JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY EASTLAKE

VOL. I

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Eliz Eastlake

JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

Elizabeth (Rigby)

LADY EASTLAKE

EDITED BY HER NEPHEW

CHARLES EASTLAKE SMITH

WITH FACSIMILES OF HER DRAWINGS
AND A PORTRAIT

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1895

PREFACE

THIS is the history of the mind and heart of a woman devoted to Literature and Art, to whom the maxim 'Vita sine litteris mors' (assuming *litteræ* to include art) is peculiarly applicable. Informally, it divides itself into three parts: the first compiled mainly from the voluminous journals, which Lady Eastlake kept with regularity for the seven years preceding her marriage; the second consisting of extracts from the letters written during sixteen years (1849–1865) to her mother and sister; the last, put together from the letters which she wrote, over a period of twenty-seven years (from her husband's to her own death), to her firm friend Sir Henry Layard. These journals and letters (the latter are over 5,000 in number) were not written with a view to publication—perhaps, for this reason, they are all the more interesting and valuable;

it was only during the last two or three years of her life, when she was reading them carefully through, and alas! destroying many, that she hinted at the possibility of their publication. 'It seems a pity,' she said to me, 'that these records of a full, though not eventful, life should not see the light some day.' Again, 'I wonder what will be done with these things, when I am gone.' Beyond such hints as these, she expressed no direct wish about her writings; but she left them all to me, with full permission to use them, should I think it desirable.

The principle I have endeavoured to adhere to, with such wealth of material at my command, has been to keep myself in the background—to say as little, and to allow her to say as much, as possible. Perhaps Southey's dictum—that a man's character could more surely be judged by the letters which his friends addressed to him, than by those he himself penned—was intended to apply to male writers only. In any case, I am confident that a true idea of Lady Eastlake's character and abilities can be formed by a perusal of what she has herself written.

The difficulty of selection has been necessarily very great, and my personal affection for, and

intimate knowledge of, my aunt, instead of lessening, has rather increased this difficulty.

Limits of space have rendered it impossible to make more than a passing mention of her articles in the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh' Reviews, though, both from the materials they contain and the style in which they are written, they would justify a more lengthened notice, and deserve to take a permanent place in the literature of her time.

My special thanks are due to my cousin, Mrs. Carver, to whom Lady Eastlake left all her drawings, for allowing me to make a selection for these volumes. It will be seen that a few of these are given as specimens of her varied style, in some instances without any reference to the text.

I take this opportunity of thanking most sincerely the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle for the kind interest she has taken in my work, and for her reminiscences of the friend she had known for more than forty years; Mrs. Handley Moule, the Hon. Mrs. Swinton, Miss Kate Campbell Swinton, and the Hon. H. Jane Gifford for sending me some of my aunt's letters to them; Mr. T. Norton Longman for his courtesy in

connection with the 'Edinburgh Review' articles; Lady Layard and Lord Duncannon (Sir Henry Layard's executors) for their invaluable help in placing at my disposal all Lady Eastlake's letters to Sir Henry; and my cousin, John Murray, for the advice, assistance, and encouragement he has given me from first to last.

C. E. S.

September 1895.

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OF

LADY EASTLAKE

CHAPTER I

1809–1842

ELIZABETH RIGBY, the fifth child and fourth daughter of Dr. Edward Rigby and Anne Palgrave, was born at Norwich on November 17, 1809.

Her grandfather was Mr. John Rigby, of an old Lancashire family, whose wife was the daughter of Dr. John Taylor, the eminent Hebraist, author of the 'Hebrew Concordance' and other works.

Her father was born at Chowbent, Lancashire, on December 27, 1747, and at an early age became a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Priestley. In 1762 he went to Norwich, and studied medicine under Mr. Norgate. After completing the usual course in London he settled in Norwich, where he soon acquired a large practice as a physician, and where he married his first wife,

Miss Dyball, by whom he had two daughters; she died in 1803. He married secondly Anne, daughter of William Palgrave, of Yarmouth, a descendant of the ancient family of Palgrave or Pagrave, who took their name from a small village (*Palgrava* in Domesday Book) on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. By her he became the father of twelve children, the last four born (August 15, 1817) at one birth, he being then seventy and his wife forty. The Corporation of Norwich, of which town he was Mayor in 1805, celebrated this event by presenting him with a piece of plate; and the 'Morning Chronicle' of August 28, 1817, thus alludes to it:—

> If we believe in ancient Tales of Love,
> The Cheats of Mercury, and Tricks of Jove,
> Who, Swanlike, wing'd and feathered flew to Earth,
> And Leda hatched four Bantlings at a Birth:
> Far greater Praise, we must confess, is due,
> O most prolific Rigby, then to you—
> Leda's maternal Honours you supplant,
> Who give us three Great-Uncles and an Aunt.

It may be added that all these infants lived some weeks.

In 1789 Dr. Rigby visited Italy, Switzerland, and France, reaching Paris just at the outbreak of the French Revolution. He was detained in that city nearly a fortnight, and was an eye-witness of the taking of the Bastille and the massacre at the Tuileries. During this tour he wrote voluminous letters home, which were published by his daughter ninety-one years afterwards.[1]

[1] Dr. Rigby's *Letters from France, &c., in* 1789. Edited by his daughter, Lady Eastlake. Longmans: 1880.

An intimate friend of Jenner's, and an enthusiastic advocate of vaccination, he was a good classical scholar, a naturalist, a sound administrator, and reformer of abuses. In addition to publishing several pamphlets on medical subjects, he was an expert writer on agriculture, and a prominent figure at the Holkham Sheepshearings. Indeed, it is to him that we owe one of the few written pictures of the famous gatherings at Mr. Coke's.

Dr. Rigby died on October 27, 1821, and was buried at Framingham Earl, in which parish (some six miles from Norwich) he owned an estate; the following inscription, in allusion to the extensive plantations made by him, was placed on his tombstone:—

> A monument to Rigby do you seek?
> On every side the whispering woodlands speak.

His sister married Dr. Parry, of Bath, and became the mother of Sir Edward Parry, the Arctic explorer, who married a daughter of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley.

Mrs. Edward Rigby was born at Coltishall, Norfolk, on July 28, 1777, and died at Slough on September 2, 1872, in her ninety-sixth year, having survived her husband fifty years. A bright, clever, energetic woman, she was a strict disciplinarian as to punctuality (a virtue which her daughter, Elizabeth, inherited),[2] and never allowed her children to have 'nerves.' Lady Eastlake

[2] An entry in Miss Rigby's notebook, 1840, bears on this point:—'Let my husband be faithful, good-tempered, and punctual, and I'll ask for little more. The wisdom of Solomon won't console you when you are waiting dinner, and feel that you may wait for all the man cares.'

used to confess that she herself was 'a coward, in the fullest sense, about pain, but her early education had made her ashamed to show her cowardice, or to indulge in nervous feelings.'

Elizabeth's childhood was passed chiefly at Norwich, the summer months being spent at Framingham. One of her earliest recollections of the latter place may be given in her own words:—'Well do I remember the gigantic size of certain Swedish turnips and mangel-wurzel laid on the lawn at Framingham for the inspection of friends; and especially a certain monster cabbage, conveyed to Norwich, on which my feet rested, as I (a child five years old) sat between my father and the coachman in the old-fashioned gig.'

She showed early signs of her intense love of art—a love which she never lost—by beginning to draw when she was eight years old. Even at that age she was described by her mother as 'very ambitious.' She drew and sketched on every occasion for nearly sixty years, wherever she went—at home and abroad, and has left some 2,000 specimens of her remarkable industry and talent. Not that dolls, a still earlier love, were neglected—for 'one of her favourite amusements (when six or seven years old) was helping her sisters to make all the necessary doll-clothing, as well as the complete furniture of a miniature four-poster, mattress, feather bed, and hangings—to say nothing of a proper supply of sheets and blankets.'

Dr. Rigby took care that his daughters should have every educational advantage at Norwich, providing them with good masters for French, Italian, arithmetic, and geography; but it is

doubtful whether Elizabeth was old enough to derive much benefit from such tuition. He encouraged his children to read, and kept them well supplied with books ; but he also insisted on their having plenty of relaxation and exercise. While at Framingham for the summer they enjoyed complete holiday, dancing lessons being the only exception : they were always out of doors there, 'playing at every sort of game, climbing trees and haystacks, making fires in a dry ditch, and roasting potatoes.'

Men of note in literature, agriculture, natural history, science, and other branches of learning, frequently came to Dr. Rigby's house with introductions, and his children had the privilege (which, doubtless, enhanced their educational advantages) of mixing freely with such visitors.

After her husband's death, in 1821, Mrs. Rigby left Norwich, and retired to Framingham. There her daughters do not appear to have had much further assistance in education, beyond a French governess, to whom, Lady Eastlake used to say, she owed her early proficiency in that language.

Elizabeth was then eleven years old ; as a child she had always been full of fun, and was much laughed at and with for her odd ideas. In a great measure she was now permitted to educate herself (a permission which, unmindful of its good results in her case, she often deplored in after years), with some little help in music from an elder sister, who still survives, and who admits that these music lessons were not a satisfactory arrangement.

In May 1827 Elizabeth was prostrated by a

severe attack of typhoid fever, which left her so weak that her mother decided to take her and her sisters abroad. They settled in Heidelberg, where, in spite of the weakness of a slow convalescence, Elizabeth at once resumed her drawing —seldom missing a day.

