

Cue Bannington



VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON

Compton Collier

THROUGH EIGHTY YEARS

(1855-1935)

THE REMINISCENCES OF
CHARLOTTE, VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON

LONDON

JHEN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I PREFACE AND APOLOGIA	1
II EARLY YEARS	5
Parentage and Earliest Recollections—Childhood in London.	
III THE GLAMOUR OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE . . .	25
Our Apartments—Residents in the Palace in our Days— Entertainments—Summer and Winter.	
IV MARRIAGE	67
V A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES	72
Education of Children—at Home and Abroad—Christmas and Summer Vacations—First Visit to South Africa—Second Visit to South Africa.	
VI FAMILY LIFE AND FRIENDS IN ENNISMORE GARDENS .	104
The Landgraf of Hesse and other Friends—Travels in Ger- many, Berne and the French Riviera.	
VII RE-MARRIAGE	132
Visits to New Relations—Third Visit to South Africa— Eton—Visits to Country Houses and to Pankah—Beckett.	
VIII THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE PARLIAMENT ACT .	168
Scenes in the Upper House—A great <i>faux pas</i> !—Con- tinental Journeys and Country House Visits at Home—Egypt and Expeditions up the Nile—Shrivenham Welfare Scheme.	
IX SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE GREAT WAR	197
Social Effects—Work at Haggerston S. & S. Families' Association—The Vicissitudes of the War—Naval Exploits— Armistice Day.	
X DISILLUSION AFTER THE WAR	225

ILLUSTRATIONS

<p>VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><i>From a photograph by Compton Collier</i></p>	<p><i>Frontispiece</i></p>
	<p>FACING PAGE</p>
<p>HAMPTON COURT PALACE SHOWING THE APARTMENTS WHERE LADY BARRINGTON LIVED BEFORE HER MARRIAGE .</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><i>From the original water-colour by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN ADYE, K.C.M.G., C.B., in the possession of Mrs Morton Philips</i></p>	<p>32</p>
<p>VISCOUNT BARRINGTON</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><i>From a photograph by Compton Collier</i></p>	<p>132</p>
<p>BECKETT</p>	<p>162</p>
<p>THE INIGO JONES TEA HOUSE AT BECKETT</p>	<p>164</p>
<p>MEMORIAL HALL : SHRIVENHAM</p>	<p>236</p>
<p>MEMORIAL HALL : INTERIOR</p>	<p>238</p>
<p>ALSMHOUSES, SHRIVENHAM</p>	<p>244</p>

A PERSONAL NOTE

THIS book was in print at the time of my Mother's death, October 22, 1935. Failing health during the last two years of her life could not restrain her ambition to write the record of a singularly active and not uneventful life. To the final chapter is appended a pathetic passage which she dictated, with some difficulty but with great conviction, in her last days. It is a touching revelation of the human workings of her mind.

J. H. S. B.

Nov. 1935.

PREFACE AND APOLOGIA

AT a time when the large number of Biographies before us makes selection a difficult task, the preface which appears to be the adjunct of Reminiscences past and present, is of considerable importance not only in acknowledging the data on which historical and other statements are based, and recording gratitude for help supplied, but in outlining the leading features of the new volume also serves to indicate whether the contents will appeal to the general reader or are the products of the author's egotistical ambition to figure in the limelight of literary fame !

It is true that from the great writers of the day, experts in historical lore, in scientific discoveries and in foreign travel, and leaders in the political world, no apology is required for giving forth to the public the results of their deep research and of their most interesting experiences, and that, again, the story of social lives crowded with spicy incidents and episodes of scandal, chiefly associated with the "upper ten," appears to be of unfailing attraction. But all are not favoured in this way. I, for one, cannot hope to claim intimate acquaintance with many of those who have made history in the past years, nor to have always received private information of approaching dissolutions of Parliament, Cabinet crises and the exact amount

of Income Tax to be remitted in the ensuing Budget ! Nor can I compete with writers of undoubted popularity, whose entries in their diaries principally consist of such records as "Lunched with Lord A——," "Sat next to the frail but beautiful Mrs. B——," "Hear that the divorce case so long pending, is now imminent, and that the names of the new co-respondents have been added to the list !" etc. etc.

