the doctor, who provided him with a good nurse; but he explains, “My situation may be better imagined than described when I say that the first intelligence which greeted me in my helpless and suffering condition was *that Bonaparte had landed in France*. At the very time that we were passing through the south of France, he was but a short distance from us!

“I never for one moment doubted the result of his return. My old nurse, who took the greatest care of me, amused me with her abject terror, while, in order to reassure me, 'Il ne viendra pas!' was the burden of her song.

“Even from my bed of sickness I became aware that an extraordinary change had taken place in the feelings of the Parisians. The impression produced on my mind on my return to France had been that by far the greater majority of the people were decided Bonapartists. But the moment that Napoleon's return became a probable event, there was a complete transformation in the opinions of the people. They became enthusiastic in the cause of the Bourbons. Hitherto they had laughed at and despised them; but Napoleon they hated and feared. Although at a distance they might pity and almost love him, when near present he was only an object of terror. The remembrance of the past came back vividly to their minds. They recognised, too, that in his adversity they had betrayed and forsaken him; now the day of his triumph or retribution was possibly approaching.

“Numerous battalions were formed in Paris, and the greatest zeal shown by the great mass of the inhabitants in the Royal cause. The army, however, which had marched to Lyons to oppose the Emperor, joined his standard, and the only hope of the King lay in the new army which had been hastily collected. Would the troops fight, or would they desert to the Emperor, was now the question on everybody's lips. Upon this the issue rested.

“My impression was that though, of course, all the old troops were devoted to Napoleon, the feeling of the army in his favour was very far from universal. Many felt that they could not in honour, or indeed without the

guilt of perjury, forsake the White Standard which they were sworn to defend, in order to join the ranks of their adversaries. They recognised that, by whatever species of pretext it was glossed over, still desertion remained the foulest blot upon a soldier's honour. But, on the other hand, they felt no interest in the Royal cause, and a natural repugnance to shed the blood of their fellow-countrymen. They were, in fact, entirely indisposed to spill French blood for either of the rival Sovereigns, and were prepared to remain quiet spectators of the scene. Could the King but once have succeeded in making them fire on the Imperialists he might have had a chance, and doubtless a skilful General might have succeeded *se faire maitre d'occasion*.

“But Bonaparte had hazarded his all upon this venture—he had counted upon the feeling of the armies of France. And the dramatic instinct by which he had made himself master of so many situations in the past was now again called to his aid. He took care to have it circulated that his troops would not fire upon Frenchmen. He even gave out that his soldiers had no cartridges. This put the Royalists in an unexpected dilemma.... 'How can we fire in cold blood upon men who will not fire upon us?' was the universal problem in the Royal army. And while they debated this question, Napoleon eventually passed through their lines as if he had been an unconcerned spectator.

“Meanwhile, my situation was a singular one. Returning from my pilgrimage where I had been to earn my liberty, here was I again in Paris, hopelessly confined to my bed, with the prospect of being again taken prisoner as an Englishman. My earnest entreaty to the doctor was to patch me up in any way so as to enable me to effect my retreat from Paris, for I foresaw that there would be such a stampede as Napoleon approached the city that it would be impossible to procure post-horses.... After having been confined to my bed for a week I was at last enabled to put on my clothes. Fortified with some strong *bouillon*, which my nurse gave me instead of beef-tea, and getting into a hackney coach, I went off to procure myself some necessaries for the journey. The scene I saw was an extraordinary one; everyone seemed in a hurry, hastening somewhere. Crowds of English were leaving the city, some frightened out of their wits, others in perfect unconcern. One dandy I even heard say, 'Well, I would rather be a prisoner in Paris than at liberty in England,' and I longed to give him a letter of recommendation to my old quarters at Verdun.”

Nor was Stanhope a moment too soon. With the greatest difficulty and only at an exorbitant price was he able to get horses and the promise of a voiturier who eventually sent his wife as driver in his place, being probably himself a suspected person who could not leave the city. At the last moment a message arrived from Mr Boyd, the banker, begging that he and his family might share Stanhope's flight. Such an offer to an enfeebled invalid was most acceptable, and accordingly Stanhope eventually left Paris in company with the banker, his wife and their two daughters. The scene as they went defied description; troops were marching, drums sounding, flags flying, crowds were collected in the streets with no particular object, and fugitives were vainly endeavouring to make way over the bridge where carriages were locked in a block which threatened disaster to their occupants. Nevertheless, Madame la voituriere, who, Stanhope explains, was not only dressed up to enact the part she had undertaken, but was “not of the mildest or most peaceable temper,” forced a way through the melee with such success that, in due course, she deposited her travellers in safety at Brussels whither they were bound; when, to their extreme amusement, her task accomplished, she speedily “transformed herself into a Parisian *elegante!*”

And even as they reached safety, into the city which they had left, Napoleon entered. By then the stampede of fugitives was ended, “and,” writes John Stanhope, “I was informed that upon Bonaparte's arrival, a melancholy stillness seemed to pervade the streets. A few feeble cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were raised, but only by his immediate partisans; for the most part the Parisians, as though uncertain of their feelings, maintained a morose and depressed silence.”

And in the midst of that brooding stillness, Napoleon entered upon the last phase of his greatness, his brief Reign of a Hundred Days.

## CHAPTER VII. LETTERS FROM ENGLAND AND FRANCE. 1811–1821

Throughout the period when John Stanhope was experiencing so many and varied adventures abroad, life in the home which he had left flowed on with less of note to mark the flight of time. But at the very date when he had been enduring the miseries of a prolonged detention in France, the former companion of his travels, Tom Knox, had been undergoing a misadventure of a different type, in which the family in Grosvenor Square took a peculiar interest. His first action on arriving in London had been to hasten to see Mrs Stanhope in order to take her the latest news of her son. Dining with her on this occasion he made the acquaintance of Miss Acklom. The young lady exhibited a great interest in the traveller, of whose adventures she had heard repeatedly from her friends, the Stanhopes, and he finding her a sympathetic listener, the mutual attraction rapidly increased, with the result that, at a concert at Lady Jersey's in June, 1811, he proposed to her, and was accepted. The engagement, however, was not a happy one. Mr Acklom demanded far larger settlements than Mr Knox was in a position to agree to; and in December of the same year all idea of the marriage was abandoned. Tom Knox returned to Miss Acklom her picture which she had bestowed upon him, and she sent back to him the portrait and presents which he had given her; while neither of them appear to have regretted regaining their freedom.

Full particulars of this episode in his friend's life were dispatched to John Stanhope at Verdun; indeed, no sooner had Mrs Stanhope at last ascertained the fate of her absent son than she and her family strove diligently to lighten his exile by any available relays of news from his native land. And in strange contrast to the adventures of the young *detenu* must have seemed those letters which reached him, descriptive of that far–away family life in England, and conjuring up pictures of the home and the faces which he might never see again.

*Mrs Spencer Stanhope to John Spencer Stanhope.*

1812.

Your sisters are all well. They are, as usual, very busy acquiring knowledge. They are learning Spanish, Italian, French & German, also the harp and the flute. At this moment Marianne is studying Euclid, Anne & Frances are at the Pianoforte, Isabella is drawing & Maria is occupied with her French.

Hugh grows very stout & bold; Isabella, I never saw better, Frances is a prodigiously tall girl & very clever. Maria is always the same good–natured little Fairy.

From Cannon Hall Marianne wrote later:—

The Drawing–room and the Brown Room look beautiful in their new state, and you cannot think how elegant all our company appear at this important moment. Anne and the gay Cupid [Philip Stanhope] are enjoying all the agonies of a game of chess. The Glyns [1] are staying with us, and Tom [2] is fitting himself for Prime Minister by assiduously studying the papers. Lady Glyn and Mamma are enjoying a light supper; Sir Dicky puts in notes of interrogation and comments upon the passing scene with great effect. Papa is grunting, groaning and snoring in the library—the result of twenty brace of moor–grouse. The younger members of the family are, I suppose, enjoying delicious slumbers at Westminster, for the clock has just struck eleven, and I must to bed!

From Southampton, then a fashionable and gay resort, where he was staying with a private tutor, Charles Stanhope likewise wrote to his distant brother.

SOUTHAMPTON, *November 5th, 1812.*

I dined the other day with the Fitzhughs who live near here, and was much disappointed at not meeting Mrs Siddons who is always with them. She is not liked by the people about here, she is so very *graciosissima pomposissima*. If she goes to any party she immediately usurps the sofa, monopolising it most infamously with her most corpulent latitude; and to those people who conceive themselves most her intimates, she bows like a Queen, with a slight inclination from her shoulders, never deigning to move from her seat, nor even in the slightest degree to bend her formal body. This, of course, cannot but disgust, tho' Mrs Fitzhugh doats on her. [3] When she acted here Mrs F. waited on her as a maid, and when she came off the stage, after having died most naturally, Mrs F. begged her to go to bed, and was worked up to hystericks wanting repeated assurances that she was not in *reality* dead. Was there ever anything so absurd or foolish?

I was at Gaunts, Sir Dicky Carr Glyn's. It is a pretty place and a well–arranged house in the inside, but the exterior is completely *a la Citoyen*. A square, formal house with an inclined, slated roof.

I was amused at Sir D.'s upholding his prerogative. Lady Glyn was for folding doors from the drawing–room to the library. Sir D. was against them. The argument ran high. Sir D. then said, “Well, *my dear*, you may have your folding doors and your new fashions, but let me have the old. None of your new, flimsy introductions for me, I *will* still be the old, worthy Alderman & English Gentleman!” Thought I—*Bravo Sir Dicky!*

Encouraged by his own eloquence, he further insisted on his point, *and now, lo! there are big folding doors with a single small door close to them!*

It strikes a person unacquainted with the circumstances as though Dicky, with true Aldermanic foresight, intending to enlarge his paunch with Turtle, etc., etc., etc., and conceiving that he would soon be incapable of passing thro' the narrow door, had thus provided for his increase of latitude.

It puts me in mind of an epigram by Jekyll. [4] A canal was cut here at great expense (at the time when everybody was embarking their fortunes in that kind of speculation); it ran parallel with the great river. Everybody contributed to it, and bought shares in it. They did not perceive the folly of the undertaking till the Canal was finished. In short, it was never used, and everybody was bitten. The epigram ran thus:—

Southampton's wise sons thought their river so large  
Tho' 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge;  
So they wisely determined to cut by its side  
A stinking canal where small vessels might glide;  
Like the man who contriving a hole in his wall,  
To admit his two cats, one great and one small,  
When a great hole was cut for the first to go through  
Would a little hole have for the little cat too! \*/

I have learnt to take snuff among other fashionable acquirements, a custom which, of course, you have learnt and will be able to keep me in countenance....

I must tell you an anecdote of Philip which I think will amuse you. At

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one of the Levees being left alone—(that is a bull tho')—with the Prince, the Duke of York and Lord Yarmouth, they wished to have some fun with him, and among other things asked him how he liked being at Court. But he, not being yet used to address Royalty, was at a loss in the selection of his words, till at last two very applicable terms presented themselves to him. But then he was again at a loss which was the most *genteelerest*. Finally he decided in favour of both—*Toll-Loll* and *Pretty Bobbish*, and so replied to the Royal inquiry—of course it set them in a roar!

[Illustration: SIR RICHARD CARR GLYN, BT.]

Southampton, whence this letter was written, owed its fame, as Charles Stanhope explains subsequently, to the fact of its being then a resort for all persons who had been bitten by mad dogs. The salt water was supposed to assist in warding off an attack of hydrophobia, and doubtless many suffering from terror of this complaint were saved by such a belief. But the very circumstances which rendered the town popular, contributed to make it expensive, and Charles gives an illustration of this. Once, when his sister Frances was staying there, she required some slight medical attendance for a cold. “She sent,” he mentions, “for Dr Middleton, who is a very gentle, insinuating old gentleman. He has been here three times since Tuesday, *three guineas a time*, so it is rather dear being ill in this place.”

Curiously enough, this extravagant medical attendance was not infrequently called into requisition by the marvellous acting of Mrs Siddons, the wife of a former theatrical wig-maker. Her superb impersonation of the characters she represented stirred her audience to an extent which appears incredible, and the hysterical condition of Mrs Fitzhugh, described by Charles Stanhope, was a more common result of her genius than he seems to have been aware of. It is on record that she constantly made men weep and women faint by the realism of her performance; while in 1783, when the Royal Family went in state to see her play *Isabella* in the *Fatal Marriage*, so extraordinary was her genius that the actors who took part with her were completely over-mastered by their emotion, and even the stolid King, in his richly-decorated box, sobbed unrestrainedly in sight of all present, till Queen Charlotte, annoyed at such weakness, turned her back upon the stage and loudly declared that such a lifelike exhibition was “too disagreeable to look at.” Off the stage, however, the personality of Mrs Siddons was transformed. A handsome woman, though of ponderous build, her conversation was singularly dull, and she spoke in a slow, sententious manner as though declaiming a set speech, which peculiarity gave rise to many ludicrous stories respecting her.

*Charles Spencer-Stanhope to John Spencer-Stanhope.*

CHRIST CHURCH, *November 1812.*

I have bought a beautiful little wax medallion of Lord Chesterfield in a frame which I wish I could show you.

I went out sky-larking with Elcho yesterday who asked much after you. Mr Belli went up for his degree yesterday, and was excessively annoyed at the examining masters calling him Mr Belly of Christ Church, till Lloyd set them right. We had a terrible row on Monday. It was a general illumination here with a bonfire, etc. The Gownsmen gave the first provocation and we had a most desperate battle-royal. Several men were hurt and about to have been rusticated, among which is Lord Kintore, an ex-college nobleman.

CANTLEY, *Undated.*

Col. Anson [5] was here on Saturday and I was surprised to see so unsmart a person turning out a-shooting from such a host of Dandies, so late in the day as two o'clock. He killed, however, more than had been killed by any individual hitherto, thirty-eight brace; but the keeper says he never saw a good shot shoot so abominably; he had two

guns, and if he fired one off, he fired away one and a half lb. of powder. The keeper was knocked up in loading his gun and trotting after him.

I presented Lord Chesterfield with the medallion of his father that I bought at Cosway's sale, which was most thankfully received.

LONDON, *Thursday, February 4th, 1813.*

Marianne and my Mother went to attend the Drawing Room, being the Queen's nominal Birthday. I then took a long walk, first to Tottenham Court Road to see the preparations for the Regent's Park, then to Bond St. and St James's St. to see the Equipages, etc. It seemed a very full Drawing Room and some magnificent Equipages, among which the Duchess of Montrose's was the finest. It consisted of 12 servants in most superb liveries, and three sedans, in one of which was the Duchess, and, in the two others, two of her daughters, Lady Charlotte and Lady Lucy, both very pretty. I returned home at a quarter to six, and my mother was not then come home. At last she arrived, complaining much of the intolerable squeeze which had never been surpassed but by the first Drawing Room after the King's recovery. Mrs Beaumont came to us in the evening.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*  
*February 20th, 1813.*

Mrs Beaumont has just presented Diana, who is, as you may believe, very happy. The sons have taken their Degrees.

