Transcription of Aunt Augusta's Memoirs

Introduction by Lady Helen Forbes 1906

My Aunt Augusta Anne Maclagan lent me her manuscript book to read in July-August 1906. I have not copied them out in extenso but have really only made extracts from them, as especially in the 2nd and 3rd volumes there was a great deal of repetition and the style was sometimes a little prolix. I have, therefore, only transcribed such anecdotes as are really interesting to myself and my own immediate family as bearing on our direct ancestors.

Introduction by Vivien Moss 2015

I have transcribed the pages typed by Lady Helen Forbes who had access to her Aunt Augusta's memoirs. Some of the typewritten pages were faint at times but I have copied the document as faithfully as I could to preserve the integrity of the original work.

Lichfield April 1886

I want to try and write down everything I can remember about my dear mother. All she has ever told me herself and all that I have heard from others about that lovely and loveable life, so as to refresh my own memory in the future and enable me to give my children some faint idea of the beloved one they see unfortunately too young to recollect for themselves.

Chapter I Girlhood

Jane Elizabeth Liddell was born on the 29th Sep. 1804. She was the 7th child and 4th daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth (of the 2nd creation), a great uncle having received the title which died with him as he had no son. My grandfather, then Sir Thomas Liddell, was born in 1775 and married in 1796 Maria Susannah, daughter of John Simpson Esq of Bradley, Co Durham, by Lady Anne Lyon, dau. of Thomas 8th Earl of Strathmore. My Grandmother had two sisters, Frances, m. to Sir John Dean Paul Bt. and Anne, who was of weak intellect and died in seclusion. Mr Simpson had one son, who died young, and two sisters of whom we used to hear a great deal in our childhood, Mrs Ord and Miss Simpson. "Sissy" as the latter was fondly called by her

great-nephews and nieces must have been a very excellent and charming person. My mother frequently spoke of her wise advice and religious instruction she and her sisters received from their great-aunt, and her villa at Fulham which afterwards became the property of my Grandmother, seems to have been quite as popular a place of resort with my elder uncles and aunts in their childish days as it was with my generation, to whom a drive to Percy's Cross to see Grandmamma was always the greatest possible treat on a summer's day.

My Grandfather was immensely tall, and my Grandmother, who was 3 or 4 years his senior was a tiny little woman. There was a tradition in the family of her having once been accosted by a gipsy when walking with some of her friends, and who, after glancing at her hand, said: "oh, as for you, you will have twenty children." My Grandmother snatched her hand indignantly away, but the prophecy was literally fulfilled. Sixteen of her children were born alive, and lived to grow up, thirteen married and ten had families, most of them large ones. The eldest was my uncle Henry, 2nd Baron and 1st Earl of Ravensworth. He was followed by two daughters after which son and daughter succeeded in regular alternation ending with two sons and a daughter, Lady Bloomfield, who was born when my Grandmother was 51 years of age. Curiously enough, the daughter and son who thus disturbed the uniformity of this remarkable family were the only delicate ones and both died at a comparatively early age.

When my Grandfather died in 1885 his descendants with their wives and husbands numbered 114, of whom 197 were alive - 14 sons and 4 daughters, 12 sons and daughters-in-law, 67 grandchildren (6 of them by marriage only) and 15 great-grandchildren.

I will now write a list of the whole family

Henry Thomas 2nd Lord Ravensworth, b March 1797 d March 1878, m 9 Nov. 1820 Isabell-Horatia dau. of Lord George Seymour d 1856. They had 6 sons and 8 daughters of whom 2 sons and 7 daughters are still alive*

Maria Marchioness of Normanby, b.April 1798 d.Oct 1882. Lord Normanby died in 1863. They had only one son.

Frances Jane b.1799 d.unmarried 1823

Thomas b.1800 d.1856 m.1843 the Hon Charlotte Barrington, sister of my father and still alive** They had no children

Anne Elizabeth b.1801 d.Nov 4th 1878 having married 1826 Sir Hedworth Williamson Bt who died 1861. They had 4 sons of whom 3 are still alive

John b.1803 d. 1868 unm. (He was of weak intellect).

Jane Elizabeth b.29 Sept 1804 d. March 23rd 1883 having m. 21st April 1823 my father William Keppel 6th Viscount Barrington who was b. Oct 1st 1793 and d. 9th Feb 1867. They had 4 sons and 5 daughters.

George *** b.1806 m.1842 Louise dau of Gen the Hon Robert Meade. She died 1873. They had no children

Elizabeth **** b.1807 m.1835 the Hon Edward Villiers who d. 1843. They had 1 son and 3 daughters who are still alive.

* *In 1883*
** *She died 4th March 1890 aged 90 and a few months*
*** *Died 15th April 1886 within 3 months of 80*
**** *Died 15 April 1890 aged 82*

Robert * b.1808 m.1836 Emily dau of the Hon and Rev Dr Wellesley. She died 1876. They had 1 dau and 3 sons.

Susan ** b.1810 m.1833 Charles Earl of Hardwicke who d.1873. They had 5 sons and 3 daus.

*** b.1812 m.1842 Cecil dau of the Hon. The Rev Dr Wellesley. They had 4 sons and 2 daus.

Charlotte Amelia b.a1814 m.1833 Captain John Trotter who died 1870. They had 6 sons and 5 daus.

Charles b.1815 d. unm. 1832

Adolphus Frederick Octavius **** b.1818 m1843 Frederica Elizabeth dau of Mr Fox of Bramham. She d. 1867, they had 2 sons and 4 daus.

Georgina ***** b. 13 April 1822 m.1845 John 2nd Lord Bloomfield, who d. 1879. They had no children.

It will be seen by this list that all my married uncles except one outlived their wives and every one of the sisters outlived their husbands. As a family I think they were remarkable for good looks, amiable tempers and considerable artistic taste and skill. They all had a great love for music and many of them fine voices.

Nearly all could handle the pencil and brush, my uncle Thomas was a very fine artist. My Grandmother was a most skilful amateur. In her early girlhood she competed for and carried off a Gold Medal, presented by, I believe, the Academy. She sent up 6 large drawings in sepia, copied from pictures by Poussin and other artists. Two of them are now hanging at 20 Cavendish Square…***…and are certainly ambitious attempts for a girl in her teens. I am told (being no artist myself) that she had a remarkable power of seizing the peculiarities of different artists, being equally successful in copying Salvador, Claude and Poussin.

Numerous Footnotes

** *… Died 29th June 1888 from an operation of cancer of the nose.*
** *… Died Nov 22 1886 (on the anniversary of the death of her mother) after a long and suffering illness, she was almost blind.*
*** *…Died in 1889 aged 77*
*** *…Died 16 July 1883 of congestion of the lungs having been ill only 10 days.*
*** *…Died in June 1885 having for 18 years filled the post that had been THE object of his modest ambition, Permanent Under Sec to the Home Dept. He was appointed in 1867 and Knighted in 18-?*
*** *…Aunt Georgie, the last survivor of this great family, died on May 21st 1905 aged 83 after many months of great suffering from shingles and rheumatism of the heart. She died at Bramfield near W. Hertford, a place she had rented for several years from the Abel Smiths, and was buried on May 26th at Loughton, Kings Co. Ireland beside her husband.*

*** *…Two are at Whitburn Hall. 20 Cavendish Square was sold in 1887 after my brother George's death. The pictures with the rest of the furniture became the property of his widow, Isabel, Viscountess Barrington.*

Large oil paintings at Ravensworth Castle bear witness to her industry with her brush, and we have several at Beckett, one an original composition and another finished from a sketch at Eslington, one of my Grandfather's country seats. It appears incredible how she can have secured so much time for painting from the claims of a large household and an enormous family. But from what I have been able to gather, neither she nor my Grandfather took much heed of their older children. The boys were sent to school at a very early age, my Uncle George went at 6 and his childhood was made miserable by the brutality of a Master who must have been quite out of his mind. The girls were passed out of the nursery into the schoolroom and left almost entirely to servants and governesses. I have often heard my mother say she never remembered her mother talking to her as a child, on religious subjects. One of their governesses instituted daily

Prayers and Bible reading in the schoolroom, but Sissy was the only person who spoke to her before her marriage about her soul.

The children were generally taken to church once on Sundays and they were all confirmed but with scant preparation. As babies they were generally Christened privately in their Mother's bedroom, she being "churched" at the same time. My mother was not a little surprised and rather inclined to be offended when Archdeacon Berens, the Vicar of Shrivenham, declined to administer the ordinances and Sacraments of the Church to her and her babies in this unorthodox fashion, there being no plea of illness. But with her invariable sweetness and gentleness she gladly accepted the "New and Better Way" on its being properly explained to her.

These irregular ceremonies in the Liddell family appear to have been registered or not, just as it happened to suit the fancy or convenience of the officiating Minister. When my mother insured her life at the age of 73 a copy of her baptismal register was demanded by some of the offices, but no such document could be found. She was always believed to have been born at Brailey where my Grandparents spent so much of their early married life, but the parish registers both there and at Lamesley, (the parish church at Ravensworth) were searched in vain and eventually the office (that of the Scottish widows) somewhat reluctantly consented to accept the testimony of an imperfect list of the family in a an old Bible of my Grandmother's, supported as it was by the evidence of the Peerage, and the ages of the two brothers whose births preceded and followed hers.

I suppose the deaths of her two children, Frances and Charley, after very long illnesses must have had a softening effect on my Grandmother's character, for she certainly paid far more attention to the health and instruction of her younger children, especially the youngest darling, Georgiana, in whose education she took the liveliest interest, actually learning German herself to encourage its study, and writing to her in various important crises in her life, most strikingly beautiful letters, some of which have been published in my Aunt's reminiscences and are perfect models of what a mother's letters should be. As an old lady she was singularly charming, gentle and caressing and full of affectionate thought for her grandchildren. She never failed to send a present of money to each of us at Christmas and would personally attend to our comfort and refreshment in the large garden parties that were annually given for the Queen and other members of the Royal Family at Percy's Cross. I was nine years old when she died, and I remember our all feeling a very real sorrow for her loss.

After the birth of my uncle George, Bradley was in a great a measure deserted for Farnacres, a low rambling sort of manor house just outside the park at Ravensworth

and conveniently situated for superintending the building operations at the Castle. These were commenced, I believe, under Nash, the architect who completed the south front, but his plans were greatly changed and the present pile, or rather all the north front were mainly the work of my uncle Thomas, who was also the sole designer of my father's new house at Beckett and of Garron Tower, a residence built for Frances Anne Lady Londonderry in the north of Ireland, and of the monumental room at Wynyard.

The gardens at Ravensworth were considered to be very wonderful, a large range of glass houses being still a rarity at the time when these were made. A visitor from the south once exclaimed in astonishment to Aunt Carry: "Why, Mrs Liddell, how many acres of glass have you here?" They are nothing remarkable nowadays and have been surpassed by many gardens, even in their own neighbourhood. My Grandfather once ordered a supply of fruit for a dinner party he was giving for George IV and the gardener wrote to say there was nothing ready. My Grandfather was much annoyed and walked off to Solomons to order a dessert; after selecting a pine and some peaches he made some remark on the fineness of the fruit to which Mr Solomon replied: "Well, it comes far enough, it ought to be good." "Would you mind telling me where it comes from?" asked my Grandfather. "Not at all Sir, it's from Ravensworth Castle, the finest garden, I'm told, in the north of England." Needless to say the dishonest gardener immediately received his conge. (sic)

The family spent the summer and early autumn at Eslington, a delightful place in Northumberland, and every spring the immense party migrated in a procession of coaches to London, where my Grandfather had a large house in Portland Place, no 51, which was sold when my Grandmother inherited Percy's Cross, then a secluded villa outside the village of Walham Green. Frequent visits were also paid to Brighton, a strong personal friendship existed between my Grandparents and the Prince Regent, and he and his brothers took a great deal of notice of the children. Juvenile parties at Carlton House and the Pavilion were of frequent occurrence, my mother's extreme beauty and grace making her a special favourite with the Royal Family as she was throughout her life with everyone who was brought into contact with her. The old Duke of Cambridge made a particular pet of her, often calling her his "Little Duchess" and many a time have I heard her laughingly recall her fury of childish jealousy when at the age of 13 she heard of the Duke's marriage to the Princess Augusta of Hesse. It was a dreadful revelation to my mother and her sisters, after they married, to hear of the sins and shortcomings of George 1V and his brothers, but the affections of youth are deeply rooted and its loyalty is hard to shake, and all through their lives, when talking over their childish reminiscences of Court, they would shake their heads and say regretfully: "Ah well, the King was not a good man, but he was very kind to us and we were all very fond of him."

My Grandparents used to post as rapidly as possible in a chariot and four, (NB they never entered a hired conveyance in England and I believe my Grandfather only once travelled in the railway. He never left Ravensworth after my Grandmother's death.) This must have been a very short time before my Grandmother's death. My cousin Adolphus Liddell tells me he often heard his father talk of that memorable journey. Mr Grandfather seemed to enjoy it, and frequently shook his fist at the old coach road as the line passed it. But towards the end of the season he became exceedingly depressed and my Grandmother, half suspecting the cause, asked if he would prefer to post home as usual, to which he joyfully assented; his spirits rose at once and the railway was not mentioned again.

But the children, governesses and nurses were packed 6 or 7 in a coach or Britaka and travelled "vetturino" with their own horses sleeping eight or nine nights on the road. The delights of these journeys were never forgotten and all her life my mother retained a lingering love of an Inn meal: cold beef, pickles and a huge piece of cheese on a wooden platter.

No expense was spared on the children's education, but their resident governesses, with the exception of a certain Miss Jameson, were ill-educated and rather vulgar women. Miss Jameson was extremely clever, but odious and violent almost to cruelty. Her temper vented itself chiefly on my eldest aunt, Lady Normanby who was left entirely to her tender mercies and whose girlhood until this hateful woman married the tutor, Mr Wood, and until she left the schoolroom her mother cared little for her.

At one time Aunt Minnie was so unhappy that she determined to run away. She would not have been more than 7 or 8. She stole a leg of mutton and betook herself to the woods at Bradley. Towards evening she became frightened at the gathering darkness so she slipped into the house and concealed herself under the bed in the best bedroom. She found some oatmeal in a soap-dish and thought she was provisioned for life. By and by she heard her little sister Annie in the passage and finding her solitude almost unbearable, she gently called: "Annie!" and confided her plan of action to her under a solemn promise of secrecy. The younger sister further volunteered to renew the stock of oatmeal and then returned to the schoolroom full of her important mystery. At the tea-table the one subject of conversation was the disappearance of Minnie, the governesses were beginning to feel alarmed and various suggestions were being made, when poor little Anne was heard to murmur complacently: "I know." Whereupon the secret was speedily wrested from the frightened child and poor Minnie who could only have been driven to such a step by real misery, was dragged ignominiously from her hiding place to be treated with greater severity than ever.

Yet she was very pretty and much the cleverest of the elder ones. She has recapitulated to me a bewildering list of the Masters with whom she was literally deluged during the London season. Singing, piano, organ, harp, French, Italian, writing, harmony, drawing and dancing, filled up every hour of the day. She came out at Florence in 1816, and after a short and brilliant career abroad and in London, married at 20 Lord Mulgrave, then eldest son to the Earl of Normanby. Scarcely any trousseau was provided for the fair young bride, for whom three or four muslins, one silk dress and a travelling gown were deemed sufficient outfit. The honeymoon was spent at Bradley, but so little provision was made for their comfort that neither lamps or candles could be found in the house. The only available light was from tallow candles and the bridal dinner, cooked by a housemaid, was a huge beefsteak with fried onions, at which my uncle, one of the most fastidious of mortals, turned up his nose in speechless horror.

The wardrobes of the charming Miss Liddells were always of the scantiest description. An old housekeeper, Wilson, who had been maid to my Grandmother, used to delight us as children with tales of our mothers and aunts; she declared that upon one occasion when my Grandmother was absent, the girls were to attend a pupil's Ball given in Newcastle by their Dancing-Master and having absolutely nothing fit to wear the housekeeper took down a clean set of muslin curtains just bought for the drawing room and manufactured them a frock apiece. When they went abroad after the Peace of 1815, a large party, my Grandmother, in an unusual fit of extravagance, arrayed the three girls in pelisses of black silk, piped and trimmed with pink satin and bonnets to match. But she never thought of providing them with commoner dresses for travelling, and great was her mortification on arriving at Brussels to find that a long rough crossing, sea-sickness and a dusty journey had taken all the freshness out of the elegant garments she had expected to last all the autumn.

My Grandfather was all his life exceedingly very nervous and irritable especially in a carriage, and he invariably thought of himself before anyone else. On the continent they travelled with two carriages and four and a fourgon. On one occasion a kicking horse was put into the carriage in which he drove with a Mr Blakeney and his two sons; directly he saw it, he flew into a violent passion, produced his pistol, and insisted on the horse being transferred to his wife's carriage. These pistols were brought out on the smallest provocation. Once at Andernach on Rhine because a high price was charged for luncheon, but that time the Landlord conquered.

My mother was the spoilt darling of this large family. She was as lovely as a fairy, with blue eyes, small features, golden curls, a complexion of lilies and roses and an exquisite figure, round, plump and wonderfully graceful. At six years old she was such a

proficient in dancing that she was selected to perform a pas seul at the Dancing Master's Ball at Newcastle and often related to us her delight in going through the steps on a table after her return, before a circle of admiring maids and feasting on sponge cake and Sherry Negus. "I was very vain, my dears, and I'm sure it was very bad for me," she would say. But she was quite unspoilable. Everyone tried all through her life, parents, governesses, brothers and sisters, husband, children and friends, but no one succeeded. The unalterable sweetness of her temper, the purity of her mind and the depth and childlike simplicity of her religion were her safeguards. Sickness and sorrows glided over her as water falls from a leap, leaving little trace behind, and her life was a continual stress of sunshine. Moreover, she had the advantage of being married in early youth to one of the best of men, eleven years her senior, and his wise and loving care, combined wither faithful discharge of her duties as a mother and mistress of a household, kept her mind too fully occupied to be ensnared by the temptations of the world. She had her little vanities, but they were perfectly innocent and were limited a good deal to the pleasure she always took in being handsomely and becomingly dressed. She had good natural abilities, an excellent memory, which she cultivated all her life, to the very last learning passages of poetry by heart chiefly from Paradise Lost and the Christian Year and Longfellow, and considerable talent for music with a lovely and well cultivated mezzo-soprano voice. Her singing like everything else was superlatively graceful, she smiled over that as over her writing or talking, and with plenty of spirit and entrain there was a total absence of grimace or affectation. The latter indeed in any shape was entirely foreign to her nature. Had she been educated according to the standard of the present day she would probably have been highly accomplished. But she could not have been more charming. As it was she was the darling of the schoolroom, and by her own confession soon discovered she could coax her governesses to let her do pretty much as she liked.

Soon after the Peace of 1815 her parents resolved to winter abroad, taking with them their two eldest sons Henry and Thomas. Mr Blakeney, a confidential friend who had I believe been a college friend of my Grandfather's and generally lived with him, and three of their daughters. Frances, whose slight deformity had been terribly increased by the unscientific and barbarous treatment of the day, was even then too much of an invalid to enjoy a foreign tour and my Grandmother pleaded to be allowed to take her little darling Janey, and she did not plead in vain. My mother was then scarcely eleven and at this age she always declared her education practically terminated! She was by way of learning her lessons every day in the carriage, as they drove slowly through France and Italy, but the amount of her studies were generally regulated by her wishes, and she had an unlimited power even at that early age of falling asleep whenever she was bored. Her elder sisters were then required to make a comfortable couch on their laps and were reproved for selfishness when they complained of finding her rather

heavy, while the fond Mother on the back seat never tired of expatiating at the angelic expression and graceful attitudes of her unconscious darling. When the party halted in large towns, my mother shared the studies of her sisters and picked up a good deal of Italian and French, besides a good deal of general information. In later life she often lamented her ignorance, but her natural tact and quickness of observation prevented its being apparent.

Aunt Hardwicke tells me that during this foreign tour, she and Aunt Libbet, with some of the younger brothers resided at Hinkley, a village in Leicestershire, in order that Uncle John might be under the care of Mr and Mrs Hayes, with whom he afterwards lived entirely, and Aunt Fanny to be under the constant care of a Dr Cheshire who held out delusive hopes of curing her deformity. The family with the Misses Schram as governesses, lived in a couple of wretched houses in a dull street and Aunt Hardwicke, who was not yet six, was so offended at the aspect of her new home that she flew into a furious passion, said she would send for Mr Blakeney to come and take her away in a coach and four and was finally carried to bed, kicking and screaming. The only pleasures of the poor children were digging in a mean little garden behind the houses and in summer devouring gooseberries and currants at a Nurseryman's nearby. They rejoined their parents in Portland Place on their return in 1817 and Aunt Susan tells me her earliest recollection of my Mother, then about 13, was seeing a lovely apparition with long golden curls, flying downstairs two steps at a time to give an affectionate sisterly greeting to herself and Libbet, two shy, ill-dressed little girls and to present them with an enormous doll. Aunt Susan she never can forget the effect produced by her sweetness, grace and beauty.

My Grandfather had a fine voice and a remarkable genius for music. He never studied and could not read from notes, but he could sing a bass part without ever making a false harmony and he had a beautiful touch on the organ, of which he was passionately fond; organs were put up in most of his houses and he would improve and modulate by the hour together. He was fond of society but took little part in politics and I never heard that he was much of a sportsman. (Aunt Bloomfield tells me he was very fond of shooting and a good shot.) His musical talents were inherited by all of his children, and highly cultivated by some of his daughters. Aunt Annie (Lady Williamson) had the finest voice of them all, a pure soprano that would have made her fortune as an artist. It was discovered accidentally when she was about 14. She had been taken as a great treat to the Opera, where Grandmamma always had a large box; The Opera was The Magic Flute, and the next day she was overheard on the staircase, singing the brilliant tour-de-force of the Queen of the Night as sung by Catalini. My Grandfather in astonishment went to the piano to test the notes and found the child running with ease up to G in altissimo. She afterwards acquired the A as well but lost the three highest

notes in her wonderful voice as soon as she came out, owing to the excessive loyalty of her mother. She and her sisters were allowed to join their brothers and some friends in a long summer's day excursion. (It was in 1821 when uncle Henry was just married and he and his wife were fond of arranging these lively parties.) They had a water-party and a dinner at Greenwich and on their way home determined to end the evening at Astley's. Here they were run to ground by my Grandfather in a state of considerable excitement. A messenger had come from Carlton House late in the afternoon with a command from the King for the attendance of the young ladies at a musical party and there had been a regular hue and cry in search of them. They left the theatre immediately but pleaded in vain to be allowed for once to send an excuse to Royalty. They had been singing on the water and walking in the hot sun and were thoroughly exhausted. But Grandmamma would listen to no excuses; they had to make a hasty toilet and obey the Royal command. Aunt Annie always declared that she never recovered this day which brought on a severe inflammatory cold and destroyed the highest notes in her voice. But for all that it remained a voice of extraordinary compass and beauty, and long after she was 59 it was still a delight to hear her sing; music was the great joy of her life. She never seemed to tire and never refused to delight anyone. Charity concerts were not then so fashionable as they are now, but she assisted at several, one I remember a very grand affair for the Infirmary at Newcastle. She and my mother were beloved by their neighbours for their kindly readiness with which they would sing their very best for them through a whole evening. They never said the piano was out of tune or the room small and low, both of which must have frequently been the case, but seemed thoroughly to enjoy the pleasure they gave. There was not much appreciation of classical or instrumental music in the family and the majority of German songs were stigmatised as dull. Italian opera and national patois songs, French romances and English and Scotch ballads formed their repertoire and it was a very extensive one.

Sir Walter Scott was much delighted with their rendering of Boriet Ballads; he records in his diary Oct 5th 1827 a day spent at Ravensworth and a long musical evening when among other things "The Misses Liddell and Mrs Barrington sang "The Campbells are Coming" in tones that might have waked the dead."

Sir Henry Taylor, in his Autobiography published in 1885 makes a still prettier allusion to the singing of my Mother and her sister Lady Williamson. Speaking of a visit to Beckett (he scarcely ever went to country houses) he says; "My chief recollection was the singing in the Hall of my hostess and her sister. Such singing was surely never heard since "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy".

In the reminiscences of Mrs Hughes of Uffington Vicarage near Beckett (the Grandmother of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" published in 1904) the following passage appears in a letter from Sir Walter Scott, Dec 1827. "I am delighted you know Mrs Barrington, she is a delightful person and indeed having the instinct of a dog who knows he is welcome so I like the whole Ravensworth family much more sincerely and affectionately than most families whom I have been acquainted with of late date. Nobody knows better how to distinguish between those who receive me as a lion and those who are kind in my human capacity." Sir Walter went, I believe, to Uffington Vicarage to get "local colour" for Kenilworth. Then he gave my Mother a shepherd's plaid shawl, which I was able to identify after her death, but I do not know what became of it.

I think the whole family moved to Ravensworth about 1812 but the Castle was still very incomplete and a portion of the children still lived at Farnacres. They did not regularly settle in the Castle till 1818. The accommodation provided in those days for nurseries and schoolrooms would astonish the luxurious children of the present day. Some of the rooms had brick floors, with small pieces of carpet round the little beds, and the children used to be sent outside to bathe in a kind of tank in a small garden at the back of the house. Huddled in blankets and shawls they used to run through part of the offices and at one of these morning "dips" my Mother, rushing back, caught her foot in the blanket and had a severe fall on the stone steps. Her two front teeth were driven right up into her head and her mouth fearfully swollen. My Grandmother was in agony of alarm over her lovely child, but happily, the teeth dropped again to their natural place, and no apparent trace remained of the accident, only the teeth became discoloured soon after her marriage and she lost them while still a young woman.

During those early days one of the most frequent visitors at Ravensworth was my Grandmother's 1st cousin, John Lord Strathmore. He was a great favourite with his young cousins and was frequently accompanied by his son, John Bowes, a fine handsome lad. Lord Strathmore always intended to make amends to the mother of this boy, Miss Mary Wilner, for the wrong he had done her, by marrying her, which according to Scotch law would have established her son as his legitimate heir. Unfortunately for the boy he put off the ceremony till too late. He was married on July 2nd 1820 and died on the 3rd having been too ill to make an attempt to cross the border. It was supposed at first that this would not invalidate the boy's claim, and for some days, the poor lad, who was at Eton, received letters from his mother and her Trustees addressed to him as "Lord Glamis" (or Lord Strathmore?) but after the funeral the lawyers discovered that the claim could not be made good, so that the title and all the Scotch property passed to Earl John's brother, Thomas, a gentleman of very doubtful character, most of whose later life was spent in the debtors' sanctuary at Holyrood.

His grandson afterwards married my sister Charlotte. John Bowes inherited large estates in Durham with quantities of money, plate and jewels, but he was old enough to feel his illegitimacy keenly and would never take the position in society that would have been readily given to him. He lived a great deal abroad, married two foreigners and when in England was little known out of the racing world. Mr Bowes died in October 1885. He left his fortune to Claude, Lord Strathmore.

I have said that my Mother's regular schoolroom life ended when she went abroad. Of course, she nominally went back to study with her younger sisters on her return, but her Mother and the elder ones got into the habit of having her always with them, and music was made a convenient excuse for withdrawing her constantly from the routine of work. The late hours made her sleepy in the mornings and her governesses used to bribe her to come down in time for breakfast by making her plates of hot toast for her special delectation. I believe she used also to pass much of her time with Fanny, her invalid sister; it sounds a somewhat desultory life, but it was very innocent and very happy.

There were some curious hangers-on to the family at Ravensworth. I have already mentioned Mr Blakeney, a man as tall as my Grandfather who, though possessed of a comfortable independence spent much of his time at the Castle, more than in his own home at Cheltenham with his sisters. Then there was my Grandfather's aunt, sister, Mrs Brooke Richmond, a strong-minded and highly eccentric lady. She and her husband agreed to differ and never met for long years before his death. She was a great rider and use to relate wonderful stories of her feats of horsemanship, which to judge by her powers of imagination in other matters lost nothing by the telling. On one occasion after a long day hunting she found herself so far from home that she rode up to a friend's house (Mr Clough the well known banker of York. He lived at a place called Oxton Hall, about 25 miles from Norton Conyers near Ripon, where Lady Liddell resided after Sir Henry's death.) The friend's husband happened to be away so the unexpected guest was doubly welcome and after chatting far into the night, the friends determined to share the same room. My grand-aunt wore her hair in a short tawny crop and had rather strongly marked features. (Under her riding-habit she wore leather breeches and top boots, the latter were left outside the door, and the former hung over a chair before the fire. – Note by Victor Williamson.) Meanwhile the friend's husband terminated his business sooner than he expected and came home in the middle of the night and made his way softly to his apartment. Luckily the sleeping pair were aroused before he had time to wreak his indignation on either of them, but it was some minutes before they could stifle their merriment sufficiently for them to explain what had happened.