For myself, then, and for those who cannot boast of such a close mingling with the ultra "smart set," or to have lived behind the scenes in political circles, it is well to demonstrate, if possible, that events of their lives are of sufficient interest to justify the publication of their memoirs, while there is encouragement to be found in the reflection that there is still place in the literature of the day for the "annals of a quiet life," and in the dictum that if the history of every individual, however humdrum apparently in its character and circumstances were faithfully delineated, a novel would be presented of absorbing interest !

But here comes the rub ! For while many find a certain gratification in portraying their feelings, their opinions and even their failings—if but the defects of their virtues—there comes a point beyond which few would care to go in self-revelation ! There are episodes, experiences and thoughts which most of us would hesitate to expose, even where there has been no "past," in the accepted sense of the term ! Herein lies the difference between the surface dealings with one's own inner self, revealed in biographies, and the drastic psychological searchings into the character of a third party in many fictitious works.

Yet reminiscences still hold their own in the fascinating comparison between the customs and traditions of present time and of more than fifty years ago. The memories

now presented may possibly be of interest, in the records furnished of the happy and unconventional life at Hampton Court Palace in early girlhood, of foreign travels, where we were brought into touch with celebrities and some leading men of the day, of various adventures in South Africa in the year preceding the Boer War—in the Great War itself and the years that followed it. My work as President of the Haggerston and Shoreditch Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, when over 2,000 women were on our books, will be appreciated at any rate by war workers. Again, the earlier philanthropic endeavours culminating in the greater life's work of the Strivenham Settlement, with its twofold object of providing for disabled ex-service men in Berkshire and of fostering the revival of rural social life, will appeal to those engaged in similar undertakings. It is also worthy of note that the formation of Clubs and Associations at Strivenham for all classes of the village community resulted later in the conception of the Village Clubs' Association.

It was the writer's original intention to ignore earlier experiences, and to present only a short story of the Strivenham enterprise, with the comfortable homes and suitable occupation forthcoming for the sufferers of the Great War, in their native villages, and the social and educational advantages for the benefit of other inhabitants. At a time when there seemed no brightness or pleasure in rural life, owing to the dull monotony of village existence, and the totally inadequate wages of the labouring classes, a Recreation Ground, supplying rest for the aged, and the sports and pastimes for the young, and a large Hall, the centre of village activities, seemed the great want of the day. Many incidents, however, connected with this work, were so intimately associated with earlier philanthropic

efforts, that it seemed impossible to separate the one from the other. If, again, it is true, as a writer of repute maintains, that imagination asserts itself to a great extent subconsciously and is derived from the circumstances and environments of quite early days, it is evident that these impressions have their influence on later aspirations and endeavours and deserve some consideration, as oft-time determining factors in the ventures of after-life.

These, then, are the reasons why the story of the Shrivenham Settlement has been extended to comprise the history of the writer's earlier years; whether wisely or unwisely, readers must decide.

II

EARLY YEARS

MANY and various in style and matter are the opening pages of the innumerable autobiographies now presented to the public, but I note that in most of these books parentage and ancestry and the first recollections which memory recalls, forecasting, it is said, the trend of the character and the tastes in later life, serve as an introductory prelude to the contents of the volume.

Suffice it, then, that my father, Major Stopford, R.E., was, as the novels say, the younger scion of a noble family, that his father was Admiral the Hon. Sir Montagu Stopford, and his grandfather, James George, third Earl of Courtown. My grandmother, on the maternal side, was a Rose of Kilravock, of historical Scotch lineage—a family which, from time immemorial, has had its feuds with their neighbours, the Cawdors, and one of whose forbears, I am told by genealogists, figured amongst the four claimants to the Throne of Scotland in the sixteenth century. My maternal grandfather was Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, a great friend of the Duke of Wellington, with whom he had served in the Peninsular War, and whose father, General Burgoyne, was chiefly noted for his surrender to the American forces at Saratoga in the War of Independence.