Lord Kinnaird has contrived to get into such difficulties that his House, Pictures, and everything are to be sold. I went over the House yesterday and felt every step as if the ghost of his father could not fail to appear. There never was a fortune tumbled down in such a moment. The Pictures and Bronzes very fine. There is one of the best of Titian's Pictures; but though fine, I do not think it is a pleasing collection.

I heard an amusing story the other day against Douglas Kinnaird. [6] As you know, he is a wonderful linguist, but Werry, who is now secretary to Lord Cathcart, is yet finer. The latter boasts that he met Douglas at a dinner–party in London once, and, for a wager, entered the lists against him, and beat him in every language in Europe. But Werry admits that, in order to accomplish this, he never ceased talking from the moment he sat down till eleven o'clock at night! He says he felt—“*Si je crache, je perds!*”

I sent you a letter from Knox, he has dined here once, but he is now a very bad neighbour. The Ackloms are in Lower Grosvenor Street. Esther looks well, but is grown thin, the death of her father in a moment was a great shock to her. Everything was settled for her marriage, which is delayed till she is out of black gloves. I see a great deal of Mr Maddocks who has shown them great attention. It is said that she has L10,000 a year.

Esther Acklom had not been long in filling the place vacated by Mr Knox. In 1813 she again became engaged, this time to Mr J. Maddocks, who was said to possess an income of L4,000 per annum. The same year, however, her father died suddenly, leaving her L10,000 a year and all his goods, while to his wife he left an annual income of L16,000. Miss Acklom, therefore, not only found herself a substantial heiress, but with the prospect of

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inheriting a yet larger fortune from her mother. A friend, Mrs Calvert, writing at this date, shrewdly remarks—“It is now supposed that Esther will jilt Mr Maddocks,” but Mrs Stanhope does not seem to have anticipated this result, when, on March 3rd, she wrote various items of news to her son:—

Walter Scott has published a new book called “Rokeby,” dedicated to Mr Morritt. It is not so much admired as his others, though more than it was at first. His works are always the more admired the more they are read. Your old acquaintance, Mr Inglis, has balls frequently, ending at Twelve. All Lord Kinnaird's pictures, wines, and house, are selling. His youngest brother has been at the point of death at Edinburgh, but is recovering.

I went in Mr Maddocks Tilbury [7] yesterday; (you see my love for a gig still continues). Esther says she would not have trusted herself with him. They are not to be married till she is out of black gloves.

But alas! for Mr Maddocks; ere the “black gloves” were discarded, Esther had fulfilled the prophecy of Mrs Calvert. She broke off her engagement; scrupulously, however, refunding to Mr Maddocks every penny which he had spent upon her. This second instance on her part of jilting a *fiance* confirmed many people in the belief of her heartlessness; but the reason which probably determined her action on this latter occasion was that she had already met the one man, who, she recognised, could enchain her fickle affections for all time.

Meanwhile, on March 13th, Mrs Stanhope wrote to her son:—

We are all now in sable for the Duchess of Brunswick who was sister to the King and Mother to the Princess of Wales.

*April 19th.*

Bonaparte seems to be making a great effort & I should hope the last, for the spirit of the Germans seems at length to be roused. I trust in God they will not be too eager to show their teeth before they can bite—to use an old proverb.

The Russians are a glorious people. Two Cossacks are now here, & they invite great curiosity. Yesterday being Sunday, thousands & thousands were in the Park to see one of them ride, and in Kensington Gardens they cheered him.

The winter of 1813 was one long to be remembered in England. Christmas day was exceptionally beautiful, fine and clear, but the day following a frost set in and continued without interruption till the month of April. All inland navigation ceased, and nearly all the song–birds perished. The Thames was frozen, and a great Fair was held upon it, when oxen were roasted, while on the Tweed there was an ice–fete at which fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner. When at last the frost broke, the country presented a curious and a wonderful sight; enormous masses of ice accumulated and were carried down the river, while vessels which had been moored to the banks were lifted up bodily by the overwhelming force of the torrent and, later, left stranded far away in the neighbouring fields.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to Charles Spencer–Stanhope.  
February 28th, 1814.*

We have had the most severe winter I ever remember—the whole Kingdom was rendered impassible from the deepness of the snow & the streets in London were in a state I never heard of their being in before.

I heard from your brothers from Ulm, etc. The country they had travelled through was beautiful, but the roads horrible; they were upset once. At Munich they saw the Crown Prince at a ball & at Stuttgart John waited upon the Queen of Wurtemberg who received him

most graciously and inquired after us all. It is said that she is in a bad state of health & is coming to England.

At the Hague they dined with the Prince of Orange, the report is that in June he is to be married to the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

The Allies have met with some checks, notwithstanding it is said they are going on well.

The attention of the whole civilised world was centred on the events happening in France. In March came intelligence of the victory of the Allies which enabled them to occupy Paris. "I shall never forget," writes Charles Stanhope, "the sensation it made in London. For a week past we hardly understood the operations of the armies, when at last despatches were received from the height of Montmartre. Everyone seemed drunk with the news." This was followed by that of the abdication of Napoleon on April 5th, 1814. All Europe went mad with joy, and, within a month, Louis XVIII. had entered his capital as King. In the June following it was arranged that the Allies should visit England, but while preparations for the consequent rejoicings were in progress, Mrs Stanhope and her family attended a festivity which they regarded with almost greater interest.

At the date at which Esther Acklom had jilted Mr Maddocks, she had been introduced to Lord Althorp [8] the eldest son of Earl Spencer, who had at once attracted her. Known for so long to his friends and fellow politicians as "Honest Jack" he was possessed of as marked an individuality as her own. Although unable to lay claim either to good looks, depth of knowledge, or polish of manners, yet the charm of his personality, his unalterable amiability, and the curious fascination of the smile which readily suffused his countenance, exercised an irresistible attraction upon all who came within his influence. In his public life, indeed, what genius might have failed to accomplish in his favour, the profound sincerity of his character amply achieved. Other men might be noted for tricks of State–craft—for impassioned oratory, for shrewd Diplomacy, for powers of organisation; to Jack Althorp alone was it given to owe his fame primarily to unswerving uprightness and the moral rectitude which was revered alike by friends and foes.

Not only accuracy to a penny in accounts committed to his charge, but absolute sincerity in the small things of life, as in the great, amounted to a mania with him. Occasionally, for instance, someone might remark casually to him that the day was fine, and the result of this unconsidered platitude was calculated to provoke a smile. For before risking a possibly untruthful assent, Honest Jack would turn to the window and reflectively scan the heavens, then, after consideration, would deliver himself of a cautious verdict. "Well," he would pronounce guardedly, "I don't know that you can actually say that it is a fine day, because you see that it is early yet, and there are clouds about; but it is a pleasant morning and I hope will prove a fine day." And the supreme simplicity of the rejoinder, coupled with the complete unconsciousness of the speaker that there was anything unusual in his attitude, at once erased any savour of sententiousness.

It was to such a man that fickle, wayward Esther gave her heart, only to find that, slow of perception and indifferent to her charm, Honest Jack did not return her love. But the girl who had remained undaunted by the stern Marshal of Napoleon was not to be thwarted in this, the dearest wish of her life. Her habitual determination came to her aid. Since Jack Althorp would not propose to her, she proposed to him; and such an unusual proceeding was fraught with happy consequences, for, on April 14th, 1814, she became his wife, and entered upon a union of unmingled happiness for both.

"She was the one woman with whom I never felt shy," explained Lord Althorp, with some reason; and it may be added, that his devotion after marriage amply compensated for his lack of ardour before. For her sake he settled down in the old home of her ancestors, Wiseton Hall, and expended; £10,000 in making the unprepossessing house habitable; every wish and whim of hers he lived but to gratify, and so complete was his confidence in her, that during his absence she was deputed to read all his letters, at her judgment destroying what was unimportant or reserving what required attention. "It would not do for ladies to write him love letters!" she used to remark laughingly.

Her former friends, the Stanhopes, often stayed with her at Wiseton subsequent to her marriage, and rejoiced to see her happiness; but its untimely ending, which greatly distressed them, may be related here.

On June 11th, 1818, Lady Althorp, after much suffering, gave birth to a still–born son, and two days later, after a period of delirium, she expired. It was supposed that the fate of Princess Charlotte, who had died under similar circumstances in the previous November, had weighed upon her mind, and claimed her as yet another of

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the many victims whose fate was influenced by that of the unfortunate Princess. However that may be, her husband, who had attended her devotedly to the last, was inconsolable at her loss. “When he had deposited her remains in their last resting—place,” relates his biographer, “he seemed as if left without an object on earth. Shrinking even from the affectionate attentions of his family, he went at once to Wiseton, where he passed several months in complete retirement ... his grief was too deeply seated to be otherwise than lasting; and for many years its poignancy remained unabated.”

To one person only did he turn in his bitter grief—to the mother of his dead wife; an unprepossessing woman, who had never shown him any kindness, but who now became to him the first object of his care, out of the love which he had borne her daughter. He wrote to Mrs Acklom every day, showed her the utmost attention, and exhibited for her the most devoted affection, which she, ere long, returned. Meanwhile, the rooms that had been occupied by the wife he had so loved were never altered from the day when she left him; upon his finger he always wore her ring, and wherever he went he took with him the pillow upon which her head had last rested.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long, however, ere this sad ending to a happy romance, during the summer which followed the marriage of Lady Althorp, the Allies visited London amid frantic demonstrations of rejoicing from the people who, too prematurely, concluded that the final downfall of Bonaparte was at last accomplished.

*Mrs Spencer—Stanhope to Charles Spencer—Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *May 25th, 1814.*

Next month is Philip's month of waiting, when he will probably have much gaiety, and from having to attend the Regent will see the Allied Sovereigns to advantage—they have been expected some time, but it is now said will not arrive till the middle of next month, when Fetes and various gaieties are expected. The Prince of Orange and Prince Paul of Wurtemberg are here.

Lady Collingwood has let her house in Town and stays at Newcastle with her father, who is very aged. I noticed that it was William's old ship which conveyed Bonaparte to his new Government, where I should think he must feel very odd. I cannot help wishing he had been removed to a greater distance, as I doubt not he will still try to do mischief, for he has an able, active, and wicked mind. What changes have taken place within the last three months! They appear to me like a dream.

Tom Knox is come home. He says had not John been in such haste to get on he would have gone on with him.

So full was London that it was impossible to find accommodation for all the distinguished visitors, and the Stanhopes' friend, Lord James Murray, put his house in Great Cumberland Place at the disposal of Count Platoff, and twelve attendant Cossacks. The latter now became a familiar sight and ceased to create a sensation when they rode abroad; indeed, shortly, their departure was eagerly looked forward to, so uncivilised was their behaviour.

In Lord James's house they refused to use the sumptuous bedrooms prepared for them, but preferred to sleep herded together in the hall or on the staircase, while the damage which they did was incalculable.

*June 8th, 1814.*

Philip is now at home, as this is his month of waiting, which is fortunate for him, as he will have an opportunity of seeing well all the great people now here. London was yesterday like a fair, for the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia arrived and every house from Hyde Park Corner to Westminster Bridge was as full as possible, the windows crowded, the streets stopped with carriages, the Park and streets full of foot people, and all the Kent Road the same, who were every one disappointed—as the great people came incog., and no one knew when they arrived. The Emperor, however, showed himself at the

Balcony and was much cheered.

When Blucher went to Carlton House the Mob broke in, and the Prime Minister invested him with the Garter in the midst of them all, which pleased John Bull much, for I believe they think more of the General than of the Emperor.

Philip rides every day in St James's Park; at nine, he goes to the stables at Carlton House and there he finds a riding–master—a very pleasant part of his duty riding is. Great Fetes are talked of, but there seems a doubt whether the Emperor will stay for them, as he means to travel and see the country.

From Oxford, Charles Stanhope wrote:—

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia and his sons, Blucher, Platoff, the Prince of Wurtemberg and an infinitude of great men who have flocked to this country, about the middle of the summer term accompanied the Prince Regent to Oxford where they were received and feted in the most magnificent style.

The scene in the theatre was particularly fine, the Prince Regent enthroned with the Emperor of Russia on his right and the King of Prussia on his left. The Heroes of the War receiving the encomiums of the peaceful Sons of Science! Blucher seemed particularly happy. A most magnificent entertainment was provided for them at the Radcliffe Library, where old Blucher got hopelessly tipsy, and was found afterwards strolling about the College by himself, totally incapable of finding his way back to his lodgings!

I must explain that he was lodged at the Sub–Dean's in Ch. Ch., and tho' a Royal carriage was sent to convey him to the Radcliffe, he preferred walking, escorted by the Gown, for one of which bodyguard I volunteered myself.

The third day the Emperor and King of Prussia quitted the University, but the Prince Regent and Blucher remained and dined in Ch. Ch. Hall. I must recount an anecdote of the Prince whose peculiar grace and elegance of manner shone in its best lustre during the whole visit. Blucher's health being drunk, he returned thanks in German, but addressed himself rather to the Prince than to the University or Ch. Ch. in particular. The Prince, perceiving the indecorum of this, at once rose and announced that so excellent a speech should not be lost upon the greater part of the company, who could not be expected to understand German, and that, therefore, in the absence of a better interpreter, he would volunteer for that office himself, however incompetent he might be. He then delivered an extremely neat and tactful address of thanks to the University and especially to that College where Blucher and himself had been so hospitably entertained.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope.*

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *June 20th, 1814.*

This is a day of bustle and confusion in London, as it is the last day the Emperor remains here.

Philip, at eight, set off for Carlton House in his uniform, as he is to attend the Regent to a Review in Hyde Park at ten, at which hour we go to Mr Macdonald's to see it. Afterwards he will attend the Prince

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to the House of Lords, and at Night to a great Ball which the Members of White's Club give to the Royals. To–morrow they all go to Portsmouth where a Naval Review is expected, tho' it has been said that it cannot take place owing to many of the Ships having been sent for the Russian troops which are to pass thro' this country on their way home. From Portsmouth the Emperor and the Duchess of Oldenburg go away. The King of Prussia I understand remains some time longer.

Ever since the Crowned Heads arrived, London has been mad, & as full again as ever I knew it. Where all the people are lodged I cannot imagine. The streets are full day and night watching the Royals, who see everything and therefore are always upon the move.