"Aunt Titchy" as she was called was a regular Mrs Malaprop and I wish I could remember some of her extraordinary sayings. She always used to say she had been educated in a "cemetry" for young ladies, but the education must have been of a very elementary kind, or her memory had been affected when she was nearly burnt to death as a young girl. She had very weak eyesight and I never remember her other than totally blind, but I was told that she never had any other occupations or interests beyond her horses and certainly her language was more forcible than refined. (Playing whist once against Bishop Philpott of Exeter, he blandly apologised for winning her money, upon which she abruptly exclaimed: "Damm it, my Lord, playing cards with you Parsons one has no more chance than a cat in hell without claws!" She was fond of card-playing as long as she had the smallest remnant of eyesight, but my chief recollection of her was her morbid love of horrors. She was not a keen politician, but she would listen greedily to reports of trials for murder and the more sensational they were the more she liked them. She was an inordinate snuff-taker and would sit rubbing her hands and tapping her box, literally gloating over the details of the crime. When Mr Richmond died she went into the deepest mourning and was much offended at not receiving letters of condolence from the whole family. Uncle Adolphus had to take her to Doctor's Commons to prove her husband's Will and knowing her proclivities, as soon as the business was over he took her to Painter's and gave her a luncheon of turtle and punch. On the return, she was met at a junction by my uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs Villiers. Uncle Adolphus stood on the platform while the train moved on, and the blind woman, unconscious that he was already out of sight and hearing, waved her hand to him and shouted in her very peculiar voice and manner: "Good-bye, Dolly, thanks very much. Capital turtle! Capital punch! I don't care, if you'll give me a feast like that, if I prove my husband's Will once a week!" Vain were Mr Villiers attempts at silencing her, and the astonishment and amusement of the other occupants of the carriage may be imagine at hearing such a tirade from a lady in brand new widow's weeds.

The old man at Ravensworth was familiarly known as "Dummy" and the children all being used to his gibbering and uncouth sounds hardly understood the alarm he caused strangers. Then there was a queer little thing called Betty Hainsworth, who lived and died in one of the attics and wandered at her own sweet will all over the house and grounds. (Aunt Hardwicke tells me she was a London waif who used to beg at the steps of Portland Place.) When Elizabeth Duchess of Wellington was the beautiful Lady Druro, she once paid a visit to Ravensworth, and while resting in her room before dinner she was at first alarmed by the appearance of "Dummy" with a basket of coals, pointing to his open mouth and making discordant sounds, and scarcely was he gone when the door opened unceremoniously by a frightful little dwarf

which apostrophized the stranger with: "Well, I've just come for a crack, Winnie." When discovering her mistake she turned and fled, leaving poor Lady Druro to wonder if she had stumbled on an abode of gnomes and demons. But all this happened long after my Mother's girlhood.

Her emancipation from schoolroom restraints were further hastened by her eldest sister's marriage in 1818, when "Janey" was still under 14. The young Mulgraves had a house in London and my aunt Annie and my Mother were often allowed to stay with them. It was in Hill St that my Mother had her first serious flirtation, which happily for her ended in nothing but mortification, as she considered. Beyond this affair I do not remember to have heard very much about these last years before my Mother was formally presented in 1822. Her only season as a young lady was of short duration. My Grandmother was in delicate health, the Balls and parties were stopped six weeks after the Drawing-room when Aunt Georgie was born April 1822. I do not know when my Father and Mother first became acquainted, but he used often to tell us that while she was still a child he made up his mind that if he ever married, "Janey Liddell" should be his wife. He paid her a good deal of attention during her brief season, but did not immediately follow it up on her return to the country and her disappointment must have been plainly manifest, for her sisters and even her Mother used to laugh at her for imagining that a grave man like William Barrington would ever think of a giddy little girl of 18. My other Grandfather, Lord Barrington, was rector of Sedgefield and Canon of Durham, both within easy reach of Ravensworth, and there was a certain amount of intercourse between the two families soon to be doubly connected. That winter 1822-23 my Mother and aunt Annie went, as they were often in the habit of doing, to stay at Alnwick with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who childless themselves were very fond of young people and very kind to them. There was a special object in this village, the Duke's brother, Algernon, then Lord Prudhoe, having confided to his sister-in-law his admiration for my Mother. He was only a year older than my Father but my Mother never had the least fancy for him, other than as a friend.

The two girls spent Xmas at Alnwick and were found one evening by the Duchess, curtseying assiduously to the new moon. Her Grace was much amused at hearing the naïve confession that they were curtseying to get presents, though she pretended to scold them for such childish superstition, remembering that she and the Duke had that very day had been ordering a box of trinkets from Bennell and Bridge, the great London jewellers of that day. On Twelfth Day a pudding or a cake was served with a wedding ring inside, and by a curious coincidence the slice containing the ring fell to my Mother. Her blushes of pleased surprise were watched by the Duke and the Duchess as a good omen for Lord Prudhoe, but she was only thinking of my Father who she knew had promised to visit Ravensworth before the end of the shooting-

season. I suppose it must have been before the Alnwick visit that my Mother and aunt Annie went to stay with Lord and Lady Barrington in their Canon's residence at Durham. My Mother felt a little shy of the tall, handsome young ladies, most of them older than herself, but she was naturally anxious to win their good opinion, and when they criticised her pretty curls as being too long for the present fashion, she unhesitatingly snipped at her golden ringlets and tossed them in the grate. My father did not appear to notice the alteration, to her scarcely concealed disappointment, but as soon as Lord Ravenscroft's carriage had driven from the door, he hastened to the empty room and rescued the glittering ringlets from the cinders to be treasured and worn next his heart.

His delay in speaking had been caused by no uncertainty as to his feelings, (or hers) but from a firm resolve not to marry until he could offer his bride all the comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed in her Father's house. Lord Barrington allowed his eldest son £1,000 a year, but felt unable to increase this sum, because of his very large family. But the old Bishop of Durham, my Father's grand-uncle, had long been urging his favourite nephew to marry, so my Father went to him and laid the case before him, explaining that his assistance would now insure the immediate fulfilment of his wishes. The Bishop at once consented to allow his nephew £1,500 a year and to settle £20,000 on younger children, so as not to burden the small estate of Beckett, and armed with this substantial episcopal benediction, my Father joyfully started to fulfil his engagement at Ravensworth, there being little uncertainty in either family of the result of the visit. My Mother has often pointed out to me the corner of the square saloon at Ravensworth where the eventful words were spoken. There was a certain kind of work called "noggin" which she had begun to learn from the young ladies at Durham, a kind of twist of red wool to resemble coral, made with a "lyre" of ivory. There were some difficulties about this new work which my Father assured her he was quite competent to explain if she would come with him quietly into the little room away from the music. Thither they were followed by my uncle George, then a big awkward boy of 16, who was seized with a most inopportune desire to be also initiated into the mysteries of "noggin". My Father was extremely vexed, but of course could not eject the intruder. Fortunately, my Grandmother passed through the room and exclaimed: George, George, what are you doing there?"

"Oh, William Barrington is teaching use to use the noggin" was the blandly unconscious reply.

"Come away directly", said Grandmother, adding in an audible whisper: "Don't you see you are Monsieur de Trop?" Uncle George was not the most brilliant intellect in the family, but he greatly enjoyed the joke once he had grasped the full meaning and never

met the happy couple in after days without shaking his finger at them and lisping out: Oh, I wath Mothier de Trop, wath I?"

The marriage gave unqualified satisfaction and was welcomed by all the friends of both families, except by poor Lord Prudhoe, who abruptly broke off his engagement to visit Ravensworth; nor did he console himself for many a long year, till in 1842 he married Lady Eleanor Grosvenor, being then older than her Father, Lord Westminster.

My Father at this time, Feb 1823 was 29½ . He was not tall, but very well proportioned and extremely handsome with very regular features, a very clear complexion, dark blue eyes and almost black hair. It began to change colour and fall off while he was still quite young, and my earliest recollections of him are with grey hair and slightly bald. In his old age his hair was most beautiful, like silver. Unfortunately, there was never an even tolerable picture of either of my parents except a miniature of my Mother painted when she was just 16 by my uncle Thomas Liddell. My uncle's artistic taste made him reject the ugly short-waisted costumes of the day and drape his sister's rounded limbs in a graceful if rather scanty garment of white muslin held together by a blue scarf. My Mother was always careful to assure us she never wore such a dress. There is a marble bust of her at Ravensworth executed about the same time.

My Father was the eldest of a family nearly as large as my Mother's. His Father George was the youngest of three brothers. The original name of our family was Shute, which was unfortunately entirely lost sight of in two generations, until my eldest brother revived it on being raised to the peerage in 1880 as Baron Shute. John Shute, the first Lord, seemed to be chiefly remarkable for his power of attracting strangers, the Beckett estate with the name of Wildman having been bequeathed to him by Mr John Wildman who scarcely knew him. A few years later childless brother-in-law, Francis Barrington, left him his fortune, name and quarterings for which the Shute arms have been discarded. He married Anne, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Daines and had 5 sons each of whom rose high in his profession. Lord Barrington was a dissenter and was expelled from the House of Commons in 1722 by Sir Robert Walpole for the part he had taken in the Harborough lottery. Daniel Defoe in his tour through the eastern counties of England in 1722 writes as follows: "Near Chelmsford, hard by Barham, lives the Lord Viscount Barrington, who though not born to the title, name or estate which he now possesses, had the honour to be twice made heir to the estates of gentlemen, as is very much to his honour, mentioned in his patent of creation. His name was Shute, his father a linen-draper in London and served Sheriff for that city in very troubled times."

His eldest son William Wildman, 2nd Viscount, was a politician and statesman and though severely abused by Junius, I do not believe he was ever proved guilty of any gross mal-practices. He certainly did not enrich his family, beyond a few official perquaites which remain at Beckett as heirlooms. I believe he bought the dear old house at 20 Cavendish Square, at which the staircase was painted by Sir W. Thornhill, and the fine mahogany doors and dados put up by the former owner, a West India merchant. He used to pay short annual visits to Beckett and have large parties in the old house. He used to invite the ladies at breakfast to take an airing in his coach and four, and if they declined would ring for his steward and say: "My compliments to the ladies' maids and the coach shall be ready for them if they wish to take a drive." He left his mark at Beckett in stables at a most inconvenient distance from the house, a stone bridge built on such low arches that it was impossible to pass under in any boat, and a beautiful raised walk known as "the old Lord's Terrace". (In the reign of HenryIII the manor of Beckett was in the family of Becote who held lands in Shrivenham by the service of coming before the King whenever he should pass Fowyears Bridge and showing his white capons with the words: "Ecce Domine, istos duas capons, quos alias habebitis, sed non nunc,") (*SHS Note: This should be treated with caution. This bridge is highly likely to be Friars Bridge not Beckett*.)

When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he produced before dinner one evening in Cavendish Square a bank bill for £10,000 as a curiosity. When dinner was announced the note had disappeared. Lord Barrington remarked very coolly: "Ladies and Gentlemen, you may go to dinner, but unless that note is found I must leave the country tonight. A second search was made and the bill was soon found, slipped under some books, let us hope accidentally.

An officer who felt considerably aggrieved at not being promoted, once forced his way into Lord Barrington's private room at the War Office and demanded instant personal satisfaction. Lord Barrington whose temper seems to have been most imperturbable replied very quietly: "My dear Sir, if I fought a duel with every officer in His Majesty's Service who considered himself neglected or ill-used, I would not be here to wish you a very good morning" and bowed him out.

He married the widow of the Hon S. G. Grimston. But the marriage was not very happy. The Verulam family assert that this lady carried off the family jewels, but they were never seen by us, nor is there anything to show for the £3,000 recorded as spent in jewels for this lady in the accounts of the "Old Lord".

The 2nd brother John was a General in the Army, he died young in 1764 having married a beautiful Creole, Miss Elizabeth Vassall. They had 3 sons of whom my

Grandfather was the youngest, and a daughter who was Grandmother of Canon Tristam. There are very fine portraits of these handsome Barringtons (the General and his wife) at Beckett by Sir J. Reynolds. Many years after General Barrington's death his widow married a Colonel Browne.

The 3rd son was Daines, a Welsh Judge and a great naturalist; many of the letters in White's history of Selborne were addressed to him. He never married, neither did the 4th brother, Samuel, Admiral of the White, who was born in 1729, became a Lieutenant at 15, a Commander at 17 and a Post Captain before he was 20. He was a most hospitable man and a wonderfully kind friend to all his Captains. His house in Harley Street was a sort of free club to them, places being laid at his dinner-table whether he dined at home or not, for any who wrote his name before a fixed hour on a slate in the hall. There are many portraits of this rather plain old sailor.

Shute, the Bishop, was the youngest of the 5 brothers, and was born May 26th 1734. I have been told he never held a curacy. He was made Bishop of Llandaff in 1769, translated to Salisbury in 1782, and to Durham in 1791 as (last Prince) Bishop, at which he died in 1826 having been a Bishop for 57 years. He was ordained in 1756 by Archbishop Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and was made chaplain to George III in 1761, Canon of St Paul's and Canon of Windsor. In the year 1793 shortly after his translation, his eldest brother with much well-merited distrust of the General's very disreputable eldest sons that he disinherited them and appointed the Bishop sole and responsible Trustee of the whole property with the proviso only that no descendant of the Barringtons should be left to want. The Bishop was an excellent and large-minded man, slightly tainted by the Arian heresy as expounded by Dr. Clarke. His private fortune was large, he lived in a great estate at Auckland and Durham Castle and had 20 Cavendish Square for his town house after the death of his brother; there I believe he died. As Count Palatine and Perpetual High Sheriff, he kept a pack of hounds and nominated a Deputy Sheriff, whose expenses were of course paid. My Father filled the post for several years and my Mother used to rather enjoy receiving the Judges at the Castle where they became the Bishop's Judges instead of the King's. The Bishop had no taste for things artistic: he sold the fine old Barrington plate and bequeathed to the family a quantity of his own, very massive, very ugly, and all marked with a great D and a mitre. He placed his nephew, Mr Barrington Price, in charge of Beckett as resident agent, but very little was done for the property and when the Trust, terminated (at the death of the 4th Viscount a detenu (*SHS Note: He was in prison*) at Valenciennes in 1813) the farms and cottages were all out of repair and there was not a shilling of ready money. On the other hand he left a large sum to build a new house, the old one a hideous barrack, being in a ruinous condition and he also provided a settlement for my father's younger children and left him the lease of Cavendish Sq.

with all the pictures and furniture. So the family owes him a considerable debt of gratitude. He was twice married, 1st to Lady Diana Beauclerk, dau of Charles Duke of St Albans, rather an extravagant lady to judge by the frequent entries in his private account book of large sums "paid for Lady Di". His 2nd wife was Jane, only daughter of Sir John Guise of Rendcomb, Glos, of whom we have a miniature, a very pretty, coquettish-looking lady. The Bishop never resided at Beckett, but often at a small place called Mongewell near Wallingford which he left to the Prices.

The Bishop did not make any special wedding gift to my Mother, but he was very fond of her and insisted on performing the ceremony which according to my Mother's life-long regret took place in the back drawing-room of 51 Portland Place as it was considered unsafe in the uncertain spring weather to expose the venerable Prelate, then in his 89th year to the draughty atmosphere of a London church. My Mother's trousseau was rather better furnished than my Aunt Normanby's, partly owing to the latter insisting on her experience of its insufficiency, but my Grandmother's frugal soul was shocked at Aunt Minnie's ordering six embroidered handkerchiefs from a Paris lingerie. My Mother had scarcely any presents, they were not the fashion then as they are now; the handsomest ornaments were those she was given by her constant friends the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. She was always very fond of jewellery and I suppose few ladies of her rank and fortune owned so little. Her Mother-in-law left the few valuables she possessed, a pearl necklace and some emeralds, to her own daughters, and my Father never had the money to buy jewels even if he had the taste or inclination, which he certainly had not. He gave her a small diamond hoop ring and nothing else, except a rather ordinary French shawl, for which she had to undergo an unlimited amount of raillery from her Mother and sisters, as he sent it to her at Brighton, saying he bought it a great bargain from a travelling pedlar. An Indian shawl in those days was an almost indispensable appendage of a married woman of any rank, and my dear Mother was quite enough of a judge, even at nineteen, to be bitterly disappointed when she opened her parcel. Some years later my Father was equally deceived at Florence, by a merchant who palmed off on him a set of very inferior Canadian sable, cleverly "dyed" as the finest Russian fur. He presented it to my Mother who trimmed a handsome coat with it, but the first shower of rain revealed the imposture and it was eventually transferred to a large travelling cloak of my Father's which I well remember his wearing in cold winters, before there was any warming apparatus in Shrivenham Church, and I and one of my sisters would nestle in its ample folds oblivious of the discourse.

I must now go back again to my Father's immediate family. His two uncles, William and Richard, the two "black sheep" of our otherwise respectable family, both died childless, and my Grandfather succeeded as Viscount in 1813. He was once stopped by

highwayman on Hounslow Heath and robbed of his watch (which had belonged to his mother) and 20 guineas. He was on his way to Beckett where a family party was assembled and naturally related his grievance. His uncle Daines, an extremely obstinate man, had a theory that highwaymen never attacked a carriage in the open, so he said: "It was in the lanes, George."

"No," said my Grandfather, "it was on the heath." The Judge repeated his assertion several times and at last said rather angrily: "Very well, as you choose to contradict me like that I will disinherit you."

"Never mind, my boy, said the old Admiral, who was also present, "I'll make it up to you." Sure enough, when they died, it was found that Daines had altered his Will and left all his fortune to the Prices; the Admiral equally kept his word and made his nephew his heir.

He had married in 1788 Elizabeth Adair. Her father, Mr Robert Adair, was an Army surgeon, who won the affections of Lady Caroline Keppel, dau of the Lord Albermarle of that day and sister of Lady Tavistock (Grandmother of Lord John Russell, also ancestress of Louisa, late Duchess Dowager of Abercorn and the Dukes of Bedford.) It was run-away match, but Lord Albermarle kept up no quarrel with his son-in-law. There were 3 children by this marriage, Sir Robert Adair, the distinguished diplomatist, Mrs Clavering and my Grandmother who was a very small woman with a handsome face but a deformed body. When my Grandfather asked her hand in marriage Mr Adair told him he felt it was his duty to dissuade him from the alliance, as under the circumstances of both his brothers being disinherited and childless it was extremely important for him to have an heir, and as a medical man, he thought it extremely unlikely that his daughter would have a family owing to her deformity. My Grandfather said, however, that his attachment was far too strong to be over-ruled by such reasoning. Mr Adair having delivered his conscience, was in no way averse and the marriage took place – and there were 15 children. And seldom, I think, were so many tall, handsome brothers and sisters seen in one family. Only one, the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, inherited her mother's deformity, and curiously enough she was named after her. She had a lovely face and one of the sweetest dispositions I knew. When my Mother married, the family numbered 12. One handsome boy, Samuel, was killed at 19 in his first engagement at Quatre Bras in 1815.

My father, William Keppel, was born on Oct 1st 1793 and died 9th Feb 1869. He was educated at Westminster where he was a King's Scholar and passed on to Christchurch, Oxford. He used to declare that during his first year at Westminster he learnt little, was

insufficiently fed and constantly employed in blacking boots, brushing the clothes and doing other menial offices for the big boy to whom he was fag.

George b.1794 d.1835. He married in 1827 Lady Caroline Grey and left 2 children, Charles and Mary. The latter married Sir Algernon West. Lady Caroline was employed as Lady Superintendent of the Queen's children and lived almost entirely with the Royal Family who were warmly attached to her.

Samuel b. 10 Feb 1796. Killed at Quatre Bras. (In the Guards.)

John b.Feb 1797. d.Nov 1804 m bur. In Durham Cathedral.

Augustus b. 1798. d.1860. He was called to the Bar but never practised. He was a Fellow of All Souls and spent much time with us.

Caroline Elizabeth b.5 Oct 1799. d.1890. m.1843 my Mother's brother Thomas Liddell.

Russell b.1801. d.1835. He married 1832 Maria only dau of Sir John Lyon of Hetton, first cousin of my Grandmother Lady Ravensworth.

Frances b. 1802. m. 1828 Wm Legg, Lord Dartmouth and d.1849.

Charlotte Balasyse b.1804. m.1843. the Rev H Burton and d.1849.

Lowther John b. 1805. d. Mar 1897. m. Lady Catherine Pelham dau of Lord Chichester. They had 3 children.

Arthur b.1806. d.1826 on Easter Day 2 days after the Bishop.

Henry b.1808 d. 1882. m. Miss Georgina Knox, settled in Cape Colony and left 3 sons and 4 daughters.

Francis Daines b.1807. d.1808. buried in Durham Cathedral.

Georgiana b.1810. d.1881. m. 1847 James Hamilton Anstruther

Elizabeth Frances b.1811. m.1836 the Rev T. Mills d.1886

My father and Mother were married on the 21st April 1823. Directly after the marriage they started for Shrivenham in an open carriage posting the whole way, 73 miles. Uncle George tells me he was present at the marriage and that as the ceremony was about to begin the wedding guests were startled by a thundering knock on the door. In walked Dr Hislop, Rector of the Parish in full canonicals. He was an old man of 75 and by no means a favourite with my Grandfather who had not thought it necessary to invite him to an exclusively family gathering and a marriage by special licence. However, he chose to assert his right to be present and witnessed the short ceremony, but refused my Grandfather's invitation to the subsequent breakfast and stalked away as he had come with an air of offended dignity.

They did not go to Beckett or Shrivenham House (Fangs as it was then called) but to a picturesque gabled house opposite the Vicarage, called Courtney Cottage. My Mother wore a pretty white silk pelisse trimmed with swansdown and I have often heard her describe her consternation when she discovered that the blue lining of the new carriage had come off on the new dress and completely spoiled it. The spring was cold and backward and it was nearly dark when they arrived, but she noticed with pleasure the gay appearance of the flower beds in the little garden. The next morning much to her disappointment she found that the flowers were all dead. An old lady, Mrs Hare, had ransacked all the cottage gardens to fill the beds with cut flowers in honour of the bride, a well-meant attention but they would have been better bestowed in the house. Courtney Cottage was pulled down in the 60's to make room for the new National Schools. It was a very inconvenient house inside and poorly furnished and my Father and Mother were glad to leave it in a few days and take possession of their first house, 24 Brook St, Grosvenor Sq. The numbers are all altered now, the house was added to some 20 years ago and is now I believe 70 or 74. But all the years we lived in London I do not think we ever drove through Brook St with my Father and Mother that he did not touch her arm as they passed the door and say: "Janey, our old house." They would look lovingly at the windows and still more lovingly at each other.

Chapter II. Married Life 1st Part

The first summer was spent in Brook Street, which was indeed their only home till the Old Lord Barrington died, and there the four eldest children were born in rapid

succession. Mr Father used to say he never was so rich as during these years, with a good income, few claims and no debts. A portion of my Mother's fortune was paid to him on their marriage, so they had plenty of ready money to furnish the house which was done with handsome solid things from Bywater, afterwards Aspinwall, an upholsterer in the same street. Some of the beds and chairs are still in Cavendish Sq. But neither of my parents had any artistic taste and they bought nothing ornamental or even pretty. My Mother often reverted to these early days and her initiation into the mysteries of housekeeping in which she became a great proficient, and in after years was often appealed to as an authority by children, relatives and friends. My Father instructed her in an elaborate system of accounts. At one time the weekly bills were entered under 36 heads! And piles of account books filled with her minute and exquisite handwriting are stowed away in the cupboards at Beckett and testify to the many long weary hours she devoted to gratifying his wish to know the exact cost of everything. It was only a few years before his death that she persuaded him to consent to a modification of this elaborate scheme and the heads were reduced to 18.

She passed, of course, through the ordeals of the young housekeeper with stupid, drunken and cheating cooks, and often used to relate her horror and disgust, when at one of her first dinner parties, having ordered some oysters, the cook took them all out of their shells and sent them up in one dish, a repulsive looking heap! The house in Brook St was the favourite resort of her younger brothers, the schoolboys, and it was her great joy to prepare dainty meals and arrange amusements for them such as they were little used to in the Spartan simplicity of the Ravensworth schoolroom. She went a great deal into society and was very fond of dancing, though she soon gave that up. My Father went with her and only stipulated that she should come away punctually at the hour that the carriage was ordered. Prince Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians) who was a frequent partner of hers and undisguised admirer, used often to try and persuade him to relax this rule and plead for one more dance when Almack's was thinning, and my Father used to tell us, in after years, when we made the same request, how inexorable he used to be, reminding the Prince that if his carriage was driven off, it could not cut the string as the Royal Family did. My father was the most punctual man I ever knew; he did everything to the minute. For meals, Family Prayers and appointments he was as reliable as the best clock, but he never succeeded in making my dear Mother have the same appreciation of the value of time. She rarely looked at watch or clock, and always trusted to being fetched by someone at the last moment.

Some of my Father's friends were entire strangers to her and in a totally different "set." Among these was the celebrated Mrs Siddons. She was a dear friend and constant correspondent of old Lady Barrington and packets of her letters were preserved. In one

of these she writes of my Father: "Tell my handsome young collegian as he passes through London and I will give him an order to see me play."

Very soon after her marriage my Mother was taken to a party at Mrs Siddons' house near Regents Park. The rooms were crowded but she saw no-one she knew and felt excessively shy, so her alarm may be imagined when her hostess swept up to her and in tragedy-queen tones said; more like a command than a request: "Mrs Barrington, will you sing?" She used to say she was so paralysed with terror that she could not even speak, but only shook her head in mute refusal. Moreover, she had no music with her and never sang without, but she declared that my Father never quite forgave her for not making the effort.

I suppose it must have been that summer or autumn of 1823 that she paid her bridal visit to Sedgefield Rectory. My aunt Mrs Mills has told me that she can never forget the impression she made upon them. It was not that they were unaccustomed to beauty, my Father's family, taking them all round, were handsomer than my Mother's, but her sweetness and gentleness fairly captivated the younger ones. Aunt Georgina and Aunt Elfan were then about 12 and 13, and they knocked very timidly at the bride's door before dinner with an offering of flowers. A sweet voice bade them come in and there she stood, with her radiant hair like a lovely angel, holding out her arms to us and calling us by the most endearing names. We were her devoted slaves from that moment.

My eldest brother George was born on the 14th Feb 1824; Percy followed on 22nd April 1825; my beautiful eldest sister Charlotte (named after the Duchess of Northumberland) on 29 Dec 1826, and Caroline, equally lovely, in March 1828.

The old Bishop of Durham died on March 26th 1826 in his 92nd year, on Good Friday. He left my Father some freehold collieries in the north and the interest of £30,000 to build a new house at Beckett. This was not commenced for several years. Soon after the Bishop's death on Easter Day of the same year occurred that of my Father's 10th and youngest brother, Arthur Decimus, the Benjamin of the large family, a lovely boy and the darling of his mother's heart. She was inconsolable at his loss and my Mother's tenderness and thoughtful sympathy in this time of sorrow drew them very closely together; but my Mother often said Lady Caroline was a much greater favourite with their mother-in-law than herself.

In 1828 Lord and Lady Barrington determined to travel abroad for several months and took a villa in Switzerland for the summer at Castenien-Baum, a little promontory on the lake opposite the town of Lucerne. Here they established themselves with their five daughters, then all grown-up and some of their sons. My Mother had been in rather

poor health, so my Father resolved that they would also pass the winter abroad; the two little girls Charlotte and Caroline, were left at Ravensbruck with their Grandmother, and the two boys accompanied their Father and Mother. They travelled in their own carriages, my parents in a chariot and the children and servants in a britaka. My Mother used to tell me we have no idea in these rapid days of the delight and comfort of travelling as they did. But at the same time she owned that the interminable dusty roads of France and northern Italy were dreadfully tedious. On one occasion in a lovely bit of the country a wheel became dangerously hot and on examination it was found that the ostler had neglected to put any oil in the axle-box. They were much perplexed as they were far from any habitation and it was unsafe to go on, but my Mother promptly solved the difficulty by unpacking her medicine chest and producing a bottle of Castor Oil with which the wheel was successfully treated. They stayed some time at Lucerne, the summer was fine and the large house party at Castanien- Baun enjoyed it greatly, bathing and boating and making excursions into the mountains.

They were joined by Lord Dartmouth who had recently been left a widower with one little son. His mother urged him to marry again and he expressed himself perfectly willing to oblige her but said he was heart-whole and requested her to suggest a bride. Lady Dartmouth then told him that Lord Barrington had a number of very handsome daughters, any of whom she would welcome as a daughter-in-law. The obedient son betook himself to London and there hearing that the whole Barrington family had gone abroad carried his filial compliance so far as to follow them to Lucerne. Of course the easy out-door life of a foreign summer afforded him unusual opportunities of making himself acquainted with the young ladies, and when he heard they intended to winter in Italy he said he would accompany them, but his attentions must have been equally distributed, for it was not until they reached Florence that he manifested his preference for Aunt Fanny, the 3rd daughter, to whom he was married at the English Legation Oct 25th 1828. They had 15 children, 6 sons and 9 daughters.

My Father and Mother were present at the Dartmouth wedding and joined Lord and Lady Barrington in Rome later on in the winter, but the two families travelled independently. My parents entered Italy by the Splusen Pass; thirty two later in 1860 when I was travelling in Italy with the Sartorises we came on a visitors book at the hotel of the Due Torre at Verona and turning over the pages we found their names recorded in my Mother's delicate hand-writing. They spent some days at Venice. And one day on the Canal the Gondolier, after gazing fixedly at my Mother for some time, asked her if she had ever been in Venice before, and on her reply being in the affirmative, his face lighted up and he exclaimed eagerly: "Ah, me rammento bene. Era la giovane di tre sorelle che cantavano come gl'angeli. Il padre, gran bel'huomo-

anche l'amico- la madre piccolissima" gesticulating violently to indicate the degree of height. Thirteen years had elapsed and the child of eleven was a matron of 24 with four children so that it was rather remarkable he should have recognised her.

They spent some time in Florence where the Normanbys were settled in a pretty house of their own (casa San Clemente) and the lately married couple, Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson were passing the winter with them. Uncle Normanby was passionately fond of theatrical performances; my aunt and Lady Williamson both acted remarkably well but uncle Normanby with all his love for the stage was a very indifferent performer and uncle Hedworth was below criticism and never would take the trouble to learn his parts.