We have no letters written by her at that time (the first letters, which have been preserved, are dated ten years later), but she kept up a correspondence with an old and kind friend of the family, Mr. Thomas Hudson, the Norwich banker, who took the greatest interest in all their doings, and especially singled out Elizabeth as 'very clever and amusing.'

They remained at Heidelberg two and a half years, and after travelling for a few months in Switzerland returned to Framingham.

One result of her stay at Heidelberg was her thorough knowledge of German which she proved by translating in 1830 (shortly after her return to England) a German work by Passavant upon the 'Art Collections of England.'[3] She then wrote a short tale for 'Fraser's Magazine,' called 'My Aunt in a Salt Mine,' founded on a visit she had paid to the Salzburg salt mine. This, so far as can be traced, is her first appearance as an authoress.

Nor was literature her only pursuit: the encouragement given her by the Rev. E. T. Daniell, the well-known artist, in the following letter shows that she was not allowing her artistic powers to rust:—

Norwich: January 2, 1831.

My dear Elizabeth,—Your drawings go far beyond what I expected, particularly those of

[3] The publisher of this is not known.

your mother and yourself. I hardly know which to like the most (I mean as a work of art); I should esteem either worthy of a frame and plate-glass. And I must say that, although there are many London performers who would do the head with greater facility, I know of no one capable of giving such a chaste simplicity of character. If you go on avoiding Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lawrence as great originals, but (excuse me) the very devil as models, and confine your reminiscences to such works as the 'Head of a Lady' by Bronzino in the National Gallery, and that of 'Julius II.' by Raffaelle, you may depend on arriving at no second-rate excellence. Send your portrait to some exhibition, marked in the catalogue 'Portrait of a Lady by Herself,' and if several extra places are not taken in the day coaches the following week, say Daniel was, or Daniell is, no prophet. You go on at such a rate that we poor tree and house sketchers fall quite into the background: otherwise I would have sent you one or two more attempts than those enclosed; but really before I venture into your august presence with my productions for criticism, I must make myself more secure against being cut up.—Ever yours sincerely,

E. T. DANIELL.

In July 1832 Miss Rigby went to London, where she spent a year studying literature, and especially art, in the British Museum and National Gallery. Nor did she neglect music, her deep and intelligent love for which had been increased by her residence at Heidelberg; indeed, she had now become, like her sisters, an accomplished

musician. Soon after her arrival in London, she writes to a relative: 'I am leading a life of fascination here, and nothing could induce me to withdraw myself from the happy opportunities which surround me.' She became a pupil of Mr. Sass, the artist (who held classes for ladies in Bloomsbury), and progressed rapidly under his tuition. She also copied several pictures in the National Gallery, but the only record of her efforts in this direction is a charming copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the youthful King of Rome, son of Napoleon I.[4]

Leaving London in July 1833, she went with her mother and sisters to Yarmouth, where a house on the beach had been lent them by Mr. Thomas Hudson. This was a year of great enjoyment to them, as many of their relations—Turners, Palgraves, and Taylors—and friends were living at or near Yarmouth. Elizabeth employed herself principally in drawing the likenesses of quite a gallery of young ladies, who seem to have been as remarkably pretty as they were numerous. She continued the pursuit on returning to the Framingham house, which had been let for two years: as her surviving sister says: 'She could not bear to be idle a single day, her energy and ambition worked together.'

In 1835 she paid a long visit to Germany, after which she wrote an article on Goethe for the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.' On this subject Mrs. Blakiston, of Old Thorpe Hall, Norwich (a daughter of Colonel Harvey, the Norwich banker), writes to her, July 19, 1836:

[4] This copy was sold at Christie's, June 1894.

'I must beg to congratulate you on your position in the "Foreign Quarterly." I hope this Review will become a frequent channel for your thoughts while they are turned to German subjects. We look to you for much future entertainment and instruction, and rejoice at your present success.'

In October 1838 Miss Rigby went to Russia, where she passed two years, making a married sister's house at Reval, in the Baltic Provinces, her headquarters, and paying occasional visits to St. Petersburg and other places. During this stay abroad she constantly wrote very long and interesting letters to her mother; these were published by Mr. Murray, to whom she was introduced by her cousin, Mr. Henry Reeve, and form a striking picture of Russian manners and customs.[5] After accepting this manuscript, Mr. Murray writes to her on August 10, 1841: 'Since I had the gratification of seeing you I sent your manuscript to Mr. Lockhart, who says, "I have been reading the manuscript with great admiration for the most part. I wish the lady would score out a few fine words, but beyond these trifles she is unassailable. I have no doubt she is the cleverest female writer now in England, the most original in thought and expression too; and she seems *good* besides, which after all has its charms even for old sinners like you and me. She is really quite first-rate in her pictures and in her little disquisitions too."'

Miss Rigby replies: 'The favourable remarks on my manuscript with which you have

[5] *A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic; described in a Series of Letters.* London: John Murray, 1841.

favoured me cannot be otherwise than deeply gratifying to me, although my poor judgment cannot be induced to concur with that of Mr. Lockhart in the matter of approbation. But at all events the good opinion of such a writer has made me very happy, especially as proving that the confidence and liberality you showed in accepting a work, of which you had only seen a small portion, may not have been misplaced. It is rather strange that Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Sir W. Scott" was the only work of importance I perused during the progress of my writing, and I was often made aware of its useful influence. Certain it is that I concluded his work with a profound veneration for Sir Walter, and a somewhat lively desire to become acquainted with his biographer.'

The book proved a success (a second edition being published in a few months), and was the starting-point of her literary career. Mr. Lockhart, the then editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' justified his favourable opinion of the writer by asking her to undertake an article in that review. Some of her Russian sketches had been submitted to him, but, though expressing much admiration for them, he urges her to continue writing, and sends her, through Mr. Murray, the following message: 'Pen against pencil; 1,000*l.* to an orange, say I.' It will be seen that Miss Rigby took his advice, for from this time, until within two years of her death, she was a regular contributor to the 'Quarterly Review'; at the same time admitting that 'my pen has never been a favourite implement with me; the pencil is the child of my heart.'

When the Stanleys came to Norwich on Dr. Stanley's appointment to the bishopric, Mrs. Rigby, who had mixed but little in society since her husband's death, was induced to call on them, mainly owing to Dr. Stanley's connection with Dr. Rigby; Miss Rigby thus became acquainted with them shortly after her return from Russia. This acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, and the intellectual society she enjoyed under the Stanleys' roof, gave additional impetus to her literary and artistic pursuits, and the friendship she then formed with Arthur Stanley and his sister Catherine (now Mrs. C. J. Vaughan) was lifelong.

After the publication of the 'Baltic Letters' (the authorship of which was an open secret) she wrote two tales: 'The Wolves' for 'Fraser's Magazine,' and 'The Jewess,' published separately by Mr. Murray. 'The Jewess' was the more important of these stories, both of which were based upon scenes she had witnessed in Estonia, and contains graphic descriptions of scenery, and a stirring account of the breaking-up of the ice in the Baltic. These tales, and another, 'The Disponent,' also an Estonian reminiscence, were afterwards published by Mr. Murray in one volume, under the title of 'Livonian Tales.'

Miss Rigby's first article in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'Jesse, Kohl, and Sterling on Russia,' was written early in 1842, and appeared in the March number of that year. In accepting this, Mr. Lockhart wrote to Mr. Murray: 'Signora Estonia has most cleverly extended her paper, and made it quite what will do her and the "Q. R." credit.'

It may not be inappropriate to quote here a few extracts from the letters which Miss Rigby wrote at this time to Mr. Murray, as they give strong evidence not merely of his readiness to help and encourage those who were entering on a literary career, but also of the cordial relations which, thanks to him, existed between publisher and author. Let the expressions of her gratitude stand first:—'If I were to thank you as much upon paper as I do in my heart, I fear you would have rather too much of the subject; but, whatever the merit of the work, I shall owe its favourable reception to the most indulgent of publishers.' 'I should be unjust towards myself if I did not seek to assure you that your gratuitous kindness has awakened in me feelings of the warmest and most respectful gratitude; and, as I can rely far better on my heart than on my abilities, I may add that so far you will not be disappointed.' 'Apart from your liberality, the kindness you have shown me throughout this transaction has given me a pleasure far superior in kind to that I enjoy from the success of my work. I can only wish that all novices like myself might fall into such kind and encouraging hands, and that you yourself may long enjoy the sense of that happiness which you thus diffuse.'

She does not, however, scruple to give him a delicate hint about his well-known habit of procrastination (she had inquired whether he could include some of her etchings in the 'Letters from the Baltic'):—'Not having received your answer about printing the etchings, I am inclined to think that you must have been absent from town, or that you have conceived a higher opinion of my

patience than I may find it convenient to support.'

When thanking him for some reviews on her work, which Mr. Murray had sent her, she writes:—'Like most people, probably, in a similar situation, I find myself swallowing all the good things the reviewers say of me with considerable relish, and imputing their criticisms to any misconceptions of style and judgment save to my own; for which arrogance I deserve the severest of all animadversions in my eyes, namely, a reproof from yourself. Nevertheless, I believe I shall never be so blind as to mistake what the book owes to you for any merit of its own.'

Her good wishes for his birthday are thus conveyed to him:—'I beg to give you my congratulations, however late, upon the occasion of your birthday. I think all your authors ought to club together, and spare a portion off each of their lives to prolong the life of one infinitely more valuable. You should have a very large donation from me.'

The following *jeu d'esprit* announces the despatch of a Norfolk turkey—presumably as a thank-offering—to Mr. Murray at Christmas:—

Framingham Earl: December 23, 1841.