As regards my earliest recollections, I remember, in the

days when my father was R.E. Officer quartered at Chatham, standing a child of five years, with my mother on a Sunday in the Barrack Square on the occasion of my first attendance at the Military Church, and being equally divided between the importance of my first appearance at Divine Service and of being equipped in brand-new boots for this great event—anticipating, in my case, the cult of religion and the love of pretty things—the decided characteristics of after years !

But these recollections, dating back to my fifth birthday, are put to shame by the longer memories of some writers, who claim to recall episodes occurring at the age of three, or even of two years ! I must, however, confess to a certain scepticism as to some of these tales, and with every wish for wifely credulity, I still discredit my husband's story that he remembered perfectly being taken at two years old to his younger sister's christening and falling out of the pony-cart, unperceived by the nurse, who only missed her charge at the end of the Service !

My father died when I was but six years old, and from that time my mother and I, and my brother and sister, found a home in London with my grandfather and grandmother, Sir John and Lady Burgoyne. A few years previously, at the age of seventy, my grandfather, as a Royal Engineer of great repute, had been sent out to the Crimean War to advise on the best method of reducing Sebastapol, and, from the first, had maintained that the Malakoff was the key to the situation. In view, however, of conflicting military opinion and of a possible veto from home, the suggested method of attack was rejected for a time. My grandfather returned to England and the war continued for another year. In the spring of 1855, the proposed assault on the Malakoff was approved and tried, with full success, and on the speedy fall of Sebastapol

EARLY YEARS

he received many military honours and some years later was made Field-Marshal and Constable of the Tower of London.

Among the many incidents connected with this campaign, told by my grandmother in later years, I recall the glowing description of the splendid work done by Florence Nightingale, who, in her self-sacrificing efforts for the soldiers then exposed to such fearful privations, became the pioneer in the improvement of hospital management and organization for all future time. These tales, and others of my grandfather's military exploits, we loved to hear reiterated in our youthful days, and more especially reminiscences of the Crimean War, the doggerel verses, which we might consider the precursor of the "Tipperary" of 1914, of which I only recollect the fragment :

The Russians cut their sticks,
Against French mortar they'd no chance,
Backed up by British bricks ! . . .

and the refrain to each verse :

Sebastapol is taken, oh ! we've took Sebastapol !

I remember but little of this period of my life, apart from the atmosphere of love and kindness which we, as children, received from a devoted mother, adoring aunts and the indulgent partiality of my grandfather and grandmother. Nor were these the only influences at work in earlier childhood, for the healthy tone and the bracing mental atmosphere afforded by the intelligence and breadth of view of those by whom we were brought up was all to the good in arousing not only a lively interest in the history of the past, but in leading events of the day—thus supplementing the very thorough training given us by our French governess in the mornings and our English instructress in the afternoons. The gleanings also from

the conversation of the intellectual circle in which my people moved, had also their bearings on life and character at an impressionable age.

My mother has often told me of her earlier years spent at the Fulham home, when the leading men of the time, such as Bernal Osborne, Sir H. Drummond Wolffe and other celebrities partook on Sunday evenings of the somewhat meagre fare of cold meat and light refreshments, attracted by, and quite content with, the cheerful surroundings and illuminating conversation of my grandfather and grandmother and their clever daughters. My mother and her sister had been educated in France and their sojourn there in earlier youth gave them the perfect French accent, which my mother retained all her life. The value of a training abroad, which she always emphasized, inspired my decision to give to each of my three sons a perfect acquaintance with French and German, to be acquired by residence in these two countries at an early period in life.

I smile to think of the few amusements and pleasures, beyond the teas and games, we then enjoyed with the children of our neighbours, compared with the round of gaieties and film and theatre entertainments now provided for the younger generation. Evening functions of any description were few and far between and only known in the Christmas holidays. Though children's party dresses fell far short of modern requirements in this line, curling our hair at bedtime was a sure indication of some festivity to come! In view of this immutable custom, many were the subterfuges adopted, and I fear, lies told, by our nurse, when performing curl-paper operations at night, to prevent hopes being unduly raised and then perhaps disappointed by a heavy fog, occasioning the postponement of the party on the following day!