The King of Prussia walked quietly into St George's Church yesterday and asked for the Duke of Devonshire's pew. They have all been at Oxford where the Prince was with them and was received with great applause.

Since I began my letter I have been some hours at Mrs Macdonald's to see a Review in the Park where the Regent and the Crowned Heads attended. The day is beautiful and the scene was very fine, for there were thousands of spectators on foot, as horses and carriages were not admitted into the Park. I was not near enough to distinguish Philip he has not yet returned....

I have been interrupted again. Philip is to go with the Prince to–morrow to Portsmouth which he likes the idea of extremely. He has been much entertained with the duty of to–day....

After all, the Regent did not go to the House of Lords and the Emperor does not leave London to–day, therefore Philip will have a little rest after the fatigues of yesterday, for he did not get home from the ball till between five and six, and is now asleep.

To console London for the termination of such a round of dissipation, on July 1st White's Club gave a magnificent masquerade at Burlington House in honour of the Duke of Wellington, to which the Stanhopes went with their friends, the Kinnairds. Nearly two thousand persons were accommodated in the temporary room which was erected for supper, and the costumes were remarkable for their magnificence, save possibly that of Byron, who was clad, sombrely but effectively, in the dark flowing robes of a monk. A guest of gayer, if less dignified appearance, was Sir Lumley Skeffington, who, as usual, encountered the ill–fortune which seemed to dog his footsteps, for his red Guard's coat was mischievously torn from his shoulders by crazy Lady Caroline Lamb. [9] who hid it and left the discomforted beau in his waistcoat in the centre of the ballroom.

Eight months after these festivities, news arrived in London that on March 1st, 1815, Napoleon had once more landed in France, followed by the intelligence that on March 20th he had entered Paris. In June the Campaign of Waterloo began by the defeat of Blucher at Ligny, where John Stanhope had so long resided. But on the 18th of the same month, “The fops of Piccadilly became the heroes of Waterloo,” and that famous victory decided for all time the fate of the Conqueror of Europe. Four days later he again abdicated, and on July 15th he surrendered himself to the English.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

*July 28th.*

What great and surprising events have happened in little more than a month. The Battle of Waterloo was one of the bravest & greatest ever fought, & has decided the fate of Europe, therefore though we must lament the many gallant men who fell on that dreadful day, yet not a life was lost in vain, & when we consider what the blood would have been had the Campaign continued, we must look upon the loss as small.

The surrender of Bonaparte is such an unexpected event, that I can

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scarcely yet credit it, for I never supposed he would have lived to have become a Prisoner. What will be done with him? Thank Heaven we can now confidently look forward to Peace.

Private events, however, distracted the attention and gave employment to the pen of Mrs Stanhope during the year which followed. The health of her husband was gradually declining. He was under the necessity of renouncing his seat in Parliament, where he had respectively represented Haslemere, Carlisle and Hull during a space of nearly forty years. Deprived of the work which for so long a period had completely absorbed his thoughts and energies, his spirits flagged. The vivacity, the wit for which he had been noted deserted him and he sank gradually into a mental lethargy which, as his malady increased, at times almost amounted to torpor, but alternated with a restlessness and irritation of the nerves very distressing to witness. In order to divert his attention from the life with which he could no longer mingle, it was decided that novelty of scene might have a beneficial result. His family therefore proceeded to travel, but that the liveliness of his daughters was undiminished and their taste for society as keen, appears by a letter written by Marianne from Tunbridge Wells to her brother John in Yorkshire.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *October 2nd, 1816.*

We do not think that your Doncaster Belles sounded very captivating. I think I could have shown you at one glance a better show on the Pantiles yesterday—the beauties who turned out with a bright gleam after a horrid morning. To begin with the greatest, Miss Eden looked magnificent, and is pronounced very agreeable. With her was Lord Auckland's sister, extremely pretty and elegant, quite a *Lucile*, then Miss Bruce, smart, with well made boots, and Miss Anstruther who, perhaps, would be least thought of and attract the most. After leaving there I met the Douglasses—Miss D. looking as if her blood did not circulate and Caroline as if she wished to be civil but found it inconvenient....

Should you have to write to Murray, tell him to send to Grosvenor Square the second part of “Childe Harold,” and also the new novel by the “Author of Waverley.”

In the ensuing year Frances Stanhope was taken to Court by her mother. Tall, graceful, and with a dazzling complexion, her beauty was singularly striking, and she used to relate that when she was presented to the Regent, H.R.H., who always distinguished between the pretty debutantes and the plain, graciously honoured her by bestowing upon her two resounding kisses on each cheek. Not long after this auspicious entry into society, however, her mother decided that a couple of years spent on the Continent might be equally advantageous to the health of Walter Stanhope and to the education of his children. The family therefore migrated to Paris, where everything at this date was in a curious state of transition. With Napoleon far away at St Helena, Louis XVIII. was firmly established on the Throne of his ancestors, and France was endeavouring to recover something of her pristine gaiety. Sir Charles Stuart was now Ambassador at the French Court; many English were in Paris, and like a fresh act of a Play wherein the various *dramatis personae*, moved by a common impulse, translate themselves *en masse* to a fresh locality, so the Stanhopes appear, in the midst of their new surroundings, to have found themselves encircled by their former friends.

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

35 RUE DE LA MADELEINE, *February 7th, 1818.*

I will not lose the opportunity of sending you a letter by Lady Crompton, who goes to England in two days.

Mrs Beaumont, her two daughters and Wentworth are here, very grand and gay, talking of giving two grand balls; she is of course the *first* everywhere.

Mamma, Frances, Isabella and Edward were at Sir C. Stuart's Costume

Ball, which was a most beautiful sight, and the whole thing went off with great eclat. Frances went as a *Paysanne de Mola*, near Naples; her dress was a short petticoat, trimmed with green and gold, a green apron, and black, green and gold bodice, and a roll of the same colours round her head. It was very becoming to her and she looked very grand. In Paris she is known everywhere as *la belle Anglaise*. Isabella was a most airy Coquette, in blue and silver, with a cap of little bells on one side, and long tresses of hair plaited with blue—she really looked beautiful. It is the dress of *Belle et Bonne* in some Play. Mamma and Edward were both in blue dominoes.

Last night we were at an enormous ball at M. Clarmont's, one of Lafitte's houses; the heat exceeded anything I ever felt. It was said 1200 people were asked, of all kinds and degrees. It was very disagreeable.

Mamma is thinking of giving a dance and is at the moment writing the invitations, but the day is not yet fixed.

The Duke of Wellington gives a Concert to–night, and it is said two costume balls. Yesterday we had some of the fooleries of the Carnival which the weather prevented on Sunday and Monday. Masks paraded the streets, the windows were full of heads, and all the people from one end of Paris to the other drawn in procession along the Boulevards and the Rue St Honore.

PARIS, *March 31st, 1818.*

I hear nothing of the man taken up for shooting at the Duke, if it is true that one has been secured. Poor Bacon was taken up by 5 Gens d'Arms at nine in the morning and after a secret examination sent to the Conciergerie. It was conjectured he was concerned with a Banker who went off—but instead of that being true, the Banker absconded with all *his* money! Sir C. Stuart means to make a fuss about it, for no one is safe if taken up and confined only on suspicion.

The King on one of the most stormy days we have had took three people out to prevent their voting for the Recruiting Bill. However, they contrived to get back in time, by which means it was carried by four. He was angry—they said they did it as a point of duty to him.

Lady Mansfield's Ball was fine—but too many women in proportion to the men, and many of the latter old. A great many French. I only saw one Lady out of each family. Many, many young ladies sat out. All the *ton* French ladies danced the whole night. Lady M. hoped she should see you, tho' she forgot to invite you.

Lord Alvanley came to Paris a few days ago with his mistress. They refused him admittance at the *Hotel de Londres*, saying they had English families there, among others “the great Mrs Beaumont.” He coolly replied that they need not mind *her*, for her fortune had been made by keeping a house of bad character; and so he got in! Did you ever hear of such *scandalous impudence!*

On behalf of Lord Alvanley, however, it may be added that about this date another story got abroad respecting him which redounds more to his credit. He and Lord Kinnaird were playing whist one evening, when, owing to some mistaken move in the game on the part of Lord Alvanley, Lord Kinnaird completely lost his self–control and abused his friend in the most violent manner. Lord Alvanley listened in silence to the torrent of denunciation, then, rising from the card table, observed very quietly, “Not being blessed with your Lordship's angelic temper, I

shall retire for fear of losing mine!”

Moreover, Marianne Stanhope, about the same time, makes mention of an instance of Lord Alvanley's good-nature which came under her notice. It appears that one of his greatest friends was an Irish dandy who, for long, went by the nickname of “King Allen” on account of his having achieved a unique position in the world of fashion. This monarch of the *beau monde* spent his days, as did others of his class, exhibiting his faultless clothes in fashionable resorts; and so wedded was he to this existence that he could seldom be persuaded to quit London even for the benefit of his health.

Once, however, Lord Alvanley found his friend moping at the sea-side, a prey to profound depression, and spending sleepless nights tossing on his couch, unable to account to his own satisfaction either for his insomnia or his melancholia. With the intuition of a kindred soul Lord Alvanley at once probed the root of the dandy's complaint. He recognised that it was impossible for such a man to exist apart from the bustle and noise of the great city to which he was accustomed, and *faute de mieux*, Lord Alvanley invented a remedy. At his own expense, he engaged a hackney coachman who undertook to rattle his vehicle up and down past King Allen's lodgings till the early dawn, and another man who agreed to shout the hours throughout the night in the strident tones of a London watchman. The ruse was successful. Whether other persons living in the neighbourhood were equally pleased, history does not relate, but the melancholy dandy, deluded into a belief that he was back once more in his favourite haunts, slumbered peacefully, and was in time restored in perfect health to the scenes of his former triumph.

Indeed, “Lord Alvanley,” wrote Lady Granville at a later date, “was quite charming. *Le meilleur enfant*, which does not mean *homme*, but I cannot persuade myself that he is much altered and that he will end by being a very good, as he is a most captivating, person. Such cleverness, *si fin, si simple*, without one grain of effort. What a receipt for being, as he is, quite charming!”

Moreover, if the tale be true of the affront which he is said to have offered to Mrs Beaumont, the great lady had manifold compensations. Mrs Stanhope relates:—

The Prince de Bauffremont [10] proposed *a la francaise* to Mrs Beaumont for one of her daughters, but she, not understanding the style, took it to herself, and answered with great dignity that she was extremely sorry she was not in a situation to be able to accept it!

While in Paris, the Stanhopes had a sad encounter with a former friend, which was curiously typical of existence in the gay city at that date. When Charles Stanhope was at Southampton he had there made the acquaintance of a charming old bachelor, Mr Hibbert. The latter showed him many kindnesses, and, in return, was invited to Cannon Hall for some shooting. John Stanhope records his subsequent history thus:—

“Poor Mr Hibbert! his was indeed a melancholy history. He lived near Southampton, an old bachelor, and then as happy a specimen of that race as I ever saw. He had been a very handsome man, but had unfortunately been bent almost double by a rheumatic fever; however, his face was still striking. He was full of taste and accomplishments, and apparently very well informed, clever and agreeable in society. He was not rich, but evidently possessed fortune enough to supply him with all the luxuries that in his single state he could require. When he visited Cannon Hall he was travelling in a very agreeable manner in his curricule with his own horses, the whole *bien monte*.

“Unfortunately he went to Paris when the Peace was signed, and he, who had never touched a card when in England, was persuaded to go to the Salon. He could not refrain from trying his luck, and from that moment he was never absent from the Salon when its dangerous doors were open. He was driven away from Paris by Napoleon's return; he went back there after the *cent jours* and lost every farthing that he possessed, ending his life as a miserable pensioner in the establishment—I believe within its walls.”

Mr Hibbert's fate was indeed all too common at that date amongst those who once entered the dangerous doors of the *Salon des Etrangers*. This was an institution established for confirmed gamblers, and was kept by the celebrated Marquis de Livry, whose resemblance to the Regent was so remarkable that the latter sent Lord Fife over to Paris to ascertain if it could be so striking as report asserted. The Marquis did the honours of his club with a grace and courtesy for which he became renowned in Europe. He provided his clients with the most perfect

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cuisine and every possible luxury, while, on Sunday, those who had been most regular in their attendance, were rewarded by an invitation to his Villa near Paris, where ladies from the opera were welcomed to meet them, and the society was of the most doubtful description.

None, indeed, who found their way to the Salon issued thence unscathed, and its existence coloured the whole of Parisian society of that day. Fortunes were there staked and lost, many of the victims disappearing mysteriously, some having committed suicide, others, like Mr Hibbert, having become so deeply involved in debt that they could not leave the premises. Lord Thanet, for one, lost there a fortune of £50,000 a year, of which £120,000 was expended in a single night. When remonstrated with on his folly, and the probability pointed out to him that he had been cheated, he only exclaimed with the recklessness born of the fatal atmosphere of the place, “Well, I consider myself fortunate in not having lost twice that sum!”

Meanwhile Marianne and her sisters were observing the difference between the dandies of Almack's, whom they had deserted, and the beaux of French society with whom they were now to mingle. Later their conclusions were given to the world:—

Striking indeed is the difference between a true John Bull and a Continentalist in a ball–room. The first generally looks as if he could not help himself; he has adjourned to Almack's from the House of Lords, the House of Commons, or the Inns of Court; and business, with sad recollection, still pursues him at every step.... What excitation then will move his apathy? Why, that of vanity alone; a pretty woman must make love to him. And this is the best explanation that can be given why, in England, the women always make the first advances to the men; and if they did not, there would, I believe, be no love at all in the fashionable world.

But mark the Continentalist! how is he armed for conquest when he enters the ball–room?....

So accomplished a creature, so bewitching and bewitched must of course consider himself quite irresistible. Yet have all these Continentalists, and particularly the sons of France, the air of annihilating themselves before the fair; their obsequiousness and humility are unbounded: hence their rapid execution among the female sex. To be herself admired by an all–conquering Adonis, is so much more pleasing to a gay young woman than the having only to admire him.

Such is the difference between a French and an English dandy: the first is an impertinent, affected coxcomb, who makes love to every woman as a matter of course—it is his vocation. The second is a cold, contemptuous, conceited creature, entrenched in a double armour of selfishness, blase upon everything. [11]

Despite this scathing criticism, the Stanhopes do not appear to have lacked amusement in their new surroundings.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

35 RUE DE LA MADELEINE., *Sunday, April 5th, 1818.*

Little has occurred since I wrote to you last week except the Duke of Wellington's delightful and superb ball. We may consider ourselves fortunate in being invited, as the list was his own and he would not allow the *aide–de–camps* to interfere. Isabella, Frances, and myself arrived about eleven. The rooms were then full, and soon after arrived the Royal Family. The Duchess de Berri danced, but they all went away about twelve, as did numbers of the French. Everybody *sat* at supper, several rooms were open—round tables in all. The

Duke retired soon after supper, and left Col. Fremantle to do the honours, which he did, first by doubling the champagne, then by making the ball go with spirit. We stayed till the last and did not get home till five. He sent permission to as many of the Officers as liked to come from Cambrai, and they readily obeyed the Command. I believe there were 300 of the Guards, almost everybody in uniform. Markham looked very antique in a full dressed brown coat.