My dear Sir,—The *Ritterschaft* of the Province of Estonia, having been informed that you have recently published a work in which themselves and their territory, with descriptions of their manners and customs, form the principal subject, came to the resolution, at the last *Landtag*, of passing you a public vote of thanks. It is true that, owing, firstly, to an ignorance of the English

language, secondly, to a national objection to much reading, and, thirdly, to not having seen the work at all, they are by no means certain what it is all about: nevertheless, from the high repute in which your name stands, and which has penetrated far beyond the shores of the Baltic, they feel assured that you would publish nothing which did not equally redound to your credit and to their own; they also, it would seem, entertain a far greater confidence in the publisher than in the writer of the volumes in question. In consideration, therefore, of your services in bringing them thus honourably before the notice of the world, a discussion, respecting the best mode of remunerating the same, took place among the assembled members of the *Ritterhaus*—a discussion which, owing to the great importance of the subject itself, and partly also to the paucity of other subjects, occupied them actively during the greater portion of the session. At first it was proposed, as a mark of their esteem, to register you among the matriculated nobility of the province, whereby you and your heirs for ever would have enjoyed the right of voting in the Senate upon all matters not so important as to come under the cognisance of the Russian Government—the privilege of considering yourselves subjects of the Emperor of all the Russias—and other advantages. But the Senate, thinking that it would be ungenerous to require from an Englishman such proofs of unsullied descent as thirty-two quarterings on the family shield, &c., &c., especially as you could not be considered actually accountable for being born of '*la nation bourgeoise*'—to say nothing of the further necessary qualifications, such as the pos-

session of landed property not measuring less than fifty square miles in extent, and a residence in the province of not less than six months in duration (without which conditions no one may sit upon the *Ritterbank*)—finally resolved to reject this proposition. It was then suggested by some of the members that the Senate could not better testify their gratitude than by electing you, after the precedents of Catherine II., Paul, Alexander, and other of your great predecessors in history, a member of the far-renowned corps of *Schwarzen Häupter*: but this was also abandoned on the considerate plea of the possibility of your finding the uniform, which consists in heavy pieces of armour, rather inconvenient to adopt. Again, the expediency of voting you a more sterling testimony in the shape of a sum of money (to be paid when the work should have reached the tenth edition) was warmly discussed: but, as a sagacious member remarked that sending money to England would be like sending 'owls to Athens,' or, in our phraseology, 'coals to Newcastle,' this proposition was dismissed as well.

Finally, as all plans, whether directed to the gratification of your ambition for family honours, thirst for fame, or love of lucre, seemed equally impracticable, it was unanimously resolved in full Senate to adopt a mode which should, at all events, recommend itself to your palate. Now, as the woods of Estonia are famed for the resort of a bird—almost as unique as the Phœnix of antiquity—called in Russian *Kuritza Indiskaya*, in Estonian *Kalkuni-issa*, and in Latin *Gallina Icenorum*, and, as such, greatly in request, both for the delicacy of its flavour and the substantiality of

its dimensions, it was determined to increase your Christmas board with a specimen of this *rara avis*. I need hardly add that the bird reached England in a frozen state; but so exactly had the Senate calculated the time, allowing always for the difference of style, that its dissolution, I am happy to inform you, took place only yesterday.

I can now only beg your indulgence for the very unworthy and imperfect way in which I have interpreted the wishes of this noble body, and fear that their language has lost much of its dignity in my hands. Nevertheless, I will venture to add my most sincere wishes to theirs for a merry Christmas and many to come to Mr. Murray and his family, and beg to remain his obliged and truly,

ELIZ. RIGBY.

P.S.—The writer of this very impertinent letter feels so many scruples of conscience in thus trifling with one for whom she entertains so profound a respect, that, were it not for the sanction of her mother, she would not venture upon sending it. At all events she solicits early pardon.

Mr. Murray had presented her with a valuable edition of Moore's 'Life of Byron,' and also of 'Byron's Works.' After thanking him warmly, she adds:—'When I was young, Lord Byron was my beau idéal of men and poets; but then cares came over me, and my beau idéal only made bad worse—and Moore's "Life" put the finishing blow to my enthusiasm. Now, however, that I have seen more of life, have been in the company of the Emperor of Russia, Mr. Murray, and the Bishop of Norwich, and thus strengthened my

mind without extinguishing my fancy, I return to him with a double zest, and enjoy him the more because I pity him the less. I am agreeably surprised, also, with the number of notes and quantity of contemporary history and biography which this very perfect edition presents. I go picking about for Sir W. Scott's notes, who, if he was not my first love, is, what all lovers, whether literary or literal, will acknowledge to be much better, namely, my last. I think it gives some definition of the respective characters of Byron and Scott to say that each could have equally engrossed a woman's heart; but the former it would have been the greatest misfortune in the world to have loved, the latter the greatest privilege.'

CHAPTER II

1840–1842

MISS RIGBY'S notebooks of 1840–1842 (for she kept or left no Journals except of her Edinburgh life), stored with many a thought and impression, have been preserved, and from these we make a few extracts, as giving some indication of her remarkable maturity and originality of thought, and her power of lucid expression :—

1840.—This world is so constituted that we cannot always express our abhorrence for vice. A just indignation sounds good and right, and even our duty ; but this is the feeling of the young in all things, who always start with ideas of hypocrisy and truth, which experience proves not only impracticable but false. It is no hypocrisy to be courteous and kind even where we despise. Esteem or contempt is involuntary : judgment is controllable—and that is why the Scriptures, which prescribe nothing against the system of Nature, say 'Judge not.'

To try to teach a child the existence of a

Deity by the help of reason, is much the same as to teach him speech by the help of logic. Indeed, reasoning with a child is like trifling with a mob. Never forbid children works of imagination ; the towing line may appear loose, but the child is still dragging. To expect solid information in a child's mind after an education of scraps is to try to restore a deal board out of sawdust.

The heavy heart is best carried on the nimble foot. It is best to see your sorrows as large as life, and acquaint yourself with them face to face : often they lose as much by this process as the mind gains. Those who feel and grapple with their griefs deserve our sympathy—those who cheat themselves our pity.

Certain feelings follow upon certain positions. They must have exercise somewhere, and if they are denied entrance in the right mind, they force it in the wrong.

The man of the world, who seeks and wins a woman's heart apparently only to wring it, is morally much the greater sufferer. In most cases the woman rises from such trials (and let no woman undervalue their exquisite bitterness) purified in heart, strengthened in faith, subdued in will ; while the man reaps only a habit of evil

increased by indulgence, and a mind more than ever incapable of returning to the right.

Most boys choose their line of life as young girls their first love, at an age when the responsibility of a choice is an injustice to them.

Novelty is never to be found in the commonplace, be it never so new.

All feelings may be turned to ridicule, as all melodies to jigs.

The intellect, like the heart, disdains an easy conquest.

Women too often attach merit to warm feelings, forgetting that in the first place they are involuntary, and in the next frequently mischievous. Society takes no motives into account, it only looks at the end, viz. :—right judgment and right conduct. Why do men invariably judge better than women? Simply because their feelings have less interference. With us, our feelings too often make the worse appear the better cause. It is well our duties are more confined and prescribed than theirs, or, with such rash monitors within us, what should we do? Our feelings are like the element fire—most excellent servants but wretched mistresses.

Everything that tends to diminish the sense

of protection, given and received between man and woman, is bad. Woman is made to lean, man to support; and, in the goodness of Providence, a feeling of happiness belongs to the exercise of these respective propensities. Much as is the woman to be commended who, when called upon by the worldly distress of herself or of those depending upon her, takes upon herself the duties and labour both of father and mother, of son and daughter; yet there is a wide difference between such cases and that system of independence in woman which is now contended for.

The vices of the olden time were in larger and more isolated lumps: we break them up and strew the ground, but the amount is the same. They swallowed their peas whole, we grind them. The same may be said of the virtues.

1841.—Defend me from your very humble people: like persons who go about turning their toes in, poking their backs out, and not venturing to lift their feet from the ground, they are sure to entangle themselves and tumble down in their own awkward lowmindedness; the consequence is that others are at the trouble of picking them up, and propping them ever after.

Some people are so impenetrably dull that no

wit can reach their understandings—just as aqua fortis itself can't bite through tallow.

As the snow, which looks dark against the sky, assumes a spotless appearance when spread on the earth, so the best of human deeds are stained in the sight of God, and only apparently pure when contrasted with the dark groundwork of human sin.

Let young persons be stirred with a knowledge of old English works, which may go out of fashion for a season, but, like old plate, will always bear a certain and intrinsic value.

In all countries, where women are incapable of succession, a certain Salic law seems to prohibit their private influence, independence, and usefulness ; while in England the power of inheriting a crown has secured to them the inheritance of all other real good in private and social life. What place is there that a real woman would wish to take in our country that a real woman may not take ?

There is no simplicity so simple as that which is refined, no sorrow so touching as that which is subdued, no art so beautiful as that which is concealed.

There is more moral courage in refusing than

in accepting, and more merit in restricting genius than in indulging it.

True religion, to do good, should sit easily upon the heart. It is rational to believe that, before the Fall, the love of God and tendency to good were the spontaneous and favourite exercises of the mind; and the best proof of the mind's being in a state of grace, and the best argument in favour of that religion is the happiness it obviously affords.

Those towns are always the most depraved where no public amusements are provided.