Visits to Madame Tussaud's, where we were carefully shepherded past the Chamber of Horrors, or to the British Museum, when, somewhat to our disgust, intelligent mothers of little friends asked us to spend the weekly half-holiday in studying mummies or fossils, in which we then took no interest, were other recognized forms of recreation and amusement. And best of all, the frequent visits to the Tower of London satisfied our keen interest in historical drama, when coupled with the blood-curdling incidents retailed by the Warders; quite as thrilling as the "shilling shockers" of this day.

Still more eagerly anticipated were the yearly visits to the Crystal Palace, which, beginning at about ten in the morning, lasted until dewy eve, without any seeming over-fatigue on our part. Pennies, very scarce in those times, had been carefully accumulated for many previous weeks for this outing, and further funds were raised to spend on the expedition by the proceeds of a Bazaar, planned, organized and taking place in twenty-four hours, when useless articles of every description, made out of odd pieces of silks and satins, were sold to our long-suffering relatives at a considerable price! These small sums collected had to cover a series of Side-Shows at the Crystal Palace, and I remember well our disappointment and chagrin when, having expended a shilling apiece of our well-earned pocket-money on what we supposed would be a sumptuous repast provided at the "Giant Chang's Tea Party," we were favoured only by the privilege of gazing for a few minutes at the great giant in his sanctum, and regaled with but a tiny cup of weak tea, with a dash of lemon, and no eatables whatsoever!

Living in the then fashionable part of Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, I recollect the joy for London children of a back garden, communicating with the neighbouring

residences, in which, grimy and dirty with London smoke, we still passed pleasant summer evenings, after lessons were done, playing with the younger inhabitants of adjoining houses, when the games of "flags," "prisoners base," etc., were thoroughly enjoyed in those pre-tennis days.

As regards the literature and educational facilities then provided for young people, the books available, either of history or of fiction, were restricted in number, when compared with the vast choice of modern times. But there was this compensating advantage: that the same works were read over and over again, and their contents far more fully digested than when the anticipated interest of a new book tempts to but a cursory perusal of the volume in hand. Again, the earlier concentration on few subjects seemed to arouse a greater thirst for a more general and wider knowledge in after life than we often see nowadays. This we find curiously exemplified in the biographies of many self-made men, who, with but few standard works in their possession in their youth, yet acquire a wonderful mastery of all kinds of information in subsequent years.

The elementary educational school books now issued, far surpass as a medium of instruction those of earlier days, when we recall the much-thumbed *Reading without Tears*, *Line upon Line*, *Little Arthur's History of England*, etc. etc. *The Comic History of England*, however, fulfilled a useful function then, as it might well do now, in the aids given to the memory of young children, in the informative verses indelibly impressed on the minds for all time. Who could forget the personality and fate of each of King Henry VIII's wives, when they learnt that

King Henry VIII to six spouses was wedded;
One died, one survived, two divorced, two beheaded!

or :

King Edward III in your memory bear ;
The Garter and Windsor, Cressy and Poictiere.

If we review the Story Books for the Little Ones, none could equal in our eyes *Little Susie and her Six Birthdays*, *The Fairchild Family*, when we were allowed to skip the "goody" part at the end of each chapter, *Holiday House*, with the series of misadventures of the naughtiest of children, the strictest of governesses, *Ministering Children*, showing the earlier ideas of social service for young people—books of adventure by Captain Marriott and others, and such tales of daring and enterprise as *Cast up by the Sea*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. These, and above all, the historical stories of Miss Strickland and Miss Yonge, with the decidedly religious bent of the latter authoress, had no doubt a very considerable, though unconscious, influence on taste and character of the young people of that generation.