Xmas was spent in Rome – in Feb they proceeded to Naples - the English fleet was at anchor in the bay and my Mother was summoned one night from a Ball on board the flagship by the dangerous illness of my brother George. I do not remember what was the matter, but she was in great alarm and most grateful for the advice and assistance of a certain Dr Quin who was in the hotel as travelling physician to – I think- Prince Leopold. That winter in Rome my Mother had her miniature painted; it is now at Beckett.

In the beginning of March my Father was suddenly summoned to Naples by the dangerous illness of Lord Barrington. He died in Rome on 5th March 1829, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there. Two of my uncles, Augustus and Lowther were with him and escorted their sisters and widowed mother back to England.

My father and Mother returned more slowly by the Corniche and were delayed several days by the alarming illness of my Father at Chiavari. He had an acute attack, I believe, of rheumatism of the heart, and his sufferings were intense, leaving a weakness of one of the valves from which he never entirely recovered and which was partly the cause of his death. They were in a wretched wayside Inn where no comforts and scarcely any necessaries were to be had and I believe he had to send to Genoa for a Doctor. We passed the spot in Feb 1868, the year after his death and my Mother told me what a terribly anxious time they had there.

On their arrival in England they resumed their residence at Shrivenham House.
(It was originally a farm house, altered and improved by a Lady Effingham. It was the home of my parents from 1824 till 1832, and of my brother George from 1847 to 1851. In the 50's during the tenancy of a Mr and Mrs Van Notten Pole all the north part was burnt and re-built by my Father. In 1854 it was rented by G. Glyn, afterwards Lord Wolverton; in 1857 by the Hon W.B. Portman, and then by an old Mr Joseph Murray.

In 1860 my brother-in-law Mr Sartoris took it and lived there until his house at Abbotswood was finished in 1868. The next tenant was Lord Haldon, then Mr Palk, after his marriage to my niece, Constantine Barrington. The house is now (1883) rented by my aunt Lady Bloomfield.) It had been left to my Grandmother as a dower house, but knowing their extreme desire to superintend personally the building of the new house at Beckett, she very kindly consented to give it up to them as long as they required it, and established herself and her large family at a dilapidated old manor house at Watchfield, the adjacent hamlet, where they were uncomfortably crowded.

My Grandfather had commenced negotiations with an architect of the name of Atkinson and the plans of a very ugly square house had been completed, but fortunately no contract had been signed, and my Father determined to trust to the taste of his brother-in-law Thomas Liddell. The selection of the site was a matter of some difficulty and the ground was so unpromising that my Grandfather, Lord Ravensworth, said it was hopeless to think of ever making a pretty place of it and added: "You had much better, Janey, to persuade William to sell the property or else pull down the house and pitch it into the water and so get rid of two bad things at once, and buy a place in the north." He lived to modify this view so far as to assure my Mother on a subsequent visit that "her lines had fallen in pleasant places."

There were two features in the grounds, an avenue of fine dimensions and a piece of water. It was found impossible to combine a view of both of these from the windows and the balance of opinion was in favour of the water. It has since been said that the house would have been healthier further away from the water, which is almost stagnant, but certainly the prettiest effects would have been lost.

The grounds were entirely surrounded by a belt of wood through which Uncle Thomas cut bold openings and planted the foreground with tasteful combinations of variously foliaged shrubs and trees. It is interesting now after 50 years, to look at the rough sepia drawings and see how successfully his original plans were executed. The first stone of the new house was laid by my brother George in Oct 1829 and the west front was completed in 1832 when my Father moved in at once, the hall and unfinished rooms being boarded off. The Dowager Lady Barrington and her daughters then took possession of Shrivenham House where my Grandmother died March 1841. My aunts retained the house, but after Aunt Carrie's marriage in 1843 it was generally let. Aunt Charlotte married in 1845 and Aunt Georgina in 1847, her husband being a widower, like Lord Dartmouth with one son.

The house was not completed for many years, in fact the last rooms were only furnished in 1855. Of course, the furniture was all new and clean and the children were

annoyed by the frequent prohibition about running over the new carpets with dirty feet, after the liberty they enjoyed in the little old rooms at Shrivenham. Percy is reported to have thrown himself on the floor one day in desperation exclaiming, "Well, I call this splendid misery!" There was in fact nothing splendid, all the best furniture and pictures having been added later, some by my Father and more by my brother George, but the rooms were very handsome and well- proportioned, they all communicate by double doors and have beautifully decorated ceilings, that in the centre room or saloon being copied, with bolder mouldings, from Cardinal Wolsey's Banqueting Hall at Hampton Court. The library, saloon and drawing room all face to the south, and I do not know anywhere a prettier or more comfortable suite of rooms. The house has certain defects which might be expected in the work of an amateur architect. The attics are very low, and downstairs a good deal has been sacrificed to the hall and suite of rooms. The principal staircase is dangerously steep, the passages leading to the offices are extremely dark and the offices themselves, well fitted for the comparatively small establishment my Father had in those days, are wholly inadequate to the requirements of servants at the present time and really insufficient to the size of the house. But it is very dear to us all and going there always feels like going home.

In 1834 occurred the first great sorrow of my Mother's life, the death by a fearful accident of her second daughter Caroline, within a few weeks of her completing her sixth year. She was by all accounts one of the loveliest and most fascinating children that was ever seen. Unfortunately, no picture was ever taken of her, except a poor little pencil sketch made of her sitting on the floor of my Mother's dressing-room with my eldest sister Charlotte standing by her side. It was drawn by Minnie Gore, afterwards Mrs Stewart, but it was not satisfactory. The family were in Cavendish Sq., my sister had increased the number to 5 when she was born June 1st 1830. The children were to go out one evening, as a great treat, to see the illuminations for the King's birthday. My Mother was not very well, so they were to go in charge of the governess Mlle Emilie Caniere. They were of course in a wild state of excitement, some had actually got into the carriage, when little Caroline rushed back into the dining room and twined her arms round her mother's neck, saying: "One more kiss, darling Mama." It was the last! The coach started with its precious freight. The little heads were crowded at the window to see "the first star" and as the carriage swung round the corner of Princes Street, the door flew open and Caroline fell out, the wheel passed over the back of her head, killing her instantly. Uncle Lowther Barrington and Uncle Augustus Liddell were dining with my parents when the sad party returned. My Mother shewed on that occasion the patient resignation and Christian fortitude which characterised her through all her subsequent trials. The little darling's face was uninjured and Uncle Thomas made a delicate pencil drawing of it as she lay in her coffin. She was buried in St Martin's Church in Trafalgar Square, but after the passing of the Intramural Act

Interments Act, her body was removed to Kensal Green cemetery, where my uncle Augustus Barrington and some other relatives are also buried. A large crayon drawing was made of my Mother that summer by Brockey. It was less unpleasing than most of her likenesses but it looks terribly sad. One wonders indeed that she was able so soon to recover the usual tone of her mind; she must have had marvellous nerves, for she never expressed any alarm at seeing us in carriages, though she must often have shuddered inwardly at the recollection of that terrible accident.

On the 21st Oct, that same year 1834, my sister Lina was born (the first child to be born in the new house at Beckett) and was named Caroline after the lost darling, but my Mother could never bear the sound of the name and she was always called Lina. She was very delicate all through her early years. My Mother nursed her as she did all her children except for the two youngest. That winter my uncle Russell and his wife stayed at Beckett with their two children, Isabella and Francis, the latter just a month younger than Lina. Aunt Maria was devoted to her little daughter, who died soon after, but took little notice of the baby boy who was being brought up by hand, and was a miserable, starved-looking object, always crying. My Mother felt persuaded that the child craved natural nourishment, and finding it impossible to rouse any feelings of maternal anxiety in my aunt, she surreptitiously ordered the baby to be brought to her with her own and fed him for several days with such manifest success that his mother could no longer refuse to provide him with a wet nurse, who probably, thanks to my Mother, saved his life. He grew up a most beautiful boy, entered the Navy but he turned out a very black sheep and had to leave. We all think now he was harshly treated. He was exiled to the Cape and kept on a pauper's allowance while his widowed mother and adopted daughter, a Swiss named Clarice Vannier, lived in luxury and splendour. In the year 1870 Clarisse (sic) married Uncle Lowther's second son, Ythil, who was 8 or 10 years her junior, and shortly afterwards Aunt Russell, whose health was giving way, summoned her prodigal son to return, which he did at once, and she died in his arms in July 1870, and it must be owned with all his faults that he showed considerable magnanimity in never complaining of the very un-motherly treatment he received. We all tried to make the best of the poor fellow, but he had become thoroughly "encanaille" and never seemed at his ease in respectable society. He fell among bad friends and squandered lavishly the fine fortune he inherited from his mother; he also drank a good deal and soon fell into bad health, dying in Jan. 1877 when to the astonishment of everybody and none greater than her own, it was found he had left my mother the whole of his fortune for her life with the remainder to his distant cousin, Frank Lyon, 2nd son of Lord Strathmore.

But I have gone too far ahead. In June 1856 I was born at Beckett, and not very long afterwards it was intimated to my mother, through her friend Lord Howe, that king

William IV was desirous she should accept the office of lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide. This involved a considerable change in the quiet life my parents had been leading for a few years, but after a little hesitation the offer was accepted. My two elder brothers were now at Eton, they never went to any private school, but had a series of tutors, of whom my father said one was a fool, one a rogue, and one a madman! One I know used to punish the boys in the most cruel manner, especially Percy who was very idle and not nearly so clever as George. I suppose he was the "madman". But they all came to my father with the highest recommendations; the fool must have been a Mr Bingley who used to distress my mother very much by his ignorance of the manners of polite society. She once inadvertently said to George: "I wish you would give Mr Bingley a hint not to eat with his knife."

A day or two afterwards George came dancing up to her saying: "Well, Mama, I've given Mr Bingley a hint."

"My dear boy, what did you say?"

"Oh! I said Mr Bingley Mama says she wishes I would give you a hint not to eat with your knife!" I never heard if the "hint" thus delicately conveyed was successful, but my poor mother was dreadfully uncomfortable the first time she found herself at dinner with the tutor.

My father was invited to accompany her to Windsor for her first waiting, and I think Lady Sheffield met her there and instructed her in the not very onerous duties of her new office. It was the only waiting she ever had with the Queen as Queen-Consort. King William was already in very failing health and he died the following June. Her first evening at dinner he made an elaborate speech proposing the health of the new Lady, my father often used to say the opening phrase filled him with alarm, as he felt convinced that the King must be going out of his mind like his Father. He began: "Ladies and Gentlemen, it has pleased the Almighty, for reasons best known to himself to permit of a variation of the compass." But from this singular beginning he worked round to the recent variation in the Royal Household and paid a very pretty compliment to the new Lady-in-Waiting.

As the ladies left the dinner-table, the King said to my Mother: "Come and sit near me in the drawing-room, Lady Barrington, that I may look at a pretty woman for once." The dear Queen Adelaide was never a beauty. When she married in 1818 she had lovely hair, but her husband made her cut it quite short, and when she appeared at Carlton House in a curled crop, conformable to his wishes, the Duke of Sussex came up

to her and said compassionately: "Poor Princess Adelaide, what a figure they have made of you." She told this herself to my Mother.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of the King and Queen during this visit and the boys were sent for from Eton to see their mother, when I believe George distinguished himself by bowling a ball straight at the King in a corridor. They furtively pursued the King all the afternoon, in company with Queen Adelaide's nephews, Prince Ernst and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and stuck coloured wafers all over the back of his Majesty's coat, till he presented a most grotesque appearance.

One day the King proposed to my Father to drive with him to Bushey and Hampton Court to superintend some alterations that were being made in the former house for Queen Adelaide, (it subsequently became her dower house). They started from Windsor in an open carriage and four, I believe King Leopold was one of the party. At any rate it must have been some distinguished person, for my Father sat with his back to the horses. As they drove off the King enquired if it made him uncomfortable to sit back, saying in his bluff, good-humoured way, "If it does, change with' me". My Father drove one way as the other, but from whatever cause, on this particular day he felt so sick and ill after they had gone a few miles that it was with difficulty that he could retain his seat and by the time they got to Bushey, the equerry told him he looked perfectly ghastly. As they went over the rooms, my Father espied the portrait of a handsome woman with the face turned to the wall and thoughtlessly asked the King who it was. There was a moment's silence during which the equerry must have looked unutterable things and then the King cleared his throat and said very deliberately: "That, my Lord, is a portrait of the late Mrs Jordan".

My mother became fondly attached to Queen Adelaide; her next child, born in Jan 1839 was named after her and the Christening was delayed so long that the Queen should stand God-mother in person that the baby was old enough to sit up and at the critical moment grasped the Queen's nose. "My dear, she saw it was the most prominent feature in my face," was the kind lady's only remark. She was very fond of her God-child and made her some very handsome presents, but she was extremely kind to us all and was the means of procuring for us many pleasures. We were all devoted to her and called her "our Queen" in contradistinction to "the Queen" of whom we stood in great awe. We were all taken to see "the Queen" on the day of her Coronation. I was just two and have no recollection of that or of a memorable visit to the Palace on the following year, when I sadly misconducted myself. My Mother had been commanded to take all her five daughters to Buckingham Palace as the Queen had a present for each. Charlotte was then 13, Mary 9, Lina 4½ , myself 3, and little Addie a baby in arms. The two eldest were each given a little bracelet, turquoise brooches were provided for Lina

and me and a very frightful love-knot in white enamel and garnets for Addie. Among the decorations of the room was a magnificent bunch of hot-house flowers, sent to the Queen that morning by Mrs Lawrence from her celebrated gardens at Ealing. When the Queen offered me the brooch, I refused it, and pointed to the table saying: "I want those flowers". "My dear, they were given to me, I can't give them away," explained Her Majesty. A second time the brooch was offered, I snatched it from the Queen's hand and exclaimed: "It's an ugly thing, it doesn't smell sweet," and threw it into Her Majesty's lap and burst into tears, retiring to a chair in the corner where I kicked my heels against the wall for the remainder of the visit. The Queen actually wanted to give me the coveted flowers, but this, of course, my Mother would not allow. The Queen gave her the brooch and I have it still, minus its little pendant, which dropped off, a monument of my solitary ebullition of disloyalty. Truth compels me to admit that my criticism was just and it is an ugly thing.*

* footnote: Little brooches are very fashionable now in the 20th century and Dora wears my despised gift now and likes it very much. (1901)

The Queen never forgot the scene. Years afterwards she used constantly to say to my Mother: "When are you going to present that very naughty little girl, Lady Barrington?" And I remember when I was presented, I had a momentary panic lest she should allude to my childish misconduct, but I suppose she forgot it at last, for she never mentioned it.

Queen Adelaide used to hire various country places for her winter residences; my Father was always invited to accompany my Mother during her month of waiting and generally one of the children. Lina and I were taken to Sudbury in Nov 1841 or March 1842. Lord Howe was there with his two little girls, Adza and Emmie and a long lanky boy who we called Dickybird. As far as I remember we only saw the Queen twice. I had diligently practised an elaborate curtsey, but I was always a very clumsy child and I overbalanced myself and fell backwards at the Queen's feet, to her great amusement. I remember her saying with her strong German accent: "That is indeed a Bee-utiful curtsey." She gave us each a little gold bracelet, also lovely dolls of which she seemed to have a store always in her dressing-room. She used to say: "I wonder what I have in my cupboard." And our eager expectations were never disappointed. My Mother once mislaid her bag, an article carried by every lady in those days, when pockets were I believe regarded as unfeminine. The bag contained besides sundry trifles a gold thimble and a purse with a £5 note in it. The Queen pretended to scold her for carrying so much money about, while by judicious questioning she elicited a complete list of her losses. She then selected from her own stores a beautiful velvet bag which she filled with every trifle my Mother had enumerated, including a netted purse with a crisp £5

note! I believe she was almost disappointed when the missing reticule was found and she only had the satisfaction of shewing my Mother what her kind intention had been. Sudbury was the only time I went into waiting; Lina went to Bushey, Addie in 1843 or 1844 to Canford, and Charlotte went very often and used to find the visits very dull. Annie Gore, afterwards Lady Howe-Barnard was the maid of honour, Sir Daniel Davies the physician, Sir Andrew in what capacity I don't exactly know, and old Mr Wood, as we thought him then, the chaplain.

The Dowager Lady Barrington died at Shrivenham House rather suddenly on the 2nd of March 1841. I do not remember her being ill. I suppose she was not very fond of young children, certainly we had no great affection for her. I remember vaguely going to see her with Addy, trotting up the garden walk and finding a very small old lady sitting at the writing–table in the library, who gave us each a diminutive almanac. She was a regular attendant at church and had her own corner in the family pew, where she sat buried in furs, and in consideration of her advanced age, exempted herself from kneeling. My sister Mary, when her little bare knees were chafed by the rough straw hassocks and her arms tweaked by the governess when she fidgeted, used to think it "must be delightful to be a Grandmama" and "have a warm bearskin muff and sit all through the Litany".

When the family vault was opened to receive her remains it was found to be full of water. It was also nearly full, so my Father caused a new vault to be made, outside instead of under the Church porch. It contains twelve recesses, in the first of which my Grandmother rests, with my father and Mother immediately above her. Mrs Russell Barrington and her son Francis were buried in the inner vault which was thoroughly drained but now, I believe, quite full.

The next important event that I can remember in our family history was the marriage of my Father's eldest sister Caroline to my Mother's 2nd brother in Feb 1843. She was a few months older than he was, and they had been intimate friends for so many years that I fancy their marriage caused some surprise to the two families, but it was in every respect a happy one. They were married in Shrivenham Church and we were all bridesmaids in heraldic dresses of white silk with the family chevron all down the front in red velvet. I suppose Aunt Carry thought herself too old for a veil, though she was still very handsome, but I remember being childishly disappointed at this my first wedding at seeing the bride arrayed in a bonnet. The wedding dinner, for I don't think there was a breakfast, took place in the hall at Beckett, the only time I ever remember seeing it used as a dining-room. It did not answer well, the draught from the corridors being so great as nearly to blow the candles out.

When the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed my Uncle Adolphus stood up and sang (some rather bad verses.) They never had a home of their own; they had apartments at Ravensworth, but spent much of their time travelling and paying visits. After my Grandmother's death in 1845 Aunt Carry was made mistress of the establishment at Ravensworth and they lived there almost entirely until my Grandfather's death in 1855. Before that time Uncle Thomas had become a great invalid. They passed the summer at Whitburn where my most hospitable Aunt Williamson had also received the blind Mrs Richmond, "Titchy" whose home had been at Ravensworth for many years, but who afterwards resided chiefly at Whitburn and died there in 1860. She was not the pleasantest or most grateful of guests; she was very exacting and very greedy. Once at Ravensworth a devilled sweetbread on which she had set her affections was eaten by my Grandfather. After her first outburst of disappointment she consoled herself by saying: "Greedy old man! Well one comfort is the doctor forbade him to eat hot things, so I hope it will disagree with him." Uncle Thomas rallied sufficiently to be taken abroad for the winter of 1855 but died at Nice in March 1856. He is buried in the pretty English cemetery not far from another uncle, the Hon. Edward Villiers, who died there of rapid consumption in the year 1843.

Our other Barrington aunts soon followed Aunt Carry's example, to our great relief as we were not at all fond of them, and rightly or wrongly suspected them of reporting all sorts of real or imaginary misdemeanours to our governesses. Aunt Carry we were all fond of, but Aunt Charlotte was our special aversion. We thought her frightful though I believe she was extremely handsome. But she was very eccentric and very disagreeable, both qualities increasing with years. She married in 1845 the rector of Auchan in Salop, the Rev Henry Burton. He belonged to an ancient and very respectable family, but he was very ugly, enormously fat and very vulgar. Where she met him I do not know. He treated the family with great deference and I never heard him call any of his sisters-in-law by their Christian names. No-one but his wife ever called him by his and we entirely declined to treat him in any way as an uncle. I think he paid dearly for his connection with the aristocracy; his married life was certainly not a happy one. The marriage, I believe, took place in London and caused much astonishment but at still more relief. I have often heard my Father and Uncles expiate on the debt of gratitude the family owed Mr Burton. This strange couple died in 1873 within a few months of each other.

Aunt Georgina when she became the sole possessor of Shrivenham House let it to a family of the name of Smith, very vulgar people, for whom we children felt, and I fear showed, great contempt. Mrs Smith's mother, Lady Massy, lived with them, and we used to hear a great deal of Mr Smith's sister, who had married Lord Abinger. They had a governess who they assured us was the daughter of a ruined Portuguese

nobleman; her name was Miss Belem. When my eldest brother married his wife's mother, Mrs George Mildmay, who had lived a good deal in Portugal, she recognised this woman at once as the daughter of an Englishwoman who kept a very respectable lodging-house at Belem near Cintral! But she did not vex the souls of the Smiths by revealing the ignoble origin of their instructress.

Aunt Georgina married in 1847 Mr Hamilton Lloyd Anstruther. He was a very worthy gentleman with a nice place in Suffolk but was never rich enough to live there in comfort. They were married at Shrivenham, we never saw much of them, and the chief thing I recollect about them was that Aunt Georgina presented her husband with three sons in one year, James in Jan, Basil and Cecil in Dec 1852. Mr Anstruther was made High Sheriff the same year and declared the combination nearly ruined him.

We saw very little of our Barrington uncles, except Uncle Augustus who was a bachelor and very fond of us all. Uncle Lowther lived in distant country parsonages and Uncle Henry settled in the Cape. He was very handsome, but of an imperious temper and very obstinate; he made a hasty and ill-considered marriage with a very pretty but silly and ill-educated girl at Bath, Miss Georgina Knox, totally unfitted for a colonist's wife. Uncle Henry died in March 1882. He was very unlucky as a colonist; but his eldest son John is more likely to make a fortune as he is a stalwart energetic fellow, but he must be hampered by the care of his mother and four sisters. The estate "Portland" is said to be a fine one with great Capabilities. The children were some of them educated at Haileybury but have never been to England since.

Chapter III Married life. 2nd Part

In 1839 my Mother determined to have an English governess, three foreigners having proved unsatisfactory. Miss Stewart Boyd Muir was accordingly engaged. She was certainly an admirable governess up to a certain point ----- but her chief talent was the skill with which she took us all in. Before she had been many months in the house she took to drinking, or rather was detected by the servants for I think she must have begun before she came to us, but my parents were so guileless themselves and so deceived by her high recommendations and fascinating appearance that they would not hear a word against her. She remained with us for 11 years. In Sept 1841 we had a new nurse, a widow woman called Rebecca Gosden, gaunt and plain-faced but excellent and trustworthy. My eldest brother kept her on as house-keeper and she died in his hired house in Portman Square in 1870. She was of course especially attached to

her own nurslings, William and Eric. The former was born at Beckett a few months after her arrival Jan. 28th 1842. He was one of the loveliest children ever seen and the first baby I remember. When he was a few days old an old gardener named Martin expressed an intense anxiety to see him; my sister Charlotte took a large orange, cut holes in it, inserted a nose and two currants for eyes, and wrapping it up in flannels and shawls presented it partially veiled to the astonished gaze of the poor old man, who was quite taken in for the moment and exclaimed disconsolately that it wasn't such a very beautiful baby after all! I was sitting on the former nurse's knee (Wilson, afterwards housekeeper) when George came into the nursery with a gun which he pointed at me saying: "Nurse, I am going to shoot the baby." (I was a very small child.) She exclaimed in horror and he laughed and threw the gun down on the table. It went off and the charge lodged in the wall, passing so near my cheek that it was all blackened with the powder. George and Percy were always playing tricks with firearms, in spite of severe prohibitions; I think my Father must have been fearfully careless in those days, leaving loaded guns about so often. George narrowly escaped killing an old housemaid at Shrivenham House in a similar manner. On which occasion the big horse pistol recoiled and gave him a very bad cut on the forehead, the mark of which he never lost. My Father who was indulgent to a fault with his younger children, was always very severe with the elder ones; certainly by their own account they must have been very naughty and provoking, but they had little affection for him. Percy once tried to run away – but was ignominiously discovered by a humpy gardener.

Charlotte and Mary once plotted to blow my Father up! They bought as much gun-powder as they could, dug a hole under the study window, buried the powder, laid a train, fired it, and then ran to the end of the terrace to watch the explosion. Happily, the powder was damp, so the result of their fiendish attempt was a mere fizzle. It was very different with us, from Lina downwards. We were passionately fond of our Father, who used to make far more fuss of us than our Mother. – But if we loved him, the evil spirit was manifest in the intense hatred we had for our elder brothers, especially George. They were not at all kind to us, we were too old for playthings and too young for companions, they fagged and teased us and broke our toys, moreover Miss Muir made the unpardonable error of calling them in to punish us when we were extra naughty – I remember Percy boxing my ears alternately with his two hands till I was completely stunned. Percy went into the Army very young and then became much kinder to us, but our dislike of George lasted long after he married; we used to lie awake at night planning how we would revenge ourselves on him when we had the power, and great was our surprise at his winning the affection of Miss Isabel Morritt, whom we regarded with almost boundless admiration.

Percy got a commission in the Rifle Brigade in 1841, when he was just 16. There were no examinations in those days, but he had a year's leave, during which he and George were sent to Weimar to study French and German. After their return Percy remained some months at the Depot in the Isle of Wight, and joined his regiment in Nova Scotia in 1843, going out in a sailing vessel. We all felt as if he were going to the end of the earth, but he only stayed a few months, as the Duke of Wellington gave him a commission in the Scots Fusiliers which he joined in October 1843. The year after that he was quartered at Windsor, where he became very intimate with a Mr and Mrs Stainforth, and early in 1885 he took the family very much by surprise by announcing his engagement to Mrs Stainforth's only child, Miss Louisa Higgins, who had inherited between £20,000 and £30,000 by the death of her only brother. My Father wished the marriage to be delayed, as Percy and the young lady were barely twenty, but Mrs Stainforth would not hear of any postponement, so they had a special Act of Parliament to enable them to settle the small part of the fortune that was not strictly entailed on Louisa's descendants, and the marriage took place on the 3rd of July 1845.

We were very shy of our new sister-in-law and absolutely refused to call her anything but Miss Higgins for many months after the marriage, till my Father was obliged to issue a positive mandate against this piece of folly. My Mother wrote to her Mother to announce this marriage, the first that took place among the grand-children and the only one she lived to see, for she died in the following November. My Mother said she had not seen her daughter-in-law elect, who was said to be as amiable and good as she was rich but added that she thought Higgins a very ugly name. My Grandmother replies: "I think, my dear that as a Duke has married a Gubbins*, and a royal Duke a Buggins, you have no reason to complain of Higgins".

Percy and his wife never had a home in London. They spent their first winter at Beckett where poor Louisa, little used to a country life, went through agonies of terror every time Percy went out hunting, and met with scant sympathy from his hard-hearted sisters, always accustomed to see people come home late in the winter evenings. They afterwards hired a place in Hants called Beaupaire and then took a big house in Oxfordshire, Tusmore House, since purchased by Lord Effingham. In 1852 they bought Westbury Manor, Bucks.**

In the autumn of 1843, my sister Charlotte made her first appearance at the Assize Ball at Newcastle. All my Aunts and Great-aunts, with few exceptions, came out at this Ball as did also my two next sisters. There is a family tradition that a Miss Simpson (Sissy) was so anxious to appear at this Ball in the latest fashion that she had her hair dressed in London and actually travelled for 3 days in a post-chaise with a wonderful erection some two feet high on her head, enveloped in a "Calash" to protect the lace and flowers

from the wind and dust, and spending the nights sitting upright in a chair! It almost gives one a headache to think how her head must have felt, but Aunt Georgy Bloomfield tells me she used to say: "My dears, I was fully rewarded as I sailed down the ballroom, for I had the satisfaction of hearing on all sides: That head was dressed in London." She cannot have produced the effect my sister did. Children are not very good judges of beauty, especially of those with whom they continually live, but from all I have heard, my sister must have been of dazzling beauty. She was tall, 5ft 6 ½ with a splendid figure, beautiful complexion, large blue eyes with dark eyelashes, perfectly chiselled features with a quantity of rich brown hair. She was very clever, and very proud, with a quick temper and rather abrupt manners. She took the London world by storm in her first season, 1844. Among her contemporaries were many very beautiful girls, especially Miss Marcia Fox (who went out of her mind and died young), Lady Constance Paget, afterwards Lady Winchelsea, and Lady Clementina Villiers. Charlotte was intimate with them all, but her chief friend was Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, eldest daughter of Lady Clanricarde, one of my Mother's few intimate friends out of her own family. I only remember two others, Lady Derby and Lady Vernon, who habitually called her by her Christian name. At the conclusion of her second brilliant season, Aunt Charlotte with my Father and mother went to stay with uncle and aunt Hardwicke at Sydney Lodge on the Southampton water and here a terrible accident happened. My sister was set on fire in a tulle ball-dress; there was no fire-place in her room, no rug or table cover, nothing but muslin and chintz curtains. Without a moments's hesitation she went into my Mother's room, calling out in a strong, brave voice: "Don't be frightened, Mama, I am on fire," and had the presence of mind to lie down on the hearthrug which my Mother and her maid rolled round her, beating the flames out. Aunt Hardwicke said the first thing she said was: "They ought to have put the fire out if they wanted the martyrs at Smithfield to know what real pain was." She was never again able to wear short sleeves, her beautiful hair came out in handfuls and her complexion never recovered its pristine loveliness. She remained a very handsome woman up to the time of her early death, but the dazzling beauty had gone for ever.