Some people, like some things, are 'acquired tastes.' Individuals may be classed under two characters—the one natural, the other acquired: the latter requires the appearance of spontaneousness to be believed, the former the stamp of conviction to be respected.

A mind without the power of concentration is like setting a tub out into a field to catch the rain-water. Everybody knows how little is caught. But take the sweep of the whole mind, and then conduct the ideas into one channel, and your tubs will be full.

All exercise of the mind is a pleasure, and has a tendency to divert our attention from self. In

case of great affliction, as soon as the individual is capable of reasoning upon the subject, as soon as, from being the sport of some combination of wretchedness, we make that wretchedness the subject of our examination, the grief may no longer be considered as desperate. The receipt of sympathy and the diversion of occupation constitute Nature's whole pharmacopœia in cases of heavy affliction: but where does the light of Nature suffice, either in ourselves or others? Thanks be to God, we have another source of help, one of the most beautiful properties and immediate results of which is to enable us to accept what Nature thus points at.

It is not in the nature of deep feelings to be always upon the lips. In all the kinds of love which swell the human heart, and approach most nearly to the love of the Creator, we find that there is an instinctive restraint paramount to the desire for indulgence (in speaking, I mean). 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Yes—granted, when it feels it may speak. . . . In the closet, or in the communion or correspondence of friendship, the love of the Creator finds its fitting place; but, like the other affections, it will not rush into indiscriminate

company unless challenged to do so. But why on this account declare it banished from places of public resort, and denounce them, as such, unholy? Every opinion we possess betrays its origin, and religion may be preserved in the ball-room, although not openly worn. The religious heart can as well discourage the acquaintance of the fool or scoffer as prohibit the intimacy of the more open infidel.

1842.—There have been as many errors committed in the name of conscience as there have been crimes in that of liberty. But, while the voice of conscience is nowadays urged as an unanswerable plea, and one which all humanity is concerned in supporting, it seems to be forgotten that this quality, like every other in the human breast, is fallible, and, as such, open to as much sinful perversion as it is capable of sound cultivation. The action of conscience is sound enough; but if our understandings bring it wrong evidence, how should it otherwise than wrongly conclude? A perversion in understanding entails a mistake in conscience, just as much as a false hypothesis a mistaken judgment. We should do with conscience as with a woman's affections—so train the mind that she misplace

not her treasure, well knowing that, once given, the devotion appears to increase as the error in its bestowal becomes more apparent. There are but two reasons for justifying the errors of conscience, namely, the knowledge of our sinful nature, which admonishes us of our equal liability to err, and the Christian love, which endeavours faintly to imitate the mode in which the Creator may be supposed to regard the host of martyrs to a wrong or needless cause. But the toleration of the present day proceeds, it is to be feared, rather from an indifference to real truth, and from that most mischievous idea that all men have a right to think as they please, even though they think—as they must—wrongly.

Sir Walter Scott may be compared to a physician, who, before he attacks the seat of the disease, begins by giving a general tone to the whole system. He did more good to society by stripping vice of all false allurements, and giving a relish to sound sense, sound art, and sound principle, than if he had applied himself to teaching points of doctrine, in which, doubtless, his great and humble mind would have equally excelled, though he might have had some scruples on the score of incompetency for so great a work.

Common sense is strictly a social virtue, and one which is neither learnt, required, nor exercised in solitude. The unfailing symptom of an absence of good sense is the presence of morbid feelings, which visit the soul as dyspepsia does the body, to the interruption of its proper action.

Charity, born of excitement, will flower and fruit, perhaps, when other kinds are cold; but when Nature calls upon all to expand, it will be found that the sap is down.

Self-forgetfulness and self-possession are the extremes which meet—they are essential to all excellence.

There are two usual stages in young beginners in art—one when there is all to do, and the other when there is all to undo.

There is a certain aggregate ideal of the commonest subject, and this it is a painter's business to represent: there is an ideal ugliness as well as an ideal beauty. Teniers gave us the poetry of pots and pans; Titian, in his old nurse, gave ugliness a charm; Hogarth, in his 'Mariage à la Mode,' lent to vacancy an interest. It is the business of a painter not to represent the individual, but the individuality—not to copy a specimen, but to show forth a species.

It is nonsense to give women more legal powers against men—they won't use what they have. Ask any male friend who has interfered between man and wife. Exactly as he has secured something for the woman, she retracts and gives it up.

Human life is like a harp: no sooner are we comfortably seated to play, candles burning brightly, and the book open at the right place, than crack goes a string, and all is interrupted. Happy he or she who can stop with good humour and mend with patience: their fingers may be sore, but their tempers evener.

Two well-principled healthy minds, like two practised musicians on the same instrument, will never go egregiously wrong. They may stumble for a moment, but their feeling of right and habit of harmony will soon recover their proper position.

A child is natural only so long as it does not know wherein its charm consists. The same applies to our painters and poets: the moment they become aware of their peculiar excellence, they lose the feeling which works—it does not care how or know why—and gain the manner which is intended. Those are the greatest,

perhaps, who know their forte, and have skill to hide that knowledge. Manner is to painting what vanity is to the human being—it spoils the noblest subject.

In the summer of 1842 Miss Rigby had been studying some of the books recently written for children by American authors, such as the Rev. T. H. Gallandet, Goodrich (Peter Parley), Abbott, and Todd. This study resulted in an able paper on 'Children's Books,' in which she exposed the folly of 'combining instruction designedly with amusement'—'a cheating-trouble system,' she says, which 'is, like uniting authority with familiarity, a sophistry which ends by destroying both.' She sent this paper to Mr. Lockhart, who writes to her, September 8, 1842: 'I received your MS. yesterday, and have read it with more pleasure than I can well express. It seems to me one of the most admirable specimens of review-writing I ever met with—full of sense and taste, equally instructive and interesting.'

CHAPTER III

1842–1843

In October 1842, having sold her Framingham estate, Mrs. Rigby removed with her daughters to Edinburgh, where they soon formed a happy home for themselves. Elizabeth Rigby was especially welcomed by the leaders of that brilliant and intellectual society, composed (to mention a few names) of such men as Lords Jeffrey and Robertson, Professor Wilson, Sir John McNeill, Sir William Drysdale. A strikingly handsome, imperial-looking woman, of commanding figure (she was 5 ft. 11 in. in height), she had the additional attraction of great conversational powers; and an established fame as an authoress.

Mr. Murray had also given her many introductions, for which she hastens to express her gratitude :—'Every day, in the increasing enjoyment I find in Edinburgh society, I am reminded to whose mediation I owe it. . . . We are endeavouring to understand and to make ourselves understood in return, but mamma and her butcher can't come to right terms at all. Our manservant, also, who by no means does discredit to the Norfolk accent, is very indignant because the Scotch housemaid says he can't speak English.'

Again, a few days afterwards, October 23, 1842 :—'I look back to the past year with peculiar gratification, as having procured me the friendship of yourself and your excellent family—a circumstance which has materially increased my happiness, and also directly and indirectly much contributed to the pleasure and comfort of those I love around me ; and, without any of those fine words which Mr. Lockhart thinks *de trop* in my writing, I will simply add that I heartily hope this regard may ever continue.'

Some of her earliest impressions of Edinburgh are recorded in the following letter, addressed to an old Norfolk friend, Miss Laura Browne, of Hethersett :—

Edinburgh, Nov. 5, 1842.—The society to which we have hitherto been admitted is very fascinating : perfect ease, much spirited conversation, ample board, and hearty welcomes make altogether a delightful whole ; and to us it has all the charm of novelty.

I fancy the Drysdales' house is one of the most favourable specimens in Edinburgh : they are all fond of society, and have ample means to command it at home. At present my heart is given to dear Sir William Drysdale, who enjoys a joke heartily, and seems to be one with his excellent wife in all schemes of kindness. Last Tuesday we were at their house, where I was

planted next *the* George Combe—the phrenology man. He is a tall, puritanical, dissenter-looking person, with a good forehead in attestation of his intellect, and a hard face in betrayal of his morals. Not that I know anything definite of the latter; but as his work on 'The Constitution of Man' gave me to understand that we are perfectly 'able of ourselves to help ourselves,' and as his conversation quite confirmed that creed, I leave you to judge whether I am unjust or not. All the evil in individuals, according to him, is derived from the example of influence and education—all the good from 'strength of mind' and 'a high morale,' which latter was a favourite word, evidently. I should think that I pleased him as little as he pleased me, unless he took my silence in some cases for assent. But it is very difficult to answer one who has grown grey in sophistry, nor is it always becoming in one so much his junior in experience. His wife was there, a daughter of Mrs. Siddons, with much of the Kemble beauty about her. Mrs. Crowe was also there, the authoress of 'Susan Hopley,' one of the oddities of Edinburgh. . . .

The Scotch Episcopalian Church, so far as I have heard and seen, is merely the hired servant

of the civil power, and a most turbulent servants' hall does it now present. The clergy strain and pull themselves to pieces to awaken the consciences of their congregations, well knowing that they have no hold in the world's estimation upon their respect. The affair about the Rev. Mr. Drummond is not yet ended. He had given offence to the Diocesan here by having public prayer meetings without the Liturgy, and accordingly was dismissed from his church. Now, some of his late congregation, over whom he has obtained that influence which Evangelical preachers do obtain, especially when young in years, have been publicly inviting him to perform service in another chapel independent of the power of the Diocesan, and don't seem to be at all aware, nor he to have informed them, that in that case he would be nothing else but a dissenting minister, and they a dissenting congregation. A meeting therefore has been called by the chief Episcopalian clergy here to explain to these deluded people the tendency of this step, to testify as to some points which Mr. Drummond had misrepresented, and to remonstrate with him, for the sake of the Church which he has sworn to maintain in peace and amity, against any further

acts of disallegiance. I am much interested in this controversy. . . .