I can still recollect the charms of the books of a more serious nature, which were supplied to us as time advanced, for instruction in history, geography and other branches of learning. *A hundred and one Gems* satisfied for most of us our poetical cravings, although Longfellow, Tennyson and even Pope had their own fascinations—our greatest English classic being presented to the young people of those days in the form of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*. How strict was the censorship of any books likely to contaminate the juvenile mind is seen in the edition of the "History of Rome" which we were given to read, styled *Whittaker's Improved Edition of Pinnock's Goldsmith's Rome*; by so much filtration had this history of ancient days been prepared for youthful study and morals. *Tales of a Grandfather*, Miss Yonge's *Cameos of*

English History, *The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, Macaulay's and Green's Histories and *The Conquest of Peru* enjoyed a great popularity and inspired a taste for history, both ancient and modern.

When we come to the standard fiction of fifty years ago, it is interesting to contrast the more serious view then taken in the novels of the day of the responsibility of life, coupled with the keen appreciation of its humorous aspects, the totally different sense of spiritual and moral values then prevailing, with the lighter and more realistic literature, however talented, of present time.

Excellent as some of the works of our modern authors may be, they will never equal, in the eyes of many of the older generation, the psychological study, the delineation of life and character, the subtle wit and humour contained in the productions of Jane Austen and George Eliot, the cynical portrayal of human nature in Thackeray's works, the weird genius of the Brontë novels, and the deep insight into the tragedy, as well as the comedy, of the middle-class community, displayed in the inimitable writings of Charles Dickens.

There were but few distractions in our times from the clock-like regularity of our schoolroom days, and our only outings in the course of the year were the few days spent at the seaside after any childish ailment, and the visits to a very popular aunt, living at Ashford in Kent, who had the most charmingly furnished bijou residence and who spoilt us to the top of her bent whenever we were sent down for a few days' change of air. Colds were carefully nurtured the day before she was coming up to lunch and coughs were distressingly frequent while she was with us, in the assured expectation that she would insist upon taking us back with her to the country, the only drawback being the very short holiday allowed !

EARLY YEARS

I remember now, lying in bed in the early morning, counting the few days remaining of the visit, which must elapse before we returned to town life, to the routine of lessons, and our banishment to the child's proper position in the schoolroom, instead of being treated as the favoured guest by an indulgent aunt !

HOLIDAYS SPENT AT BRIGHTON

LOSS OF THE *CAPTAIN*

But the chief event of the year was the two months' summer visit to Brighton, which young people of the present generation, with their weeks in Scotland, their visits to various friends and their trips abroad, might probably disdain as very humdrum holidays, but which we anticipated with delight and joyful expectation for many months in advance. On these occasions, contrary to the rule now prevailing, we were sent down ahead with our nurses, to get the rooms prepared for our elders and betters, instead of, as in present days, the fond parents going down to make everything comfortable for the children when they arrive.

There is hardly a part of Kemp Town, Brighton and Hove, with which I have not some vivid associations. The fascinations of Sussex Square, with its quaint gardens and covered way leading down to the sea, the lodging-house a few doors lower down, where we first learnt the charms of nature's rapid growth, and having planted some mustard and cress seed one evening, went happily to bed in the full assurance that there would be something tangible to see and eat, either the next morning or the day after ! And the visits to the Bristol Hotel close by, where we were taken to see some rich old ladies, from whom I

think legacies were expected, but which, unfortunately, did not mature.

But these recollections are associated with the Kemp Town end of Brighton, before we patronized the then more plebeian resorts between the two Piers, where the attractions, if of a more varied and exciting character, were the better suited to the tastes of the excursionists who came down in large numbers in the summer, and to the seaside pastimes of the high proletariat. But childhood has no aristocratic prejudices, and many were the happy mornings spent on the crowded foreshore, endeavouring to make castles and moats on the pebbly beach, where sand is unknown, then listening to the comic singers and watching the fascinating performances of the niggers and clowns, refreshed daily with the penny buns purchased from a man of anything but pleasing appearance, who brought round a tray of cakes and refreshments which had undoubtedly reposed under his bed the previous night !