It must have been before Charlotte came out that my Mother became so intimate at Bowood. Here she met many people of note, Rogers, Luttrell, Lady Holland, De Bunsen and Tommy Moore. The latter she always considered a very over-rated member of society; he was intolerably conceited and always out of humour unless he himself were the centre of attraction. Lord Lansdowne delighted in my Mother's singing but Moore could not bear to see the company absorbed in any music but his own and was always trying to make her solos into duets or to substitute his own verses for the Italian words; they did not fit the music and spoiled the songs, but my Mother was too amiable to resist and the little man's vanity was so transparent as to be rather amusing. Lady Holland, who was by birth a Miss Vassall, was a distant cousin of my Father's and

expressed a desire to stop at Beckett. I believe it was the first time she had travelled by rail; she insisted on being accompanied by the engineer, and was so terrified by the velocity that she seized his arm, saying: "They are going too quick, it isn't safe, I insist on their stopping and going slower."

Uncle Augustus Barrington was a frequent visitor at Holland House and used to tell us stories of the old lady's despotic ways. Lord Holland was very infirm and a prisoner in his wheeled chair - if she thought he was talking too much or getting excited, she used to say to the servants: "Wheel away Lord Holland." And away he went, in spite of his indignant remonstrances. While to Macaulay, who was an inveterate talker, she would say when he was monopolising the conversation: "Now that will do, Macaulay, we want to hear someone else"

Notes from the above pages:
**The Duke of St Albans married Miss Gubbins. The Duke of Sussex, Lady Cecilia Buggins, nee Underwood, whom the Queen created Duchess of Inverness.*
*** Now sold to Sir Samuel Scot*

It must have been during the autumn and winter of 1844 that my parents stayed so long in the north. They remained at Ravensworth for Xmas, the only Xmas that I remember they were ever away from us. It was the last time that our dear little Grandmother gathered her children under her roof.

Just before Percy's engagement we had great festivities at Beckett for the coming of age of my eldest brother George. As far as I can remember these were subsequent to the actual date, probably on account of the epidemic of scarlet fever, to which Addy and I were victims. There was the usual tenants' dinner. I remember the great white cake with 20 tapers round the base and a larger one on the top. I also recollect my dear Father breaking down with emotion when he had to make a speech. I suppose the poor people were also entertained, and the festivities concluded with a grand Ball in the then unfurnished saloon when for the first time the suite of rooms were thrown open. The party cannot have been very large, for at that time there were only 5 bedrooms finished: certainly the guests were closely packed, for Miss Muir being away Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar occupied her attic letter O and shared it with another gentleman! The Duke of Cambridge was one of the party and Mr Frank Lovell who returned with George from similar festivities on a much grander scale at Badminton. The Duke of Cambridge was a great favourite with us all; I remember his staying on several occasions. Bill who was then a lovely child of 3 entertained him much by revealing sundry mysteries of his toilet, upholding the superiority of his two garters over the

Duke's one, and lifting his velvet skirt with great pride to show how it was "bustled" out with towels run on a tape! This was the time of the polka furore and we all learnt the new step and were very proud of it. The Throckmortons and Goodlakes and a few other children from the neighbourhood were invited.

The Duke of Cambridge stayed a Sunday at Beckett and caused some little surprise by the cheerful energy with which he ejaculated audibly "By all means" to the invitation "Let us pray". Shortly after his departure my gentle sister Lina startled everyone; after struggling in vain with a stuck drawer, she was heard to say: "Damn the drawer." My Father was a most scrupulous man and the sound of an oath unknown in our house, so my Mother's consternation may be imagined at hearing this expletive so glibly uttered by the quietest of her little girls, but my sister gravely defended herself saying: "The Duke always said that when he was playing with Charlotte at Cockamaroo (a sort of Russian billiards) and the balls went right directly!"

Soon after Percy's marriage, George engaged himself to Miss Isabel Morritt, the grand-niece of Sir Walter Scott's old friend Mr Morritt of Rokeby. They were married in London in the spring of 1846, but only the elders of the family attended the marriage which took place from the house of the bride's maternal uncle, Mr Baillie of Dochfour. We were grievously disappointed at no wedding cake being sent us; but our annoyance speedily disappeared when we saw our new sister-in-law. She was very pretty and extremely kind to us; accustomed as we were to rosy cheeks, blue eyes and fine figures, we looked upon her as a being from another sphere, her raven hair, pale face, and slender form appeared to us the ideal of perfect beauty and all our dolls for several years were called Isabel. The only thing that amazed us was that how a creature so charming and so lovely could care for our eldest brother, who we still feared and disliked. They lived with us for the first year, and their eldest child, Constance, now Lady Haldon, was born at Beckett Jan. 1847. Afterwards they settled in Shrivenham House where Evelyn was born in July 1848; Florence was born at Cavendish Square in Sept. 1851. And in 1852 they all went abroad and lived for several years, first at Frankfort and Baden and then at Paris, only coming to Beckett for long visits in the summer.

In the summer of 1846 Queen Adelaide visited Holland and Germany; Lord Howe, her Chamberlain, to whom she was much attached, had recently married, to her scarcely concealed annoyance her handsome maid-of-honour Annie Gore. H. M. therefore requested my father to act as Chamberlain, my Mother being in waiting and my sister Charlotte a sort of extra maid-of-honour. They visited the Courts of the Hague and Brussels and then went on to Altenstein, the residence of Queen Adelaide's brother, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, a large ramshackle house where these grandees lived in a very

curious style, combining most primitive simplicity with the most rigid court etiquette. Many of Queen Adelaide's relations congregated there to pay their respects to her, and the place swarmed with petty royalties, who in those days, before Bismarck, enjoyed all manner of royal privileges in their diminutive kingdoms. My sister Charlotte used to write most amusing letters about Altenstein of which, however, she soon wearied. The summer was intensely hot and it was the fashion to dine al fresco. The dear Queen thought this most delightful, but my people did not at all appreciate having to appear in full dress at 4 pm. Demi-toilette was unknown in those days and the ladies' shoulders were blistered by the scorching sun, and an incessant warfare had to be kept up with wasps and gnats, while caterpillars and spiders dropped from the trees into the soup. The Queen revelled in the return to primitive hours and national dishes; she declared that English milk and cabbage never made "sauer milch" and sauer kraut" without the proper flavour , the real truth being that her cook never could allow them to reach the stage of decomposition that produced the taste she loved. Dear Queen Adelaide! She certainly was the most simple-minded Princess that ever sat on a Throne. She did not forget her little friends and three huge cases were consigned to Newham Paddox, Gopsall and Beckett; ours was so large that it could not be brought into the house and was unpacked in the yards. The Queen Dowager gave my Father a handsome silver epergne: it remains an heirloom in the Beckett plate, but my brother George altered and improved it to hold candles instead of flowers. The first grandchild was born during this German tour, Percy's eldest daughter Alice, Sept 1st 1846 (now Mrs George Campbell). I think my parents left the Queen Dow. in Germany and returned home through France where my uncle Normanby who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of Louis Phillipe, was living. They were extremely fond of Charlotte and persuaded my Mother to leave her with them for a winter season in Paris. Sir Augustus Paget and Mt William Stewart of Blantyre were among the attaches that year, also I think Mr Charles Sheridan the beautiful brother of the three Sheridan sisters. Charlotte was very much admired in Paris, and Aunt Minnie used to make absurd caricatures of the flock of suitors that pursued her whenever she appeared. She remained in France far into the spring as my Mother was not equal to much fatigue that year. In June 1847 my brother Eric was born, junior by 9 months and 5 months to his two nieces. He was born during our dancing lesson. I remember perfectly my Father coming into the draw-room and putting a stop to the much-detested instruction. We were sent into the Square and on our return were told of our little brother's birth. He was one of the ugliest babies I ever saw, lean and crimson with a face like the ace of diamonds and mouth reaching from ear to ear and such a quantity of dark soft down on his face that it looked like a beard and moustache. He was always looked upon as a very plain child in the family, but strangers took a different view, and I recollect Lord Dufferin noticing him at a party at Lady Waldegrave's and saying: "What a perfect little Corregio!" He grew up the best-looking of all my brothers.

Queen Adelaide came to see my Mother before she was out of her bedroom, and the new baby was Christened in London in memory of the German tour Bernard Eric Edward, his Godfathers being the Queen's brother Duke Bernhard of Saxe Meiningen and her nephew Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar. His Godmother was Lord Howe's recently married daughter, the Duchess of Beaufort, her eldest son (the present Duke 1906) was born about the same time. The dear Queen's health was failing rapidly, and there was an end to the delightful children's parties at Marlborough House. One of these I remember well. It must have been in 1844, for Princess Alice was a baby and scarcely able to run alone. We were all invited with the Curzons, Feildings and a few others. The Princess Royal sat on a stool between her parents, the Prince of Wales in a velvet dress on his Father's knee, Princess Alice on the Queen's, the two Princesses dressed in pink satin veiled with Honiton lace. Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, Cambridge and Gloucester and Princess Mary, even then a very stout girl of 10 or 11 sat in a semicircle and we sat in rows at the foot of the dais to watch the dancing of a troop of little German girls called "Les Danseuses Viennoises." Between the dancing and the tea, we were marshalled into another room where the kind old Queen had arranged a lottery with all prizes and no blanks. My sister Lina drew the first prize, but the two Princesses like Addy and myself only drew pink silk handkerchiefs, with which we were disappointed as any finery in dress was distasteful to us, and it was an annual grievance that we were compelled to spend a portion of Grandmama's liberal Xmas gift on sashes and handkerchiefs. We had not much to complain of in the way of finery, for during our early schoolroom life, my Father was involved in some railway speculations that threatened his ruin, and we were dressed with the strictest economy and quite frightfully. Queen Adelaide received a tribute of some bales of stamped velvet from some Manchester factory; these were handed on to her ladies and for a long time served as our winter Sunday frocks; even we thought them hideous. Children's frocks in those days were very long, and the unpicturesque effect was completed by long white trousers, which were a constant affliction on our muddy Berkshire roads. I think the Gores first introduced us to broad straw hats and about the time of George's marriage we discovered the delights of jackets, Isabel's slender, graceful figure appearing to the greatest advantage in a tight dark cloth jacket which was at once adopted by my sisters.

In Nov. 1845 my Grandmother Ravensworth died. She had been ailing some time but concealed her sufferings in order not to delay the marriage of her youngest daughter, Georgie, to Mr Bloomfield our Minister at St. Petersburg. I believe this child, the darling of her old age, was the only one not present at Ravensworth when the end came. I do not believe my Grandfather ever came south again after her death. He was about 70 at the time and he soon fell into invalidish ways. Percy's Cross, the villa at Fulham, became the property of Uncle Thomas but he and Aunt Carry lived at Ravensworth.

Grandpapa had never been a sportsman and he soon became very infirm. With increasing deafness his great love of music entirely disappeared. He used to come into the gallery every morning and walk up and down before luncheon, leaning on the arm of his servant, Grinly, and receiving the salutations of his descendants. His children used to come in relays with all their children and stay at the Castle for weeks together. Every afternoon he drove out in his Brougham generally with the windows closed and along the same road. My Father and Mother used to go to Ravensworth every autumn, I was never there until 1852 when I was introduced as "one of Janey's girls, my Lord," by Aunt Carry; he scanned me with anything but approval and said: "You're much too tall, my dear, much too tall: you ought to be cut in two." He held a kind of Court in the saloon for tea about 9 – 10 having dined in his own room, and the visitors were led up to his great armchair by Aunt Carry. I remember the Duchess of Northumberland (Eleanor) purring at his elbow till he looked over his shoulder and said: "Carry, take that woman away." There were two engaged couples staying at Ravensworth that August: Hugh Hughes and Flo Liddell, and Harry, (afterwards 2nd Earl of Ravensworth) and Miss Diana Gunning. She was then one of the loveliest creatures I ever saw, even my Grandfather succumbed to her charms, he used to make her sit by him at tea, and gave her little bits of his toast, stroking her hand and murmuring: "Dear Di, pretty Di."

In March 1855 a telegram came to Beckett from Ravensworth saying: "All is over." We thought it referred to Uncle Thomas and my Mother was in the middle of a letter of condolence to Aunt Carry when another telegram was brought: "Lord Ravensworth dangerously ill, come at once." He was just turned 80, and from having lived so many years in seclusion he was not much missed in the family.

Queen Adelaide died in Nov. 1849; I was staying with my Aunt Mrs Villiers at 22 Rutland Gate for surgical treatment for a spinal affection; (sic) my parents came up for the Queen's funeral and I went to see them start. It was bitterly cold and the pavement a sheet of ice. Mr Mills wanted to assist my Mother into the carriage but was unable to keep his feet and they both rolled over together. Luckily my Mother's wraps preserved her from injury and she was able to proceed to Windsor. The good Queen was carried to the grave by sailors according to her expressed wishes and I never heard anything but regret for her loss.

The Queen granted the privilege of the Entrée for life to all the members of her Aunt's household, so as long as we remained at home we never knew the weariness of the "String" at Drawing-rooms or Court Balls. My Mother all her life remained a devoted courtier, in the best sense of the word, she was loyal to the backbone and could not bear to hear anything against the Royal Family. The Queen was always very kind to her, but she cherished a slight grudge against my Father for having voted in the majority that

reduced the Prince Albert's private allowance. I do not mean that she showed it, except by refusing to entertain requests that were made to her to restore the family pictures that were so unfairly presented to Greenwich by the old Bishop and to give my Father an English peerage, the Irish title being an absurd anomaly as fortunately for us the family has never owned a rood of land in the Green Ireland. It was the one distinction that my dear Father greatly desired and my Mother lived to see it granted to her eldest son in 1880. My Father sat in the House of Commons 20 years always representing the county of Berks. He was a strong Conservative and a devoted adherent to Sir Robert Peel, until he changed his mind about the Corn Laws. My Father stood one contested election at least and was chaired to his infinite alarm, for he was the most nervous of men, both riding and driving, and the sensation of being borne along above the crowd by staggering and not very sober supporters made him feel quite ill.

There never were such playrooms as ours, the five bedrooms on the eastern side of the house, known as the skeleton rooms for years, were not furnished until 1850. Here Charlotte set up a still and made curious decoctions, one from laurel leaves which nearly betrayed Miss Muir's intemperance, for she was dining one evening at Shrivenham House in the early days of George's married life and after talking rather oddly she suddenly subsided under the table. When she revived she nodded feebly at Isabel and Charlotte and said: "Laurel water, my dears," and proceeded to inform them that she had taken some of Charlotte's decoctions to cure a toothache.

The Queen gave two fancy dress balls after Charlotte came out, one powder and one Vandyke. We all agreed that our sister's beauty was not enhanced by these costumes, but my Mother looked extremely well. At this time she was decidedly stout, but she was always graceful and carried her head to perfection.

Chapter IV Marriage and death of my sister Charlotte

The year 1850 brought some changes in our family, beginning with the great event of a sister's marriage. I remember spending an evening with the Hardwickes at some hotel in London. Uncle Hardwicke began cross-questioning me about some visitors to Beckett. "Lord Somerton and Lord Strathmore, I hear he has come fishing." I answered in perfect good faith: "Oh no, Uncle Hardwicke, people don't fish at this time of year; he is a friend of George's and has come to hunt and has got a lot of lovely horses at the

Inn." "That's all very well, my dear, but take my word for it, you'll find he has been fishing before long." I must have been unusually dense for my age (14) for I could not for a long time guess the meaning of this joke. I do not remember when the engagement was announced, but I recollect very well Charlotte calling us three younger girls into the breakfast room and telling us the news in her characteristic way: "Well squalids," (this was her special name for us all and she rarely called us anything else) "How would you like a new brother?" I exclaimed: "Oh Char! Not Mr B--P--?" (She had put this question once before to us with reference to a worthy but exceedingly plain gentleman from Norfolk, who like Lord Strathmore found the village Inn a convenient hunting-box.) She laughed and sis: "No, Lord Strathmore." We were entirely delighted, we knew nothing of the doubts and fears, alas! Too well founded that filled our parents with anxiety. Strathmore was naturally fond of children; he was not really handsome, but he was tall and personable with a large beard and moustache, a novelty in those days. The marriage took place on the 30th April 1850 in Shrivenham Church. Uncle Robert officiated; Captain Streatfield, a very handsome Life Guardsman was best man; the bridegroom had very few relations; his mother Lady Glamis came the night before with her daughter Fanny, a pretty, frightened girl, too shy to utter a word, and Claude Lyon, the present Lord Strathmore (1906).

Our Lord Strathmore's name was Thomas, but his friends and dear Charlotte always called him Ben, a nickname he got in the regiment after a celebrated steeplechaser that he was very proud of called Sidi Ben Sidi. Elizabeth Korke, Fanny Lyon and we four sisters were the bridesmaids; we wore white muslin dresses with silk scarves and sashes of Strathmore's racing colour, light blue, and blue biooets (sic) with the Strathmore badge, a bunch of apple-blossom. The honeymoon was spent at Paulswalden, the family dower-house in Herts. It belonged to Lady Glamis but she preferred another house a few miles distant where she died in 1881, loved and regretted having contrived to quarrel with everyone she knew, excepting her other daughter-in-law who is almost an angel. Her behaviour to our dear Charlotte was indescribable. Charlotte had a house in Park Street the first season after her marriage. They bought another house later, 33, Lowndes Square, but I don't think they ever lived in it. (Yes, they did; but it was put up for sale by S. without consulting her. Note by Aunt Mary.) They travelled a good deal, made a tour in Spain and went as far as Constantinople, and they lived a great deal at Glamis, which they greatly improved under the direction of Uncle Thomas Liddell, building the beautiful dining-room and fitting up the inner hall as a drawing–room. They were always hampered by want of money and nothing could ever persuade poor Ben to give up his racing and betting. He was a born gambler and utterly untrustworthy. They never had any children.

There was much confusion in the house after Charlotte's marriage. Mary was taken ill with what was called various fever and while she was at her worst the truth came out about our wretched governess. Her sister Miss Isabella who was with us as second governess for some years left us in 1849, when we were fortunate to secure Mlle Briand, who was with us all the rest of our schoolroom days, afterwards returning for a few years to our nieces, George's daughters. We always called her Manette.

When now I look back it seems inconceivable that we could have borne so much as we did from the Miss Muirs in uncomplaining silence especially the unmeasured abuse she lavished on our dear parents. She used to assure us that our Mother's pride and conceit were the talk of the county and that our Father was looked upon as a poor contemptible creature, wholly ruled by his wife. She was fond of descanting on her own illustrious descent from Moorish and Scottish kings. I don't think she ever told us when and where these two royal races amalgamated, but she frequently reminded us that we were not real Barringtons but that the Shutes were city merchants, or as she preferred to say, shopkeepers. She informed us that her ancestors were sitting on thrones when ours were measuring tapes behind a counter, but for once she was fairly silenced when my sister Mary, always quick at a repartee, retaliated with: "Well, all I can say is it looks as if our ancestors did better for their descendants than yours did!"

At last the storm burst and Dr Mantell, the old family physician, told my mother that it was his painful duty to tell Her Ladyship that Miss Muir was suffering from "over indulgence" and in fact was on the verge of delirium tremens. When once the truth was known, corroborative evidence poured in and my parents were aghast at heir own blindness. Bills for brandy, whisky and gin began to pour in to the tune of some hundreds of pounds; I remember £70 from Fortnum and Mason and nearly £100 from the Barrington Arms; there must have been pretty stories afloat as to the morality of our schoolroom as it was all ordered in my Father's name. This shameful story ended tragically enough. Forced by want of means into a temporary reformation, she deluded some man into an offer of marriage and wrote an abject letter to my Mother, professing sincere repentance and imploring a little help towards her trousseau. A week after the receipt of £20 rather rashly conceded, my Mother had a letter from Miss Isabella that her darling Stewart had died of cholera – the malady of which she always complained in her drunken bouts –and there can be little doubt that the demon of drink was too strong for her when she found herself possessed of a little money. A letter was forwarded us from the deluded bridegroom elect, speaking disconsolately of the "sweet saint now gone to the realms of the blessed." Miss Isabella subsequently married a Captain Bland, late of the Royals, whom my Mother, to Manette's great amusement, would always describe as le feu Capitaine Bland. So ends this disgraceful

story. My darling Mother used to say it spoilt her disposition for life, but as a matter of fact she remained the most guileless of human beings and anyone could take her in.

As a notable instance, I will now relate a story that happened many years later in 1862. One autumn day when my Father was in London, a stranger presented himself at the door, and while professing himself unable to speak a word of English, repeated the word "Barrington" till the servants asked my Mother to come to him. She at once saw that he was a German, and her knowledge of that language being very limited, she sent for my brother George (then living with us and seriously ill) and his wife, an excellent German scholar. To her the stranger volubly poured forth his story. He had been tutor and travelling companion to the son of Count Bethman Hollweg, a delicate invalid, they had landed at Southampton and the young man was attacked by illness so that they were forced to stop at Basingstoke where he was attended by Dr----(naming the principal medical man of that district who was well known to Isabel.) Their money was all exhausted and he had begged his way to Beckett as the young Count knew no-one in England, but remembered hearing his father mention Lord and Lady Barrington of whom they had seen a good deal when they were in Germany with Queen Adelaide. The Doctor had told him that Lord Barrington lived at Beckett, and he made his way by a constant reiteration of the words "Barrington" and "Beckett". All these details were perfectly credible, as my Mother remembered the Count, and my Father being a Director of the Great Western was sufficiently well-known for his name to be a pass-word along the line. The story was wonderfully well put together and the man never varied or contradicted himself. My Mother asked him why he had not applied to Count Bernstorff at the Prussian Embassy – he was away from England – why he had not telegraphed to Count Bethman Hollweg – he was travelling with the King and his whereabouts uncertain – both perfectly correct. George and Isabel were convinced the whole story was true and almost reproached the dear Mother for seeming to doubt the "word of a gentleman". He was refreshed with a good luncheon, my Mother gave him all the money she had in the house, bout £7, a dog-cart was ordered to convey him to Swindon to catch a fast train and the day being chilly, George pressed him to accept the loan of a thick overcoat. But when my Father came home he treated our story with considerable disdain and prophesied that we would never hear any more of the £7. Of course he proved a true prophet, though dear Isabel was so persuaded that no imposter could speak such beautiful German declared that she would not believe him if he came back and confessed. She wrote that night to the Doctor at Basingstoke, but he had no interesting young nobleman under his care. It further transpired that the rascal conversed fluently in English with the driver of the dog-cart! Once my Mother said before: "He doesn't look very clean for a gentleman," upon which George said: "He has been roughing it, poor devil, and all Germans are dirty pigs." All my Father's enquiries never discovered the rascal.

In 1851 after the Great Exhibition, George and Isabel went abroad and wintered at Frankfort and sent for their three little girls to join them. The following summer they went to Baden, and to my father's great regret they gave up their house at Shrivenham which had been their home since their marriage and decided to settle in a small apartment in Paris. There they remained for several years, going a great deal into the best French society and also very much at the Imperial Court. George kept up a regular and frequent correspondence with my Mother, and his graphic descriptions of all the interesting things he saw and heard were a constant delight to her, much as she regretted the separation from her idolized eldest son, who had been the special darling of her heart and remained so until her death. He and his family used to pay us long visits in the summer both in London and Beckett, which the children always looked on as home. Rarely I imagine have double households lived in such harmony. If there ever was a jar it was generally caused by the servants. When Addy came out in 1857 the schoolroom was given up to the nieces, but as long as my Father lived they were rather crowded in the attics, as he liked to reserve the nurseries for his daughter's children or any others that might be visiting. Dear Isabel never had a sitting room, but if she missed it she never allowed us to find it out, and her extraordinary unselfishness combined with my Mother's sweet disposition rendered it not only possible but delightful an arrangement that so rarely succeeds. The summer visits grew longer and longer, and at length to my Father's great joy, the Paris home was given up and my brother settled in a London house, first in Eaton Square and finally at 19 Hertford Street.

In 1852 Mary was ordered to drink German waters; Lina had been presented that summer, having like her two elder sisters made her debut at the Newcastle Assize Ball. My Mother took her two daughters to Homburg, then just beginning its existence as a fashionable watering place. Addy, Manette and I were sent to Beckett and my Father proceeded to Homburg as soon as he could escape from Parliament. Charlotte and Strathmore joined them for a time and George and Isabel frequently came over from Baden. The Clanricardes, William Osbornes, Egertens and others united to form a united table D'hote, and they were all extremely intimate with the family of the Duke of Augustenberg, an exile from Denmark on account of the Schleswig Holstein question. The family consisted of the Duke and Duchess, Prince Fritz, (father of the young Princess William of Prussia) (1883) Prince Christian, now the husband of our Princess Helena, Augusta, known as "Dodo" who died unmarried, Amelie, the prettiest and nicest, and Henriette, an ugly little thing who has made a very happy morganatic marriage with the famous Prussian surgeon, Professor Esmarch. The Augustenbergs were very poor at that time and lived in a very simple way, their English friends, however, (chivalrously) refused to set aside any of the little deferences generally paid to royalty. Prince Christian and poor little Princess "Henny" were undeniably dull.

George was rather bored by them all – the evening he was dancing with Princess Amelie at one of the public balls at the Kursaal and I suppose was rather absent in his manner, she electrified him by looking straight at him and saying: "You do not lorve me, Mr Barrington, you are saying I wish to Gord this contredanse was over." George got out of the difficulty rather cleverly by saying with grave courtesy: "No, Princess, I do not love you and it would be very shocking if I did."

My people had quite an ovation when they left Homburg and all the Augustenbergs came to the station to see the last of them. Prince Christian made Lina a low bow and said with much solemnity: "I thank you so much for teaching me to make de owl's noise". A kind of hoot made through the fingers! Long years afterwards he was much amused at being reminded of this little incident, when he was our Queen's son-in-law at Holly Grove. From Baden my family went on to Saxon Switzerland, Dresden and Berlin, where they stayed with the Bloomfields, met and liked old Rauch, the sculptor, and equally disliked Carlyle, who was there collecting materials for his Frederick the Great.

Lina and I were confirmed in 1851 by Bishop Wilberforce. My dear Mother took great pains with our preparation, but I do not think religious or any other teaching was her strong point. She was too humble-minded and I may add not sufficiently instructed herself to give a ready answer to a sharp intelligent question. After the service we were summoned to the boudoir to listen to a couple of long exhortations from our two clergyman uncles, who happened to be both staying in the house ; dear excellent men, both of them, but Uncle Robert Liddell represented the extreme High and Uncle Lowther Barrington the extreme Low Church view; their comments therefore were widely different if not contradictory, and tired and excited as we were, must have considerably bewildered our poor minds.

In the summer of 1852 we were sent with Manette to Ravensworth and Glamis. I have already spoken of the first visit, but it was only a dim foretaste of the joys of Scotland. Dear Charlotte and Strathmore took pleasure in making our visit delightful. We were in the Blue Rooms which have since been the headquarters of the ghosts. But no ghosts troubled us. Charlotte was constitutionally fearless and utterly devoid of superstition. I have heard that she once roused Ben's wrath by hanging towels out of the windows of every room to try and find out the secret chamber, and Aunt Minnie assured me she had told her of mysterious noises she had heard and dim figures seen crossing the Drawing-room into the chapel, which in those days was a cul-de-sac, and never returning. But I have no personal knowledge of either circumstance.

The great Duke of Wellington died when we were at Glamis and the next thing I remember was being taken to see his lying in state and the funeral. The present Duke gave my Mother a small lock of his hair cut off after his death. She had it placed in a crystal locket on a stand and it was always on her table.

I was then very ill for a long period. When I could be removed I was taken to Whitburn to my aunt and Godmother Lady Williamson, breaking the journey at York where I remember being bitterly disappointed because I could not visit the cathedral. I went home at Xmas, greatly strengthened by a long stay with my uncle and aunt Trotter, but there was no question of my coming out. I began to live much more with my dear Mother; she discovered that I had a clear soprano voice and took much pleasure in teaching me to sing duets with her, a short lived pleasure, for after the great sorrow which overshadowed 1854 her own beautiful voice became a thing of the past, and she had no choice but to give up singing altogether at 50 as a severe attack of bronchitis made her throat so weak that even reading aloud brought on a fit of coughing, and in her later years she hardly dared read prayers unless I was there to take the book. Soon after my marriage she had to give up reading prayers altogether.

I think it must have been that winter (1853-54) or early spring that Percy had a large party at Tusmore and there were some beautiful Tableaux Vivants. The handsome Stevenson Blackwood acted Conrad in Byron's Corsair and Charlotte was Medora. The final scene where Conrad weeps over his dead bride was almost overpowering in its death-like reality. My Mother said she could hardly bear to look at it, and though it was not the last time she saw her darling, for she paid us a bright happy visit at Beckett about Easter in brilliant health and spirits, it ever dwelt in my Mother's mind in after years as a kind of preparation for her unexpected loss. I think it was early in the summer of 1854 that our darling sister left England for the last time, to stay with the Normanbys. Uncle Normanby had had a severe stroke of paralysis after retiring from the Embassy at Paris and determined to let Mulgrave and settle at his villa in Florence. He had been Lord Lieutenant, Governor of Jamaica and Ambassador to France; his great ambition was to be Governor General of India, but to that he never attained, though after his partial disablement he was for four years (1854-1858) Minister to Tuscany and much mixed up with the struggles for the unity of Italy which he opposed with all his might.

Charlotte was as dear to the Normanbys as their own child and they joyfully acceded to her proposal that she should spend some months with them in Florence. Strathmore was to join her at the end of the racing season and they were to pass the winter in Rome. They never met again in this world.