A lady called to-day begging me to contribute something to a new 'Lady Magazine.' Where there is a hole big enough for the cat, none other is wanted for the kitten. What is not good enough for a man's taste is too bad for a woman's.

I have been reading 'Ten Thousand a Year,' which I think overvalued, not for its goodness, but for its talents. It exhibits excellent principles, great legal lore, and almost as much patience as it requires; it is tedious to read, and hardly leaves a striking picture on the mind, though endless wholesome impressions.'

It was now that Miss Rigby began a Journal, which opens with the hope that 'it may become the occasion for good, for self-examination, and for self-correction.' For more than six years she kept up this daily record, which reveals, in a startling manner, her character, her occupations, her modes of life and thought, and contains many interesting references to prominent men and women of that time. Her love for Scotland, and particularly Edinburgh, was a true one; and that she never lost it is proved by her writing, in her 'Reminiscences of Edinburgh Society nearly Fifty Years Ago,'[1] not many months before her

[1] *Longman's Magazine*, January 1893.

death: 'A few years spent in Edinburgh are an ever-cherished and grateful remembrance.' From this Journal, which would in itself form a large volume, we give the following extracts, quoting at intervals a few of her letters to Miss Laura Browne:—

Edinburgh, Nov. 18, 1842.—It is a question whether Walter Scott might be in part compared to Shakespeare; the former drew particular, the latter general nature; but, doubtless, Shakespeare's originals swarmed about him, as thick as round Sir Walter. His Falstaff is particular nature. Both are alike in national nature; the three old hags in the 'Bride of Lammermoor' are the most Shakespearian things Sir Walter ever did. . . .

Read D'Aubigné; Luther's history is intensely interesting, and yet subsequent ages have shown that he went too far, and that Erasmus and Huss, and other moderationists were nearer the truth.

Nov. 20.—To St. John's Church. The three orders in the Church are as much a portion of inspired doctrine as any other in the Scriptures. St. Paul was very cautious in his charity, not allowing those to be chargeable who had any other means of support. How true it is that the

Bible is not to be hauled over by every ignorant individual. The soundest doctrine is the soundest sense, and how few have much of the latter. The 'dividing of the Word of Truth' is indeed a task of knowledge, skill, and reverence, to which few are equal; but all can hearken and pray, though few interpret and preach. Prayer is alone the legitimate worship of God; preaching is not worship, though too many look to that alone. It is a favourite deprecatory saying of dissenters, 'Oh! we differ so slightly from the Church, that really we don't in the least object to hearing your service now and then.' More shame for them, then, for so little a matter, to commit so great a sin as separation.

Nov. 21.—Read Southey's 'Book of the Church.' Thomas à Becket a fine High Priestal character in the worldly sense; Henry II., with his hot Norman blood, more like the present Romanoffs. Perhaps no Christian dominion was ever so unbroken as that of a Czar of Russia, for it is unfettered and unthwarted by the Church; whereas the finical despots of the old time were obliged to humble themselves before her, and Austria is still papal.

Nov. 23.—What is to be done with people

who can't help themselves, and yet won't be helped by others; who can't bear the truth, and yet are happy in error? Nothing but religion can give the mind strength for effort—no native force will do after repeated failures. The mind becomes like an oft-stirred fire—you must leave it alone.

Nov. 26.—When people decline honours on the plea of the mob not having been consulted about them, they constitute that very enlightened and dependable body their rulers. A poor man might as well refuse assistance from the trustees of a charity till the original subscribers had all been consulted. It seems, however, that Miss Martineau's confidence in the mob has not been misplaced, for their subscription will probably be larger than what Government proposed in their name.

Dec. 15.—Read Gladstone on 'Church and State.' There is nothing more mischievous than to imagine that the State represents the Will of the People. The people are truly represented, which, had it been left to their will, they would perhaps not have been at all; but a State has rights and duties independent of them. Doubtless it is the duty of every State to legislate for

the welfare of the people; but frequently the wisdom of the cultivated classes appears foolishness to the ignorant, in which case it is their duty to legislate *against* their will. If the conscience of a State were not a higher consideration than a people's will, the latter would be badly off in the long run. But these are the mischievous plausibilities on which such unloyal acts as Miss Martineau's late refusal of what Government thought fit to assign her were founded. Error would be of little comparative danger were it not so plausible. . . .

The schism in the Scotch Church very ominous: 300 pledged to quit the Church unless their demands are acceded to. And what are they? That the present lay and Government patronage may be exchanged for the fickle voice of the people. . . .

Went over Heriot's Hospital—an institution that might silence a host of agitators—a most edifying spectacle for the heart, and venerable picture for the eye.

Dec. 16.—The Advocates' Library receives a copy of every printed book. What will future ages think of the accumulation—or rather what will future ages be? For we are living awfully

fast. It is curious, with all reverence, to speculate on the possible end proposed by the Almighty in thus permitting every facility for the indulgence of selfishness—or will the unrestrained indulgence diminish the passion? Alas! it is to be feared not, for selfishness is like the daughters of the horse-leech, that cry 'Give, give!' But perhaps the excess of one age may be intended to moderate the next; for it is in the nature of human affairs to run into such extremes, whether of good or evil, as bring their own cure, till the remedy in its turn has to be remedied again. As Guizot says, we are never quite right.

Dec. 23.—Read Bacon: a mine of rare thoughts in the most compact language. Is it possible that one who could think so justly, both in matter and form, should act basely? But the case is not made out. . . .

How little the female writers of the present day seem aware of their great responsibility: eager to show what they can do like men, they disregard the fact that they are capable of much more as women.

Dec. 24.—The difference of nature between the English modern Christian and the Asiatic ancient one is as great as that of their climate:

meditation is the indulgence of the one, action that of the other.

Dec. 26.—Mrs. Blakiston much encourages me in the line of fiction. *Nous verrons.*

Dec. 27.—Made the first attempt at reviewing Mrs. Sherwood.[2] . . . Those who excite their feelings more than they enlighten their understanding are like those who throw light on their eyes and leave the book before them in gloom. The perfection in human character consists in keeping the balance—in not letting one faculty of the mind run before the other—in keeping the head and heart well abreast.

Dec. 28.—A letter from Mr. Lockhart suggesting, with much kindness, the subject of another review. I ought to be grateful for so much encouragement, but my heart fails me for the task. What would I have that I am not satisfied with my position? But my womanish part, and it is a large one, has no share in ambition and applause. . . . Mr. Murray sent me the 'Examiner,' which has a most favourable review of 'The Jewess' (see page 11).

[2] *The Lady of the Manor. Being a series of Conversations on the Subject of Confirmation, intended for the use of the middle and higher ranks of young Females.* By Mrs. Sherwood. 7 vols. 12mo. London, 1842.

Extract from letter to Miss L. Browne:—

Dec. 30.—The evening parties in Edinburgh are most enjoyable: you have a succession of agreeable people to talk with, and I always enjoy talking to Sir William Drysdale, for he is a staunch Tory and a dear old soul besides, and a great admirer of mine! He has distinguished himself by an admirable speech in opposition to a plan for erecting a monument on the Calton Hill to some wretches who were convicted of sedition towards the end of the last century and banished to Botany Bay, but who are now, according to the present enlightened notions, lauded as martyrs. The whole council of Edinburgh are Radicals, except Sir William, who has made a stand against them all, and defeated them. His speech got into the 'Herald' and 'Times,' and Sir Robert Peel has written, acknowledging his sense of Sir William's services on this occasion.

Last night we were at the Ramsays', and agreed that never had we spent an evening more to our taste. Mr. Ramsay is a brother of Sir Alexander Ramsay, a Scotch baronet, and is the good minister and perfect gentleman—simple as

a child, deeply read, and with a great taste for the fine arts.

The Journal is continued:—

Dec. 31.—Called at the Combes'. He spoke about the Americans, whose institutions, according to him, develop the greatest extremes of rascality and excellence: the higher mind bent on giving his poor neighbour a good education; knowing that, since his poor neighbour may be his master any day, it is best to provide against having a mere ignorant boor. In other words, he proved that this love of his neighbour all turned upon his own interest, and thus defeated his own argument. Talked of Goethe, whom he detests as much as I can. Goethe had no conscience, and chose the lowest ideal of human nature, and his trashy, uninteresting, vulgar stuff is the natural result.

The last day of the year brings its tribute of regret, and the first its offering of good resolutions. May we have grace to keep them!

Jan. 4, 1843.—Worked at the review—Mrs. Sherwood. Whatever quality I may possess in writing lies not so much in ready capacity as in knowing what it should be, and patiently working up to that standard.

Jan. 12.—Lord Jeffrey called while I was out; also Count Axel Hamilton, leaving John's[3] card, on which John had put down my name, in case the Count should ever meet me in England; and he met me by accident, dining at a house where I had never been before—in Scotland, where I never expected to be at all.

Extract from letter to Miss L. Browne:—

Jan. 14.—I have been at two brilliant parties at the Drysdales', at one of which I was taken in to dinner by a well-known character here—the Dean of Faculty, a Mr. Peter Robertson,[4] who is the most popular counsellor, and greatest wit and humorist of Edinburgh. At all events, he made me laugh, till I was almost shocked to hear myself, with stories of all the wits and poets of the day. He is quite one of the lions of the capital, and much sought for his powers of entertainment. I understand that he was also amused with me; but I don't know when he found time for that.