Still more enjoyable, later in the day, when the sun was supposed to have warmed the sea, were the delights of bathing from a small bathing-box, in which were crowded the nurse and three children—my sister, my brother and myself—and incidentally, I might add, that being a very bold swimmer, I was the terror, at an early age, of the bathing women around ! But these excitements were varied by the quieter amusement of collecting the most common sea-shells, smelly seaweed and odd stones, which we chose to consider as “agates,” and which filled our pockets, and later our trunks, to the great indignation of our parent and our nurse.

Our playfellows on the beach, it must be confessed, were of a somewhat lower social status than our own—with the exception of the Misses Nation—girls much older than

ourselves—who used to sit reading near us, while we were playing around, and with great kindness helped us to fill buckets and build our castles. One of these ladies later married Canon Barnes and became the mother of our most talented and fascinating actresses, the Misses Vanbrugh.

Bedford Square is also familiar to me as a place where we often resided when only in Brighton for a few days at a time, and where, notwithstanding the mohair sofa, the velvet centre-piece with blue convolvulus which ornamented the middle of the table, the antimacassars and other horrors of that Victorian period, we spent many a happy week. The rooms we occupied were kept by a highly respectable Brightonian, who shared my grandmother's religious proclivities, and to whom were sent weekly, when we moved to Brunswick Square, one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, as a special mark of attention. These, however, we found, after some weeks of constant dispatch, had never reached the intended recipient, as a mischievous cousin who was living with us at the time, being bored with the commission given him, invariably dropped the sermons in question into one of the baskets for refuse and rubbish placed at the corners of the Parade !

Every step of the long esplanade seems still familiar to me—even the stalwart policeman is of interest as being the successor of the equally tall keeper of the Peace, who, in our youthful days, maintained, we were told, a fatherly and personal superintendence of my small brother's proceedings—a child then of six or seven years of age—more especially the idiosyncrasies and peccadillos exhibited when given the usual treat of walking out with his mother. The reports which, according to the nurse, were daily made to her by the constable, generally led to a lecture or a reproof, but they spared my mother the odium of

being considered an informer and were swallowed for a time with the touching faith of childhood in the possibility of all things ! But even a "worm will turn" and after a particularly trying episode, when the ubiquitous policeman had observed, on a special occasion, that "Master John had hung very heavily on his mother's arms" in the vain attempt to rub one leg against the other and thus assuage the irritation of the new woollen socks he cordially abhorred, he turned round on his nurse with the passionate declaration that he did not believe half the stories she told him, and added, "I am sure we didn't see a policeman to-day, and if we did, he didn't look at my legs !"

Nearly every other year in later life, it was our fate to come to Brighton for health and relaxation, and many other varied and trivial incidents seemed to be associated with the place. I remember, when first married, changing three houses in rapid succession and then being informed by the butler, whose services we valued, that he must infallibly give notice if we made another move within the next three months ! And again, the coming down to breakfast at one of these houses, in Adelaide Crescent, to find a long-suffering guest waiting patiently for his breakfast outside the dining-room, while my elder little girl of about three years old was finishing her self-imposed dusting operations inside—the child having requested her adoring grandmother (staying with us at the time) to keep the objectionable visitor out of the way until she had finished !

But this is anticipating the course of events ! To return to the episodes of our childish days, I recollect being present at the Investiture of my grandfather, when made Constable of the Tower of London—the large and brilliant gathering on Tower Green, the quaint ceremony of hand-

ing over the keys of the Tower to the newly installed Field-Marshal, the Beefeaters in their historic uniforms, and the presence of the many troops then quartered at the Tower, and other military barracks in town. Our great pride and delight hereafter was the privilege afforded to us to demand the services of a special guide or Beefeater, to show us privately over the Tower, instead of pursuing the weary round with hundreds of other sightseers !

My grandfather's visits to Court were a great event in the family. So many and varied had been his war records since the time he received his commission, and so greatly were his war services appreciated by English sovereigns and foreign potentates, that there was considerable difficulty in placing the innumerable decorations he had been given across his chest on the occasion of State functions at Court. I well remember our pride and delight in being called in to aid or to watch these operations. These medals later filled a large case in our drawing-room at Hampton Court and were left to my sister, Mrs. Marton Philips, who lent them for a time to the Royal Engineers Museum at Chatham, where lectures are given to those studying the art of war on the various campaigns with which these medals are associated.