That year the Russian War was the one topic, we had of course many friends in the Crimea, but no specially dear relatives and none of our friends died but Lord Raglan. Beckett was deserted that autumn. My Father had been unwell and the doctor recommended Bath. A large house was taken at 15 Queen Square and thither the whole family migrated except myself who went to Aunt Annie at Whitburn. I travelled north in the train which brought the news of the Alma. Aunt Annie obtained leave to present me at the Assize Ball at Newcastle keeping up the family tradition, on Nov. 8th. The 5th that year fell on a Sunday, and we sat wearily through the whole service for the Gunpowder Plot, little dreaming of the havoc powder and shot was working among our soldiers at Inkermann, while the pride of our house, my beautiful sister, was lying cold and still on the bed of death. They did not telegraph to me from Bath. The post was gone when they heard the news and Lina wrote it to Aunt Annie. She and I and my cousin Hedworth were sitting in the drawing-room after breakfast when the letters were brought. They lay unheeded on a chair while we discussed our plans for the coming Ball. At last I took them up and said half mechanically: "Why does Lina write to you and not to me and why does she seal with black?" Aunt Annie snatched the letter from me and tore it open and there was the fearful – the stunning news. "Our darling sister Charlotte died at Florence on the 3rd. Mama thinks Augusta had better join us here at once." No details, they could give me none for they knew none, they had not even heard that she was ill. The tunnels had not then pierced the Alps, nor the telegraph wires crossed their summits. The news sent first to George in Paris only reached Bath on Sunday night. It was impossible for me to start that day and dear Aunt Annie would not hear of my going alone in my misery; Hedworth escorted us to Newcastle. There we first heard of the battle. Hedworth brought us a quantity of papers to our carriage, saying to me: "Ah, cousin, there is many a sad heart in England beside yours today." I recollect the announcement of the fight ended with "Guards cut to pieces." We slept that night at Lillyman's Hotel in Brook Street, the first and so far the only time that I stayed in a London Hotel, and the next day we reached Bath. My sisters hurried me upstairs, saying they hoped the sight of me would make my Mother cry. She seemed turned to stone and could neither weep nor sleep. The post that day brought the first alarming accounts.

Charlotte had got chilled riding in the Cascine, but no-one was alarmed till the second day when she was in great pain and Dr Wilson was summoned from Florence to the villa. He at once pronounced it acute peritonitis and on Friday morning said the case was hopeless. Many years afterwards he told me it was so from the very first moment he entered her room. She was very calm and perfectly resigned. The Clergyman was sent for and she received the Holy Communion. She said to Aunt Minnie: "I am young to die, but I have not been very happy." Adding with a sigh: "Poor old Ben, he will be sorry when he hears I am dead." She sent her love to us all and calling Laura Phipps,

the Normanbys' eldest grandchild, gave her watch and chain and told her to be a good child always. About 5pm Uncle Normanby was in the garden with Tip, a small and very cross toy terrier of which Charlotte was very fond. He had paced the terrace some time when the dog suddenly threw up its head and uttered a prolonged and dismal howl. Normanby at once hurried into the house, but at the door of her room he met Aunt Minnie who sobbed out: "She is gone." Some instinct had told the faithful little dog that his mistress was passing away. Uncle N. telegraphed to George, Strathmore was at the station on his way to join her when the news arrived; George brought him to his house for a few hours, his grief was so violent and uncontrollable that George was alarmed for his sanity. He started for Italy by the next train but was not even in time for the funeral. George himself, utterly heartbroken, pondered on the best way of breaking the news to my parents and finally decided to telegraph to Nanette. The fatal yellow paper was put into her hands about 9 pm on Sunday 5th. She has often told me how she read and re-read the words and stood trembling outside the drawing-room door, listening to the merry voices and cheerful laughter and wondering what she would say. Her face told its tale when at last she entered the room and mutely laid the telegram in my Father's hand. "Lady Strathmore est morte a Florence le 3 au soir. Faites aventir Lord et Lady Barrington." George and Isabel hurried over from Paris and other relatives flocked to Bath to offer their sympathy. The grief was very widespread. Our dear sister was laid to rest in the beautiful English cemetery at Florence. She had always expressed her horror of a vault and particularly of the dreary and ruinous family mausoleum at Glamis. Strathmore purchased and enclosed a large piece of ground as he and the Normanbys thought in their first bitter sorrow that they could lay their bones nowhere else. But she lies there alone. Strathmore erected a costly and hideous monument, which was much neglected after the Villa Normanby was sold. A short time before her own death, my Mother hearing the inscription was almost defaced had it re-cut and leaded. She was within seven weeks of her 28th birthday. The cemetery was closed in the eighties and the grave much damaged by an earthquake in 1895. The inscription is very simple, "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Maria, Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorn. Born Dec. 29th, 1826. Died at Villa Normanby Nov.3rd 1854. This monument was erected by her afflicted and bereaved husband. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea it is even He that shall preserve thy soul." A verse that was, I believe, a favourite of hers.

Chapter V Married Life IVth Part

After this dreadful grief, Bath becomes hateful to us all, but we had to remain there until my Father had completed his course of baths. I have never been there since. The shock of returning home was very great. My Mother was speechless as we drove through the village. The moment we reached the house she took my Father's arm and hurried into the saloon where they stood weeping bitterly before the full-length portrait of my dear sister, painted just before her marriage and presented to my Father by his old uncle Sir Robert Adair, as a pendant to the portrait of Leopold I. King of the Belgians which that sovereign gave him in recognition of the diplomatic services of Sir Robert. When my brother George re-hung the pictures, he moved these two portraits into the dining – room. Xmas was a melancholy time. But my dear Mother set a noble example. After the first year when our sorrow was too recent for any semblance of mirth, she never allowed her own sad memories to cloud the festivities, and the older she became the greater was her pleasure in providing gifts for high and low, young and old, till the collection, apportioning and packing of her stores of presents became quite an arduous task. There was little enough merriment in England that Christmas of 1854. The hearts of all were with our poor suffering soldiers. Like many others we sent out a goodly hamper of provisions and warm knitted garments addressed to Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and had the satisfaction of hearing that it reached him safely. Soon after Xmas poor Strathmore came to Beckett. He fell into very bad health in a few years and died in 1865 of paralysis and softening of the brain. My Mother strove to resume all her occupations, but she could neither read nor work and music always made her cry. I shall never forget how we hailed that dreadful invention "Potichomaine". It took her fancy and the interest lasted until every bedroom in the house had been disfigured by a 'Garniture de cheminee' of green and yellow jars, whose hideousness was not even redeemed by usefulness, as the paint would never stand water. The frost that winter was the longest I ever remember, though not the severest. The ice was a foot thick and we used to light fires on it and carts drove across in safety. We narrowly escaped a coal famine as the station road was impassable for two or three days when the coal cellar was at a low ebb. We became very intimate with the Glyns and her sisters Nelly and Minna Tufnell. Later when hunting became practicable, several of George Glyn's friends hired stabling in the village, the most regular being Charles and Alfred Sartoris and Mr Rivers Grenfell. He taught us quantities of glees and part-songs in which my Mother and Father delighted. I remember him shaking his head sorrowfully after a performance that had entirely satisfied his fastidious ear and saying: "My dear Lady, now they'll marry. It's always the way." Mr Grenfell proved a true prophet as Lina and Mary both married in 1856 within a few months of each other. A beautiful young Viennese, Pauline Clairmont, came through the recommendation of the duchess of Kent to help us in our music. She was a curious, excitable creature, half teacher, half playfellow to the present (1883) Queen of the Belgians (Archduchess Marie Henriette, wife of Leopold II). She was inordinately fond of smoking and used to

astonish our friends not a little by boldly asking them for a cigar. Charlie Barrington once gave her two or three and she came back to the schoolroom exclaiming: "Ach, ihrer cousin ist ein lieber Schatz." We tried to stipulate that smoking should be reserved for her solitary walks, as we could not endure the smell.

In March 1855 my Grandfather Ravensworth died very suddenly, so I was not presented till the last Drawing-room and my first season, with two elder sisters, was not a very brilliant one, but I enjoyed everything, even dinner-parties, which they detested. The Lansdowne House concerts at that time were among the most exclusive and re-cherches entertainments in London, and at one I heard Mario and Grisi. One rather odd thing happened this summer, scarcely an adventure as nothing came of it. Sir Edward Baker used to give an annual Greenwich dinner for his favourite niece, Jenny Goodlake, who had carte blanche for the invitations up to a hundred and the dinner was followed by a dance. Mary and Lina rather despised the sort of thing, so I went. Among the company was a tall, dark bearded man who nobody knew; one of the ladies had asked to bring a friend in lieu of a son. Suddenly I found him introduced to me and was whirled off into a valse. Then he very abruptly said: "I beg your pardon, but is your name Sophia?" "No," was my rather indignant reply, I am glad to say it isn't. Why do you ask?" "Oh nothing," he said and of we went again, but at the next pause he returned to the charge. "Please forgive me, Miss Barrington, it is not impertinent curiosity, I have a real reason for asking, but have you any sisters or cousins called Sophia?" I told him he must go to the real Barringtons in Ireland to look for his Sophia, as it was not a name that found favour in our eyes. We struck up a regular flirtation; I believe I danced with him 8 or 9 times and finally he told me he had had his fortune told many years before and among other things was told that three women were to exercise great influence over his life. They were all described minutely, the third he was to meet at a ball, she was to have blue eyes and brown hair and her name was to be Sophia Barrington. I was young enough to feel almost sorry I was not the heroine of this adventure; we parted on the steps of the Trafalgar and I never saw him again. Janey Goodlake afterwards found out he was Sir Henry de Hoghton and had divorced his first wife, who finally married Edmond Mildmay. I was told he was very much given to romancing and that he may have amused himself at my expense. At any rate he never married his Sophia, as I saw his marriage and death in the papers.

In July or August 1856, I went for the first time to Nuneham, afterwards a regular summer visit, as long as old Mr George Harcourt lived. Here at various times we met the Duc and Duchesse D'Aumale, the Comte de Paris, Marshall Pelissier, the Clarendons, Lucans, Stonors, Cravens, Dickey Doyle and his equally agreeable brother Henry, Sir C. Russell and his brother George, Sir Henry Willoughby, who enjoyed the notoriety of being the ugliest and dirtiest man in society.

In Sept. 1855 Sebastopol at length fell after a siege of nearly 12 months; we were greatly excited and decorated the house with as many flags as we could manufacture. In Oct. our old uncle, Sir Robert Adair died at the age of 93. My Father to whom he left everything got nothing but a few pictures, the old man having got into the hands of very unscrupulous people. He was a very immoral man, but indulged in a good deal of half sentimental religion. He was a little younger than Mrs Clavering, and not long before her death he was overheard saying: "Pray God bless my poor dear old sister." The dear old lady, who was well over 90, bridled up and said in quite an offended tone: "I don't see what business Sir Robert has to talk of me in that way, he is not such a very young man himself." Our sorrow over Sir Robert's death was very real, but purely selfish, as we were alarmed our mourning should prevent our visit to Wimpole, to which the Hardwickes had invited us for a grand party to meet the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary. I fear we curtailed our mourning to the narrowest possible limits. It was a very brilliant party. Mary Craven in all the splendour of her youth, Lord Cardigan, the present Lord Derby and Lord Aveland, and there Lina met her fate in the person of Lord Somerton as he then was. Mine was not far off, though I little dreamed then that I should glory in bearing the name of one who was a comparatively unknown student of Peterhouse College at the very time I was being shown the lions of Cambridge with the rest of the Royal party by Dr Whewell himself and all the principal Dons of the University. Before we left Wimpole Somerton obtained and invitation to spend Xmas at Beckett, and very soon after he arrived there he engaged himself to Lina. We were all pledged to go early in Jan. to Wrest, and it turned out that we were all invited in case the right one should not come, being Lina, Lady Cowper's son being much attracted by her at Nuneham.

Lina's marriage took place on the 9th April 1856; Somerton and his family had been on very distant terms for several years. The old man was most eccentric to say the least of it, but Mr Sidney Herbert, who was sent to open negotiations between him and his son, managed to establish a hollow truce, and my parents and sister visited Somerley in the spring. The old man was speedily captivated by his new daughter, but he never took kindly to Mary or me; he said we wanted to know too much and had pronounced opinions of our own, which was what no woman ought to have especially when she was young and unmarried. His own daughter, Lady Nelson, had been so well trained in these principles that she rarely opened her lips in his presence. Lina was married at St George's Hanover Square by Uncle Lowther and the honeymoon was spent at Wimpole Rectory, after which she and Somerton settled at 16 Prince's Terrace where the three eldest children were born. There were great rejoicings that summer over the Peace of Paris and we witnessed the illuminations (very fine for London) from the roof of Buckingham Palace, through the apartment of our aunt, Lady Caroline Barrington. I

remember Prince Leopold coming into her room, a fragile little boy of three in a white frock and tartan sash, and holding out his tiny hand for us to kiss with early acquired Royal dignity.

On our return to Beckett George persuaded my Father that as Member for the County he ought to celebrate the Peace, but the sudden death of our uncle's wife, Lady Ravensworth, though she had been separated from him for some years and we scarcely knew her, prevented the party taking place. We had another event to celebrate as well as the Peace. Alfred Sartoris had fallen deeply in love with Mary, but thinking his attachment hopeless he rather rashly took his ticket for America, intending to carry his secret away with him. But it slipped out, one Sunday afternoon, and it ended in his forfeiting the ticket. They were married the following Oct. 28th in Shrivenham Church by Uncle Robert Liddell. They lived a great deal with us at Beckett and Shrivenham House; still, the wedding day was rather dolorous. Our dear Father never thought anyone good enough for his daughters! And Mary was then as she has been ever since, the sunshine of every house that was gladdened by her presence. Mary West ("The Saint" as she was called to distinguish her from the other Mary Barrington). Minna Tufnell, Addy and myself and George's three daughters, Constance, Evelyn and Florence, were the bridesmaids, very gaily attired in pink silk dresses with white bonnets. The honeymoon was spent at Warneford Park and they drove the whole way, nearly 60 miles, in a chariot and four, which was then unusual.

In Jan. 1857 Addy and I paid our first visit together to the Aveland's at Normanton Park. Just before we started our parents were invited to Windsor, their last visit there together; the next time my dear Mother went in 1875 or 6 she and the Queen were both widowed. Our parents rejoined us at Normanton just after the Stamford Ball, and went with us to the two show places of the neighbourhood, Burleigh and Burley-on-the-Hill. Of the latter I remember only that it is one of the largest residences in the country, said to cover several acres of ground; Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's Burleigh, is very beautiful, looking back it seems to me more beautiful than Hatfield.

The three years 1857-58-59 passed uneventfully for us in almost unbroken happiness. The only cloud was the sudden death of our dear uncle, Augustus Barrington. He had a few friends who mourned him as much as we did, but I am afraid the world in general thought him very pompous, dictatorial and prosy. He came to Beckett whenever he liked; my Father had implicit trust in his judgement and a precious mess they made of it when the first division took place of the money left by the old Bishop to all of us. They thought, it being at the time of Percy's marriage, that they might take out his share and leave the rest to accumulate in the funds as owing to the lowered rate of interest it had not reached the amount anticipated by the Bishop. It appeared

afterwards that this arrangement was quite illegal and a (so-called) amicable suit was instituted, by which we very nearly lost all the money that had accumulated since the Bishop's death and actually did lose the interest of the fund for 3 or 4 years, which by a process of which I never could understand the justice, was awarded to my Barrington aunts and uncles, who gladly availed themselves of the mistake, and took the money which they all knew perfectly well had never been intended for them. Uncle Augustus had very odd tricks, and very little self-restraint; when visitors bored him, (as they often did) he would retire to the furthest corner of the room with a book, making very audible remarks of disapproval. At church he kept up a running commentary on the sermon, generally of the most unflattering nature with scarcely a pretence at a whisper. This used to scandalise my Father, but remonstrances were entirely wasted and at last it came to be accepted as "Augustus' way."

At this time we did not pay many visits; we went yearly to Nuneham and in 1859 to Lady Molesworth's at Pencarrow, and Powderham. In 1858 Addy went to Franc-port to Alfred's sister Madame de l'Aigle and I went to Wales with my parents; at Kinmel we met Lord Mayo, then Lord Naas, chief sec. for Ireland who persuaded us to visit him in Dublin. Thence we went to visit the Bloomfields at Loughton near Roscrea.

1860 was a more eventful year. Just before we left London Addy received an offer of marriage from Mr Charles Balfour of Newton Don. He was 15 or 16 years her senior and even then supposed to be very delicate, so we were not sorry or much surprised when she refused him. She was a born flirt, very quiet and lady-like, not a symptom of fastness about her, but she could not help being very captivating. She made herself more miserable over this refusal than she ever had before. Early in August we had a large party to meet the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary and the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, they brought Col. Purvis and Lady Geraldine Somerset, and we had the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Uncle and Aunt Hardwicke and Agneta (the two elder daughters were married, Mary to Mr Craven from whom she was separated in 1869, and Elizabeth to Mr Adeane) Mary and Alfred Sartoris, Lord Robert Montague, Sir Charles Russell and his brother George. Our old rector died the year before and his successor Mr George Murray was well off as a bachelor. He had a smart trap, into which Princess Mary insisted on hoisting herself and he drove her every afternoon, one day up to Ashdown, where the whole party was invited by Lord and Lady Craven to tea, Addy and I and some of the gentlemen riding. The Royalties displayed to the utmost their well-known powers of consuming food, and amazed me by the quantities of fruit, cream and cakes they could swallow in the intervals between their three copious meals. But they were very kind and nice, and Princess Mary has often reverted since to her happy visit to Beckett.

On the 20th of this month I started on my first foreign tour with Mary and Alfred Sartoris. While in Genoa we received letters from home announcing that Addy had met Mr Balfour again and he had persuaded her to turn her no into a yes. We did not alter our plans to spend some weeks at Franc-port. This was the first of a series of visits in'63 '64 and '65 to avoid the fall of the leaf at Beckett which always made me quite ill. It was an interesting episode of life, absolutely photographed by Adelaide Sartoris in the Cornhill Magazine. M. de l'Aigle had an uncle, M. Victor, who was born 1766 and died 1867 the only centenarian I have ever known. He remembered as a child being taken to Versailles by his father, a Court Chamberlain and being presented to Louis XV who patted him on the head and said:" Il resemble beaucoup a son pere." We never wearied of drawing him out about the court of Marie Antoinette and the little dances he sometimes attended and even danced with the Queen. He used to say: "Je crois que mes petites Anglaises s'imaginent que je dansais souvent avec la Reine, msis c'etait un honneur tres rare.' His father and mother were both guillotined and he and his brother arrested, but both escaped death, and spent many years as emigres in England where they became intimate with the Townleys, Seftons and other great English families. In a curious old Livre de Chasse at Tracy, M. Victor's chateau, there is an account of a rendezvous with the usual list of the assistance, followed by: "Chasse interrompue par des circonstances imprevues," being the arrest of M. Victor and his brother.

The Emperor and Empress got to know us quite well out with the Chasses and used to ask us to dine at their Chateau, and our declining on the plea of having no smart dresses was an annual mortification to my Mother who was too innate a courtier not to enjoy even a Parvenu Court like the second Empire and in 1864 she sent a box after us with our best gowns, and we were obliged to go. I am glad of it now, for it was a striking sight and forms a historical recollection. There was afterwards a play, of which the Duc de Morny remarked when crime after crime was committed and never found out: " On appelle cette piece La Jeunesse de Mirabeaux – on fera mieux de la nommer L'Enfance de la Police." It is curious now to look back on those gorgeous pageants, nearly all the characters of which have passed away, except the sorrow-stricken woman who lives her lonely life in a quiet Hampshire village. Even in '64 she had lost all her beauty and her face was stiff with paint, but her manners were very dignified and graceful.

Addy's marriage took place on the 28th Nov. A cold and gloomy day, I don't think any of us were married in sunshine. Her bridesmaids, besides my sorrowful self, were Annie Bouverie, a cousin of Charlie's, Ella Herbert, his niece, Catharine Legge and four nieces, George's three girls and Percy's eldest daughter Alice. The ceremony was performed by dear Bishop Wilberforce, Mr Murray the Vicar taking a very slight part with some hesitation as he had been desperately in love with her himself. I don't think

Eric was present and Bill certainly not, as he commenced his diplomatic career the previous Sept. 1860 as an unpaid attaché at Berlin under Uncle Bloomfield. Dear Addy wrote him on his departure a very pretty copy of farewell verses which form part of a small volume that we had privately printed after her death. They spent the honeymoon at Bromley Hill, a beautiful villa, belonging to Charlie's cousin, Col. Long, and soon after went to Muckross Abbey, but they came to Beckett for Xmas.

I do not recollect much about 1861, George's long illness began that year with an apparently trifling swelling in his cheek; a tooth was drawn but disease of the bone set in. He lost all his beautiful teeth one after the other and all the upper part of the jaw-bone; it then extended upwards and he underwent two serious operations removing the outer frontal bone. It was a very severe illness, but he bore it with unfailing cheerfulness and sweet temper, which contributed, the doctors said, to the complete recovery of which they almost despaired. I went to Homburg and Italy that autumn with Isabel. We were joined at Homburg by Lina and Somerton, Mary and Willie Craven and Bill who moved with the Bloomfields to Vienna. Lord William Osborne, Mr Higgins ("Jacob Omnium") the Duchess of Montrose and her daughter, and Mr Percy Doyle were in our house. Poor old Lady Egerton of Tatton and Mme Usedom were among the visitors to Homburg, and the mistakes and quarrels of these two very rich and very vulgar fine ladies afforded endless amusement, but would sound scandalous and ill-natured if written down. We returned home via Strasbourg and Paris and I joined my parents in London and went straight to Newton Don, the only visit to dear Addy in her northern home, to which she never took very kindly. Old Lady Eleanor Balfour, her mother-in-law, was much nicer to Addy than her successor, but she was a jealous, tyrannical old woman and Charlie's wife was in a complete false position as his mother was complete mistress indoors, ordered the dinner, occupied the owner's apartment on the ground floor and Charlie's rooms opened into her corridor, while his wife's were in the floor above, so that it would have been very unpleasant, even with a more considerate person than Lady Eleanor, who never lost an opportunity of brandishing her rights in one's face. And talking about "MY garden and MY house". Dear Addy hated the kirk and the chilly climate and the endless turnip-fields and missed the sunny atmosphere in which her life had been passed. She was very fond of her husband and he idolised her, but she grew very quiet and spent much of her time in her own room reading her Bible; her maid afterwards told me how often she used to go into her room and find Mrs Balfour on her knees. During that fortnight at Newton Don we made many excursions in an old-fashioned open carriage, Charlie driving with Addy beside him. I can see her now leaning back into the carriage one day and saying: "Mama, isn't this the prettiest road about here?" "Well, my dear, I don't know, there are so many pretty roads here." "No, but you must say this is the prettiest, I always tell Charlie so, because mama, this is the road to England."

On our return we visited the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick, where the magnificent alterations were in process of execution. The workshops where carved beading was turned out by the mile were very interesting and beneficial to the neighbourhood.

In Dec. 1861 occurred the unexpected death of the Prince Consort. I was travelling from London with my Father and Mother and Ned Bouverie the very day he died and so little idea was there of his danger that we were quite startled as we passed Windsor, when Ned looked out and said: "Ah, the flag's not half-masted yet." We could scarcely believe him when he told us he had heard in London that there was scarcely any hope of saving his life, adding : "The country won't know what it has lost till he has gone."

We had a very merry Xmas at Beckett in spite of the Court Mourning and very early in the year Addy bade farewell to her home, Lady Eleanor and Charlie having set their hearts on the baby being born at Newton Don, Lady E. having the most implicit confidence in the Kelso Doctor, one Mackenzie, whose name I can hardly write without a shudder. I believe he was very clever but both my Mothers and Mrs Revill's suspicion of his drinking habits were only too well founded. My Father consented to let my Mother go to Newton Don to preside over the event, as she had done with Lina's first, and Aunt Carry went with my Mother. My two other sisters stayed at Beckett with us; Lina was in very delicate health and scarcely ever left her room, her children were in the house and Mary's two boys were in a little house in the grounds called Medlar Cottage. Mother wrote very cheerfully, only complaining of the delay. At last the telegram came, a fine little boy born on Thursday morning Feb. 20th. On Sunday Mother wrote saying she did not feel quite happy, and both she and Mrs Revill, who attended all my sisters in their confinements, distrusted the doctor. We discussed this on Sunday at dinner without feeling of dreaming of any anxiety, but I well remember my brother George saying: "They had better not experimentalise on Addy with homeopathy or they will kill her."At that moment the darling was in her death agony! On Monday morning the first telegram came: "Addy is very ill. I wish her Father to come at once." We had scarcely made him realise what this meant when a second telegram came from Aunt Carry, rather ambiguously worded: "All is over. Convulsions came on which terminated fatally at 9.30." My Father had a most loving nature but little presence of mind, the least thing seemed to paralyse him. He sat sobbing on the sofa whilst George and Mary tried to soothe him and prepare him for the long journey. For a time we had a wild hope that the second telegram might refer to the baby. George and Mary travelled with my Father and they arrived early on Tuesday morning. Percy and Louisa and Hedworth Williamson, who was always more like a brother than cousin, hurried to Newton Don. She was buried on the 1st of March

in a corner of the ruined Abbey of Kelso. It is a sunless, dismal place where our fondly loved little sister lies alone. The return to Beckett was terribly sad, yet it was not the same crushing grief as Charlotte's sudden death in a foreign land. No clouds had darkened Addy's short life, and Mother lived to talk over the last days they had spent so happily together. Poor Charlie in his great sorrow was more like a woman than a man. We were unfeignedly thankful when, three years after, he had told us he had won the affections of our cousin, Minnie Liddell, Uncle Augustus' eldest daughter. She was then in the bloom of her youth, some years younger than Addy, and the marriage caused some surprise, but her wise and loving care was the salvation of the little boy, who between the spoiling of his grandmother and injudicious management of his nurse, was rapidly becoming a very unpleasant child. He was a very intelligent child. One day when he was dragging a cart round the room, Lady Eleanor exclaimed: "Charlie, your wheels want oiling." "What does oiling do Granny?" "Stop that horrid creaking." "Oh! A few days later he was taken to Edinburgh where he saw a Highland Regiment. Lady E. who was intensely Scotch enquired eagerly: "Well, Charlie, what did you think of the bag-pipes?" "Granny," said the little fellow quite gravely, "I sink they want oiling."

In the autumn of 1862, when we were all at Brighton, scarlet fever broke out at Beckett and George's three girls were attacked. Poor Isabel could not go to them as George required her constant attendance, and my Mother said several times how thankful she was that we were out of the way, as I should have been certain to get it. That night I was taken ill. Mary, who was within three months of her confinement, her children and Bill were hustled up to London. People did not make the fuss in those days that they do now about infection and I had no nurse; my Maid, Mother and dear Isabel attended me. No-one could account for my having the fever; there was not another case known at Brighton and I had been too long away from Beckett to have brought it with me. Before I was well my Mother was attacked by erysipelas of the head and was alarmingly ill. We took it in turns to nurse her also among ourselves, and Aunt Carry, who chose to disregard the doctor's stringent orders about a contagion, caught it by her own carelessness. It is impossible to say what Isabel was all through this trying time, never complaining or seeming tired, thinking of everybody and everything except herself and doing it all so quietly and simply that no-one seemed to be struck by the unselfishness of her conduct. My dear Mother's health was much shattered; she lost nearly all her hair and had to wear a front, but it grew again, though never very thick, and retained to the last its lovely golden colour.

The one bit of brightness in that winter was the birth of Mary's third boy Lionel, on 22 Feb. 1863 almost exactly a year after our sorrow. Charlie Balfour came to stay with us in March and he and I and Alfred walked about the streets nearly all night to see the illuminations for the Prince of Wales' marriage. In June I went with my parents to Ch.

Ch. Oxford for the Commemoration when the Prince of Wales received an honorary degree. We were included in the Royal Party at the Deanery; there was a ball given by the Freemasons who made an avenue of drawn swords for the Prince and Princess to pass under. I danced the first quadrille with the Prince, who bewailed the way in which his bride was pursued everywhere by "those dreadful feathers" even woven into silks she could never wear. Before going to the Sheldonian we were all assembled in the Deanery drawing-room. The lovely Princess looked rather discontentedly at her husband's D.C.L. combination of scarlet and pink and touching the Dean's black velvet sleeve said: "Your dress, Dr. Liddell, is much prettier than the Prince's." It might have afforded an opening for a graceful reply but compliments were not the Dean's strong point, and tossing his chin rather higher than usual he abruptly replied: "I am afraid even to gratify Your Royal Highness we cannot make the Prince a Doctor of Divinity."

The next few years passed quietly enough. The nieces grew up and were presented and I retired more and more into the background. Alice and Constance came out in '64 and Evelyn in '66. Louisa was in bad health, so Percy took his daughter out and used to board himself and her with Aunt Carry for a couple of months at a time. In 1865 George tried to get into Parliament for the County of Durham, his opponents being Hedworth Williamson and Mr Beaumont. He did not succeed, but he was very popular and polled more "plumpers" than anyone else. Once before in 1859 he had contested the borough of Buckingham against Sir Harry Verney and also failed. Percy and Louisa did little to assist him then and as is usually the case, these two elections produced the first jarring elements in our very united family. Hedworth was very bitter. Indeed, I don't think he was ever quite the same to us till he resigned his seat.

Under the Conservative administration of 1866 George at last made his long-desired entrance into political life as Private Secretary to Lord Derby. He greatly enjoyed the confidential post which he retained without salary until Lord Derby's death in 1868. In the autumn of 1866, he also attained his great object of a seat in the Commons, being returned by his friend, Sir Edward Kerrison for Eye, then one of the last of the pocket boroughs. We paid a very pleasant visit to Knowsley in the autumn of 1866. George was quite at home there, and Lady Derby was as fond of him as her husband was. He made a joking complaint that one of the other sportsmen had appropriated his favourite Whitechapel (there were five or six in the coach-house); Lady Derby turned immediately to her Groom of the Chambers and said: "Mind Mr Barrington always has his own Whitechapel," and then looking helplessly at him, added in a low voice: "What is a Whitechapel?"