On Tuesday I was at the Swintons', who had gathered together all whom they thought it would interest me to meet. I was consequently over-

[3] Her cousin, John Palgrave Simpson, the dramatic writer and critic.

[4] Afterwards Lord Robertson, familiarly known as Lord Peter, Judge of the Supreme Court of Session, Edinburgh.

whelmed with a succession of presentations, having hardly time to get acquainted with one person before another was brought up.

On Wednesday I dined at Sir John McNeill's, and found a select, small party in the most charming rooms, which were fitted up entirely with Persian materials, and decorated and painted in arabesque. The host and hostess are delightful. Sir John is splendid—noted for being the handsomest and proudest man in Edinburgh ; he adds the finest person and carriage to beauty of feature, so that he really is a rare specimen.

I went afterwards to Lord Jeffrey's. He is a small, dapper man, with splendid eyes, of which he well knows the use, and great play of face ; but otherwise with that insignificance of appearance which is perfectly indifferent to the wearer of it. He was most kind and affable in his conversation with me, with a felicity of expression and playfulness of illustration, which show how ready are the weapons of speech. He says of himself : ' It is only bad wine that gets sour with keeping.'

I find I have been writing in an egotistical strain, and am shocked to have to speak so much of myself ; but while this insignificant person is

made so much of, and while you are so kindly interested in hearing of what she does and sees, you must just take it as it comes. I expect very soon to settle back into my usual place, and, meanwhile, no one is more surprised than myself at being drawn out of it. On the other hand, no one can more enjoy the kind of society with which we here mix, and which, except abroad, we had always been debarred from. The charm consists, I believe, exclusively in the enjoyment of minds equally educated with our own; nor can I imagine any other result, in the event of a removal from it, than a more decided preference for no society at all to what is unprofitable. Thus, you see, I endeavour to analyse my own present sensations, and, while I enjoy them fully, to guard against their unfitting me for a very possible change.

Yesterday I met Professor Wilson at dinner; he is a most remarkable-looking man, and would be venerable if his hair were within bounds. I need not tell you what he is famous for—the editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine' in its best time, the author of 'The Isle of Palms,' 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Society,' 'Recreations of Christopher North,' &c. We got upon dear Sir Walter Scott, whom he loved and knew as a

brother, and of whom I can never hear enough. This acquaintance can be only profitable, for he is good and religious as well as witty and poetical, and it will be a privilege to know more of him.

A Mr. Lockhart was there who disgraced the name; rather than disappoint so many, I would change it.

The Journal is continued :—

Jan. 25.—To the Parliament House. The twelve judges soon came in, and Peter Robertson began. It was upon the Strathbogie case, the General Assembly having deposed eight ministers for doing what the law declared perfectly legal to do: he rung the changes upon the illegality of doing things legal, and made some clever hits.

Jan. 31.—Out to dinner. Sir John McNeill talked wisely and well; spoke of Unitarianism; the tendency of all those who have been accustomed to prove all they believe, to reject whatever is beyond the pale of 'sensuous proof.' But what nonsense this is! The Newtonian system is beyond demonstration—the law of Atoms is beyond demonstration: they only, like revealed truth, rest on the strongest belief,

though in the latter, through grace, we have assurance that such things are true.

Feb. 3.—To dinner at the Douglases'; sat next to Mr. D., and soon discovered him to be of the deepest Evangelical principles, but gentle, firm, sincere, and estimable. It seemed and was inconsistent to talk of Jesus and ask a gentleman to drink champagne all in a breath, and with anybody else it would have been disgusting.

Feb. 4.—*Darned stockings*, which I truly enjoyed after so much dissipation of an evening and thought of a day.

Extract from letter to Miss L. Browne:—

Feb. 11.—The other evening I dined with the Sinclairs, where I met an aristocratic circle. Sir Norman Lockhart fell to my share—a fine, handsome, military man, and member for Lanarkshire. Hearing his name, I asked him whether he belonged to *the* Mr. Lockhart's family: he answered, 'No—but he does to mine.' We have received much polite attention from Professor Forbes, one of the cleverest men of the day, who is a great woman-hater, but is quite Christian to us. To him and another Professor we were indebted for tickets to the great Reid Concert, an annual thing, which took place last night. Sir Henry

Bishop presided, and Miss Hawes, Miss Novello, and others were engaged; but, knowing that the Edinburgh public don't hear much good music, they took great liberties and sang atrociously—indeed, there was hardly a piece which would have been permitted at a Norwich Festival. We have had a delightful evening at Sir John McNeill's, who, I begin to find out, is one of the most agreeable and elegant-minded men in the world. He likes to get upon Church topics; as he and his wife have become staunch Episcopalians, and as he is famed for his gift of speech, it is quite a privilege to have his conversation, and to watch his splendid face besides. We had a charming party at Lord Murray's the next evening, with exquisite music: Lady Murray is a great musician and lover of Beethoven. I had Sir John all to myself during the whole of the *Septet*, which I thought shorter than usual.

Last Tuesday I dined at Lord Jeffrey's, a most *recherché* party of eight gentlemen and six ladies, the former all of standard literary repute—Mr. Rutherford (member for Leith), Professors Napier and Moir, the editors of the 'Edinburgh Review' and 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Lord

Jeffrey is the soul of good company, kind, affable, and buoyant in his manner, with the neatest little person in the world. He has rather a finikin mode of talking, with incessant French words not too well pronounced.

CHAPTER IV

1843

THE Journal is continued :—

Feb. 13, 1843.—To the Exhibition: all on steps lower than in London, beginning with much less excellence and ending with far greater trash. These Art Unions have been most pernicious things—in other words, a cabal for encouraging trumpery painters. There might as well be a club for encoring bad singers. The world has been so long accustomed to spend its money on those who could give best work for it, whether in book-making, picture-making, or shoe-making, that we may depend upon it there is some good reason for this arrangement. It sounds all very good and charitable to talk of giving encouragement to modest merit, but where is the real charity of misleading people as to the amount of talent they possess, or the pursuit of that which they can't attain? The world does that which few individuals have the moral courage to

do—it tells unpalatable truths, and saves a great deal of future misery at the expense of a little present. This false encouragement is only putting off the day of disappointment, and immeasurably increasing its bitterness. Truth will out, whether in murdering or colouring.

Professor Wilson was there—in a passion about the title of a picture which, to all common comprehension, represented two happy lovers, but which, in the anxiety for a moral, was entitled 'The Wolf and the Lamb.' Wilkie's unfinished picture redeemed a host of sinners round him.

Mr. Lockhart, who had just received her manuscript on 'Evangelical Novels,' writes to Miss Rigby, February 14, 1843:—

You seem to have it in your power to render the 'Q. R.' an instrument of great improvement among classes of readers that have hitherto probably given no attention to its contents. You are the only lady, I believe, that ever wrote in it except Mrs. Somerville, who once gave us a short scientific article; and I had long felt and regretted the want of that knowledge of women and their concerns which men can never attain, for the handling of numberless questions most interesting and most important to society. You

shall have proofs very soon, and pray consider them most carefully, for you will have sharp critics on every word and phrase. . . . I shall cheer the Emperor[1] when I see him by announcing the 'Lady of the Manor.'

Feb. 16.—Lord Jeffrey called, looking as sharp as a needle, and as fresh as a rose: the youngest man of seventy I ever saw—very playful and agreeable; altogether the greatest artist of conversation I ever met with, but the art too apparent. . . . To dinner at West Coates House: sat next Mr. Van Lepuel, the *soi-disant* Dutch Walter Scott—nasty thing! Talk of the dirt of English people! Let him go to Coleridge. The Dutch are clean in all that relates to the property of man, but filthy in all that concerns the image of the Creator. But he had some humour: a French lady translating, 'Tell it not in Gath, let it not be spoken in Askalon,' put a note—'"Gath et Askalon," deux fameux *clubs* à Londres.'

Feb. 18.—To the Exhibition again: these Art Unions are equally as unsatisfactory to those who encourage them as to those they encourage. A man pays a guinea for the sake of suffering

[1] This was the *sobriquet* bestowed on John Murray the Second by some of his intimate friends.

Art? Not a bit of it; but merely for the sake of a cheap picture and a cheap mode of excitement. It is a lottery with no blanks. Are the public bound to support 3,000 artists good, bad, and indifferent, and are they to murmur as if a right of their own were withheld from them? Results are generally so different in practice from what they appear in theory, that even the simplest form and the noblest end in 'doing good' will sometimes defeat their own aim: how much more when we interfere with the natural course of what is more intricate and less necessary, viz. human taste.

Feb. 19.—To Mr. Guthrie's conventicle; the place very full of most decent-looking people, but all the Scotch look decent on a Sunday. He is a regular O'Connell in the pulpit—cringing to the people, and telling them that they were able to judge, for it was the people with whom Christ was popular, and the elders and higher classes who persecuted. I wonder who it was that crucified Him! He attacked the bishops and the Apostolic Succession with all the vulgarity and narrowness of mind with which an Evangelical clergyman will attack the Papists. This is a lesson to all parties: a perfect agitator, and an

excellent specimen of how the pulpit is made use of to quicken the worst species of pride in the Scotch mob. No wonder they are so turbulent and sanguinary when excited—they are utterly democratic in religion.