The religious bias of our earlier upbringing is clearly imprinted on my mind, and evidenced in our going miles from where we were living in Bayswater, to sit under Dr. Forest—the popular Irish preacher of the day—for whom the new Church of St. Jude's, Collingham Gardens, standing in surrounding fields, had just been built. The church was crowded each Sunday by an audience warmly appreciative of the oratorical talents, the declamatory manner and stentorian tones of the great Divine, whose line, however, chiefly lay in denunciation of the wickedness of mankind and in the coming Judgment !

In this connection, I am reminded of an amusing story told by my cousin—the young man whose somewhat irresponsible disposition had already been instanced in his distribution of his grandmother's tracts—of an event occurring in the church, which told against both the preacher and myself alike ! I was at that time recovering from whooping-cough, which, as we all know, often leaves a distressing recurrence of the whoop at most inconvenient moments for some time after the illness is cured. On this occasion, so the story goes, Dr. Forest had, with greater success than usual, dilated on the imminence of the End of the World, concluding with the words : “ And then, my beloved brethren, the last trump will sound ! ” when, at this opportune moment, a loud whoop, all the louder for being seriously controlled in the last few minutes, burst from my lips, causing violent hysteria on the part of some of the congregation present, who were firmly convinced that the prognostications which had so often failed to mature, were now to be realized !

Some years later we moved to Pembridge Square, but still continued our annual visits to Brighton. It was while we were there in 1870 the terrible news came of the wreck of the *Captain*—my uncle, Captain Burgoyne's ship, in Vigo Bay, with seven hundred people on board. His great seamanship qualities had made him, at the early age of twenty-seven, the youngest Post-Captain of his day, and he had been one of the first batch of officers and men to be presented with the “ Victoria Cross ” by Queen Victoria, for his gallantry in carrying and throwing a live bomb into a place of safety. Few will probably now remember the grief and mourning caused in many a leading family in England by this awful tragedy, for the confidence in my uncle as a first-rate naval captain influenced many with sons in the Navy to press for their inclusion

in the personnel of the ship. Owing to some mistake as regards the displacement of the vessel, which was designed by Captain Cooper-Key, or to the knowledge not being at my uncle's disposal, sail was carried in the midst of a heavy storm, and the ironclad, with all on board, turned turtle, and went down in Vigo Bay in the month of September, 1870, engulfing the whole ship's complement, save seventeen men, who found refuge on a raft until they were rescued, and vainly sought to persuade their Captain, who was with them, to save his life.

An old friend of the family, Colonel Ardagh (later Sir John), was sent down by the Admiralty to Brighton to break the tidings to my grandparents, and even now, at this distance of time, I call to mind the room in which my grandmother, a very religious woman, received the sad news, with the words: "Thy Will be done!" It was a tragic ending to the long-deferred hopes of a son and heir, and was the cause of my grandfather's death a short time later.

The wise forethought of giving private information to the nearest relatives of such a tragic event was exemplified the following morning, when we were taken, as children, for an early walk, to be faced at every corner of the street with large and flaring placards bearing the news: "Great Storm in Vigo Bay! Loss of the *Captain* with seven hundred lives on board!" Soon after, the Royal Family showed their customary sympathy with those in sorrow, by sending H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught to see my grandfather in Pembridge Square. Children as we were, we much appreciated the honour of the visit, although somewhat annoyed to find that we were to be banished outside the home while H.R.H. paid his visit, and were relegated to a sight of our distinguished visitor from a vantage-point on the pavement.