We were at a ball at Lady Mansfield's on Tuesday, a very fine ball, all the *ton* French, but that did not make it gay. She had a fine sitting supper. I am sorry the English suppers are coming into fashion here.

Madame de Chabaunes had a French dance on Friday, plenty of dancing men, tho' we were at home before twelve.

Last night we heard Catalani, finer than ever; she goes soon, never to sing at the Opera again. [12] She was more superb in diamonds at the Duke's than anybody.

Mrs Beaumont goes on Saturday. She will astonish the weak minds of the English by an account of her triumphs in Paris. She desires we will contradict the report of her daughters' marriages; she takes them back, instead of leaving them Duchesses and Princesses!

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope.*

35 RUE DE LA MADELEINE, *Sunday, April 5th.*

I will not lose the opportunity, my dear John, of sending you a few lines by Mr Hunter, who called this morning to tell us of his departure.

For the last ten days we have had complete March weather, a hot sun and very cold wind. We are just returned from a dusting in the *Bois de Boulogne*, where all the *beau monde* were assembled. Lord Burghersh escorting Lady Aldborough, who is going to England, Lady B. in *the Duke's* carriage. Mrs Beaumont and family, marvellous to relate, in a very shabby carriage. The girls are heart–broken at leaving Paris; “Madame” informed us she had had various offers, both for them and Wentworth, but so far neither Prince T. de B., nor E. de Beauvais. The former was engaged “to a fine French young lady,” but as he was coming to London, and would of course be much with them, “the report would probably gain ground.” She therefore hoped we would contradict it. She is *greater* than ever; I think London will not hold her; she has been laying out mints of money.

Isabella and Frances enjoyed the Duke of Wellington's ball much. I finished their gowns with the red roses for the occasion, and they looked particularly well. They stayed till five in the morning. Many of the Guards came from Cambray, and they found many friends of Philip's.

Yesterday we went to take leave of Catalani in the *Nozze di Figaro*. She sang delightfully. I think we missed you all more and more, and shall feel most happy when we have again a beau without walls. I think you will like the house at Versailles, but you have no idea how difficult we found it to meet with anything that would hold us.

My father's extreme anxiety to go to England has now a little abated; his general health and spirits are good, but he has a wonderful degree

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of irritation and restlessness about him. The alteration in his mind strikes me every day, his memory is so much altered, and his deafness is increased.

Towards the end of April Mrs Stanhope and her family moved to Versailles, and their account is not without interest of the appearance presented by that town after the strange transformations which it had witnessed.

VERSAILLES, *April 30th, 1818.*

We are now beginning to feel settled, our House is comfortable and the situation pretty, and, though in the town, we see only trees from our windows. It is certainly the dullest looking large town I ever saw, for the grass grows in some of the streets; but a place which formerly was so splendid & contained 80,000 inhabitants, & has not now above 20,000, must look neglected.

We have delivered our letters and seen some of the People, but they are very shy of the English, or rather Irish, for there are nothing else here; friendly, good sort of People, but not very genteel. The Caldwells are here only for a week, and Lady Hoste is at a considerable distance. The other people you do not know.

There is *Mrs Beauman* here, who is the “Beaumont” of the Place. She gave a Ball, took off her doors, hung her rooms with red and gold, and had her supper from Paris, at which there was nothing so vulgar as a roast chicken. Her husband lives at Paris and is in the Navy. She was a Miss Webber & rich. I have not seen her, nor am I anxious to cultivate the English here.

VERSAILLES, *June 31st, 1818.*

We have plenty of French society.... Philip wants Edward to take a *Grande Chasse* near Dresden, which he may have for thirty pounds a year, full of Boars, Staggs, Does, Black Cock, Capercailzie, Pheasants and Partridges innumerable. He writes an anecdote which I must give you:—An English merchant was hunting one day with the King of Saxony and, observing that the hounds were inferior, asked the Intendant if he thought the King would accept any English Dogs. “To be sure,” replied the Intendant, and thought no more of it. About eight months after, the King received notice from a Merchant at Frankfort that a pack of hounds waited his orders there from England. The King was delighted and wrote to the Regent to pass a Service of Dresden China, duty free, to his generous friend; therefore the English Merchant was well rewarded for his attention.

We were last night at a ball at Lady Hales's [13] where we found them dancing at nine and left them dancing at two; such numbers of men I never saw anywhere, and yet one may walk about for hours and scarcely ever see one.

There is a very pretty Mrs FitzGerald here, her husband is related to Lord Ilchester, but our acquaintance among the English is very small and we have no wish to enlarge it.

VERSAILLES, *February 9th, 1819.*

The Evelyns who live in Lord Mansfield's house gave an excellent ball. Lady Allone invited, & the story is that Mrs Evelyn says this was on condition that she—Mrs Evelyn—left out all her own friends.

Mrs Poplim is the gayest of the gay with Balls and Proverbs, but the English society does not improve.

*Undated.*

Robert Glyn writes word that Mrs Beaumont sent to him at Genoa to complain of the extortion of some of the foreign Bankers; they had amongst them cheated her of *thirty shillings*, and she seemed to think the Glyns were answerable for this, which made the Sieur Robert rather indignant, particularly as it turned out that she had left the set of Bankers recommended by the Glyns and gone to those of whom they knew nothing. She has laid out about L500 on curiosities at Genoa.

Sophy [14] has certainly had a very good offer in Italy, some very rich Neopolitan Prince, *un grand parti*, but Madame refused him in grand style.

In the next letter Marianne describes an event which electrified all France. The Duc D'Avaray was an intimate friend of Louis XVIII. His granddaughter Rosalba, aged seventeen, was extraordinarily handsome and much sought after by many aspirants for her hand. Among these latter was a young Englishman, twenty–six years of age, Charles Shakerley, [15] who was a great friend of the Stanhopes. Indeed, it appears extremely probable that Mrs Stanhope was responsible for his introduction to the Due D'Avaray as she was indirectly responsible for what followed, since it was owing to her invitation that Madame Contibonne, whose presence might have averted what happened, was absent from her home on the eventful evening when Charles Shakerley took his fate into his hands.

*February 25th, 1819.*

I have secured the pen out of my mother's hand to announce the great event which at this moment occupies all at Versailles and all Paris, and probably will shortly occupy all the *beau monde* of France.

This great event is Shakerley's elopement with Mlle. D'Avaray, on Sunday the 21st.

William saw him either Saturday or Sunday at Paris, very disconsolate at having just been refused. He told him he was packing up, was just going to England for a week and then intended to depart for Petersburg, we supposed to take unto himself some Russian Belle. William came down in the Celerifere with Madame & Mlle. de Contibonne, who told him Mlle. D'Avaray was their particular friend, and they related all the history of the refusal. Mdlle. de Contibonne came here to dine with her mother, who was obliged to return, having company at Paris in the evening, one of her daughters remained at home, and with her Mdlle. D'Avaray dined. The latter was to walk home with her maid to dress for the party. Instead of going home she got into a *Cabriolet* with her maid, and drove to the barrier where Shakerley, with two carriages, was waiting. They went off to Ostend, the lady and her maid in one carriage, the gentleman and his valet in the other. At Ostend they set the telegraph to send word to the Duchesse D'Avaray where they were, and in return the Duc sent a *permission de mariage*.

On Sunday William gave them your's and Philip's direction, so perhaps you may see them.

Had he murdered three women, there could not be such an outcry; old and young, male and female, married and single, all unite in abuse of the poor lady. The French Dandies are in a rage that the prettiest girl in Paris should have run off with *un Anglais*. The English all are delighted, even the Mammams, which astonishes all the French,

*Mais cette nation d'Insulaires barbares a toujours insulte toutes les bien-connues.*

I have sent you the general details, very likely not all true, but that he has run off is most certain. To me, he has married her, or means to do so; the very height and front of his offending hath this extent, no more.

To this information Mrs Stanhope added:—

What a scandal! In addition to what Anne has said, I must add what we have heard since. Before Mlle. D'Avaray went away, she went into Mile, de Contibonne's room, from which she made her way down the back stairs. They wondered she did not return, and when they looked for her, the bird was flown. I believe he was in the street waiting for her. It was certainly a bold step for a French girl, as the eloping, or as they call it being *enlevée*, is considered as everything that is shocking! I say you will give him away when they are married in England.

VERSAILLES, *March 3rd, 1819.*

Shakerley returned Thursday, was married at the Ambassador's Friday. The Duke of Gloucester [16] gave the Lady away & has taken Shakerley with him to England, & she is gone to her friends, as she cannot be married by the rights of the Church till the dispensation arrives, which it cannot do for 21 days. Therefore he is lost and she is not— what would you say to that? Report says her friends had fixed on another person whose name I forget, and that the Hotel was ready. You will probably see him and hear the truth.

Two days before the date of this letter, John Stanhope had encountered the delinquent in London. On March 1st, 1819, his diary records:—

It rained very hard. Met Shakerley in Bond Street. He had just arrived from Paris. After having in vain attempted to get the Duc D'Avaray's consent to marrying his granddaughter, he eloped with her. He had previously got a passport under Lord B.'s name and sent his carriage off on the road to Brussels. He got another under his own name, and on the road to Calais he took up Mlle. D'Avaray.

His cabriolet drove most furiously to the place where Lord B's carriage and four horses were waiting, thence going off at full speed.

The whole of Paris went after them, but by taking the only road where there was no telegraph, they completely outwitted the police. At last one of his pursuers found him on the other side of the frontiers and conveyed to them the intelligence that the Due would forgive them and consent to their marriage at the Ambassador's chapel.

Immediately after, Shakerley started for England in order to procure his father's consent, as that was necessary for their marriage according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

On March 30th, 1819, Mrs Stanhope adds the final word with regard to this episode:—

When Shakerley was married, rooms were prepared for them at the Duke D'Avaray's, which had not been opened for three years, but no "*Faire parts*" or "*Visites de nocés*," and her friends say she will

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have a difficult part to act, as her being received will depend upon her future conduct. They are gone to Arras, where the Duke has the command, and will I suppose be in London in May.

Lady Hunloke and various other people are inquiring for houses here.

Mrs Evelyn carried off her daughter in a hurry, as all the men were after her.

It appears, however, that later the delinquents were honoured by some “*faire parts*” being sent out to their friends by their nearer relatives. Folded up with these old letters are two announcements, each printed on a large sheet of paper, one surmounted by a Cupid holding a blazing torch and supporting a large M.:—

Mr and Mme. SHAKERLEY out l'honneur de vous faire part du mariage de M. SHAKERLEY, leur fils, avec Mlle. D'AVARAY.

The other (on which a Cupid has just lit two hearts flaming on one altar) runs thus:—

Mr le Duc et Mme. la DUCHESSE D'AVARAY, M. le MARQUIS et Mme. la MARQUISE D'AVARAY ont l'honneur de vous faire part du Mariage de Mlle. D'AVARAY, leur petite fille et fille, avec M. SHAKERLEY.

Sad to relate, this romance had an untimely ending. Gronow states:—

“It was the only case I remember of a young French lady running away from her father's house, and the sensation created by such an extraordinary occurrence was very great. The marriage, as runaway marriages usually are, was a very unhappy one; and the quarrels of the ill–matched couple were so violent that the police had to interfere. Unfortunately, the fair lady having once eloped, thought she might try the same experiment a second time, and one cold winter's night she decamped from a ball at the Austrian Ambassador's with a black–haired Spanish Don, the Marquis d'Errara.”

\* \* \* \* \*

After this unprecedented Parisian excitement, the news from England which filtered through the post to the family in exile must have appeared lacking in interest. On March 25th, 1819, John Stanhope mentioned a little incident which has since become history. “Yesterday, I went to Almack's,” he relates, “a tolerably full ball. Many people were shut out, as at twelve Lady Castlereagh ordered the doors to be closed. In the number were her Lord and Master, and the Duke of Wellington.” From Brighton came news of another old friend, Mr Macdonald, who was under a course of treatment from “Mr Mahomet, the Oriental Vaporist, “during which he sent them a description of his surroundings, which might be written to–day.

16 NEW STEINE, BRIGHTON, *August 7th, 1819.*

What a multitude of people we have here, Jews, Haberdashers, and money–lenders without number, a sort of Marine Cheapside, Mr Solomons, Mrs Levis, and all the Miss Abrahams; in short, Hook Noses, Mosaical Whiskers and the whole tribe of Benjamin occupy every shop, every donkey–cart, and every seat in Box, Pit, and Gallery. I am very tired of them, and shall probably take flight at the end of the week to Worthing.

The Beaumonts no doubt are still travelling *en suite* in Scotland. I wonder how many darts and hearts have been fired and wounded amongst my too susceptible Countrymen! We shall see when they return. I suppose half the Country will follow them back into Yorkshire.

Later in the year, from the same town, another friend, Sir James Graham, [17] wrote:—

BRIGHTON, *December 28th, 1819.*

The Regent is in the best possible state of health and spirits, and moves to London and back frequently. He leaves to–day for a few days. The Pavilion Palace is not in a state to receive Company and therefore

he sees very few. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have been here some time, and remain until the 5th or 6th of January, and this place is quite full of company—not a good house to be got. Lady Elizabeth Lowther has been here and is much better than usual.

Perhaps stirred by the letters received from their friends in England, the thoughts of the exiled family turned more and more towards their home, and Marianne wrote to her brother—

I shall be delighted to nationalise in old England. I think as much as mind is superior to body, so much is English society better than French—I mean that in which we live.... This is a dancing generation, I think people's wits live in their heels and they cultivate nothing else, though Mrs Poplim, who is now at the bottom of the precipice, *tout a fait*, gives Proverbs and Concerts.

Lady Morgan [18] is quite the light of Paris, people flock to her house as they would to a wild beast show. She has Talma, Mile. Georges, and all the other Lions, foreign and home–bred. She and the Rochefoucaulds are very thick—a great proof of their want of tact, for she is the most impudent pretender to literature I ever met with.