Feb. 22.—Called on Professor Wilson. The moment the house door was opened, all spoke of him: at least four broad-brimmed hats hung in the hall, and as many snuff-coloured coats; and, on reaching the drawing-room, we found him rocking in a chair, and taking snuff, looking like a wild man, and talking like the most polished, excellent man. He is very charming—spoke of Charles Lamb with pity for his propensities; spoke of his own 'Lights and Shadows,' saying they had been abused by some one to him who took the name of Austen for the real author. He has a very handsome face, such a splendid complexion: water-drinking does not disagree with him.

Feb. 23.—To the Drysdales'—a very large and most delightful party. One of the Mr. Stewarts there, whose pretensions to the Pretender have proved too tempting a bait even for the cautious Scotch: nothing else could have made such sheer imposture, or, at least, utter ambiguity as this

go down. The man was dressed in all the extravagance of which the Highland costume is capable—every kind of tag and rag, false orders, and tinsel ornaments which could be heaped on an ill-made, clumsy person; the whole surmounted by a face very like the portraits of Charles II., but nothing like the descriptions of the Pretender. I was grieved to find myself sneering so perpetually at a fellow-creature, who must lead one of the most wretched lives, because an equivocal one, that it is possible to lead.

Feb. 24.—Miss Goldie called, a well-read, charming old lady. Her mother supplied Sir Walter with the story of 'Jeanie Deans,' and deserves the thanks of all who have heads or hearts to admire that book. Of all novels, this is the one novel most fitted to please and edify a woman.

Feb. 26.—People talk of Puseyism with much more horror than they do of dissent; but that's the only bad part of it, so far as I can see. . . . Read 'The Friend'[2] with an awakening perception of its excellence. It would be a most

[2] Twenty-seven numbers of *The Friend* were published by S. T. Coleridge at Penrith in 1809–10, but the periodical proved a failure, principally from the irregularity of its appearance.

interesting subject to trace how the sense of honour has fluctuated with that of Christianity. Coleridge is a true illustration of an author's drawing thoughts out of, instead of putting them into, your mind. How well he explains that which distinguishes a great man. What stamps him as such, even if you stand only half an hour with him in a cartshed in a shower of rain, is not what he says, but the method and arrangement in which it is expressed; not the uncommonness of his gifts, but the power he has over the commonest. Method consists not in doing this or that at a certain time, and with a grim precision for the regularity's sake, but is an harmonious punctuation of our ideas, into which a right exercise of right powers resolves itself—the manner which results from the striving after excellence, but which is the thing least thought of by the owner. Method is the result, and only the result, when it has not been too much the means.

Feb. 28.—To the ball: danced very much; but what did not those who joined the reels? Nobody would believe in England what an immense expenditure of strength and animal spirits goes on, on these occasions. Young men

and children, old men and maidens, all jumping, whirling, and toiling alike. You can hardly believe your eyes till you see the oldest and gravest in the land cutting capers, snapping fingers, tossing their heads, twisting round, brandishing their arms, shaking their legs, clapping hands, whooping, yelling, and screaming, till you expect them to sink down with sheer exhaustion, like the dervishes. The older they get, the more mad do the gentlemen become; but the truth is the dance is of their day, and they like to show it.

March 5.—A long gap in my journal. What a pity it is that the idea of trouble is such a powerful motive at the time, and such a paltry one to look back to. It is my besetting sin, and I wish it were the only one.

March 10.—Whatever has the stamp of mind upon it is not vulgar; therefore, no original person can be quite vulgar, though nothing may save him from it but his originality. . . . People seldom know what suits them, whether in marriage or dress.

March 12.—Read Carlyle's review on Lockhart's 'Life of Scott'; excessively good in matter, and without so much mannerism in style: the

only fault he finds with Lockhart is for compiling and not composing. The vulgar interpretation of Lockhart's having a secret grudge against Scott utterly overthrown, if you can apply this term to a report that had no basis.

March 15.—Miss B.'s an immense voice, warranted 300 yards, like a reel of thread, but just as thin and wiry.

March 17.—To the fancy dress ball at Lady McNeill's; the rooms a blaze of light, showing off sweeping trains and flowing veils, nodding plumes and sparkling eyes—setting off good taste and exposing bad. In hardly any of the characters was the illusion complete, for either they had mistaken the dress for the face, or the face for the dress. Miss X. as Rebecca was one of the worst—a mincing, stuck (*sic*) little face, with small eyes close together, and mouth which unravelled to all eternity. Such a face as hers regularly provokes me: how can there be beauty where there is neither fire nor form, sense nor sentiment? The great fault in these fancy dresses was that the modern cut of face and figure was traceable through all. Virgins of the Sun had their hair à la Malibran, and Duchesses, of three generations back, their shoulders à la Vestris.

Because we all let our things off our shoulders nowadays, they stuck out theirs.

Sir John told me that Mr. Lockhart had written to Professor Wilson 'to cultivate Miss Rigby—she is of the right stuff.'

March 21.—To Crichton's: saw facsimiles of Sir David Wilkie's sketches. He never bowed to the fashion of the day; he has no sleepy eyes, and pouting lips, and screwy waists; but he took and left small eyes, and thin mouths, and clumsy figures just as he found them, and yet made them interesting.

March 23.—Packet of proofs for 'Quarterly,' and note from Mr. Lockhart—'he *never* tells Review secrets.' My article[3] reads tolerably—his emendations excellent.

To Sir William Allan's: his picture of Waterloo is his best production. No columns of smoke, no streams of blood; but everybody doing their duty, and not thinking of effect: a first-rate picture, and incidentally, not directly touching.

To Blackwood's: looked over children's books. Many come within my ban—artful instruction,

[3] *Quarterly Review*, 'Evangelical Novels' (Mrs. Sherwood's *Lady of the Manor*), May 1843.

and artificial amusement; the one not avowed, and the other not genuine.

March 25.—To carry out your train of argument—to adapt what you are writing to what you have still to write—is more and more difficult, the more you consider or attempt it. It is an art in which studied movements and spontaneous hits are both equally necessary—the one to sustain, the other to set off. In all arts you do both less and more than you intend; much comes unbidden to hand which you least expected, and that remains still far beyond which you most strove for. The one shows the happy adaptation of our finite part, the other is the clearest evidence of our infinite part. For both let us praise God.

March 27.—T. is a sad noodle—one who shuts his eyes and licks his lips when you are looking at him, like a dog when you are scolding him. . . . How tastes alter! You may choose that at eighteen which you would loathe at thirty. I used to like a bold, flourishing kind of man, who would not be repelled; now I care only for those who must be encouraged. Formerly I liked all fire and flame; now it is nothing but coldness that can excite my interest.

To the Erskines'—a large party. Lady

McNeill charming: told her I caught sight of her jewel above all the crowd (meaning in her turban). 'What, my husband?' said she. Sir John delightful; defined truth and politeness with his usual exercise of these virtues—true politeness and conventional politeness—where they separate. At worst, conventional politeness is better than none; for, do what we will, there will ever be but few who can discriminate where its exercise becomes the greatest rudeness, and where its absence the truest politeness.

Sir John defines a despot as 'one who does not like to hear the truth,' and so we are all despots in our way.

March 29.—To Professor Wilson's—he really ill with a cold, but in perfection of wit. Talked of himself more for our entertainment than for his own pleasure: said that his brain was too susceptible of fever; complained of occasional nightmares, which were quite as bad as being broken on the wheel. Then he scolded his daughter (Mrs. Ferrier) for ill-treating him, and related imaginary scenes, which she could not contradict for laughing. He said he was tired of life: complained that he was altered; that he cared for nothing—that he had no yearnings for spring as

usual, no longings for vacation; that nothing interested him except the idea of getting some new clothes; that his heart had now no object save a blue cravat, and that we must go out and choose him one. And so he ran on, insinuating that his affections sometimes wandered to a new waistcoat, either buff or white, with a gold or silver chain hanging across it. We laughed as we stood round him, he rocking himself in his chair, and sometimes coughing till his face seemed as if it would burst.

Extract from letter to Miss L. Browne:—

April 2.—The other day I met a person of whose fame, though still in the bud, you will not fail to hear. I saw a slim lad, thin and hollow in face, without a sign of manhood on his cheek, and was told 'That's the famous Dr. Brown.' Famous! what for? For nothing less than the discovery of the transmutation of metals. He is able to make zinc into copper, and common sand into platina. He is twenty-four years of age, and the simplest child of genius imaginable. The chemists here are going to give his experiments a fair trial, and agree that, if they prove successful, he is not only the first chemist but the first man of the age. There is no doubt of the 'if,' for some of

the professors have given him private interviews, and are converted by his results. . . .

Our life here has been as rich in rational enjoyment as ever; indeed, attention towards us only seems to increase. We only lament that so little time is left us by our new acquaintances to cultivate our older ones. However, there are a few families of the first respectability whom we manage to see most of, namely, the McNeills, the Drysdales, the Swintons, and all the generation of Forbes'. The McNeills had the most delightful charade party last Tuesday. The acting and dialogue were so excellent that the charade became of no importance. It was mainly done by four gentlemen, Advocates of celebrity and talent here, whose practice in speaking gave them the requisite confidence. As they took the ladies' parts as well, and a tall man, 6 ft. 2 in., and proportionately stout, represented Miss Mary Anne Walker, the female Chartist, in the complete costume of a lady, you may guess the roars of laughter that ensued. The whole audience were wellnigh exhausted with excessive laughter, and it was pronounced that never had charade acting been carried to such perfection before.

Sir John and Lady McNeill are delightful

hosts, and have done a great deal of good in Edinburgh by knocking down much exclusiveness.