From this day my grandfather's health began to fail and he died two years afterwards, in his eighty-ninth year. He was given a Military Funeral and was buried in the Tower of London—one of the few men, it is said, to be buried in that place of execution with his limbs intact. The family was naturally anxious for the sons and grandsons to be present at the funeral, and my younger brother—a boy of eleven—was summoned from Vevey for this purpose, and his adventures on the way home served to show how little foreigners understand the spirit of independence fostered in our English boys at home. The Schoolmaster of the School, where my young brother was then residing, gave permission for the child to travel home, but unfortunately gave no certificate to this effect, and when the authorities found quite a young boy waiting at a station for the arrival of a train on another line, they at once supposed he had run away from school, and detained him, as a kind of hostage, until the schoolmaster and his family had verified his tale !

It is sad to think that no heirs have survived to my grandfather in the Burgoyne line, for while Captain Burgoyne had no children, both my brother and cousin—the only grandsons—died in early life. I believe also there is no heir to the other Sir John Burgoyne, whose memory is always associated with the fugitive journey of the Empress Eugenie from Paris and with his decision made with serious misgivings, in view of the political position in France, to bring Her Majesty safely over to England in his own yacht. Such were the uneventful records of my earlier years. Yet to my children, and grandchildren, they may be of some little interest.

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thus effected, though all to the good in their way, do not appear to have brought, in the familiarity and the fashion of addressing parents by their christian names, a greater confidence or more enduring affection in after-life. The constant presence of children with grown-ups, seen in many houses, even when visitors are present, though perhaps preferable to the earlier relegation of young people to the nursery or schoolroom save in certain hours of the day, has its counterbalancing disadvantages in encouraging a spirit of precocity not always desirable, and in the acquisition by children of social bits of gossip and ofttime unedifying conversation which had far better been kept from them.

Again, the sacrifice made by parents of their time and their own pursuits to join in every game and amusement enjoyed by the young people, though possibly establishing a companionship unknown in earlier days, tends to destroy the spirit of "make-believe" and imagination which have so powerful a say in developing initiative power in after-life, and leads, as time advances, to a dependence on others for occupation or distraction which could have been more advantageously found by themselves.

The same thing is seen in the endeavours of parents, in present hard times, by strict economy, to send their elder sons, and possibly the younger boys, to a first-rate Public School and to a University. The object-lesson afforded by the sacrifices entailed in the family life, the curtailment of home comforts, the rigorous self-denial necessary to the achievement of this object, often at the expense of other members of the family, cannot make for unselfishness in the elder son.

Nor can we fail to see that, while more amusements and distractions might possibly have been brought with advantage into young people's lives of fifty years ago,

there are grounds for fear that in present times the round of pleasurable excitement crowded into the holidays in rapid succession have had the undesirable effect of anticipating at too early an age the many pleasures which would have been more fully enjoyed and more fitly in later years ; and that the spirit of adventure and enterprise, the indifference to hardship in the attainment of personal ambitions, fostered by a hardier upbringing, is fast disappearing in the indulgence and ofttime luxury of present days.

Further, it is worthy of note that the greater freedom of intercourse between young people of both sexes, the so-called "walking-out" and "keeping company," now copied from the working classes, which no doubt leads to a fuller acquaintance with the character of one's associate than was possible when young people's opportunities for meeting one another were so severely restricted, does not appear to have led to happier or more enduring marriages. For my own part I shall always believe that dancing all night with a young man whose only interest and attraction in the sight of his partner is that his step accords with her own does not give half the enjoyment to the balls as the happiness of anticipation for days' beforehand of meeting one's best young man !

And in comparing then and now, the further question arises, how far the vastly increased educational facilities afforded in the Elementary and Secondary Schools, the Continuation Classes, the Maintenance Grants to enable parents of impecunious means to leave their children at school for a longer period, are achieving the desired ends of forming good citizens and developing the qualities of industry, efficiency, initiative and resourcefulness, necessary for success in after-life.

But leaving these probably biased musings of one who possibly fails to see the compensating advantages of

present-day thought and practice and whose reflections may be greeted with a contemptuous reproach of early Victorian ideas, we come to the next phase in a long life, when at my grandfather's death, my grandmother was given the apartments at Hampton Court Palace, which on her demise were conferred on her two daughters, Miss Burgoyne and Mrs. George Stopford.