*Mrs Spencer–Stanhope to Charles Spencer–Stanhope.*  
*December 12th, 1819.*

Although I have written this morning till my hand is tired and my head confused, I cannot allow the remainder of this sheet to depart merely blank paper.... The French dance as if they feared they might not live to begin again after Lent. Lady Hales's ball was so full and hot that the dancing was not agreeable. There is a very pretty French girl there, a Paris Belle, and the first *partie* in France, Mlle. de Proneville; she is the only Peeress in her own right in France, and has a large fortune. I say, as our fortunes come here, she should marry into England. I see that Lord Mountmorris claims the title of Annesley; should he succeed, the little Belle here will lose her title, if not her fortune also, probably not all, as I believe her mother had a large one.

I hope by this time you have John in London. I wish you could persuade him to marry, though not to sacrifice family to fortune.

Almack's and the French Plays are to be the *ton*, and will it be advisable to apply soon? How is the Opera?

[Illustration: GEORGE III

*Engraved by S. W. Reynolds, and Pubd. by His Majesty's Most Gracious Permission, February 24th, 1820.*

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness of him.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. Kindness, meekness, and comfort, were in his tongue; if there was any virtue, and if there was any praise, he thought of those things. His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore.

*To the British Nation this print of the FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE is most respectfully dedicated by Samuel M Reynolds.*

PROOF

*A print taken of George III when mad. The possession of Rowland Pickering, Esq.]*

As shown by the last sentence, Mrs Stanhope was already thinking of securing her Opera box betimes in view of her approaching return to her native land. Ere she did so, however, an event occurred which terminated all thoughts of gaiety. On Sunday, January 30th, the Journal of John Stanhope records:—

Went to Portland St. Chapel. Observed that the Clergyman prayed—not for the Prince and Princess of Wales—but for the Royal Family in general. Called on Mrs Arthur Stanhope and learned that the King had died at half past eight the night before. Singular that the very day we had put on mourning for the Duke of Kent should be that on which the death of his father was announced. The *Observer* states that the King died without any appearance of pain and without a lucid interval. He had reigned fifty–nine years, three months and nine days. He was 81 years, 7 months, and 126 days old.

*31st.*

After breakfast, went down to Carlton House to see the Proclamation of King George IV. The King—at–Arms cut a ridiculous figure. The guns fired, the Proclamation was read, the Bands saluted, and some say the new King appeared at the window and was greeted with cheers, but it is since said that he did not appear and the cheers were in consequence of the Proclamation only. Many of the Princes were present.

*February 24th, 1820.*

Greeted with the intelligence of a fight that had taken place between the Radicals and the Bow St. Officers and a detachment of the Guards. It appeared that twenty–five of them, headed by Thistlewood, had formed a plot to attack the Ministers when dining at Lord Harrowby's. Two of them were to go there with red Boxes in lieu of dispatch Boxes. Whilst the porter was taking these pretended dispatches, one of them was to open the door to the remainder of the gang. They were to throw fire–balls into the Mall, and, in the midst of the confusion thus occasioned, to rush into the Dining–room and kill the Ministers.

Lord Harrowby had been warned by a person he met in the Park, and the dinner was accordingly postponed. The Conspirators, however, met in a small street (Cato Street) near Edgware Road. Mr Birnie, the Magistrate, directed the police officers to enter the house & secure them. The Guards, who were to second, entered unfortunately by the wing end of the street. The Police Officers ascended into the Hay Loft, where the Conspirators were assembled, by a ladder. They found about 25 in a room with candles & arms of various descriptions upon the table, and called them to surrender. Thistlewood made a thrust at Smithers with a long sword & the Officer immediately fell, crying out “Oh God!” The Conspirators then put the candles out with their swords and in the confusion many of them escaped. Fitzclarence in the meantime advanced at the head of the detachment of Guards. One of the Conspirators presented a pistol at him, but fortunately the Serjeant knocked it aside and received part of the contents in his coat sleeve. Another made a thrust at him, and that was also knocked aside. He then advanced at the head of the Guards into the room. He secured a man who again presented a pistol at him, but it missed fire, so that he had three narrow escapes. Nine of the Conspirators were taken, and Thistlewood, for whom a reward of a Thousand Pounds was offered, was taken during the course of the day in his bed. Saunders, in company with another Bow St. Officer, entered the room and threw himself on the bed. He said, “I have made no resistance. You could not have taken

me otherwise!”

Thistlewood and four of his companions were hanged and then beheaded, but the horrid spectacle of their execution roused the public to demand the abolition of the punishment of decapitation, and they were the last persons who thus suffered in England.

But the country did not readily resume the more peaceful conditions which had been thus rudely disturbed, and it was to a land distracted by rioting as well as to a land of mourning that Mrs Stanhope and her family returned early in 1820, in order to prepare for the wedding of her son, Edward Collingwood. [19]

Manifold, indeed, were the changes which had occurred within the last few years. Not only had the long and chequered reign of George III. ended and the Regent at length grasped the power which he had so long coveted, but the subject of the succession was creating universal interest. Since 1817, the luckless Princess Charlotte had lain in her untimely grave with the still form of the babe which had cost her existence—mother and child in one dark tragedy bereft of the great destiny which was their heritage. And now in the nursery of Kensington Palace was a little fatherless girl of a year old on whom the hopes of England centred. But of the absent Queen of George IV. disparaging rumours were circulated, and while in the affections of her fickle husband it was said Lady Conyngham had supplanted Mrs Fitzherbert, Lady Hertford and Lady Jersey, whispers of a Royal divorce were in the air, and the threatened coming of Caroline was awaited with increasing anxiety.

The spirit of unrest which pervaded the country had even penetrated to Yorkshire. The weavers there were rioting, and so threatening was their behaviour that about this date Mr Frederick Wentworth actually sent to offer them a bribe of £20 not to burn down Wentworth Castle. The North was deemed unsafe, and, abandoning all thoughts of visiting it, Mrs Stanhope, whose former home in Grosvenor Square had been sold, decided to settle in Langham Place. She therefore took a large house in that locality, which was entered by great gates and stood in the midst of a fine garden, and there her family swiftly resumed the old routine of their London life. Despite the mourning for the late King, Mrs Stanhope wrote: “Mrs Malcolm who called yesterday tells me there is a great deal of quiet society & that if you get into a set, you may be engaged every night.” While Marianne regaled her brother with her usual “quiz.”

I am not in love with the dinnerings in the neighbourhood, we met 14 people yesterday at Lord Ashtown's, none of whom I trust I shall ever see again.

I must tell you the derivation of the word *dinnering*. The lady of a new-made baronet in Dorsetshire informed us that her husband was put under a regiment & ordered the *tippet* bath to cure him of the effect of London “dinnerings.”

I am afraid you did not hear of our meeting with a lady who had once nearly taken a house in Yorkshire “*in a remote part, near West Riding*”—which she certainly took for a town.

[Illustration: THE MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM *From a miniature by P. Singry (about 1825–30) in the Wallace Collection.*]

In June that year the arrival of the Queen brought public excitement to a climax. On the day when she was to land, greatly to the relief of the authorities who dreaded a riot, there was an unusually heavy storm. The Heavens themselves seemed in league against the unhappy woman. It poured on her first arrival in England, it poured on her return from her long exile, it was destined to pour during her last sad exit from the scene of so many humiliations. John Stanhope, who had last seen Caroline as she wrathfully turned her back upon his friend, Mr Maxwell, at Naples, was anxious to witness her reception in England as Queen. On June 6th his diary records:—

It rained heavily, and between the wet and the unexpected arrival of the Queen, London was in a state of indescribable confusion.

Lord —— had been sent down to negotiate with her. He was commissioned to offer her £50,000 a year on condition of her remaining abroad and not bearing the title of Queen. These conditions she rejected, and abandoning herself entirely to the advice of Alderman

Wood, did not attempt to keep the negotiation open, but embarked on board the Leopold packet with Lady Anne Hamilton, Alderman Wood and her suite. Sir Neil Campbell drove me a little way on the Kent Road, the whole was lined with people, but we soon got tired of waiting—to receive the Queen in the midst of the violent storm and returned home.

The Queen arrived between six and seven. A mob was immediately assembled round Alderman Wood's house, in which she has taken up her abode, and forced people to pull off their hats as they passed the house. The Queen made her appearance on the Balcony.

The Ministers brought a green bag down to the House containing the charges against the Queen.

*Mrs Spencer-Stanhope.*

*August 8th, 1820.*

The Review on Saturday went off most brilliantly—The Duke of Wellington told the King to show himself, which he did, and was received with the greatest applause.

The first day the Troops wanted to have cheered him, but were not allowed. He and the Queen did not meet, tho' she hovered about. She has now a smart coach and Royal liveries.

The public trial of Caroline, which lasted from August 19th to November 10th, entirely absorbed the public attention. The early partisanship of the Stanhopes for the unfortunate lady had waned since the conviction had become unavoidable that her manners were less “royal” than they had at first imagined. On October 13th Mrs Stanhope writes:—

Philip is much engaged with the House of Stanhope. He has been two evenings at Harrington House, last night with Lady Stanhope to the Playgoers, again to-night with the Carringtons with whom he dines. He has just been here and says it is possible the Queen's business may be over to-day, as Brougham called for one of the Government witnesses, and was told he was gone, which may give him an opportunity of concluding the affair—rather stopping it entirely. I do not think that her own witnesses have proved much in her favour, tho' they admitted facts which made against her with great reluctance.

[Illustration: QUEEN CAROLINE *From a picture in the possession of Mr. Sterling.*]

John Stanhope attended the trial assiduously and thus describes its close:—

*October 26th.*

Went to Macdonald's and accompanied him to the House of Lords, heard the Attorney General's reply; thought the first part but feeble, but latterly he became very good. His delivery and his voice are bad and he is not pleasant.

*October 27th.*

Went to the House of Lord's, heard the conclusion of the Attorney General's speech, and the commencement of that of the Solicitor General, which was very good.

*November 10th.*

The Bill was read a third time, by a majority of 9. The Ministers declared that they could not think of proceeding with it with so small

a majority. The joy of the people was tremendous. They forced an illumination at night.

*November 11th.*

A second Illumination.

*November 13th.*

It rained hard, towards night it cleared. I walked about the streets to see the illuminations. There were detachments of horse-guards at every street corner.

*November 14th.*

Some partial Illuminations.

Meanwhile, throughout the Kingdom rejoicings were taking place, and Yorkshire was not behind-hand. In Wakefield, indeed, the demonstrations were unusually effective. An ox with gilded horns was led round the town, all gaily bedecked with flowers, while on its back was conspicuously painted a device surrounded by the words *Caroline Rex* (sic), this being the work of a loyal and enthusiastic Irishman who lived in the town. The animal was finally roasted whole in the bull-ring, bonfires and public illuminations concluding the feast. On the Bank was exhibited a magnificent transparency, an original design, showing the Queen in a crimson glory which rose from the smoke produced by the explosion of a Green Bag, underneath which was represented Majocchi in a fright, saying, "*Non mi ricordo*" his invariable answer at trial. In the Corn Market was displayed another huge Green Bag fixed upon a pole and bearing the inscription: "Green Bags manufactured wholesale for witnesses on oath." After hanging for some time, to the great delight of the assembled crowd, this was set on fire and exploded with much noise and brilliance.

On the 20th of November the Queen went to St Paul's to return thanks for her escape from the snares of her enemies, and the diary of John Stanhope relates:—

Went to Hyde Park at nine to see Sir Robert Wilson [20] muster his ragged Regiment of Cavalry to escort the Queen to St Paul's. Whilst he was marshalling his forces, a troop of Horse Guards passed down the line on the way to the Barracks; the contrast was admirable! At ten he marched them to Piccadilly where he waited till the Queen arrived.

She came preceded by some horsemen, driving in a barouche—and—six with a handsome equipage. She was followed by another carriage and by the great Alderman Wood.

I followed them as far as Temple Bar where I took my stand within a fishmonger's shop and waited in patient expectation till she returned, which was not till near three. The Gates then opened, the City Marshal took his stand within and bowed out the procession. There was a large detachment of shop-keepers on horseback, then came the Queen in her open carriage. She was all in white and covered with a white veil. There were loud cheers. She continued bowing. The procession was brought up by the different trades with a great variety of flags. The whole was closed by a Green Bag!

I returned home having had my pocket picked. I know not whether I was most struck at the extraordinary nature of this triumphant procession, partaking of a strong rebellious feeling and made in the teeth of the Government, or at the tranquillity with which it passed off.

Hard upon the rejoicings at the acquittal of the Queen came news of the festivities in connection with the approaching coronation, and accounts of the conduct of the new King which point to his having occupied himself more assiduously with the graver duties of his new condition than has been credited by posterity. Mrs Stanhope

writes:—

*January 27th, 1821.*

Marianne and Frances were much gratified by hearing the King's speech, which he read with great grace. He was well received. His servant who waited on Philip the day he was on duty told him that the King rises at eight. He has seldom above one or two people to dinner—when anybody. He dines at six or half–after, and *occupies himself almost the whole day in writing*. He looks remarkably well.

*Marianne Spencer–Stanhope to John Spencer–Stanhope.*

*May 12th, 1821.*

The Carlton House ball was very superb; only one Quadrille danced at a time, & great attention paid to the dancers. His Majesty sat between Lady Conyngham and Countess Lieven, [21] great attention paid to the former, who was most superbly dressed, and violent attention paid to the Opposition. Much civility also to Lord Lauderdale and Lord Cowper, at which notice of the Opposition the Ministers were furious.

One story is that Lord & Lady Grey went up followed by two sons three daughters, and that the King said, laughing heartily, “Did you

all come in the Slap–Bang?” The Duchess of Bedford was much scolded for not bringing Miss Russell, Frank Russell's [22] sister. She was sent for out of bed. When she arrived, the King met her at the door, and presented her with a partner, & stood by her while she danced.

The King is going to the theatres to *feel* the public mind with regard to a coronation. The Queen stays to annoy him. She had written in her own hand to say, “As I am not to partake in *our* coronation, I expect to have a Gallery for myself and Ladies.”

Lady Worcester [23] was not expected to live thro' last night. She was at the Birthday & at the ball, danced a great deal, felt unwell, and was fool enough to take a shower bath before she went to bed. She was seized with inflammation in her bowels & in great danger immediately.

Lord Conyngham is nicknamed the “Small toothcomb”—all back and teeth.

I hear there is a new version of an old story of the Duke of Gloucester. He went to see Bedlam; a man called out—“Ha! Silly Billy! Are you come here?” The Duke exclaimed—“God bless me! How odd he should know my name!” Upon which the keeper remarked innocently—“He *has sometimes* glimmerings of sense, please your Royal Highness.”

They are in a great fright lest Lord Worcester [24] should marry Miss Belle Calcraft. [25] It is supposed there has been an intrigue between them for some time.