During this year we had no real indication of any failure in my dear Father's health. He suffered from various slight ailments, but he always made a great fuss over very

little pain, so we never attached much importance to anything he said about his health. To the last the child was predominant in him, he was not capable of very close reasoning or argument, was not well read and was a very indifferent speaker; he disliked gossip and abhorred slang, took a charitable view of other people's faults and failings and if I tried to describe him in a word I should say he was loyal to the core.

I have forgotten to mention the chief event in the year 1866, the engagement of George's 2nd daughter Evelyn to Viscount Uffington, the eldest (surviving) son of our neighbour Lord Craven. It took place in July, and being the first marriage in that generation and one that gave unqualified satisfaction to both families, it caused no little excitement. Evelyn was a special favourite with both her grandparents and Lady Craven had openly expressed her wish to secure her as her daughter-in-law when she was still a child in the schoolroom. The wedding was fixed for Sept. but in August Lord Craven, who had been in failing health, died at Scarborough so suddenly that his son could not get there in time to see him alive, and the marriage had to be postponed till the following January. About Xmas we were all very busy preparing for a concert at Highworth, where I was to make my debut as a pianiste. Edward Sartoris and his wife Adelaide (nee Kemble) were among the performers, also the painter Leighton who stayed with them at Shrivenham House and came to dine at Beckett. I well remember his sitting by me and telling me he could not take his eyes off my Father, whom he thought the handsomest old gentleman he had ever seen. The Chelmsfords and Mary Thesiger stayed with us for Xmas and during their visit received the news of their eldest son's marriage in India to a pretty girl with neither fortune nor connections; it was a great blow to them. On New Year's Eve the nieces insisted on coming to my room to drink in the New Year in hot elder wine; it ended in the whole family meeting there, George Craven and his brother Osbert were admitted, the Chelmsfords, my Father and Mother joined us, a variety of other beverages were produced, we sang to the piano and when the fun was at its height the door opened and Aunt Carry stalked in, clad in a very short dressing-gown, a night-cap and her bare feet thrust into slippers. I thought we should never leave off laughing, George Craven and his brother rolled on the floor behind the screen; we were all quite silly – but it was the last time.

Evelyn was married on the 17th January. It was a dull, cold day and I never saw so tearful a bride. We none of us could understand her passionate grief for she certainly was desperately in love with George, her prospects were as bright as could be and her new home was to be within a drive of the old one, for Beckett was always looked upon as home by her and her sisters. Whatever the cause might be, she wept nearly all night and her face was crimson and swelled with tears under her bridal veil. Her bridesmaids were her two sisters, Nina Agar, Percy's eldest daughter Alice and Craven's youngest sister Minnie. To her intense disappointment my Mother's cold was

too bad to allow of her attending the marriage of her favourite grandchild, she could not even go downstairs to the breakfast. She consoled herself by putting on her new grey dress (which I do not believe she ever wore again) and having a dainty luncheon in her boudoir for the bride and bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by our dear Bishop Wilberforce, but in consequence of Lord Craven's recent death, there were no guests except the Vicar and curates of Shrivenham, Craven's married sisters who drove over from Ashdown with their husbands, Mary and Willie Craven, the Bishop, Mrs Mildmay and Lina's two children. The Cravens went to somewhere in the eastern counties for their honeymoon and the snow was so deep that their train was delayed and they did not arrive until very late. Soon after the wedding George, Isabel and Constance went away on a visit, I think to Englefield; Florence was more or less poorly all the winter, owing to having fallen through the ice a few days before Evelyn's wedding, on the 14th Jan. and was some time in the water; she had ventured on the ice alone and was terribly chilled and a good deal frightened.

The 23rd Jan. 1867 brought the beginning of our troubles. Lina and Somerton were living at Roche Court, a place he had hired near Salisbury; she was very delicate and expected to be confined in a few weeks. That day I got a telegram from Somerton to say she was taken ill. Alfred telegraphed back that he would bring Mary to Roche Court the next day by the first train. My Mother was too ill to be told of our anxiety, and we dared not confide it to Papa who had so little power of controlling his emotions that he would certainly have betrayed himself before her. Mary and I had to wear smiling faces over our breaking hearts, for we neither of us had the least hope that our darling sister would survive another premature confinement, indeed the last telegram was to the effect that the doctors did not think she would last many hours. Mary and Alfred dined with us and she pretended to go home as usual. Papa said: "Good night, my little Mai, you will come and dine with me tomorrow." She said: "Yes, dear Papa." Could she do otherwise? She never saw him again till he was lying unconscious on his death-bed!

Mary started in the cold winter's dawn and the intensity of that anxiety was soon relieved. A dead baby girl was born in the course of the night and Lina was out of immediate danger when Mary reached Roche Court, but she was in a very critical state from excessive weakness and Alfred left his wife there for an indefinite time, returning the same day to comfort me. My parents were both terribly upset at only hearing of what might have been, and I felt very thankful that they had slept quietly through our night of agonising suspense.

There was no-one at Beckett but Constance, Aunt Carry and dear old Manette who had returned to our family after Alice Towneley had left the schoolroom. Mother was persuaded to leave home to go to Aunt Minnie, and Papa promised to join her early the

next week, so on that understanding they parted, that loving couple, so fondly united for 44 years. It was a lovely morning Saturday Feb. 2nd and he seemed perfectly well and bright. Next day was Sacrament Sunday and I watched him dropping his sovereign in the Alms-bag, his last public act. Later on he felt faint and had to leave the Church, but I did not feel alarmed, though he seemed drowsy all the afternoon and scarcely ate any dinner. On Monday he did not come downstairs till the afternoon and sat for the last time at the head of his table for dinner. He slept for a few hours and awoke complaining of acute pain in his left shoulder and neck. The doctor made light of it but I was frightened at his extreme weakness and depression. I never left him, all next day I read him the papers and looked over some bills for him; he was anxious to draw some cheques, which I filled in, one for George and another for the house bills, but his signature was almost illegible, so that he made me write to Drummond to tell them to honour the cheques. That Tuesday afternoon he alarmed me greatly by saying: "Take that child away, he is going to throw a ball at me." There was an engraving opposite his bed of the Prince of Wales as a small child and I could only pacify him by turning it with its face to the wall. But I soon found that he was talking incoherently and sent hastily for the doctor, who looked grave, and said he feared it was suppressed gout. We telegraphed for George early on Wed. and he and my Mother came later in the day. There was nothing to be done. It was gout in the stomach which extended to the head, causing the pain in his neck and shoulder. The inflammation was so great that the doctors assured me that if he recovered he would be almost an imbecile. The treatment produced no effect and the wandering increased. He seemed pleased at first when I told him that Mother and George had arrived. Mother was still very weak and the shock of seeing him so changed was very terrible. She gave up all hope that night and so did George. She had a bed made up in the boudoir and George watched with the doctor. Her voice was very feeble and she could not make him hear. On Thursday morning she said to me in a tone of unutterable grief: "He will never smile on me again." I was sitting on the great bed beside him, combing his beautiful silver hair. I put my lips close to his ear and said: "Papa dear, Mama wants you to look at her." He turned his head on the pillow, opened his eyes and smiled one last long look of faithful love, which made her fall on her knees and stifle her sobs in the bedclothes. I can keep no count of the hours that followed. Mr Carlisle the lawyer came down for the Feb. rent audit and told me he must obtain his Lordship's signature to a most important document. I told him the incident of the cheques, adding that no more signatures could be obtained from him. No wonder Carlisle was in a fuss, for the paper was the Deed of Assignment for the three younger children's portion, my Parents had been pressing it for years and his culpable neglect or delay afterwards caused no small complication in our affairs. Eric was telegraphed for, also Percy and Louisa, and Alfred went to fetch poor Mary home, but he scarcely knew any of them, though I saw his lips trying to form the word "Cricky" when I told him of Eric's arrival. On Thursday afternoon the

heavy stertorous breathing began, so loud that it could be heard all over the hall. After that he never opened his eyes. Mother was kept out of the room as much as possible, as she had violent fits of hysterics, the only time I ever saw her give way to them in all my life. Manette and the children came in to say Goodbye, Evelyn and George Craven just returned from their honeymoon drove over from Ashdown, and all the servants, outdoor and in, filed through the room, most of them sobbing bitterly, to take a last look at their old Master. Outside it was a fearful storm. The wind howled furiously, the rain beat on the window panes, several birds tried to get into the house, which we afterwards heard is considered a portent of death. The hours dragged on through that interminable Friday … Then early on Saturday Feb. 9th the tempest out of doors suddenly ceased and "there was a great calm." At 2 minutes past 6 the rattle ceased for the third time, he clenched his teeth twice with an audible sound, gave two little shuddering sighs and passed away.

After a brief prayer we all went into the boudoir. The dear mother was exhausted with all she had gone through, George supported her into the room and after one long kiss, she allowed us to lead her away and put her to bed.

The funeral took place on Friday Feb. 15th. In accordance with his own wish it was as simple as possible and he was carried to the grave by his own labourers; but the distance was considerable and the coffin an enormous weight, so the progress was slow and painful as the bearers had to make frequent pauses and rest the coffin on trestles. George gave a reluctant consent to our attending the service and we rewarded him by behaving with perfect calmness. Our dear Mother scarcely asked to be present, but she stood at her boudoir window watching the cortege. There were no invitations sent out but my Father was so universally loved and respected that the attendance was very large and the utmost sympathy was shown by people of all ranks.

Chapter VI Widowhood

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After our dear Father's death it seemed to us at first as if our Mother must become a subdued, broken-hearted woman. I do not think any of us realised the buoyancy of her nature, still less her gift of sympathy, which enabled her to forget her own sorrows in the joys and sorrows of others. Of course at first there was a great deal of business to be transacted and it is doubtless a good thing that people should be compelled to exert

themselves when they might be tempted to sink into apathetic grief. My Mother was left sole executrix and guardian of the children under age, as well as the residuary legatee, Eric being the only one left a minor. The house in Cavendish Square was left to her, but my father could only dispose of the lease he had renewed, and three years remained of the old Bishop's lease, which fell to George with the other heirlooms. My Mother's settlement was a jointure of £1,500 a year, but my Father left her, by Will, all his leasehold collieries in the north, worth £7,000 or £8,000 a year with a request that she would not claim the jointure till the leases expired. The house at Shrivenham was also left to her, to live in or let, and its furniture was to be hers absolutely, also all the plate they had bought themselves and as much linen as she might require. My Mother's first anxiety was to capitalise her colliery leases which were all to expire in 20 years, as her great wish was to have a definite sum at her own disposal. I remember her being greatly perplexed at first because there was no money that she could use and she had to borrow money from the Bank. She had never had a very clear head for business and it was extremely difficult to make her understand that she was not going to be a pauper. We started with the most rigid economy, most of the servants were dismissed, Elkington the cook and Gosden our old nurse and housekeeper being retained by George. He let the house in Cavendish Square.

We lived in a corner of Beckett until June, when we paid a visit to the Hardwickes at Wimpole, the Mills at Sutton, the Anstruthers at Hintlesham and the Trotters at Dryham. Then we came back to Beckett and made our plans to spend the winter abroad. We remained in England till Minnie Balfour's confinement was over. It was her first - and last. Julian was born at 49 Cadogan Place, Uncle Augustus Liddell's house, on Sept. 10th 1867 and on Oct. 2nd we crossed to France. We began our tour with a visit to Francport, which was not altogether a success. My Mother did not like the French hours and fancied they disagreed with her. We stayed a few days in Paris and started for Cannes on the 7th Nov. by the night mail, arriving the evening of the 9th. We had secured an apartment in the Hotel de Provence, an expensive and inferior hotel, which however was very select and called the House of Lords! Lord and Lady Verulam with their six children, Lord and Lady Wolverton and Alice Pelham, Lord and Lady Suffolk with their invalid daughter Maysie Howard, three Amherst girls, Constance, Lina and Charlotte with an invalid brother Jocelyn, with all of whom we became intimate. At table d'hote where we always dined for the sake of economy and of airing our sitting room the company was less select, as all our friends dined in their own room. My Mother was just as sweet and smiling to these dull people as to our own friends and speedily won their hearts, while I was pronounced by some of them as "very haughty and disagreeable." My chief foe was a very pompous, greedy old gentleman of the name of Hughan, father of Lady John Manners. We had many friends besides the tenants of the Provence.

Elizabeth Adeane was settled in the Villa Eden, with her three young children and her poor husband whose sad illness was just declaring itself. The Elchos and their family were near, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Garibondi, now converted into a hotel. Colonel and Lady Emma Talbot and the Mount Edgcumbes were in villas, and Lord Henry Percy and his sister Lady Louisa were at the Hotel de la Plage. He was a queer creature, for after having been extraordinarily agreeable all the winter, he was scarcely civil when we met in London the following summer and was the only one of our Cannes friends who entirely dropped us in England. About Xmas time Agneta Montagu, who was just married, came to visit the Adeanes, and during this visit there came a telegram announcing the death of dear Victor Yorke, Bill's schoolfellow and contemporary, who not being hindered by short sight from entering the Army passed into the R.A. with every prospect of a brilliant career. He was an accomplished musician and it was at a village concert while singing that he dropped into a fit, while staying with the Rothschilds. This death followed quickly on the financial crash of William Craven and the first (but not the last) escapade of his beautiful wife, the Hardwickes second daughter Mary. It was the beginning of sorrows for poor Aunt Susan, whose life up to that time had been singularly free from trouble and who afterwards knew little joy.

Towards the end of January 1868 we were joined by Bill, who had given up his appointment at Washington after the death of sir Frederick Bruce. We left Cannes on the 15th Feb. and made a short halt at Nice, which we did not like at all, it was so noisy and dusty, but we waited to see something of my cousin, Lady Frances Michel (nee Legge) who had recently lost her husband and almost at the same time her husband's fortune by the failure of the Agra Bank. She was bravely facing her altered circumstances and living at Nice with her little boy and one servant. We then went on to Genoa and Rome where the Bloomfields were spending the winter, Uncle Robert and his family were settled in an apartment in the Due Macelli, where poor little Georgy's life was fast ebbing away, and Augustus Hare and his adopted mother were living near; he was then compiling his walks in Rome. We left Rome in April, spent most of Holy Week and Easter week in Florence, which was then the capital of Italy; the Pagets represented England and the Usedoms Prussia, so we had plenty of friends there. We then went on to Venice, and I think we were all getting tired of hotel life; we travelled rapidly from Venice to Vienna over the grand Semmering Pass where we witnessed a very striking spectacle, a heavy thunderstorm in the valley while we were in bright sunshine above. On the 7th May we reached the English Embassy in Vienna, where we were most hospitably received by the dear Bloomfields. Vienna has left me with very delightful memories. We made a long journey from there to Baden, 20 hours in tremendous heat, arriving about 5pm. Before my Mother was out of her bath a Lady-

in-waiting arrived from the Queen of Prussia, inviting us all to dinner. We had to go the next day, and very cross I felt at having to pull out our best dresses (such as they were) at 5pm for a dismal Court dinner instead of a delightful cool drive. But it pleased my darling to see her dear Queen Augusta again. She was still an erect, fine-looking woman, but her face looked hard and stiff under its thick coating of paint and it was difficult to imagine the charms of which I had heard such enthusiastic descriptions. We stayed some days in Paris and reached London on the 9th of June, having been abroad for 8 months and a week.

Chapter VII London

It was a strange new life to us beginning to make our home in London in a small noisy house to which I never took very kindly in spite of its central position. (We had been lent 19 Hertford St. for the remainder of the Bishop's lease of Cav. Sq.) The Sartorises had sold 44 Rutland Gate and practically given up Shrivenham, as their new house at Abbotswood was almost ready for them. That season they rented a small house in Granville Place, next door to Aunt Carry, but till our return they lived in Hertford St. where Mary's youngest boy, Maurice, was born in March 1868. In the previous Nov. the first great-grandchild had been born, Evelyn Craven's eldest daughter May, born at Ashdown quite unexpectedly, as arrangements had been made for the event to take place in London. There were two marriages pending, Percy's eldest daughter Alice to George Campbell, a banker and younger son of Col Campbell of Evenley near Brackley, and George's eldest daughter, Constance, to Hesketh, eldest son of Sir Lawrence Palk, afterwards created Lord Haldon. The first of these unions took place at Westbury on a lovely day in July, the second at Beckett in Sept. We were present at both, my Mother gave all her grand-daughters their wedding veil as a marriage gift. The young Cravens took a house at Scarborough that summer, under the mistaken impression that it was good headquarters for yachting and fishing. Nothing could well be worse, as the harbour affords very little protection and can only be safely entered with the wind!

Evelyn was not at all strong and cordially detested yachting so the prospect was not a very lively one for her, of spending the month of August in a stuffy little sea-side house. She tried hard to persuade one of my sisters to go with her, but they utterly declined, so as my Mother was going to Beckett and could very well spare me I offered myself as a companion faute de mieux and was gratefully accepted. We had odious weather most of the time and it was a very bad little house, but I never regretted my little sacrifice, for I learnt to know and value dear George Craven, one of the most amiable and unselfish men I ever knew. He was neither brilliant nor cultivated, but he never bored me, he was so thoroughly genuine and when not shy could talk readily enough on the subjects that interested him. We had one storm of wind and rain which lasted 3 or 4 days and it was impossible for him to go out except in a dreadnought; it was a severe test of a young man's temper, but he never even grumbled, only saying it would be a capital opportunity to prepare Evelyn's work – and he accordingly armed himself with a carpet needle and traced a quantity of her pattern in black wool on coarse canvas for a curtain border!

We stayed at Combe on our way back from Scarborough, the only time I ever saw that curious place which is such a real "white elephant" to the family. Originally an ancient abbey, it was enlarged in the 17th century and was a handsome but not very convenient house when George's father took it in hand. He first made enormous gardens which cost a perfect fortune to keep up, and then built a huge wing, in what Nesfield calls "rustic Gothic" architecture, containing 40 bedrooms! He contemplated joining this wing to Inigo Jones' house by an immense hall, conservatory and chapel but did not live to complete it. I do not believe the wing has even been furnished; when I was there rooms and passages of the old house were literally stacked with furniture, old and new, that had never even been unpacked, and if any Lord Craven can ever afford to complete and furnish this gigantic mansion it will always be uncomfortable, on account of the vast distances to be covered between the sleeping-rooms and living-rooms and all the fishing and shooting on the estate could never find employment for the guests the new wing could contain.

Two important events occurred during this month of August 1868. Old Lord Normanton died at the age of 90, leaving a vast fortune, I think about £700,000 but tied up in the most annoying way by one of those provoking wills in which eccentric old gentlemen try to legislate for posterity and so often defeat their own cherished objects. His was to compel Somerton to live at Somerley and by insisting on all the money to him being invested on land which in 8 years has fallen almost 50% in value, he has succeeded in obliging them, at least temporarily, to shut up the place he so dearly loved. The other was a bona fide offer of marriage made to me by a clergyman whom I scarcely knew, but who had for a few months acted as locum tenens at Shrivenham. He

did it all by correspondence, chiefly with my Mother, and the whole affair, except for my part in it, was like a chapter out of one of Miss Austen's novels. I have kept the queer prim letters.

In the course of that winter I went with Eric to Westbury and met Mrs Graham of Murthly and her son Henry and daughter Tina. There had been terrible anxiety at Westbury that autumn. Shortly after Constance's marriage to Hesketh Palk, Walter Barrington fell ill and developed typhoid fever. In the course of his delirium he let out that he had been secretly engaged ever since he was at Eton to a young lady one year his senior, by name Mary Bogue, the daughter of a Devonshire clergyman. After the danger was over, the butler Chambers remarked to Louise: "It's a very odd thing, Ma'am, that Mr Walter keeps calling for Mary, and you know it is Jane who always does his room." When the danger was at its height in a lucid interval, Walter drew a packet of letters from under his pillow and gave them to his Mother saying: "Write to her," and the mother's love for her idolised and only son overcame her prudence and she sent Miss Bogue a daily bulletin and involved herself in a daily correspondence, to Percy's extreme annoyance. However, nothing was settled that winter except that Walter had his debts paid and left the Guards.

In Feb. 1869 a strange accident occurred, and Mother broke her leg at her dentist's in Duchess St. Portland Place. She was walking from the room when the dentist put his foot on the edge of her dress and the sudden jerk on the slippery tiled floor overbalanced her and threw her violently on the ground, breaking both bones of the right leg just above the ankle. We got her home with difficulty, I suppose at her age (64) it was no easy matter to unite the bones, for the leg always remained crooked with a large lump above the ankle, mortifying her vanity, sweet thing, in one of her tenderest points, her pretty foot and ankle which had never lost its shape with increasing stoutness. For nine weeks she never left her room, but her health never suffered, it was a dull cold time of year, and she never was a person who craved much for air or exercise. Towards the end of April she was able to get out in a Bath chair, and from that time forward I think the summer to her was one of unalloyed pleasure. She was very fond of society when she could enjoy it without fatigue, and day after day she never wearied, that fine summer, of "doing the Park", sitting in her chair in Rotten Row from 12 – 1.30, holding a regular al fresco court. After a short rest she settled herself on a large invalid couch in the middle of her drawing-room and was "at Home" to the world from 4 to 7. We averaged 20 – 30 visitors every afternoon. During the summer, Percy's second daughter, Edith, became engaged to Mr Robarts, a wealthy young banker with a place near Buckingham. The marriage took place at Westbury on Aug. 17th but was not nearly such a brilliant affair as Alice's the preceding summer. Mother was unable to attend, and poor Percy was laid up with what was supposed to be an

abscess on the spine but really was a along-standing disease. He speedily got worse instead of better, and towards the end of Sept. the case got very serious. Prescott Hewett and Sir James Paget met in consultation and their verdict was so sad a one that all his children were summoned and George brought my Mother from Beckett in the carriage. During the next few days he got rapidly worse and one night Louisa came and roused me to say he was dying. At that solemn time, believing he had only a few hours to live, Percy gave a reluctant consent to Walter's engagement, and sanctioned his writing to ask Miss Bogue to Westbury. Dear George, who disliked the marriage more than the rest of us, always blamed my Mother and me for this concession and used to say half laughingly that we had wormed it out of Percy, but it was not so, he was tenderly attached to Walter, and could not bear to think of passing away from life in the act of thwarting the wishes of his only son. Meantime the old doctor at Brackley was able to relieve the alarming symptoms, and by the time George and Hewett returned from London, we were all having a cheerful afternoon tea by the invalid's couch. This was the last great alarm and we settled down into a second routine of invalid life. I never saw such a happy invalid. Mother was sweetness itself, but she had a good hope of speedy recovery. George was wonderfully patient and amenable, but the horrible nature of his illness was sufficient excuse for the depression he could not always conceal. But Percy's bedside was the gayest corner of the house. He used to say his greatest trial was not to be able to brush his own teeth! The days lengthened into weeks and months but there was no change. The old Brackley doctor made a most important suggestion about the middle of Oct. that Percy should be turned over and lie on his face so as to draw the blood away from the spine. One day towards the middle of Dec. he called to me to see how he could move his hand on his quilt. He said to me: "I believe I shall get well; I never believed it was as hopeless as the doctors said because when I drank my hot tea in the morning, I always felt it in my toes." From that time his recovery was steady and rapid. By Xmas Day he stood, and early in the year he walked across the room with a little help and was wheeled to church to return thanks for his recovery.

I forgot to say that in October, Walter's fiancée, Miss Bogue, came to Westbury for a few days visit. She was at that time undeniably handsome but looked a good deal older than Walter and owned to being two and a half years his senior. They were married, I think, in April 1870. Maude was born in 1871, Violet in 1872, Bill in 1873 and Maggie in 1874. Soon after her birth Walter was seized with a strange illness, a succession of slight paralytic strokes, which reduced him to nearly as helpless a condition as his father in '69, but the cause was, I believe, constitutional instead of accidental and the recovery much less complete.

To return to 1870. That year the old lease of 20, Cavendish Square expired, a second change of houses took place, we moved into our old home, and George and Isabel, with their remaining daughter Florence resumed possession of the house in Hertford St. The Sartorises made No. 20 their London home and there was just room for them, little Maurice, Eric and myself. When Bill was in England Maurice and his nurse had to go into the country, and when the Sartorises were at Abbotswood their rooms were often occupied by other guests; after this last move we settled into a very regular groove of life. Our house became the recognised centre of our large family, which gravitated to "Aunt Janey's" to hear the latest family news and ascertain who was or was not in town. We lived very comfortably, my Mother's income being about £3,000 a year, while the Sartorises paid a fixed annual sum and a proportion of the weekly bills when they were in town, and we "received" a good deal in a quiet way. In the "season" my Mother indulged in her love of hospitality by numerous and very pretty dinners and an occasional little evening party. Every summer, towards the end of July, she and I started on a tour of visits, until the middle of October. Shortly before Xmas we went to Beckett for 6 or 7 weeks and Easter was generally spent at Westbury. I think it was in 1869 that the final crash took place at Mulgrave. Normanby, "Jack" as he was called in the family, had lived there since his father's death in 1863, quietly enough, but always a little beyond his income, having never really faced the desperate condition of his affairs. Aunt Minnie took the castle in lieu of part of her jointure and Normanby accepted a Colonial Governorship. Charlie Mulgrave obtained through the crash a reluctant consent to be permitted to fulfil the wish of his heart and take Holy Orders.

Our first visit every summer was to Mulgrave for several weeks. It was a curiously peaceful ending to a life of such brilliant and varied experiences as Aunt Minnie's. She had strong personal as well as loyal attachment to the Queen to whom she was Lady-in-waiting till Sir Robert Peel insisted on her dismissal at the time of the Bedchamber row. She went with Uncle Normanby when he was Governor of Jamaica, Viceroy of Ireland, a Cabinet Minister in London and Ambassador in Paris from 1846 to 1862. At all these places she kept copious journals. The extraordinary youthfulness of mind, so characteristic of the Liddell family showed itself in her intense interest in a love story, and she and my Mother were as keenly excited over every engagement announced in the family as the parties concerned. I think it was in 1874 that she confided to me that she was attacked by the dire disease which killed her mother (cancer). She died in Oct. 1882 and for many months her mind was quite gone. She talked nothing but French and mistook Aunt Georgie Bloomfield for her own mother and the Queen.

From Yorkshire we usually went to Whitburn, sometimes to Rokeby and till Charlie Balfour's death to Newton Don. One year, 1871, we spent a few pleasant days at Whittinghame, at that time a unique household, the reins firmly held by the invisible

mistress, Lady Blanche Balfour, who never emerged from her rooms. Arthur, the now famous Minister, had just taken his degree and had several clever friends with him, among them Mr Strutt (now Lord Rayleigh) who was making love to Evelyn, the 2nd Balfour girl, in a most original manner over conic (Sic) sections and theories of sound. The ladies Cecil were there, and the little one, Margaret, played and sang very cleverly with some stringed instrument, and another cousin, Mrs H. Campbell (now Lady Stratheden) kept us all alive with her quaint remarks, and seemed happily unconscious that everyone was laughing at her. But they were all so good-tempered that chaff was never carried too far. We went every year to Murthly, and generally to Glamis, Meikleour and Tullyallan. In 1877 we paid a visit to Drumlanrig, a very enjoyable one. The Duke was delightful, the Duchess most kind; she was the least bigoted of perverts and faithfully kept the promise exacted by the Duke that she should never try to influence anyone in the household. She preserved the most friendly relations with the Chaplain, and never complained of her religious isolation, 11 miles from an R.C. church. We met three newly-married couples at Drumlanrig, the L. Dawnays, the Trefusises (Lady Mary, a daughter of the house) and another, the brides vying with each other in the splendour of their trousseaux; and one betrothed pair, Freddy Liddell and her fiancé, Mr Lascelles, Uncle Adolphus and Polly, lord Dalkeith, Lord Hamilton and Lord Claude, Capt. and Lady F. Duncombe and the Hillingdons were some of that large and merry party. The first time we went to Murthly was in 1870. I had seen the place in 1862 when dear Charlotte took us over in an expedition from Glamis. The Grahams had rented it for several years and that year we met Miss Virginia Gabriel, fresh from a long visit at Glamis, and full of the mysteries which had assumed such increased prominence since the death of our poor brother-in-law in 1865. The chapel had been cleaned and re-dedicated with great solemnity and the gossip was that the ghosts were endeavouring to terrify Claude and his family from making it their home. It appears that after Ben's funeral the lawyer and agent initiated Claude into the family secret. He went from them to his wife and said, "You know how often we have joked over the secret room and the family mystery. I have been into the room, I have heard the secret, and if you wish to please me you will never mention the subject to me again." Froggy was too good a wife not to obey, but she talked freely to other people and her mother, old Mrs Oswald Smith was the chief propagator of the stories and they lost nothing in the telling. It is unquestionable that for many years after the revelation Claude was a changed man, silent and moody with a scared anxious look on his face. So evident was the effect on him, that when his son, Glamis, came of age in 1876 he absolutely refused to be enlightened.