Lady Worcester's sufferings were most extreme, her complaint a twisting of the guts. She died sensible but screaming. On one side of the bed sat Lady E. Vernon, on the other, Lady Jersey, also screaming with grief. The Duke of Wellington had to drag them by force out of the room. There were eighty people standing round when she died.

The Ministers are said to be very angry with the King. Lord Liverpool sent to announce Dr Dodsworth's [26] death, and the Canonry of Windsor vacant in consequence, to ask who his Majesty would choose it to be given to. He said very short—“Oh, I have given it away already.”

*May 25th, 1821.*

The French Play is going down fast, the Patronesses never attending, so poor Sequin wrote a memorial to the ladies to say he should be ruined, and, in consequence, last Tuesday was very well attended. I hear of no marriage excepting Miss Lockhart, who used to go about with Lady C. Durham, to an Italian Count who had followed her from Italy.

A melancholy accident happened the other day to Sir J. Smith's second son, Marriott. He was riding through the town of Bridgwater with a young man of the name of Morris who is at the same Tutor's. The horse became unmanageable, the two young men were thrown, Morris pitched on his head and was killed on the spot, young Smith was very little hurt, but his state of distress is such that they hardly know what to do with him.

Your sisters who are looking over the catalogue of books at the library have just met with *Countess Moreau's Works*—alias *Contes Moraux*.

*July 21st, 1821.*

We have just finished reading the newspaper account of the Coronation which must have been a magnificent spectacle. We were horrified at the Queen debasing herself so much as to ask admission at the door—a request she was certain of being denied. We long to hear how you and Philip saw the ceremony, and whether the latter is not half killed by the fatigue of it.

But John Stanhope seems to have been more interested in the various events attendant upon the Coronation than in the ceremony itself. His diary records:—

*July 19th, 1821.*

The morning was beautiful. I had not attempted to get a ticket for the Abbey or the Hall, so I determined after breakfast to sally forth and see the Balloon ascend, and then to walk down Palace Yard and try whether there was not a place to be got. Nothing could be more animating than the scene, the St James's Park and the Green Park were entirely covered with Spectators. The Balloon ascended to a considerable height before it was at all carried away by the wind, it rose, indeed, out of our sight.

As soon as this spectacle was over, I went to see the guns fired, and from thence to George St., where for five shillings I got a place in a Booth for which the previous night they asked as many guineas, and after waiting for some time I saw the procession go from the Abbey to the Hall,—a superb sight. I afterwards returned home much fatigued, but issued forth again to see the illuminations.

But a long time elapsed before I could get into the Park owing to the string of carriages through the large gates and the pressure of the mob through the smaller ones. At last I was obliged to go round by Grosvenor Gate.

I first directed my steps to the fireworks, which were let off under the direction of the Military from the middle of the Park. I afterwards saw the Serpentine where there was a very brilliant display. There was a splendid illumination at the lower end on the water, a car drawn by elephants with lanterns, and boats with

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variegated lamps, water rockets, and, at intervals, lights on the terrace at Kensington Gardens which lighted up the whole park.

From the Park I proceeded to Piccadilly, down St James's St., along Pall Mall, up the Haymarket and Bond St., and went as far as Portland Place where some of the houses were illuminated most splendidly. The French and Spanish Ambassadors' houses also produced a magnificent effect. I returned home about two o'clock, much exhausted.

*July 20th.*

I went to the Opera, it was very full, and after the Opera and Ballet we had a grand *God Save The King*. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the audience. Tumults of applause at the end of every stanza, and the whole encored. A solitary hiss was heard, but it was soon silenced by cries of "Turn him out! Throw him over!"

[Illustration: WALTER SPENCER STANHOPE, AETAT 70 *From an ivory bust in the possession of Mrs Stirling.*]

But save for the descriptions in the newspapers and the accounts sent to her by her sons, Mrs Stanhope saw nothing of the splendid spectacle which had been taking place. That year of general rejoicing had proved for her a year of seclusion and of mourning. After her return home the health of her husband had rapidly declined, and with the coming of April, 1821, while all England was awakening to a summer of festivity and gladness, Walter Stanhope, overborne with the burden of his seventy–one years, had peacefully breathed his last.

He left behind him the record of a blameless and honourable life, and on April 21st, while his funeral was in progress in Yorkshire, his wife wrote to her son John:—

Upon this mournful day my first wish is to converse with my children—the only remaining tie I now have in this world. I hope in God you will all bear up during the awful and heart–rending Ceremony. The prayers of the poor and the afflicted will follow your beloved parent to the Grave, and may they fall upon his children.

## FOOTNOTES

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

[1] She married, March 1828, Robert Hudson, Esq. of Tadworth Court, near Reigate. Died September 1862, aged 76.

[2] He succeeded to the estates of Cannon Hall and Horsforth, etc.; married, in 1822, Elizabeth Wilhelmina, youngest daughter of Thomas William Coke, Esq., afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester. Died 1873, aged 86.

[3] She died, unmarried, 17th March, 1860, in her 72nd year.

[4] Assumed by Royal Licence, in 1816, the name and arms of Collingwood, pursuant to the will of his great–uncle, Edward Collingwood, Esq., whose estates he inherited. He married, September 9th, 1820, Arabella, daughter of General John Calcraft, of Cholderton, Hants. Died August 4th, 1866, in his 75th year.

[5] He assumed the name of Roddam on succeeding to the estates of his kinsman and godfather, Admiral Roddam of Roddam, Northumberland. He married, first, Charlotte, daughter of Henry Percy Pulleine, Esq. of Crakehall; and secondly, Selina Henrietta, daughter of John Cotes, Esq. of Woodcote. Died 1864, aged 71.

[6] He was subsequently Vicar of Weaverham in Cheshire, and for fifty–two years non–resident Vicar of Cawthorne, Yorkshire. Married Frederica Mary, daughter of the late Robert Philip Goodenough, Prebendary of Carlisle and Southwell. Died October 29th, 1874, aged 79.

[7] Died, unmarried, 1857, aged 60.

[8] Captain in the Grenadier Guards and Page of Honour to George III. and George IV. General in the Army and Colonel of the 13th Light Infantry. Married, May 2nd, 1865, Mary Catherine, relict of Edward Strickland, Esq. She died in July of the same year. General Stanhope died in 1880, aged 81.

[9] Died, unmarried, February 5th, 1885, in her 85th year.

[10] Died, unmarried, December 30th, 1884, aged 82.

[11] Barrister–at–Law of the Middle Temple; lived at Glen Alien in Northumberland, near Alnwick. Married, 1848, Amy Anne, 5th daughter of Henry Percy Pulleine, Esq. of Crakehall. D.S.P. 1871, aged 67.

[12] It is now No. 32 Upper Grosvenor Street, the door being in the latter street. In the directories prior to 1800 it is described as being in Upper Grosvenor Street, but subsequently it was No. 28 Grosvenor Square.

[13] The culminating achievement of his public life was his strenuous promotion of the grand scheme of volunteer service at a time of great national danger: yet in his old age he used to state that the most interesting act of his existence on which he could look back was his having persuaded the Prime Minister, Pitt, to colonize Australia.

### CHAPTER I

[1] Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Carr Glyn, 2nd Bt. of Ewell, eminent banker of London (of the firm of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co.), and his wife Mary, daughter of John Plumptre, Esq. Of Fredville, M.P. for Nottingham. Miss Glyn married, 14th August 1811, Edward Greated, Esq. Of Uddings, Co. Dorset, and died his widow, 17th January 1864.

[2] William Henry West Betty, better known as “The young Roscius.” See page 27.

[3] Sydney Smith, 1771–1845; Canon of St Paul's. He started the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802; and was celebrated for his wit and keen sense of humour.

[4] Wife of Edward, Lord de Clifford; she was for many years governess to Princess Charlotte.

[5] Sarah Trimmer (1741–1810); born at Ipswich, dau. of Joseph Kirby, and a great favourite of Dr Johnson. She wrote many books for the young. In 1762 she married Mr Trimmer and had a family of twelve children.

[6] Mrs Fitzherbert, who had been secretly married to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in 1785.

[7] Daughter of Henry Drummond, Esq., by his wife Anne, daughter of Viscount Melville.

[8] Thomas, eldest son of 1st Earl of Ranfurly and Viscount Northland. Born 1786, married 1815 Mary Juliana, daughter of the Hon. and Most Rev. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland; succeeded his father as 2nd Earl of Ranfurly, 1840. Mrs Stanhope's house in Grosvenor Square being at the corner of Upper Grosvenor Street, she refers to Mr and Mrs Knox as living “in this Street.”

[9] Mrs Beaumont was the natural daughter of Sir Thomas Blackett, Bt. of Bretton, who made her his heiress.

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She married Col. Beaumont, M.P.

[10] *Memoirs of Sir William Jones*, the orientalist, appended to his Works, by Lord Teignmouth, 9 vols., 1799–1804.

[11] Maria Juliana, daughter of Robert Edward, both Baron Petre. Married 30th April 1805, to Stephen Philips, Esq., and died 27th January 1824.

[12] Charles, second son of George, 7th Baron Kinnaird, afterwards succeeded his father as 8th Baron owing to the death of his elder brother, who was killed by a tiger on the coast of Coromandel.

[13] Afterwards Sir Humphry Davy, the celebrated chemist, 1778–1829.

[14] See *Annals of a Yorkshire House* vol. i., page 320.

[15] Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, eldest daughter of Charles, 3rd Earl of Harrington, married Francis, 7th Duke of Bedford.

[16] Lord Alvanley, 1789–1849, entered the Coldstream Guards at an early age; but being possessed of a large fortune, he subsequently left the army, and gave himself up entirely to the pursuit of pleasure. He eventually dissipated his fortune, but throughout his life remained noted for his wit, his good humour, and his prominence in the world of fashion.

[17] Katharine, daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., and sister of Sir James Lowther, married Henry Paulet, 6th Duke of Bolton, Admiral of the White; M.P. for Winchester, 1762–1765; Lord–Lieutenant of Hampshire and Governor of the Isle of Wight in 1782.

[18] George, 7th Baron Kinnaird, married Elizabeth, daughter of Griffin Ransom, Esq., of New Palace Yard, Westminster, Banker. Died 11th October, 1805.

[19] Archibald John, eldest son of Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery.

[20] Clementina, Lady Perth, a daughter of the 10th Lord Elphinstone. Her husband had died in 1800, and her daughter at this date was a child.

[21] *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii. page 328.

[22] See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii. pages 52, 122, 294. Walter Ramsden Beaumont Hawkesworth, High Sheriff of Yorkshire whose father, Walter Ramsden, had assumed the surname and arms of Hawkesworth, pursuant to the will of his grandfather, Sir Walter Hawkesworth, and who himself, in 1786, assumed the surname and arms of Fawkes, pursuant to the will of his relation, Francis Fawkes of Farnley, who left him his estate.

[23] Edward, second son of the 1st Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton, and his second wife, Martha, third daughter of the Hon. S. Harcourt, and sister of Simon, 1st Earl Harcourt. Married, 1784, Anne, third daughter of Granville, 1st Marquis of Stafford, and upon inheriting the Harcourt estates assumed the surname of Harcourt.

[24] Sir James Graham, Bt. of Kirkstall, Co. York, born 1753, created a Baronet, 1808, M.P. for Carlisle and Recorder of Appleby. Died, 1825.

[25] Frederick Edward Vernon, afterwards Vernon–Harcourt, fourth son of the above; Admiral R.N.; married Marcis, daughter of Admiral J. R. Delap Tollemache.

[26] The Hon. Henrietta Maria Monckton, second daughter of Viscount Galway.

[27] George Granville Vernon, afterwards Vernon–Harcourt, eldest son of the Bishop of Carlisle, afterwards Archbishop of York. Married first Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard, 2nd Earl of Lucan; secondly, Frances Elizabeth, Countess–Dowager of Waldegrave.

[28] See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii. page 291.

[29] General Count Woronzow, Ambassador to England. A celebrated Russian General who played a prominent part in the overthrow of Bonaparte in 1814.

[30] See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, Vol. II., pages 151–152.

[31] Mark Singleton, Esq., married in 1785 to Lady Mary Cornwallis, only daughter of the 1st Marquess Cornwallis, Governor–General of India, who had died in India, 5th October 1805.

[32] Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England (1766–1828). In 1797 she married the future Elector and King of Wurtemberg. She behaved with exceptional tact under the trying ordeal of receiving her country's foe, and Napoleon treated her with a courtesy and consideration which he seldom exhibited.

[33] Sir Robert Calder, Bt., 1745–1818, son of Sir James Calder of Muirton in Morayshire. He entered the Navy at the age of fourteen, and in 1796 officiated as Captain of the Fleet, when he contributed to gain the famous victory off Cape St Vincent. In 1798 he was created a baronet, and in 1799 attained to the rank of rear–admiral. In

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1805 he was sent to cruise off Finisterre in order to intercept the combined French and Spanish Fleet under Villeneuve, and an engagement took place on June 22nd, as a result of which Admiral Calder was severely censured, both for his mode of attack and his failure to complete the engagement on the following day. On his return to England he was tried by Court–martial, and was found guilty of not having done his utmost to take and destroy the enemy's ships, owing to an error of judgment; and was severely reprimanded. Later, the opinion gained ground that he had been harshly treated. In 1810 he was appointed port–admiral at Plymouth.

[34] Lord Erskine.

[35] Lord Grenville.

[36] Lord Henry Petty.

[37] “And everyone that was in distress and everyone that was in debt and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a Captain over them.”

[38] William Henry, afterwards 3rd Baron Lyttleton. Born 1782, married 1813, Lady Sarah Spencer, eldest daughter of 2nd Earl Spencer, succeeded his half–brother in 1837.

[39] Osborne Markham, Esq., M.P., of Cufforth Hall, Co. York, born 1769, married first, June 10th, 1806, the Lady Mary Thynne, daughter of Thomas, 1st Marquis of Bath.

[40] “The Pilot that weathered the Storm” was a song composed by Canning to be sung on the birthday of William Pitt, May 28th, 1802.

[41] Edinburgh.

### CHAPTER II

[1] Ralph Collingwood of East Ditchburn, *tempo* Charles First, had two sons: first, Cuthbert Collingwood, from whom the family of Lord Collingwood is said to be descended; secondly, Edward Collingwood, from whom the family of Winifred Collingwood was descended, and who were known as the Collingwoods of Byker, Dissington, and Chirton.

[2] Robert Roddam, Senior Admiral of the Red, Commander–in–Chief at Portsmouth, etc.; see *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii. pages 223, 248.

[3] Edward Collingwood, usually known as the Younger, of Chirton, Byker, and Dissington, uncle to Mrs Spencer–Stanhope. See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii. page 164.

[4] A letter to J. E. Blackett, Esq., written November 2nd, 1805.

[5] The soundings gave but thirteen fathoms of water with the Trafalgar rocks to leeward.