We did not go to Glamis in 1870, but while I was at Tullyallan, a large modern comfortable house inhabited by a most cheerful old couple, Lord and Lady William Osborne, and with nothing to suggest a ghost, and there I had a curious dream that I

was at Glamis and saw the ghost, an enormous man with a very long beard which rose and fell as he breathed like the celebrated figure of Madame de St. Amaranthe at Mme Tussaud's show; but although he seemed to breathe his face was that of a dead man. I held up some pieces of rusty iron saying, "See what I have found," an untruth, by the way, for the housemaid was the finder. Then the ghost said; "You have lifted a great weight off me, those irons have been weighing me down, down ever since…." "Ever since when?" I asked eagerly, forgetting my alarm in my curiosity. "Ever since 1486 – " replied the ghost. Then I woke up. A year or two after a Mrs Wingfield, a daughter of Lord Castleton, met my brother Eric and told him an odd experience of her own at Glamis. In the night she awoke with the feeling that someone was in the room; she sat up in bed and there seated at the fire was a huge old man with a long flowing beard. He turned and gazed fixedly at her and she saw that although his beard rose and fell as he breathed, his face was the face of a dead man. She was not particularly alarmed but unfortunately she made no attempt to enter into conversation with her visitor and after a few minutes he faded away and she – went to sleep again! Whether she saw or dreamt it the coincidence is curious. Nothing came of her dream or mine, but some years afterwards when we were driving from Glamis to Cortachy my Mother asked me if I had ever told my dream to Froggy. I said no, it wasn't worth telling, but her curiosity was aroused and I related it. When I came to the date Lady Strathmore gave a start, and turning to Fanny Trevannion said, "Oh! That is too odd." I said, "Surely that is not the right date, I thought it was 1500 or something." "No," she answered, "it was in 1486 – nearly 400 years ago." Of course I may have heard the date in former years, but I have no recollection of it, and certainly it is rather satisfactory to get a correct dated out of a ghost, even in a dream.

After 1870 we went to Glamis every year, and nearly always spent my Mother's birthday there. St. Michael was the patron saint of the chapel, people pretended he had been chosen for the re-dedication to keep away the evil spirits. We never saw or heard anything, and eager believers in the ghosts affirmed it was because we had Lyon blood in our veins, as the ghosts never appear to any of the family. My Mother's grandmother, Lady Anne Simpson was a Lyon. My Mother tried hard, dear thing, to see something, and I often found her in her room, her face pressed against the window pane, straining her eyes for a glimpse of the White Lady, a most harmless apparition, who is supposed to flit about the avenue. One year, on our arrival, we found the whole house in great excitement, as the White Lady had been seen by Lady Strathmore, her nieces and Lady Glasgow, from different windows at the same moment. One more tale I must put down, as related to me by Dr Nicholson, the Dean of Brechin. He said he had gone to bed in the room half way up the winding stairs, with the door locked, when he saw a tall figure draped in a cloak; neither spoke, and the figure disappeared in the wall. The Bishop of Brechin, Dr Forbes, who was staying in the castle, was very incredulous

about this apparition and teased his friend by saying: "Now Mr Dean, we all know you are the most persevering person in Scotland; I am sure you brought out your collecting-book and laid the ghost by asking for a subscription." Years afterwards I had to endure patiently a most garbled version of this story from the Dean of Bangor, when he jumbled up the Bishops's joke with the Dean's vision, or dream, and asserted that the ghost had been laid by a person courageously asking for a subscription. Bishop Forbes and Uncle Robert Liddell both offered to hold a service of exorcism all over the castle, but it never was done, and I think Claude would have been afraid of it. Unquestionably there is something strange about the house, the chaplain told me he felt it increasingly every year, and the factor, Mr Ralston, a shrewd long-headed Scotsman never could be induced to sleep in the castle again after he had been initiated into the secret. Froggy herself told me that she had once let out to Mr Ralston her great curiosity to unravel the mystery. He looked earnestly at her and said very gravely: "Lady Strathmore, it is fortunate that you do not know it and that you never can know it, for if you did you would not be a happy woman." Such a speech from such a man is certainly uncanny. Meantime the seem to have wearied with the conflict with owners who refuse to be frightened away and for the last 15 or 20 years I have heard no new stories.

We generally remained in Scotland till the end of Sept. and then went to Eslington. This was my favourite visit, for Uncle Henry, the most hospitable of men and the two youngest girls, Eleanor and Victoria, became great friends of mine. One year, 1873, the death of Uncle Hardwicke prevented our paying some visits at Harewood and other big houses, so we suddenly improvised a trip to the Lake District with Uncle George.

At that time I played the piano a great deal and was often pianiste at charity concerts and others. One night at the Hardwickes I took part in the Gounod-Bach Ave Maria for voice, harmonium, piano and violin. To the consternation of all parties, the Duke of Edinburgh insisted on sending for his violin and "doubling" Victor Yorke's part, a simple impossibility as every musician knows. The duke was an excellent timeist, but never played in tune; Victor had great taste and expression but never played in time. The result may be imagined. Mlle Tityens who was the singer, saw my face of blank dismay and bending down whispered good-naturedly: "Never mind, stick to me and think of no-one else." We got to the end somehow, but it was a terrible ordeal. This party must have been in '64 or'65.

Chapter VIII Episodes in our London Life

In November 1871 Charlie and Minnie Balfour spent a few days with us in Cavendish Sq. on their way to Cannes and Minnie wrote and invited a new friend of theirs, Mr

Maclagan, Rector of Newington, to come and see them there. Long years afterwards I heard that Charlie who had always earnestly desired to see me happily married, schemed with Minnie to bring about this introduction to us. The day was Nov. 28th.

In the summer of 1873 we had a great sorrow. The last time we were in the house with our dear Bishop Wilberforce was at Somerley in the late autumn of 1872 when Nina Agar was confirmed. He told us how much he missed his annual visits to Beckett, "the dovecote of the diocese" then turning with a smile to Lina, "but one of the doves has settled down to give me a welcome in the new diocese." The very last time I saw him was on Constitution Hill, I think on the 2nd of July. Our carriage was drawn up with a line of others to see the Shah of Persia; the Bishop was riding, and remained some little time by us, making little jokes on the passers-by. On Sunday 20th Mother and I drove down to dine at Percy's Cross with Uncle Ravensworth, as we often did on fine Sundays. The Dow. Lady Craven came to tea with us, and just as she was leaving she remarked in the most casual manner; "What a shocking thing for the Bishop of Winchester to be killed so suddenly!" We almost screamed with horror and scarcely could believe in the truth of her intelligence. She was not at all fond of him, so to her it was a piece of news and nothing more, but her account was alarmingly circumstantial. We hurried off to Winchester House, hoping to hear he was only seriously injured, but alas the crowd on the steps and the closed blinds dispelled our vain hopes. A bulletin was being handed about containing the bare statement that the Bishop had been killed on the Downs by a fall from his horse. Long years afterwards my husband told me he called at Winchester House one day in June to make some arrangement about a meeting. The Bishop went through his engagement book, dotting down each day till he came to the 18th July, when he closed the book, saying: "After that day I can do nothing." Of course he meant to begin his summer holiday then; but in the light of what occurred on the 19th the coincidence is striking.

It was in the autumn of that same year, 1873, in the midst of our usual round of visits, that I heard, I think at Whitburn, of the termination of Uncle Hardwicke's long and painful illness.

In the autumn of 1874 I went for the first time to a Church Congress with my sister-in-law Louisa. She was not strong enough to attend any of the meetings and I felt very shy and lonely, fighting my way through the crowd to obtain a seat. I remember thinking a clerical crowd very rude and disagreeable! But I heard some very beautiful speeches, and also went with Louisa to a special meeting held by Brother Ignatius, against whom I was very much prejudiced, and I never had very much sympathy, then or now, with the monastic life, but his reading of St. Matthew XIX was the most beautiful thing I ever heard and his address afterwards very striking and impressive.

After the Congress we went to Paris, Mother and I, Eric and our dear old French governess, Manete. Eric volunteered to pay her expenses in order to give her this great treat; Mary and Alfred again lent us their butler "Tomaso Toni" as our courier, and Alfred's sister, Mme de L'aigle lent us an apartment in her house. From Paris we went to Franc-port for a short time, returning to London in Nov. 1874. Mother and I were regular attendants at this time at Quebec Chapel, afterwards as her deafness increased, to a daughter chapel, All Souls, Langham Place. One winter I constantly found myself walking back with Mrs Gladstone, who used to turn out to the early service in the strangest attire, a sealskin coat over an old skirt, beneath which appeared something very like a night-gown and slippers down at heel. It was during that brief season of unpopularity, when the G.O.M. had a house in Harley St., outside which the fickle groaned and hooted, and one day actually threw stones at the windows.

When we went to Beckett for our annual Xmas visit in 1876, we heard that the claimant as we used to call our poor black sheep relative, Francis Lyon Barrington, was seriously ill, so ill that he expressed a wish to see my brother George, who went up to London and found him in the last stage of pneumonia, in a house in the Regent's Park, tended by a woman he lived with, who but for George would have been left penniless. Poor fellow, he had run through as much as he could of his fine fortune between his mother's death and his own, which took place a few days after George's visit. He had entirely fallen into the hands of toadies and card-sharpers, so that of late we had scarcely ever seen him, and could not pretend to feel any affection for one who had neither the manners nor the feelings of a gentleman and absolutely refused to follow the advice of his best friends. His constitution was fatally injured by drink and other excesses, and he was only 42 when he died; he was buried at Beckett in the family vault and then came the astounding news of his will. He had made 13 or 14, varying in their minor dispositions, but all agreeing on one point, viz. that the bulk of his fortune was left to my Mother for her life. Aunt Carry had told him the incident of my Mother having nursed him in his fretful infancy and we all think the poor fellow had a romantic feeling of gratitude, which he expressed in this very substantial form, for we certainly had taken very little notice of him and had not seen him for several months. The final will left everything to my Mother for her life, subject to a life pension of £500 to the owner of the house in Regent's Park. After my Mother's death the whole fortune was to go to the Strathmore's second son, Francis Lyon, for his life, but to be his absolutely if a son of his attained the age of 21. Failing this the whole was to revert to my brother George. My mother was at first more alarmed than gratified. We were very comfortable as we were and she dreaded the cares and responsibilities of a large income, moreover she was desperately afraid of the debts which had to be paid, lest some of her own money should be involved. However, the lawyers soon satisfied her

that her fears were groundless and that she would be a very rich woman. Everything belonging to Francis was sold, an enormous wardrobe of clothes and a good deal of jewellery. I have heard my Mother blamed for this, but she had nothing to do with the administering of the will, and the executors thought it their duty to realise all they could in order to discharge the heavy liabilities. At the sale my Mother bought a pair of large diamond bees, which she made heirlooms and they are now the property of Walter Barrington's wife (1886) and two of the many rings with which poor Francis used to load his fingers, heavy "gipsy" rings, then very fashionable. One of these set with rubies she gave to Eric's wife, the other with three large brilliants she left to me and I always wear it. Mother's first anxiety was to secure a portion of her new fortune for the benefit of her children, and being well aware of her inability to save money, she determined to insure her life, a very costly proceeding at her age (73).

After my Father's death she felt the same anxiety and insisted on selling the colliery leases he left her, by which she very much reduced her income, but secured a sum of £60,000 entirely at her own disposal. After some delays and difficulties, the dear life was accepted at 6 different offices at £5,000 each, the premium being £4,000 a year. Most of the offices sent their doctors to examine the new client; I was always present at these interviews, as the darling was extremely nervous which always increased her deafness. I have recorded in another place the difficulty we had in satisfying the Emissary of the Scottish Widows as to my Mother's age, no register of either birth or baptism being forthcoming. One doctor cross-examined me very closely about the surviving brothers and sisters in the Liddell family; at that time there were 13 in number, 6 out of the 7 sisters being widows and 4 of the 6 brothers being widowers, the eldest survivor was 79, and the youngest 54. "Never heard of such a thing in my life, a most remarkable family," he repeated several times. My Mother was very happy after the deed was done and the new will made, though it was almost impossible to make her understand the complicated provisions; for one clause I was responsible, she had left a considerable sum to her beloved eldest son, George, absolutely. I pointed out to her that George's three girls were all well provided for and persuaded her to leave the reversion to her two younger sons. Had I known then the straits to which poor Percy would be reduced on the death of his wife, I should have pleaded for him too to have a life interest on the money. We made very few alterations in our way of life. We had two footmen instead of one (and were rather less well waited upon in consequence) and my dear Mother joyfully resumed what she always rather missed during her widowhood – dress liveries! Her great pleasure was to keep open house and bestow large sums in charities and presents; I never knew a more generous spirit and her special happiness was to lavish gifts on those of her family and friends who were in reduced circumstances. If a child was sickening for want of the change its parents could not afford, a poor spinster trembling at her dentist's bill, or a fond mother fretting over the

difficulty of raising funds for her daughter's modest trousseau or layette, out came the cheque book and the £50 or £100 were sent off with sweet words that enhanced the value of the gift, or given with the gleaming smile that was rarely absent from that loveable and still lovely face. That income, I believe it was £8,000 or £10,000, even after paying the insurance was a source of untold joy to its possessor, and though we never paid more than one visit to the estate at Helton-le-Hole, she was in regular correspondence with the clergyman and subscribed liberally to all his charities and entertainments.

In the summer of 1875 Mr Maclagan was appointed Vicar of Kensington. His father Dr David Maclagan was an intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington and an Army surgeon all through the Peninsular War. He was born 1785, died 1865 and m. in 1811 Miss Jane Whiteside, (born 1790 died 1878) they were Presbyterians, but left their 7 sons absolute freedom in religious matters, with the result that two always remained in the Established Kirk, one was an U.P another Free Kirk and three Episcopalians. The 5th son, William Dalrymple was born on the 5th June 1826 which as in 1815 fell on a Sunday. Peter, the doctor's old soldier servant, was greatly delighted at the auspicious event and exclaimed: "Here's another bonny boy, born the day of the great Victory; this one must be a soldier." "No, indeed" retorted Nelly, the old Presbyterian nurse, "This boy was born on the Lord's Sabbath, he must be a Meenister." It is not a little remarkable that both the old servants should be unconsciously true prophets. In 1847 he joined the 51st Madras Native Infantry, but after a couple of years his health gave way. His first wish had been to take orders, from which his father had dissuaded him on the score of his having no interest, so on his return home he went to his father and said: "I have tried to follow your advice and it was not to be, will you lend me £500 and I will go to Cambridge and do the best I can?" This was done and what is more on that sum and a little pension as an Indian officer, he went through his three years at Cambridge without even incurring a penny of debt. His descendants may well be proud of such an example, though they are not likely to imitate it! He was ordained deacon by Bishop Sumner of Winchester in 1856, priest by Archbishop Tait, then Bishop of London, 1857.

About this time Archbishop Tait was beginning to think of the great scheme of the Church Extension Society that will always be associated with his name. Bishop Tait himself contributed £2,000, old Lord Brougham came bustling up to him in the House of Lords, exclaiming: "My Lord Bishop, what is this I hear? £2,000 a year to your new fund? I congratulate you on your generosity." "But you mistake, my Lord, answered the Bishop, "it is £2,000 in all." "Ah well," answered the old gentleman, "then I congratulate you on your prudence – though after all, a man might rough it on £8,000 a year." Lord Brougham evidently shared the error, still prevalent in many lay minds, that Episcopal incomes are at the disposal of their nominal owners, instead of being

held in trust mainly for the diocese. In 1869 Mr Maclagan was appointed Rector of St. Mary Newington, which had been much neglected. A few days after the first changes, a lady asked to see the Rector and said she and her mother wished to give up their seats as they did not like the alterations. The Rector expressed deep regret and enquired what had distressed them – was it the surplice in the pulpit? "Oh no," "Was it the alms-bags?" "Oh dear no, Judas had a bag," leaving it for ever uncertain whether the new Rector was a Judas or the bags savoured of theft! At his new church in Kensington, in Archdeacon Sinclair's time, it was proposed to put up a statue of the Virgin and Child. This aroused a tremendous "no Popery" protest. At last the Archdeacon surely in a spirit of irony made the suggestion: "Suppose we leave out the Child?" This was carried at once, nem. con. and there the figure stands to this day, as a Protestant compromise!

Chapter IX - My Marriage 1878

Before I come to the great change in my own life, I must note one or two family events. Two of my favourite cousins had married, Victoria Liddell and Minnie Trotter. Both married widowers. Vicky married a Mr Edward Fisher, who has since assumed the name of Rowe, who had been a cavalry officer and rode in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, commemorated by Tennyson more than 30 years after by a very inferior poem. Minnie Trotter married in 1875 Frank Bevan, the banker, to whom I think she had been attached and engaged in her early youth. There were no cousins left to take their places with me, and I was disappointed that Bill and Eric remained unmarried, and I am afraid sometimes indulged in morbid misgivings as to my own future lonely life. I sat alone in my room at Beckett after someone in Dec. 1877 had sent me a Xmas card of that beautiful hymn "Not knowing," and wondered if by any possibility there might still be a dawn in my own life.

On the 11th April passed away the great missionary Bishop of Lichfield, George Augustus Selwyn. On the 25th we were joined at Westbury by George, who informed us that Disraeli had offered the Bishopric to our friend the Rector of Kensington. That evening the Pall Mall Gazette announced that the Bishopric had been offered to and accepted by Mr Wilkinson of St. Peter's Eaton Square. George was much annoyed and surprised, as he prided himself on never announcing uncertain news. However, it was a mere newspaper canard, which caused some surprise to the Rector of Kensington, as he saw it just after he had written to accept the offer of the Prime Minister. On the 22nd of May there was a Confirmation at Kensington Church, very interesting to me as my dear nephew Charlie Balfour was one of the candidates, and Constance West, the

"Saint's" pretty daughter. Ah! What a hard matter it was all that summer to look pleased and unconcerned, when I felt that the ground was slipping under my feet and I was losing the best, indeed the only spiritual friend I possessed. Looking back at the frequent visits and notes of the Bishop-designate, I do not wonder that my Mother and others thought he must have serious "intentions," but I tried not to allow myself to indulge in any blissful dreams and maintained what was indeed perfectly true, that he never said a word to me that might not have been heard by everyone. On the 24th June (May?) he was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral. Two Colonial bishops were also consecrated, Dr Stanton for North Queensland and Dr Cramer Roberts for Nassau. The sermon was preached by Mr Wilkinson; it was very long and I thought both depressing and inappropriate. The one sentence I can never forget was when he turned to the poor Bishop of North Queensland and said: "And you, my Brother, go forth to your beggarly Diocese" – it sounded so dispiriting!

On the 6th of August when we were to pass through London from Abbotswood to Dyrham, rented that year by Frank and Minnie Bevan, we found Isabel waiting for us and soon the Bishop was announced. The two seemed determined to outstay each other, and at length the Bishop rose and asked me to come into the next room as he had something to say to me. I honestly thought it was only about a cook we had recommended to him. So I was almost stunned when he abruptly asked me to come and share his life at Lichfield. There was little doubt about my answer…..We went back to tea, dear Isabel was still there, but she saw something had happened and discreetly retired. My darling Mother was overjoyed. I said: "Mother, he wants a house-keeper, not a cook," and she threw her arms round him. We had to swallow scalding tea as the carriage was at the door and we had to hurry to Kings Cross. I was glad to get to my room that night, to be alone with my joy. Truly the 6th August was a Transfiguration Day for me! The 7th, Wednesday was a busy day. We wrote all the morning, my Mother with her usual loyalty sending her first intelligence to the Queen, the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, and we wrote of course to all the brothers and sisters and began the long list of relatives. On the 9th we returned to London my dear Mother eager to plunge into her dear delight of shopping for my trousseau. She was most generous, insisting on providing everything herself and so liberally that it was 12 or 15 years before the trousseau altogether disappeared. It would have been a real sorrow to her if I had been married in a bonnet and a grey gown, so I submitted to the orthodox white satin and Brussels lace, a woeful waste of money as William could not bear to see me in white, but the veil has adorned many a bride since. Nothing could exceed the kindness of my relations, they were all far less surprised than I was. Eric met us on the station on our return and whispered into my ear: "Dear Mrs Mog, what shall I do without you? I shall marry Tina now." "And a very good thing too, for you and everyone else," was my reply. That long-delayed union soon followed mine and never

was there a more happy marriage. George was very amusing. We dined with him on the day we returned to London, with Eric, the Normantons and several others. George told us that Isabel had come home on the 6th and said to him: "I met the Bishop of Lichfield at Cav. Sq. he and Augusta disappeared together and came back looking so perturbed that I was persuaded that he had either been asking her to marry him or telling her that he was going to marry somebody else." To which George replied: "How can you suppose any man could be such a brute as to act on your last supposition?"

My engagement made no alteration in our usual autumn tour of visits. We went to Mulgrave as usual on the 13th of August and to Whitburn on the 28th. Dear aunt Minnie was deeply interested in my prospects. The Queen wrote my Mother a charming letter, which I possess, and sent me her photograph, signed, but there her kindness ended. She was mortally affronted at hearing that the Bishop had a Celebration for a number of English tourists in the Hotel in Braemar, and as she never forgets (or forgives) we have been under a ban and she has never taken the smallest notice of us. Of course we have been asked to the State Concerts but never to dinner or to stay at Windsor or Osborne. I heard several years after from Dr Thorold of Rochester that the Queen had spoken openly of her annoyance, saying that when people were in Scotland they ought to go to the Scottish Church! So much for the head of ours! *

*Footnote. Now (Feb. 1901) that our beloved Queen has passed away, my regret is intensified. William never cared much. He was not brought up like us with a Culte for the Sovereign. I loved and admired her so much that I longed for her to know him as he was. But it was not to be. With all my loyal devotion I think in this instance she was wrong.

Our visit to Whitburn was rather sad as Aunt Minnie had failed very much. She and all the Williamsons were as kind as possible and deeply interested in my prospects; Lizzie was an inveterate tease, and could not resist hiding my letters from the Bishop and chuckling over my disappointed face when the post seemed to me a blank. Dear Aunt Annie was both deaf and blind; hers had been such a bright loveable nature, utterly unselfish, devoted to her children and grandchildren and generous to a fault with very narrow means, that it was sad to see her closing years so clouded with infirmity. She insisted on undergoing the operation for cataract but it was quite useless, and deaf as nearly all the Liddells became with advancing years I think none were as stone deaf as she was.

We went on to Murthly, Glamis, Meikleour and Tullyallan. From Glamis we drove as usual to Cortachy, where a very different wedding was pending, the Airlie's headstrong eldest daughter, Blanche Ogilvie, having insisted on engaging herself to

Colonel Hozier, a man of the worst character, whose first wife, still alive, had divorced him. The Scottish clergy refused to perform the marriage, and it eventually took place in the private chapel at Cortachy, Dean Stanley, Lady Airlie's cousin, tying the knot. Poor Lady Airlie's sorrowful face made Mother and me quite shy of alluding to our happiness. The marriage proved as unhappy as might have been expected and ended in a separation. On our way south we stopped at Lichfield which I cannot say impressed me very favourably. Mother's old-fashioned ideas of propriety would not permit her to accept the hospitality of the Bishop, but we were very kindly entertained by my cousin, Heneage Legge, who was then Adjutant, at Yeomanry House. The Cathedral disappointed me at first; few Cathedrals have suffered as grievously in the Civil War. The central spire, however, was rebuilt by Wren after the Restoration and is good for that period, but very inferior to the two western spires. People often call them the Ladies of the Midlands, and the Bishop used to call them Faith, Hope and Charity. We went to London from Lichfield and I was obliged to go and reside at Beckett for the three Sundays, while Mother remained in London to complete my trousseau and also to see the last of dear Aunt Annie, whose death was daily expected. She had specially entreated while still conscious, that my marriage might not be postponed on her account, so no alteration was made, and we had naturally arranged under any circumstances for the ceremony to be as quiet as possible. She passed away on Nov. 4th, and we were married on the 12th. William had asked his friend, Bishop Jackson of London to read the service, but to my great relief he was unable to do so. In after life I got to like him, but at that time I only knew him as a very forbidding old gentleman and a most depressing preacher, and we would have felt he was quite a wet blanket in our family party. So Uncle Robert officiated, assisted by Mr Murray of Shrivenham. Mary and Alfred, Lina and Normanton, Percy, Eric, and Minnie Balfour, George, Isabel and Florence, Aunt Carry, Tom Price and Bill were at Beckett. Nina Clarendon had been recently confined of her daughter Edith, Evelyn Craven was expecting a similar event, and poor Louisa was laid up at Westbury. William's eldest brother, the Professor and his nephew Charlie, the General's eldest son, came to Beckett and William himself and his two sons stayed at Shrivenham House with Constance and Has Keth Palk, according to another old-fashioned theory that it is unlucky for the bride and bridegroom to be under the same roof the night before the marriage. My dear Mother settled £20,000 on me in addition to my own £8,000, to which she added £2,000 just before her death, but it was all tied up as tight as law could make it, to revert to my brothers if I died childless. Tuesday Nov. 12th was a thoroughly uncongenial day, a wintry wind with showers of snow; the marriage was fixed for 11.30 and there was some discrepancy between the Episcopal watch and the church clock, and we stood waiting in the chancel for what seemed an interminable time, George very impatient and I shivering with apprehension and imagining all sorts of horrors in which sudden illness predominated, when quite composedly the Bishop crossed over from the vestry

and the short service began. I would not have any bridesmaids, Eric provided me with a bridal bouquet which Florence held. Before I changed my dress I insisted on signing the new will, which I had instructed Mr Carlisle to draw up before-hand. Signing wills has been a perfect mania with me, on account of the many accidents and misfortunes which I have known owing to the strange reluctance many people have to settling their affairs beforehand.

We went first to Cav. Sq. and it may interest my daughter to know that my "going away dress" was a thick corded grey silk with a black velvet jacket trimmed with beaver and a grey bonnet and feathers. On the 13th we went to the Isle of Wight. It was very cold and not very attractive. We had been offered the loan of Somerley or Abbotswood, but nothing would induce William to accept either. How strange I felt that Wednesday morning! After Breakfast William said: "I have asked George Wilkinson to come and see me on some very important business; could you go to some other room?" There was only one prepared for our brief stay, which I of course vacated directly the Rector of St. Peter's appeared. I wandered about the house for some time and eventually sat down on the staircase! When I at last ventured back to the morning-room I found it empty! The two friends had gone out for a walk, from which my Lord returned barely in time for a hasty meal before leaving for Waterloo!

On the 28th we went to Lichfield. It was dreadfully cold, the house at that time was insufficiently warmed and the Chapel like a vault. The whole life was strangely different to any former experiences and I had much to learn, for Mother, who loved accounts and housekeeping for their own sake never allowed anyone to help her and I was as ignorant as a girl. We were soon plunged into an Ordination, and I had to provide for some 30 candidates besides examiners. This first Ordination was a woeful day for me. On my return from church I found a telegram from Eric announcing the death of my dear cousin Eliot Yorke. He had long been in poor health, but we were used to it and felt no anxiety. But I felt it keenly – the Bishop scarcely knew him and I just longed for someone near me who could feel with – as well as for me.

My brother Eric's engagement to Tina Graham was announced very soon after our marriage and their wedding took place on the 24th Feb. 1879. They were married by Archbishop Thomson of York and went to Cannes, where we joined them on the 20th March. To my great disappointment the Bishop said he could not marry them as he had so much Diocesan work. We saw a good deal of the Duke of Argyll and his daughters, the Wolvertons and their nieces, and Paul Methuen and his sweet young wife, who was laid up in our hotel, the Princess de Galles, with an agonizing illness of which she died soon after we left. From Cannes we went to Milan and then to Belagio, returning to England by the Cenis to Aix-les-bains and Paris. It was not a very enjoyable tour; the

spring was cold and late; I was not at all well and felt home-sick, or rather mother-sick. In May I was presented on my marriage by Isabel, and the Queen very kindly allowed me to share her entrée privileges, to avoid fatigue and standing. In August we all went to Mulgrave, Aunt Minnie very kindly having included Cyril and Walter in her invitation, then we went to the first of our nine Welsh holiday houses. While we were there dear Uncle Bloomfield died in Ireland. He did not suffer much pain in his short illness, but was very restless and the doctor was anxious to relieve him with narcotics. "Should I be likely to die under their influence?" he asked. "Well, my Lord, I cannot say, it might be so." "Then I would rather bear the weariness, it would not be respectful to enter the presence of my Maker in a state of insensibility." The reply was very characteristic of this very Christian gentleman, who had been a diplomat and a courtier from the age of 16. He had never been confirmed owing to his constant absence at Foreign Courts, but he was a very devout Churchman. People are very casual about Confirmation in the early part of this century; I remember Aunt Elfan (Mrs Mills) telling me she was never confirmed, because she chanced to be on the continent at the orthodox age. Yet she was the grand-niece of a Bishop, and the daughter, sister and wife of English clergymen. Uncle Bloomfield was 77 when he died; he was not brilliantly clever but very sensible and dependable and the most amiable of men. He was successfully Envoy at the Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin, and Ambassador at Vienna.

On Nov. 10th 1879 I settled in Cavendish Sq. to await the unexpected joy of motherhood. I had been extraordinarily well all the time. Eric and Tina, who had made their home with my Mother as long as her dear life lasted were away at the time and we had their apartment at the end of the passage, and there my Eric was born, on Thursday Dec. 4th 1879. My nurse, Mrs Bygrave, came from Brackley, recommended by Mrs Walter Barrington. She was with me the week before and a week after the month and her fee was only £6! Dear Mrs Revill, who had presided over the confinements of my three sisters (and nieces) was rather hurt at my not engaging her, but in addition to her being well stricken in years and very deaf, her fee had risen to £30 which I thought a very needless outlay. For the same reason I refused to consult Matthews Duncan or Playfair, and asked Andrew Clark to recommend some trustworthy doctor with reasonable terms. He sent me a very talkative and gossipy Dr Ellis from Harley St. who bored me to death with his long twaddling stories, certainly did his work well, but when I asked for his bill, I found to my dismay that he charged the (then) top fee of £25. I felt very angry with Sir Andrew for playing me such a trick. The day before Eric was born I went over two houses in Kensington from garret to cellar, (we wanted to hire a house for Jan.) and afterwards had tea with Gina Wolverton at her mother's house in Lancaster Gate. I remember her surprise when I ran quickly down the stairs. Many people were almost sceptical because I was, and looked, so well, and my dear Mother

was made quite miserable by a characteristic letter from Aunt Villiers, telling her she must prepare herself and me for a great disappointment, we had evidently made a great mistake.This letter was answered with much gusto by Mary, informing her of Eric's birth. People certainly do very odd things at these times. One lady, a Mrs Wright, called on me, whom I scarcely knew, the wife of a Newington curate, apparently for the sole purpose of frightening me by suggesting all the dangers, of which my advanced age was foremost. Luckily I was neither nervous nor excitable. My little brown mouse, as I called him, how many times I used to gaze on his sweet face and recall the dream of past years when I used to wake hugging a pillow and find it wet with dream tears of joy, to which were often added waking tears of sorrow that the child I so passionately desired was never to be granted to me! I was churched on the 31st and on the 5th Jan. we moved to 1 Atherstone Terrace which we had taken for a month, and where the Bishop had a little Bible class for his Confirmation candidates. I think it was then I first made acquaintance with the Cornish girls, Emmeline Lyall and Florence Skirrow, who afterwards became our adopted daughter. Eric was Christened in Kensington Church by Edward Glyn on Jan. 12th, his Godfathers being my brother Eric and my brother-in-law General R. Maclagan, my sister Mary who had presided over his birth being his Godmother. One of the greatest disappointments of my married life was that the Bishop absolutely refused to baptize either of our children, in spite of my repeated, earnest and indeed tearful entreaties. He had some curious theory about the parish priest being the proper person to administer the Sacraments. All the same he consented to baptize Walter's little girl at Bishopthorpe in Jan.1896 (86?) and his grandson at Grosinout in June 1899, also Uffington at Combe in 1897 and I fail myself to see the difference.

In Feb. I went to Beckett with the Swales and my baby and very proud I was to exhibit my new treasure to all my old friends and hear the villagers calling "Eh! Coom now and look at our Miss Barrnton's baby." During the first years I did very little Diocesan work. In May 1881 and 1882 I went alone to Mulgrave to meet my Mother, and she came back to Lichfield with me. She loved staying there and told me she was as comfortable as at Somerley, Beckett or Abbotswood.

During the winter of 1880-81 we had a house in Cornwall Gardens. On the 18th Jan. 1881 there was the heaviest snowstorm I ever remember, it extended all over England, railways were blocked and traffic and trade paralysed. Many houses were snowed up, every pipe frozen and there was a regular milk famine. There were many tragic-comic adventures on the railways for the storm was as sudden as it was severe. Dr Liddell, the Dean of Christchurch was stuck in a drift a few miles from Oxford for 18 hours, during which the passengers could get nothing to eat but a cheese. Ludwig, my accompanist, spent the night in the Underground on his way to or from a suburban

concert. But the most amusing and successful adventure was that of our old cousin Tom Price. We often chaffed him because he never would go the shortest journey without a sandwich, his principal being that one never knows what may happen. On this eventful day he started from Buchanan Castle for London and the Duchess giving him leave to take what he wanted from the side-board, he carried off a sheep's-head pie, a loaf of bread and a large flask of whisky amid the shouts of laughter of the other guests. The train ran into a drift somewhere north of Carlisle and he and his fellow travellers rejoiced in his prudent foresight, there being no other food on board except a truckload of dried herrings and hot water from the engine.

On the 26th Jan. I moved to Cav. Sq. All went well and smoothly and our longed-for little girl was born on Thursday Feb. 3rd at noon. Old Mrs Bickersteth at the Lichfield Deanery died the night before, I think just of old age. It was rather curious that the night before Eric was born the old Duke of Portland died at 19 Cav. Sq. so both the young lives came into the world as the old ones passed out. I forget how many lives there were between him and the present Duke, who was at the same crammer as Frank Sartoris. Frank met him in the street on Dec. 4th 1879 and said: "Why, Bentinck, how odd you look, what's the matter?" "Well I feel rather odd," was the answer, "I have just heard that I am Duke of Portland and as I hardly knew my old cousin I can't pretend to be sorry." Some years afterwards he married Tina's beautiful niece, Winifred Dallas Yorke and they have been very good examples of high-principled leaders of fashionable society.

We had determined if we were blessed with a daughter to call he Theodora, which I thought (and still think) a much prettier name than the more fashionable Dorothea, but I am in a minority and among many dissentients Edward Liddell wrote angrily to me: "Why do you call your daughter after the most profligate Empress who ever disgraced the Imperial throne, instead of sweet Dorothea?" The bishop somewhat indignantly said our daughter should redeem her name. The Bishop's mother had the same name as mine so Jane was a foregone conclusion and as both the Godmothers, Giana Wolverton and Minnie Balfour were called Georgina and the Godfather Mr Wilkinson was George it seemed impossible to avoid the third name, certainly not a very beautiful triplet – "Theodora Jane Georgina" was baptised like her brother at Kensington Church by Edward Glyn on the 3rd of March. Princess Mary came to tea at Cav. Sq. on the 5th of March to inspect my family. Eric was a very pretty little boy just beginning to run alone. He had a beautiful complexion and a lovely little mouth with curving red lips of which I was foolishly proud, pride that was soon to have a fall, as after he lost his first teeth it became extremely ugly and has remained a permanent disfigurement.

We went back to Lichfield on the 15th, just after all Europe was staggered by the horrible murder of the Czar Alexander of Russia, the father of the Duchess of Edinburgh. In April 1881 occurred the first break in the 4th generation of our family, for I can hardly count the death of the Cravens' baby boy in 1873. Their eldest daughter May was a very attractive child, not pretty but very gentle and winning. She took quite an extraordinary fancy for the Bishop on our wedding-day, and when her Aunt Florence reproached her with forgetting her numerous aunts and uncles, she gazed lovingly at the Bishop crossing the hall below and said: "I shall never forget that uncle," and she never did. Once she paid us a visit to Lichfield with Miss Warren, the same who was governess to Mary Sartoris's boys till they went to school. During this visit she used to follow the Bishop about like his shadow and was never so happy as when he gave her some little thing to do for him. One day he lost a sapphire out of his ring, and she went all over the house on her hands and knees in the hope of finding it. Her one longing was to repeat the illness, and a short time before her illness, she said sorrowfully to Miss Warren: "Aunt Augusta promised to ask us again but I am afraid she has forgotten us." Dear child, I wish she had known that we had pleaded hard for a second visit, just about the time of her sudden illness. But the Cravens had planned taking her with them on a yachting cruise early in the summer, for which a little nautical trousseau had been secretly provided, and Evelyn naturally thinking two breaks in the schoolroom routine undesirable, said nothing to May about our invitation to avoid disappointing her. The illness was a very mysterious one and supposed to be suppressed measles. May was always a delicate, fragile child, and Miss Warren thought little of the headache, to which she was always subject, but fever and delirium came on rapidly and the doctor advised that the parents should be summoned. I think they were in Scotland. Evelyn started first and arrived just in time to see the child die, I suppose poor George was out fishing when the telegram came, anyhow he was too late to see his darling little daughter again. She was buried at Combe, by the side of her infant brother Charley.

In the autumn of 1881 we went to Southwell, which was erected into a Bishopric. It was the first time I saw old bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln. I am afraid I did not appreciate him at all in those days when he used to come to Shrivenham as Rural Dean. That first morning at Southwell when I came in to breakfast he called out: "Come and sit by me Mrs Maclagan, it is like a breath of fresh air from White Horse Hill to see a Barrington in the Midlands." Soon after our return home we had a visit from Tennyson on his way to the Dukeries with his son Mallam. We tried in vain to make him stay in our house, instead of at the George Inn, but he was quite impractible and paid for his obstinacy by having a dinner he could not eat and a bed he could not sleep in. However he consented to come to breakfast next morning and to let us show him the Cathedral. He was an untidy, shaggy-looking man with a rough beard and wore an enormous cloak

and a broad hat like a brigand's. He was not in the least attractive or pleasant in his manners. We had a nice copy of Raphael's Jardiniere which he looked at attentively: the Bishop remarked: "A beautiful picture." Tennyson said: "Um, what did you pay for it?" He was not very enthusiastic over the Cathedral; we took him up to the library and showed him the M.S.S. known as St. Chad's Gospels. He asked the date and said: " About the time of King Arthur," adding after a momentary pause: "if there ever was a King Arthur." The Bishop exclaimed: "Well, Mr Tennyson, who is to believe in King Arthur if you throw doubts on him?" Tennyson's reply struck me as very priggish: "Leader Arthur there may have been, King Arthur there never was." Such a needless change of words, as if everybody did not know that the King or Dux of those times was little more than a leader of men.

In Nov. my dear brother George came to see us, just for the day. It was his first and only visit, I rather think the Bishop was absent from home. I gave him luncheon with no small trepidation, showed him the house and garden and sent for Bishop Abraham to do the honours of the Cathedral. He had been tutor to George and Percy at Eton where they cordially detested him, but after an interval of nearly 40 years they met in the most friendly manner; the magic fellowship of Eton threw a halo of memories over the memories of two incorrigibly idle boys and I seldom saw the gruff old Bishop so gracious as he was to "Lord Shute" as he persisted in calling him, till George was obliged to explain that his English Barony had not superceeded his Irish Viscountancy.

This winter my Mother presented a very beautiful Altar Cross and four large brass vases to the Cathedral. Neither she nor I thought of the restrictions that preserve Cathedrals from unwelcome or unsuitable gifts, and we got into very hot water for not having first asked permission of the Dean and Chapter. However I made the humblest apologies, the cross and vases were sent to the Deanery for inspection, submitted to the Hebdomary Chapter and graciously accepted, and so ends the record of this year 1881.

Chapter X. Life at Lichfield

In Jan. we went to Beckett with the two children, and also to Abbotswood. We spent most of Feb. in London with my dear Mother. She insisted on my going to another Drawing-room, and as she gave me my dress I could not refuse. It was black satin brocade trimmed with my white lace and the train lined with yellow, but I did not like going, it was the only time I was ever at Court without the Entrée and the crowd and waiting were very tiresome. That May I joined my Mother for our last visit to Mulgrave

which was a very sad one. Mother came back with me to Lichfield, I think it was that year that Lady Dunmore and Alexandrina Murray joined us for Whitsun-tide. This summer is just a record of last times, we were in Cavendish Sq. most of June, my last birthday with my dearest Mother. We went home in July and on the 18th I was hastily summoned to find my precious Eric in a convulsion fit. We never could account for the seizure, but it seemed to me to be very like the description of an attack I had myself when I was about a year older, and like mine it permanently affected my little boy, who from that time became very rickety and for many years had to wear irons on his legs. My dear Mother was dreadfully anxious when she heard of his illness and telegraphed twice a day for news, finally writing a most touching letter asking if she might come and see him. Fortunately, there were no Diocesan meeting to raise a difficulty, and on the 25th that blessed beloved mother of mine arrived, the last of her visits to my home.

Sea air was recommended for Eric, so I installed him and Swales at Rhyl and the Bishop, Walter and I started for Scotland on Aug.4th. We went up to Loch Awe, up the Caledonian canal to the pier at Dochfour, where Beattie Beaumont was waiting for us, beaming with smiles, in her grandfather's carriage. We were most hospitably received by Mr and Lady Georgina Baillie, he was a grand looking old man over 80, and she a stately looking lady with great remains of her former beauty. Col and Mrs Colville and May, Mr Beaumont and Mary and Beattie, and Mr William Baillie whose wife and children lived in one of Mr Baillie's many lodges, formed our party and we spent some very pleasant days in that beautiful home which I was glad to see, having heard so much of it ever since the marriage of my brother George in 1846 to Mr Baillie's beautiful niece, Isabel Morritt. Dochfour is a large, comfortable modern house with a charming garden and a lovely view over Loch Ness. We also went over to Aldourie, where Christine Liddell's brother, Mr Fraser Tytler lived with his wife Edith, a niece of Bishop Selwyn's. From Dochfour we went to Braemore, belonging to Sir John Fowler, the great engineer and constructor of the Forth Bridge, a clever, agreeable man, entirely self-made and with a limited supply of H's, who would have been still more interesting if he had not tried to make himself an old Highland Laird and insisted on his wife and children calling him "Braemore." From thence we went to Dunrobin, a grand situation, but it is a mistake to go to the east coast after the west. The scenery is most uninteresting in comparison, the mountains round-headed and tame, Ben Wyvis, "my Mountain" as Duchess Annie called it, makes no effect at all, though it is only 400 feet lower than Ben Dearg, the chief glory of Braemore. There was a large and not very amusing party in the house; Mr. Harry Chaplin, then recently widowed and his three little children, Lady Tarbat with her two graceful little girls who danced like fairies (the elder afterwards succeeded her grandmother and became Lady Cromartie) a couple of Indian Princes who were being personally conducted through Scotland and seemed to find it a doubtful joy, Mr. and Lady Alice Fitzgerald etc. I shall never forget the

astonishment and joy which beamed on the impassive oriental faces when the Bishop went up to them and began conversing fluently with them in Hindustani. Every morning a piper paraded round the terraces to rouse the guests from their slumbers and of course the melodious performance was repeated every evening after dinner. Out of doors the pipes sound wild and picturesque, in Scotland, but in a room they nearly make me scream. From Dunrobin we went to Glamis, from Glamis to Tullyallan, the regular round that I used to go every year before I married, and here a delightful surprise awaited me. My dear Mother was on her way north, and Lady William arranged that our visits should coincide without telling either of us. She was accompanied by Bill, and the days flew only too rapidly. We left on Saturday Sept. 9th, spent Sunday in Edinburgh and on Monday proceeded to Alnwick, where I last stayed in the '70s. Now all was changed, the magnificent rooms were in daily use, and clever delightful Duchess Louisa reigned instead of kind but very dull Duchess Eleanor. A painter there told us our hands, as did a Miss Bayley at Braemore, who like everyone who peers into my future, foretold that I (and the Bishop also) would die a violent death. We went straight home from Alnwick and went to the Church Congress at Derby in Oct. On our way home and much to our surprise and somewhat to our consternation, Walter informed us he had proposed and been accepted by Florence Skirrow. He was only 20, two years her junior, and beginning his university career. Of course her parents were very much annoyed, all the interview fell to my share, and old Mr Skirrow made himself so unpleasant on one occasion that I almost lost my temper and gave him plainly to understand that we thought the engagement quite as disadvantageous to Walter as he did to his daughter, but that in my opinion the best way to prevent the marriage was to allow a sort of undeclared engagement. I felt persuaded in my own mind Florence's devoted attachment to the father had cast a glamour over the son, and she thought far more of being the Bishop's daughter than Walter's wife. Indeed I told her as much, and though she indignantly disclaimed the idea, the event proved that I was perfectly right for within less than a year and the very first time she and Walter were together without us, she broke off the engagement.

Chapter XI - 1883

I must give a new chapter to this year, the saddest in my whole life. It began brightly with a very merry holiday party after Xmas at Lichfield. On Jan. 18th we went to Beckett with our two children. There was no-one in the house but Aunt Carry. Aunt Georgy was then at Shrivenham House and Conty Phipps was there with her three children.

This is the only recollection, a very hazy one, that Dora has of that dear Grandmama, and it is a wonder that she remembers even that for she was only two, but that visit to Beckett and the birthday tea and iced cake Isabel provided for her were great events in her baby life, and I cultivated and treasured that shadowy remembrance. Perhaps I should have remembered seeing the Queen in her coronation robes if people had talked more to me about it, for I was exactly the same age as Dora was at Beckett.

Mother retained her strong preference for Eric. Aunt Carry, who could never conceal the jealousy she felt for the affection my Mother lavished on me and my boy, took every opportunity of saying: "Well, I prefer the girl." I had impressed it upon Eric that he was never to ask any questions at Beckett, knowing my brother George's horror of what he called "a child with a thirst for information", also that he was never to offer to kiss his uncle. He remembered and obeyed my injunctions so successfully that George shook hands with him very graciously at the end of our visit, said he was a good little chap, and gave him half-a-crown.

We were in Cav. Sq. from Feb. 26th to March 5th, a very happy visit, my Mother very well and full of little jokes. We went away under promise to return soon after Easter. On Maundy Thursday we went to the Celebration, and on my return I found a telegram on my breakfast table. I opened it very quietly never doubting that it was to announce David Maclagan's death. For Minnie Balfour and Julian had arrived the evening before from London, bringing so many messages from my Mother that there was no letter from her that 22nd March. The telegram was from Eric: "Mother had had a bad fall, dangerously ill, come at once." There was just time to catch the 10 o'clock train and I rushed off at once, all alone. I was in Cav. Sq. soon after 1 and found George, Percy and Eric in the morning-room. They told me at once there was no hope. I went straight to her room. She was lying rather across the bed, her face flushed and swelled and drawn down on one side, she was breathing but quite unconscious, she never moved or spoke again and if she had been in a hospital in a row of beds, I almost doubt if I should have recognised her. Mary and Lina arrived from Abbotswood in the course of the afternoon and Bill came from Paris in the middle of the night.

She and Tina were going upstairs to bed on Wednesday night, Tina being on the banister side, not that that made any difference, with both her hands full Mother could not have saved herself. Within a few steps of the top of the second flight, she did what I had seen her do scores of times when we were going up arm in arm, put her little foot carelessly on the edge of the step, lost her balance and crashed down backwards 8 or 10 steps, striking her head against the stone edge. The noise of the heavy fall brought Sharrat and the two footmen from the hall, they managed to raise and carry her to the landing and after a minute or two wheeled her into her bedroom, while Tina flew out

of the house and fetched a doctor. He came at once and examined her carefully, no bones were broken, and though of course shaken and dazed she spoke quite rationally and did not seem in pain, and said with a little laugh: "What a clumsy old woman I am to tumble about like this and give you such a fright!" Presently she said she felt tired and would like to go to bed, so they undressed her. She moved her arms and feet without any help, I mention this because several people asserted afterwards that she had a stroke on the staircase, but there was nothing of the kind. She always wore inside her dress a locket with Addy's hair and when they were undressing her she said: "Do not take that off." It was never taken off; she was buried with it. As Tina stood by her, she took her hand and kissed it: it was her last conscious act. A minute afterwards she said: "I feel sick." Tina instantly summoned the doctor who was waiting in the drawing-room next door. When they returned Mother's head had fallen forward and she was talking incoherently in French. Just then Eric returned but all consciousness was gone, her face was drawn and altered and one whole side paralysed. They told me afterwards she must have broken her back in the fall. There was a terrible bruise at the base of her spine, but I cannot believe it was more than concussion, because for half an hour or more she moved all her limbs without help. As long as she was alive, there was no comfort in being in the room, she was so utterly unlike herself. I believe a nurse was fetched but there was nothing to be done except wait for the end. Uncle Robert, Aunt Carry and their relations came continually to the house and many callers, amongst others the little doctor, Mr Ayerst, in whom she had such confidence. He stood at the foot of the bed, wringing his hands and deeply moved. He said to me "She had such a wonderful constitution, every organ was perfectly healthy; humanly speaking she might have lived to be a hundred." Towards midnight we all went to our rooms and slept a little from sheer exhaustion. At 4 we were hastily summoned and at 4-10 on Good Friday she breathed her last. The change in a few hours was wonderful. When she was laid out with her dear hands folded she looked her own sweet self, only many years younger, every line smoothed out and the lips almost smiling. I spent nearly the whole day in the room with her. I left London on Sat. morning. The barbarous custom of excluding mourners from the Church has happily died out and I went to the Cathedral for my Easter Communion. On Monday the Balfours and I went back to London. The dear remains had been placed in the lead coffin, but there was not the slightest discolouration or change of any kind. I took up a bunch of forced lilies of the valley and put them between her hands and the fingers were quite soft and she looked so happy that we could not help saying that we almost expected her to open her eyes and say: "How kind of everyone to send me such quantities of beautiful flowers." Many people asked to see her, amongst them Edward Dutton, now Lord Sherbourne, the "grumpy man" as we used to call him, but she always liked him. He brought a beautiful wreath and asked to see me, so I took him upstairs and was much touched by his emotion. He stood by the coffin with the tears rolling down his cheeks, repeating

more than once: "What a darling face." And stooped to kiss her hands before leaving the room. On Thursday the 29th Sharrat took the coffin down to Shrivenham by a 5am train; we followed at 10.20. There was a large gathering of relations, friends and neighbours. Dear Aunt Georgie was at Shrivenham House and the coffin rested in her hall till it was taken to the church. The day was tolerably fine and there was a bright gleam of sunshine as we brought the dear remains out of the western porch to the outside opening George had made to the vault, after the painful difficulty and delay there was in lowering my Father's coffin through the old opening at the west end of the church. On Wed. 4th I went back to Cav. Sq. I think for the last time. We all met after luncheon in the morning-room, George and Isabel, Percy, Lina, Bill, Eric and Tom Price and Carlisle read my Mother's will. She left Bill and Eric £9,000 each, Percy £4,000, Mary and Lina £2,500 each, and to me £22,000. George was residuary legatee and was left a legacy of £20,000, but if he left no son it was to revert after his death to Frank Lyon. There were several specific bequests, plate and linen mostly to Bill and Eric, the furniture of Shrivenham House to me, it was valued at £300 or £400 and George bought it off me. She also left me two rings that she always wore, a sapphire with two diamonds, given to her by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland on her marriage and a heavy gipsy ring with three large brilliants that she bought at Francis Barrington's sale for £120, I should think at least double its value, also a round crystal locket containing Grandmama Ravensworth's hair set with fine brilliants. Her watch and chain she left to Louisa, the long heavy chain having been a present from her and Percy. She had given me £2,000 and Eric and Bill £1,000 each a year before her death. On the night of the 22nd the chalk drawing of my Father which hung over the mantelpiece in my Mother's bedroom at Beckett fell, carrying with it a number of blue glass ornaments that Mother brought from Germany and valued very much. I have mentioned that Mother had effected a life insurance for £30,000. For this she paid an annual Premium of £4,000, due on the 23rd March. She was always very fidgety about this payment and insisted on Mr Carlisle placing the amount at Drummonds weeks before it was due. There it was as usual and I suppose it would have been duly transferred to the six insurance companies, only that year the 23rd March happened to be Good Friday, a Bank Holiday, which does not occur at that early date more than two or three times in a century, but the result being the £4,000 went to swell the residue.

Eric and Tina at once moved to 62 Cadogan Place where they have lived ever since, my Mother once went there with Tina to call on her sister, Frances Dallas Yorke. She was charmed with the house, and as she drove away, she patted Tina's hand and said: "My dear, some day I should like to see you and Eric in a house like that." So we felt the house had received a sort of consecration, and when Frances found she could not live in London, Eric and Tina took the lease off her hands.

Chapter XII - 1883

Among the hundreds of letters we received I wish to keep two, both addressed to my brother George and copied for me.

Windsor Castle 23rd March 1883

The Queen cannot express how deeply, how truly grieved she is at this sad event, and the terrible, irreparable loss Lord Barrington has sustained in the loss of his dear Mother and in so distressing a way. Dear Lady Barrington was so charming and the Queen had known her so long that she truly mourns her and feels most deeply for Lord Barrington and the rest of her family. Though the Queen thought her much altered when she saw her last year, she still retained that freshness of complexion and sweet expression which was always so remarkable in her lovely face in former years. The Queen asks Lord Barrington to convey her true and sincere sympathy to all his family.

The other letter was from Uncle Lowther, the last survivor of my Father's brothers.

The remainder of this year 1883 was crowded with sorrows. Louisa Barrington began to suffer from cancer and after a long but not actually painful illness passed away in June 1884. Percy lived on at Westbury for a time with his son and daughter-in-law, but it was not altogether a successful arrangement and after George's death the place was let.

To return to 1883. My little boy Eric began to wear leg-irons and steel springs in his boots, which of course were very uncomfortable and trying. He always wore sailor suits which concealed them more than other clothes, and the sedentary tastes which I have so often regretted in later years made them less trying than they would have been to a more active boy, but they were a continual worry and constantly broke, and had to be altered as the boy grew. On July 13th Aunt Cecil Barrington died of cancer. Three days later, Aunt Trotter died after a very short illness caused by a chill, and so within a

few months three families of us cousins lost their mother and three homes were broken up.

The Church Congress in 1883 was at Reading and was the first public affair I attended after my dear Mother's death. We were invited to Englefield by my old friends Mr. and Mrs Benyon, and met an interesting party, the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs Harold Browne, the Bishop of Meath (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) and Lady Plunket Bishop Walsham How and his wife, Lords Beauchamp, Devon and Nelson, Mr Hubbard and Canon Gregory. I heard Aubrey Moore speak for the first (and last time), but I disliked the Congress, we had to struggle for our seats and as we had several miles to drive we never secured good ones. From Englefield I went alone to Somerley. Lina had taken the dear Mother's grey parrot there after the break up in Cav. Sq. and before I had been in room five minutes it began screeching out: "Bishop, Bishop, you old r-r-rascal, you old wr-r-retch." Of course the impertinent servants at Cav. Sq. must have taught it these words, but it is very curious that my face and voice should have recalled them. Connie Phipps died that autumn of congestion of the brain. It was the prayer of her life that she should not live to be an old woman. Dear George Craven also passed away on the 7th Dec. this year. He was only 42 and had been married 17 years all but one month. His illness was a very suffering one, it began with rheumatism but turned too dropsy and for many weeks he never left his bed, and was enormously swelled. For a man of active outdoor habits it was wonderful to see the patience with which he bore his illness. I never saw him after my dear Mother's funeral. He was singularly unselfish and sweet-tempered and I was very fond of him.

I must not forget to note that this year there were great volcanic disturbances in the Indian Ocean when the island of Krakatow was swallowed up. The showers of ashes darkened the sky and scientific men said they were the cause of the phenomenal sunsets that autumn.

The first event in 1884 was the resignation of the Bishop of Chester, Dr Jacobson, who was succeeded by Dr Stubbs, a very distinguished Professor of History at Oxford. My husband now became a member of the House of Lords, and according to the very foolish rule that then prevailed he was Chaplain and had to read prayers every day when the House was sitting. Luckily for him this was of brief duration, as in April the Bishop of Ripon died and William ceased to be junior Bishop. He consulted with his brethren and a change was made. No Bishop is Chaplain now for more than a few weeks at a time. One wonders what became of the Diocesan business under so foolish an arrangement, when Suffragan Bishops were almost unknown. I have been told that an unfortunate Welsh Bishop, Llandaff or St. Davids was Chaplain for seven years!

In Feb. 1884, after visiting Alfred and Mary at 22a Cavendish Sq. I went to Sydney Lodge. I was quite overcome by the likeness between Aunt Susey and my darling Mother. I never thought it so striking when Mother was alive, but after having missed and mourned her for 11 months, it was a delight to gaze on features so like hers and listen to family recollections. As we drove through the sunny Hampshire lanes my dear aunt opened her mind to me as she had never done before. She spoke of Victor's sudden yet beautiful death, with the words actually on his lips, the refrain of the song he was singing: "Adonai, Thy children come," of Eliot's death in 1878, of Mary Craven's sad story, and of Uncle Hardwicke's long illness. I remember her saying: "You know how I loved and mourned him, yet now that my own end seems so near, I find myself thinking even more of being united to him again, of the joy it will be to meet my own little mother – I feel like a child again and long to be in her arms, I hope it isn't wrong."

I left Sydney Lodge on the 14th for Ryde where I stayed with Uncle George and went to see Aunt Libbet, who was most affectionate to me, but her mind was failing and she seldom left her bed. Uncle George was enchanted with my Memorials, stretching out his hand as finished the thin "cahiers" and saying: "Give me more." He chuckled over my account of his ill-timed interference with my Father's proposal of marriage and said: "You are not very complimentary to me," but he remembered the facts perfectly. I do not think I ever saw any of these dear old relatives again.

At the end of July that year Margaret Agar married Ivan Campbell, Lord Breadalane's only brother. She had always been a great favourite of mine and I was much disappointed at not being able to be at her wedding. In August we went to Switzerland, and on the 11th Sept paid a visit to Augustus Hare at Holmhurst. We visited Battle Abbey and Hurstmonceaux Castle. He was then compiling his voluminous Memorials, of which six large volumes were published during his life-time, very gossipy, very inaccurate and sometimes it must be confessed, rather ill-natured, but full of interest, especially to members of our own family. He read aloud to me the wonderful legends of his sister's life in Rome and her various love affairs, always nipped in the bud, as he declared by the Papal authorities, who dreaded her talents and influence – "Un altre Principessa Doria – giammai!" Poor Esmeralda! I believe she was handsome and attractive once; Uncle Normanby gave her the nickname which clung to her all her life, because of her beautiful dancing as a child, but I only knew her as a sorrowful spinster, very superstitious, but exemplary in her devotion to her very unpleasant old mother.

The children of William 6th Viscount Barrington and his wife Jane Liddell

1.George born Feb 14th 1824. m 1846 Miss Isabel Morritt.

2 Percy - April 22nd 1825. m 1845 Miss Louisa Higgins
3. Charlotte - Dec 29th 1826. m 1851 Lord Strathmore, d 1854
4. Caroline - March 1828, died 1834 (fell out of the family carriage in London and killed by the wheel)
5. Mary - 1830, m Alfred Sartoris
6. Caroline - Oct 21st 1834. m 1856 Lord Normanton
7. Augusta - June 1836. m 1878 William Maclagan
8. Adelaide Jan 1839. m 1860 C. Balfour d. 1862
9. William 1841.
10. Eric Jan 28th 1847. Miss Christina Graham