[6] Governor–General of Andalusia.

[7] Viscount Castlereagh (1769–1822), who became, in 1821, 2nd Marquis of Londonderry, was War Minister from July 1805 to January 1806, and again from April 1807 to September 1809.

[8] *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*.

“Feb. 11th. Lord Collingwood's Annuity Bill.

“Mr Spencer Stanhope, who stated that he had long had the honour of being acquainted with Lord Collingwood and his family, recommended that instead of the limitations at present in the Bill, it should be arranged that in the case of the death of the meritorious officer, L1000 a year of the proposed annuity should descend to his widow and L500 per year to each of his daughters, to be held by them during their lives. This plan would be infinitely more suitable than that which the Bill contained as Lord Collingwood was not likely to have any more children and sure he was that it would be much more agreeable to the family of that noble Lord and of course to the feelings of that noble Lord himself. It would serve to relieve much of that anxiety which must naturally arise in the breast of a parent who is daily exposed to death in his country's cause, and who must be sorely afflicted by the idea that his death would leave his family with a very limited provision. Parliament, the Hon. Member had no doubt, would be happy and prompt to release the feelings of that noble Lord from such an afflicting prospect.”

[9] Kindly lent to the author by Alfred Brewis, Esq., of Newcastle–on– Tyne.

### CHAPTER III

[1] Charles William, Viscount Milton, afterwards 5th Earl Fitzwilliam; born May 4th, 1786, and at the age of twenty, in July 1806, married Mary, fourth daughter of Thomas, 1st Lord Dundas.

[2] George, afterwards 6th Earl of Carlisle, K.G., Lord–Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire; born, 1776; married, 1801, Georgiana, eldest daughter and co–heir of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, K.G.; died

1848.

[3] Caroline Isabella, eldest daughter of Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle; married John, 1st Lord Cawdor, and died in 1848.

[4] William Wilberforce, 1759–1833. Returned as M.P. for Hull 1780, for Yorkshire 1784. Although a great friend of Pitt, he was independent of party. For nineteen years he fought for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and was successful in 1807. He then fought for the total abolition of slavery until compelled to retire from public life in 1825.

[5] Woolley Park, near Wakefield, then the seat of Godfrey Wentworth, formerly Armytage, Esq., J.P. and D.L., who had assumed the surname and arms of Wentworth on succeeding to the property of Woolley on the death of his grandfather Godfrey Wentworth, Esq. of Woolley and Hickleton, M.P. for York. The eldest daughter of the latter, Anna Maria, married Sir George Armytage, Bart, of Kirkless, Co. York, and her third son thus succeeded his grandfather in 1789.

[6] Godfrey Wentworth Armytage, Esq., afterwards Wentworth, married, in 1794, Amelia, daughter of Walter Ramsden Beaumont Hawksworth, Esq., who afterwards took the name of Fawkes under the will of his cousin, Francis Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley, Co. York.

[7] The governess.

[8] Robert Monckton Arundell, 4th Viscount Galway, K.B.; a Privy Councillor and representative of York and Pontefract in different Parliaments; married, in 1803, as his second wife, Mary Bridget, relict of Peter Auriol Hay–Drummond, Esq., and only child of Pemberton Milnes, Esq. of Bawtry Hall, Co. York.

[9] Michael Angelo Taylor, son of Sir R. Taylor, architect, whose fortune endowed the Taylorian buildings at Oxford.

Michael Angelo was Recorder of Poole in 1784, and became member for that borough the same year. He lived to be Father of the House. He was a constant source of amusement to his fellow Parliamentarians on account of his vanity and ostentation, and was a celebrated subject for Gilray's caricatures. The summit of his ambition was reached when the Prince Regent became his guest. See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii. pages 40–43.

[10] John Beaumont, Esquire of Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire, born 1752, died 1831; married Sarah, daughter of Humphrey Butler, Esquire of Hereford.

[11] Francis Ward, second son of Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery.

[12] Angelica Catalani (1779–1849), who at this date was twenty–seven years of age, was famous throughout Europe for her exquisite voice. She had displayed extraordinary vocal powers from the age of six. In the previous year, 1806, she had made L10,000 during an engagement of six months in London.

[13] So called from the actor and manager, Michael Kelly.

[14] The two Princes of Holstein then visiting England were Auguste of Schleswig–Holstein–Oldenburg (b. 1783) and his brother Peter Frederick George (b. 1784). Denmark had secured Holstein in the previous September.

[15] Mrs Cator, Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of Sir Ross Mahon, Bart. of Castlegar, Co. Galway, and Anne, daughter of the 1st Earl of Altamont.

[16] John Dennis, 3rd Earl of Altamont, created Marquis of Sligo in Ireland 1800, and a Peer of the United Kingdom as Baron Monteagle of Westport, Co. Mayo, 1806.

[17] John Cator, Esq. of Beckenham Place, Kent, and of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk, mar., September 1806, Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of Sir Ross Mahon, Bart. of Castlegar, Co. Galway.

[18] The Right Hon. John Smyth of Heath Hall, M.P. for Pontefract, and successively a Lord of the Admiralty and Treasury, Master of the Mint and Privy Councillor in 1772. Married Lady Georgiana Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Augustus Henry, 3rd Duke of Grafton. See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii., pages 108–113.

[19] Prince Paul Esterhazy, Austrian Minister at the Court of St James's.

[20] Isabella, eldest daughter and co–heir of Charles Ingram, 9th Viscount Irvine, wife of the 2nd Marquis of Hertford, K.G., Lord Chamberlain.

[21] Wife of Sir William Scott, afterwards Baron Stowel.

[22] See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii., page 319.

[23] Cecil–Jane, sixth daughter of the 2nd Baron Glentworth, who was created Viscount and Earl of Limerick in 1803. She married, in 1828, Count John Leopold Ferdinand Casimir de la Feld, a Count of the Holy Roman

Empire.

[24] Francis Pierrepont–Burton, 2nd Baron Conyngham, who, on inheriting the titles and estates of his uncle, assumed the surname and arms of Conyngham, married, in 1759, the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Nathaniel Clements, and sister of Robert, Earl of Leitrim. She died in 1814.

[25] Lady Charlotte Stewart, daughter of Alexander, 6th Earl of Galloway, married, in 1759, John, 4th Earl of Dunmore.

[26] Susan, third daughter of the 4th Earl of Dunmore, married, first, in 1788, Joseph Tharpe, Esq. of Chippenham, Cambridge; secondly, John Drew, Esq.; and thirdly, in 1809, the Rev. A. E. Douglas.

[27] Augusta, second daughter of 4th Earl of Dunmore, married, at Rome, the 4th of April 1793, Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, and was re–married to H.R.H. the following December at St George's Church, Hanover Square.

[28] Edward Charles, second son of William, 2nd Duke of Portland, and Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter and heir of Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford. Lord Edward Bentinck married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Cumberland, Esq., and had one son and three daughters. He died in 1819.

[29] The three Miss Bentincks were: Harriet, married, 1809, Sir William Mordaunt Sturt Milner, Bart.; Elizabeth, married, 1812, Captain Henry Wyndham; and Charlotte married Major Robert Garrett.

[30] Thomas, Viscount Cranley, who succeeded his father in 1814 as 2nd Earl of Onslow.

[31] Robert Pemberton Milnes, Esq. of Fryston Hall and Bawtry Hall, Co. York., M.P. for Pontefract, married, in 1808, the Hon. Henrietta Maria Monckton, daughter of Robert Monckton Arundell, 6th Viscount Galway.

[32] This was probably one of the first occasions on which a waltz was danced in England. See vol. ii. pages 182–183.

[33] Augusta, daughter of John, 9th Earl of Westmoreland, married, July 1781, Sir William Lowther, Bart., afterwards Baron and Viscount Lowther, and who on April 7th, 1807, became Earl of Lonsdale. Elizabeth was their eldest daughter.

[34] Sir John Sinclair, Bart. (1754–1835), was admitted to both the Scotch and English Bars, and sat in Parliament 1780–1811. He established the Board of Agriculture in 1793. He was an extensive and valuable author.

[35] Sir John Smith of Sydling, St Nicholas, Co. Dorset, born 1744, died November 13th, 1807. Created a Baronet, 1774.

[36] The mother–in–law of John Wyldbore, son of Sir John Smith, afterwards 2nd Baronet, who married, in 1897, Elizabeth Ann, second daughter and co– heiress of the Rev. James Marriott, D.C.L., of Horsemonden, Co. Kent.

[37] Jacquetta of Luxemburg, widow of the Duke of Bedford, married, secondly, the brave and handsome knight, Sir Richard Woodville, when she came to England in 1435 to claim her dower. The birth of her eldest child Elizabeth probably occurred in 1436. The marriage caused great scandal and Sir Richard was imprisoned; but was subsequently released and they settled at Grafton Castle. The Duchess kept the rank of aunt to the King; and on occasions of ceremony was the first lady in the land till the marriage of the King. Her daughter Elizabeth subsequently took high rank among the maids of honour of Margaret of Anjou and was the belle of her Court.

[38] John Grey, heir of Lord Ferrars of Groby.

[39] In the above extract, the spelling, as transcribed by Mrs Stanhope, has been adhered to.

#### CHAPTER IV

[1] Archibald John, Viscount Primrose and his brother Francis, sons of Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery. They were given the nicknames of “Roast Beef” and “Plum Pudding” owing to their invariable habit of dining with Mr and Mrs Spencer–Stanhope every Sunday.

[2] Count Charles Holmar, a subject of the King of Denmark, but Master of the Horse to the Duke of Holstein Oldenburg, and Tutor to the Princes of Holstein Oldenburg.

[3] John, second Marquis of Lansdowne, married, 27th May 1805, Maria Arabella, daughter of the Rev. Hinton Maddock of “Darland,” Wales, and relict of Sir Duke Gifford, Bart, of Castle Jordan in Ireland, who died in 1801. In her Will, dated December 31st, 1821, Lady Lansdowne mentions five daughters by her first husband.

[4] *Almach's*, vol. iii., pages 201–2.

[5] Archibald John, Viscount Primrose, afterwards 4th Earl of Rosebery, married, first, on May 20th, 1808,

Henrietta, second daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie, and grandson of William, 1st Earl of Radnor. He divorced her in 1815.

[6] Emily, daughter and heiress of Gerard de Visme, Esq. Lady Shelley, her schoolfellow, describes her as “the most beautiful being I have ever beheld. Her classic–shaped head and Spanish air—her mother was a Portuguese—added to a slight and not too tall figure, attracted much attention, and she was universally admired. Her accomplishments were as remarkable as her beauty. She played the harp exquisitely, and excelled also on the piano and in singing. She spoke French and Italian fluently and with a perfect accent.” *Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley*, pub. John Murray, 1812, page 15. Miss De Visme married, June 28th, 1810, Henry (Sir) Murray, K.C.B., a distinguished officer, born 1784, died 1860, fourth son of David, 7th Viscount Stormont and 2nd Earl of Mansfield, by his second wife Louisa, third daughter of Charles, 9th Lord Cathcart, of the 14th Dragoons.

[7] Probably Miss Calcraft, who married, in 1812, Sir John Burke of Marble Hill, Bt., sister to Miss Belle Calcraft. *See* p. 356.

[8] The Argyle Rooms in Regent's Street were looked upon as a rival to the still more fashionable Almack's. Balls and masquerades were given there, presided over by Colonel Greville, a man of the *haut ton*, who ruled, however, with a less arbitrary sway than the famous Patronesses of Almack's. The facade of the building to–day remains much as it was a century ago.

[9] Henry Bankes, Esq. of Kingston Hall, M.P. for Corfe Castle from 1780 to 1826, and for Co. Dorset from that time to 1831, married Frances, daughter of William Woodey, Esq., Governor of the Leeward Islands, and, besides four sons, had two daughters, Anne Frances, married Edward 4th Viscount and 1st Earl of Falmouth, died 1864, and Maria Wynne, married the Hon. Thomas Stapleton.

[10] John Stanhope adds some years later: “I have associated with many persons engaged in that memorable retreat, and I gather from their remarks that as far as Astorga, it was admirably conducted, and that to the rapidity of their march, the army was entirely indebted for its safety. But from that period, at which there appeared to be no further occasion for so rapid a movement, *its celerity was increased*. The Troops were passing through a mountainous district, which at every step offered them an admirable position for attack, and they were pursued by an army which they might have defeated at any time with as much ease as they subsequently defeated it at Corunna. It appears also that they suffered more from the rapidity of the march than they could have done in any general engagement; but it is not easy to form a correct opinion on the subject without knowing the situation of the army with respect to provisions and money; and also without being able to judge whether there was danger of their retreat being cut off.

“I have been informed that Moore ought on no account to have evacuated Corunna, that he had ample facilities for defending it against all the efforts of the French....

“Undoubtedly, as a diversion, Sir John Moore's advance into Spain fully succeeded and probably saved the Peninsula; but as that was not a result upon which he calculated, I doubt whether it can be adduced as a justification for a measure undertaken against his own judgment; subsequent events have shewn how much higher his reputation would have stood had he persevered in his original intentions. What the Duke of Wellington now is, Sir John Moore would almost inevitably have been.”

[11] Henrietta Maria, eldest daughter and co–heir of Robert Vernon Atherton, Esq., of Atherton Hall, Co. Lancaster, married, 1797, Thomas, Baron Lilford, and had six sons and six daughters.

[12] Charles Bankes, Major in the Army, second son of Philip, 2nd Earl Stanhope, born 1785, killed at the Battle of Corunna, January 16th, 1809.

[13] Lord James Murray, son of the 4th Duke of Athol, a Major–General in the Army, who in 1821 became Lord Glenlyon. He then resided in Cumberland Place. He died in 1837, and his son succeeded as 6th Duke of Athol in 1846.

[14] *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*, vol. ii., pages 281–284.

[15] Julia, only child and heiress of Sir George Augustus William Shuckburgh, Bart., and Julia Annabella, d. and sole heiress of James Evelyn of Felbridge, Co. Surrey. Married 1810, the Hon. Charles Cope Jenkinson and died in 1814.

[16] The Colonel was addicted to drink.

[17] Katherine, Duchess of Bolton (*see ante*, page 18), died March 21st, 1809, at 32 Grosvenor Square.

[18] Not only shoes were often home–made, but at a later date Mrs Stanhope had a maid who could make her

gloves. The latter articles of attire, moreover, were more elaborate than those of to–day. The long gloves of the days of the Empire had a piece inserted at the elbow which made them sit without creasing to the shape of the arm, so that they had none of the untidy appearance which modern long gloves are apt to present, and the term “to fit like a glove” was then singularly appropriate.

[19] John Russell, Earl Russell, K.G., 1792–1878, the third son of the 6th Duke of Bedford, studied at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1813 was returned for Tavistock. He became a prominent politician. In 1830 he was Paymaster of the Forces; he was one of the four Members of the Government entrusted with the task of framing the first Reform Bill, and on him devolved the honour of proposing it. In 1846 he became Prime Minister till 1852, and again in 1865 on the death of Lord Palmerston, but was defeated in the following June on his new Reform Bill, and resigned.

[20] Sir William Henry Douglas, Bart, Vice–Admiral of the Blue, died unmarried, May 1809. The title devolved upon his brother, Sir Howard who had married, in July 1799, Anne, eldest daughter of James Dundas, Esq.

[21] The story which Lord Houghton used to tell on the subject was that after his father had refused the place in the Ministry pressed upon him by Mr Perceval, he sent to the friend with whom he had made the bet (whose name had never transpired) a copy of Mr Perceval's letter, and a cheque for L100. See *The Life, Letters and Friendships of Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton*, by T. Wemyss Reid (1890), vol. i., page 2.

[22] The Hon. Mr Eden, eldest son of Lord Auckland, a fine sensible youth of five–and–twenty. He left his parents' house about 9.30 in the evening, saying he would be home in half an hour. A month later his body was found in the Thames, and was identified by his watch and seals.

[23] On February 11th, 1910, Sir Thomas Gascoigne Bt. of Parlington Hall, Co. York, died of grief for the loss of his son who had been killed by a fall from his horse a short time previously.

[24] Of Kirkleatham, Yorkshire.

[25] Sir Francis Burdett, M.P., for Westminster supported Gale Jones, a Radical Orator in the seditious speech. He was accused of breach of privilege and a warrant issued for his arrest. The Westminster mob rose on his behalf, and he barricaded his house in Piccadilly in order to defy the warrant, but was ultimately arrested and confined in the Tower. Riots ensued, and the town was guarded by thousands of soldiers.

[26] Thomas Dundas, Esq., of Fingask Hall, Co. Stirling, M.P., married, 1784, Lady Elizabeth Eleanora Home, daughter of Alexander, 9th Earl of Home.

[27] Their daughter Charlotte, called by Mrs Stanhope La Belle, was extremely handsome, and at one time considered the belle of Edinburgh.

[28] Lord James Murray, second son of the 4th Duke of Athol, married, May 19th, 1810, Emily Frances, second daughter of Hugh, 2nd Duke of Northumberland.

[29] Anne Maria, daughter of Sir H. W. Dashwood, Bt., married, 1810, John, 2nd Marquis of Ely, K.P.P.C., died 1857.

#### CHAPTER V

[1] Charles (Sir) Stuart, G.C.B., born 1779, afterwards Ambassador at the Court of France; grandson of John, 3rd Earl of Bute. He was created Baron Stuart de Rothesay in Jan. 1828. He married, 1816, Elizabeth Margaret, 3rd daughter of Philip, third Earl of Hardwick, and died in 1845.

[2] A portion of the Journals of John Spencer–Stanhope, relating to this period, has been edited (see *Memoirs of A. M. W. Pickering*, 1903), but all the following anecdotes collected from his letters and notes at that date are here published for the first time.

[3] William Carr Beresford (1768–1854). After a brilliant military service he was, in 1814, elevated to the Peerage as Lord Beresford and advanced to the Viscounty in 1823. In 1832 he married his cousin, the widow of Thomas Hope, Esq., of Deepdene, Surrey. See ante, page 49.

[4] James, Viscount Macduff, afterwards 4th Earl of Fife, K.T., G.C.B., Knight of the Order of St Ferdinand of Spain and of the Sword of Sweden, obtained a Barony of the United Kingdom as Baron Fife in 1827. Born 1776, married, 1799, Mary Caroline, second daughter of the late John Manners, Esq., and Louisa, Countess of Dysart; she died Dec. 20th, 1805, without issue. The Earl greatly distinguished himself during the Peninsular War, having volunteered his services, and obtained the rank of major–general in the Spanish patriotic army. He was wounded at the battle of Talavera, and again at the storming of Fort Matagorda, near Cadiz, of which he was one

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of the most celebrated defenders. He died in 1857, and was succeeded by his nephew.

[5] Aloys von Reding (1765–1818), as Captain General of his own canton, repulsed the French at Morgarten in 1808.

[6] Jose de Palafox y Melzi, Duke of Saragossa, born in 1780, made the heroic defence of Saragossa, from July 1808 to February 1809; was carried prisoner to France and not released till 1813. He was made Duke of Saragossa in 1836 and grandee of Spain 1837 and died in 1847.

[7] Andrew Thomas, Lord Blayney, born, 30th Nov. 1770, died, April 1838. In 1794 he became major of the 89th foot, having raised part of that regiment. He served in Holland, Malta, Minorca, and the Cape, and after the expedition to Buenos Ayres was sent to Cadiz in July 1810, as major– general. He was, however, taken prisoner on making an attack with a small mixed force on Malaga, and was not released until 1814.

[8] John, Viscount Kelburne and Lord Boyle, eldest son of George, 4th Earl of Glasgow, by his first wife Augusta, daughter of James, 14th Earl of Erroll, born 12th August 1779, served in R.N.; taken prisoner by the French and sent to Verdun, where he was detained till July 1814; died at Tunbridge Wells, 1818.

[9] Christopher, eldest son of the Ven. John Strachey, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to George III., by his wife Anne, only daughter of George Wombwell, Esqre., consul at Alicant and head of the eldest branch of the family of Wombwell, of Yorkshire. Born 1778, Christopher became rear–Admiral in the Royal Navy, and Knight of the Russian order of St Vladimir. He married Mlle. Marguerite, only daughter of Col. de la Roche of Verdun–sur–Meuse, France, Knight of St Louis, etc., and died in 1855, having had a family of nine children, six of whom survived him.

[10] A lady who collects for some charitable purpose.

[11] *Extracts from the Journals of John Spencer Stanhope*, 1810–1813. Published, 1903. Page 452.

### CHAPTER VI

[1] Walter Boyd, born in 1745; of the firm of Boyd, Benfield, & Co; an intimate friend of Pitt and Melville. He is supposed to have been saved from bankruptcy by a loan which Lord Melville advanced to him out of the public funds, and on account of which the latter was afterwards impeached. See *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, vol. ii., pages 287–291.

[2] With reference to this episode at the Institute Stanhope adds: “I find that the learned Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has been as much taken in as were the savants of whom he speaks. One of his articles states that the late President of the Cour of Cassation—the Magistrate, according to M. Roger Collard, of whom regenerated France has most reason to be proud— expressed himself as follows to three of the most distinguished men of science of the day: ‘I regard the discovery of a dish as a more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the Sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented among us, until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute.’

“It is quite evident from this that the Editor supposes that M. de Baure was quite serious in making that observation, and no less so that the distinguished literary men, from some of whom he must have derived his information, must have been equally convinced of the fact. I was present, however, on the occasion, and can assert that nothing could be more contrary to the real state of the case.”

[3] *Olympia or Topography illustrative of the actual state of the Plain of Olympia and of the Ruins of the City of Elis*, published by John Murray in 1817. It was re–published in 1824 and 1835, and again, with the addition of many engravings, in 1865, under the title of *Plataea, Olympia, Elis*.

[4] Joachim Murat, an inn–keeper’s son, born in 1771, at the Revolution entered the army and soon rose to be Colonel. He served under Bonaparte in Italy and Egypt, became General of Division, and in command of the Cavalry at Marengo he covered himself with glory. Bonaparte gave him his sister, Caroline, in marriage. In 1806 the grandduchy of Berg was bestowed upon him; in 1808 he was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies, as Joachim 1st, and took possession of Naples. After Napoleon’s final overthrow he proceeded with a few followers to the coast of Calabria, and proclaimed himself King; but being taken, he was tried by Court–martial, and shot on October 15th, 1815. His widow subsequently assumed the title of Countess of Lipona and lived near Trieste. He left two sons, the elder of whom married a niece of Washington.

[5] Frederick Douglass, 1791–1819, M.P. for Banbury, a son of Lord Glenbervie.

[6] John Stanhope subsequently wrote: “I know the existence of the conspiracy is denied, but how account for the conduct of Napoleon after his return save from the supposition that he was fettered by the engagements he had

made in his exile?... He threw himself entirely into the arms of that party to which he had hitherto evinced the greatest hostility, and which, upon principle, were opposed to his system of Government. He appointed Fouche, whom he had offended and disgraced, and Carnot, the most unbending republican in France, to be Ministers instead of resuming the Empire just as he had left it. He did not establish himself in the Palace of the Tuileries, by which he showed his weakness without gaining a single partisan.... He should either at once have entered upon the Imperial Government, prorogued the Chamber till the fate of France was decided by arms, or he should have adopted the Constitution which he found actually existing, pledging himself to make, subsequently, such modifications as the country might desire; but, in fact, *till he found himself at the head of his army he was not his own master, he was bound by the chains he himself had forged*, and which he, no doubt, would have immediately broken had he been successful at Waterloo.... The legislative body were undoubtedly prepared to adopt any expedient for limiting the Imperial or Royal Prerogatives, and it was a great oversight on his part to leave them sitting. He should not have remained in Paris at all, but to have put himself immediately at the head of the army and to have given the Government of Paris to a General in whom he could implicitly confide. His only chance was to have been able to say, 'L'Empire—c'est moi!'"

#### CHAPTER VII

[1] Alderman Richard Carr-Glyn, an eminent banker of London, born 1755, eldest son of Sir Richard Glyn, 1st Bart, of Ewell, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Robert Carr, Esq., served as Lord Mayor in 1798 and was created a baronet in 1800. He married Mary, daughter of John Plumtre, Esq., M.P. for Nottingham. Died in 1838.

[2] Thomas Christopher, 1789–1827, 3rd son of the above, afterwards a barrister-at-law. Married Grace Julia, daughter of Thomas Charles Bigge, Esq.

[3] William Fitzhugh, Esq., lived at Bannister Lodge, near Southampton, and represented Tiverton in five Parliaments. His wife was celebrated for her infatuation for Mrs Siddons, whom she entertained constantly at Bannister Lodge, and whom she followed to London, for years attending on the celebrated actress all day and spending the evening in her dressing-room at the theatre. In 1803 Mrs Siddons wrote, "My dear Mrs Fitzhugh grudges every moment that I am not by her side."

[4] Joseph Jekyll, 1754–1837. Celebrated wit, raconteur, and diner-out. Jerder speaks of him as having a somewhat Voltaire-like countenance, a flexible person and agreeable voice.

[5] He was second son of George Adams, afterwards Anson, who inherited the fortune of his uncle, Admiral Lord Anson; and he was brother to Thomas, afterwards Viscount Anson of Shugborough, who married Anne Margaret, second daughter of Thomas William Coke, Esq., afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester.

[6] Douglas, fifth son of 7th Baron Kinnaird, a banker in Westminster; born, 1788; died, unmarried, 1830.

[7] A Tilbury, so-called after the maker, was a very tall gig on two large wheels, for driving in which ladies usually wore what was termed a "riding-dress."

[8] John Charles, eldest son of 2nd Earl Spencer, (1782–1845). A distinguished member of the House of Commons, and Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1830 to 1834. Succeeded his father as 3rd Earl Spencer in 1834.

[9] Lady Caroline Lamb, 1785–1828, known by the nickname of the Bat, daughter of the 3rd Earl of Bessborough, by his wife, Lady Henrietta Spencer, sister of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She married, June 3rd, 1805, William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne. Her infatuation for Byron caused much scandal during 1812–13.

[10] Prince Theodore Demetrius de Bauffremont-Courtenay, born 22nd Dec. 1793, married, in 1819, Mlle. de Montmorency.

[11] *Almack's*, a novel, vol. iii., pp. 227–9.

[12] This rumour must have been false, as Madame Catalani did not retire from the stage till 1827, when she settled near Florence. She had accumulated a large fortune by her successful career, and had continued to charge a price for her services which at that date was unprecedented. It is said that on one occasion, when she had been invited to Stowe as a guest, she was asked to sing, and in consequence charged the Duke £1700 for the pleasure she had afforded his guests. But doubt has been cast on this story. Her Susannah, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was one of her most famous impersonations. She died of Cholera in 1849.

[13] Sir Philip Hales, Bart. of Brymore, Somerset, died 12th February 1824, having married in 1795

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Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Smith of Keyworth, Notts. She died 1834.

[14] Sophia, third daughter of Colonel and Mrs Beaumont.

[15] Charles Peter Shakerley, Esq., of Somerford Park, born 27th December, 1792, created a baronet, 1838. Married first in 1819 Rosalba D'Avaray, daughter of the Due D'Avaray, and secondly, in 1831, Jessy, daughter of James Scott, Esq. He was the son of Charles Watkin John Buckworth, Esq., of Somerford Park, Cheshire, who had assumed by Act of Parliament in 1790 the Surname and Arms of Shakerley only, and was High Sheriff of the Co. of Chester in the following year.

[16] William Frederick, 2nd Duke of Gloucester, 1776–1834, served as Colonel of First Foot Guards in Flanders in 1794. Married, in 1816, his cousin Mary, 4th daughter of George III.

[17] See *ante*.

[18] An Irish lady whose maiden name was Owenson. She married Sir Charles Morgan, and wrote various novels, being often called by the name of one of them—*The Wild Irish Girl*. Two of her works, *France* and *Italy*, made some stir at the time of their publication. Their sale was forbidden in Sardinia, Rome and Austria, and their author prohibited from visiting the latter kingdom.

[19] Edward, third son of Walter Spencer-Stanhope and Mary Winifred, his wife, who, in 1820, married Arabella, daughter of General Calcraft. See *ante*, *Dramatis Personae*. page ix.

[20] General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson, 1777–1849. He fought at Lutzen and Brantzen in 1813; he was M.P. for Southwark in 1818–1830. He was dismissed from the Army for his conduct at Queen Caroline's funeral, but reinstated in 1830. He published military and autobiographical works.

[21] The wife of a Russian Ambassador. She was an admirable musician.

[22] Probably Francis, eldest son of Lord William Russell; born 1793, died, unmarried, 1832.

[23] Georgina Frederica, daughter of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy; married, July 25th, 1814, Henry, Marquis of Worcester, died May 11th, 1821, and left two daughters. She died at the house of her uncle, the Duke of Wellington. She was very pretty, and one of the leaders of fashion.

[24] He married again in June, 1822, Emily Frances, daughter of Charles Culling Smith, Esq., and his wife, *nee* Lady Anne Wellesley.

[25] See *ante*, p. 157.

[26] Frederick Dodsworth, D.D., Senior Canon of Windsor, who died in his eighty-third year, 31st March 1821.