At Lady Murray's last night I was introduced, by his own request, to a Mr. Menteith, a very handsome and rich young man! Also to Lady Dick Lauder, who is one of the leaders of the world here; and to Mr. and Mrs. Primrose (he Lord Rosebery's son).

Professor Wilson announces to the world that he is very much in love with me, and that if, by accident, I should be reminded of his age by hearing one of his grandchildren cry, he shall tell me 'it is only the cat.' He sends me the most absurd messages by his married daughters.

The Journal goes on :—

April 5.—To Lyndsay's: looked through many books. The whole character of the present works of amusement is wordy and diffuse—filled with mere prating dialogue, which, if it can interest the child, more's the pity. But there are a few books, between the mere rationalism of the last age and the evangelicism of the present, which are very valuable.

April 10.—To the Infant School in Grass Market: a pretty sight, and pretty exhibition,

but in reality nothing better than a humane way of passing time. The children only component parts of a machinery—the mind as much tutored as possible, and the will as little subjected—neither thought nor application on the children's part. They are considered very clever for letting themselves be taught at all.

April 14.—Read some of Miss Edgeworth. How artistic she is in her structure of a tale, though I don't like her principles. But I doubt how far children's books are, at best, good for children.

April 26.—Read Miss Tytler's works. In no other children's books that I have read does religion come in so well; her knowledge of children's ways and sayings is very great.

To Holyrood: Wilkie's picture of George IV. is superb, face not cared for in the splendour of his accessories. Saw Queen Mary's rooms with sufficient sentiment, but Sir Walter Scott is uppermost in everything.

To Mrs. Hamilton, the phrenologist—a dirty old wretch, though not a bad countenance, but illiterate and common. She examined James Swinton first, with not so much success as a gipsy would tell fortunes—never alluded to his Art.

Then my head, with a result equally as general and far from particular. Everybody is sensitive to injuries—everybody is alive to approbation—everybody has some warm affections; and upon this she rung the changes. Phrenology under its most vulgar form—old-fashioned mystifying, and modern humbug.

April 30.—To St. John's Church—service and sermon beautiful. With the usual blessing, during which everybody's head was bowed, a stir took place in the centre of the church. The two nearest gentlemen ran to a pew, and with difficulty carried out the apparently lifeless body of a middle-aged man. He had been alone in the pew, his wife and children in another away from him; nor was their attention attracted till his figure was being borne down the aisle, when the wife rushed out with a cry of distress never to be forgotten. The party moved into the church porch, the wail of the poor wife telling us too truly the extent of her calamity. For some time the hope and idea prevailed that he was in a fit, but soon the news passed from one pale face to another, 'He is dead.' And thus we separated, trembling and weeping, full of awe at the sudden visitation, and of fruitless sympathy for his

bereaved ones. It was an affection of the heart, and death was instantaneous. But one minute before, he had been assisting in the labour of love of collecting the contributions of the congregation; he had heard the most heart-stirring sermon, and, as the blessing was invoked on all, 'now and for evermore,' his spirit passed away. Surely it must be a kind of solace to his widow that he died in the temple of God, and in the exercise of piety. God send them His Comforter, and make us all to profit by the touching and awful lesson.

May 14.—How easily may sorrows be borne in which there is no sin. How wrongly do we look on the death of the virtuous wife or the innocent babe; how infatuated are we to consider that an evil, which shuts out the possibility of evil! Think of the living deaths of those who survive in sin; who go on hardening their own hearts, and wringing the hearts of those who are appointed to love and sorrow for them; and to whom the warnings of affliction are too great a blessing to be permitted—or, if permitted, no longer capable of being felt. Death! what is it? 'Tis good the Christian law forbade to seek that which, sent by the Christian law, becomes a blessing. How wonderfully balanced are the

ways of God to man! The love of life—the boon of death; the faith to welcome it—the sin to seek it; extremes required from no one—the right path, the middle path. Let the misery of the mother who sees the pride of her heart, the prop of her life, the virtuous example for her other children, brought in a lifeless corpse, be compared with that of her who is condemned to see the son sink from sin to sin; to see change of pursuit sought only as a continuance of habits; to relinquish hope after hope, and feel that her child possesses neither esteem nor affection, and has no other love than that which he outrages. How wide apart are such griefs—so wide as hardly to be called degrees of the same feeling! How absorbed are we in trifles, attentive to that which profiteth not; how case upon case of law and physic has been registered and recorded, till experience has permitted of conclusions! But who has registered the results of early carelessness? Who has collected the fruits of early-taught piety? Who can tell us whether ill-doing, however distinct, may not be traced to early neglect; and reformation, however late, predicated from early training?

May 19.—Read Burns: no one ever com-

pressed so much meaning into so few words. Their beautiful rhythm seems their least beauty.

May 20.—Oh, the misery of a bad cook! The true philosophy is not in enduring petty troubles, but in removing them. Any feeling we would exert is here disproportionate to the object, and mocks at the misapplication. Little troubles are causes for torment, but not occasions for resignation; great things are worth the enduring. . . .

To Lady Sinclair's—a very charming evening. Introduced to Lord F. Fitzclarence, whose likeness to the late King won his way to my heart.

May 22.—Lord F. Fitzclarence, Miss Sinclair, and Mrs. Stewart called. Lord Frederick has all the appearance of a bold man and all the manners of a modest one, which is better than the reverse: conversed sensibly and without any affectation; spoke of acting as *chaperon* to Mrs. Arbuthnot, the *bien-aimée* of the Duke of Wellington and Alexander of Russia, when he was going to Germany for his health in 1815. God knows why he called, but it was done too pleasantly to be cavilled at.

May 23.—To the Assembly: a horrible display of the vulgarities of the Scotch Church.

The whole thing breathed a republican American spirit, in spite of the Commission on the Throne. Exit thoroughly disgusted.

To Professor Wilson's to dinner. He in happy spirits—expatiated on the difference of weight between a lady fainted and a lady not. Related his dreams, in which he is condemned to be hanged, and never thinks of inquiring why. There never was a more living personification of genius: never knowing apparently what is the next word he is to say, and yet always saying the best. His account of a lady's drawing of the Foyne waterfall, which he mistook for a pair of trousers hanging out to dry; and another of a cluster of hills at the head of Loch Long, which he pronounced to be a party of naked soldiers just risen from bathing.

May 26.—Read some of Immermann's 'Münchhausen': extraordinary writing, witty and clever, but no object in either—madness with a kind of method. What is there in a German mind that leads it to mistake whimsicality for invention, preposterousness for originality? With the Germans the ideal is simply the unnatural, the natural the commonplace: but there is usually mind in all. They take the most fantastic, use-

less costumes, but the materials are of good stuff —and more's the pity: it makes me long to strip them off, and cut them to a sensible fashion.

May 27.—Read the 'Instructor': such books are too dull for amusement, too prolix for instruction. If children can understand them, they can understand much better, which it is a pity they shouldn't have. Talk of 'Recreations in Geology'! The very title contradicts itself. The best part of these new books is their quotations from the old.

May 28.—Discussed the German love of the speculative and the wonderful, which gives them delight in stories in which we English, with our love of 'eventuality, causality, and finality,' find neither aid nor reward. An Englishman takes a fact and is satisfied; having the result, he does not care about the means. A German, on the contrary, does not care for the fact unless you give him that reasoning which predicates its truth. The union with the Celtic and Saxon heads has produced the best of all compounds, an Englishman. The Highlanders, who remain unmixed, are incapable of any talents beyond those of war.

June 1.—To Professor Wilson's. His conversation is so much assisted by his manner that

it is impossible to convey it—drollery more than wit. He is as slovenly and disorderly as such a genius, but nobody else, may be. Spoke of the difference of manner between the Scotch and English: seemed to think the Scotchwomen's language not so correct. The Germans, he said, love you from pure philanthropy; this, I fear, I don't thank them for.

June 3.—To Lyndsay's, looking over children's books. Never was there anything so absurd as Pinnock's 'Catechisms': titles such as no child can understand, and no grown-up child can want. The matter only suited to the highest comprehension, and form adapted to the lowest: Rhetoric, Heraldry, and Intellectual Philosophy in baby questions and answers. The way in which children are now taught exactly stifles that which can never be taught. This accounts for the little genius which new-fangled schools turn out nowadays.

Miss Rigby was at this time corresponding with Mr. Lockhart about her second article on 'Books for Children.' He writes on June 8, 1843: 'I am happy to hear you have so nearly finished another paper on children's books, and especially that it is to include a recommendatory list. This will be a very great benefit to mothers

and schoolmistresses. The German ladies, their lives, and their works, will also form a subject excellently suited for your hand, and I trust I am to have that in the course of the summer. If anything occurs to me as peculiarly likely to attract you, I shall not fail to suggest ; but, indeed, I feel that you are in possession of not only abundant materials of many sorts, but of the best possible tact as respects the selection and timing of your themes. I believe your last paper ['Evangelical Novels'] is very much admired among the orthodox, and that it is, as you must have expected, exciting much wrath in other quarters.

CHAPTER V

1843

On June 25, 1843, Mrs. Rigby and her daughters left Edinburgh for two months, taking a house at Dunoon, whence they made several excursions, all of which—this being Miss Rigby's first visit to the Highlands—are recorded with much minuteness in her journal. Well known as Scottish scenery is in these days of the touring multitude, and much described as it has been, the following extracts almost need an apology; they are given, however, as examples of the freshness and power with which Miss Rigby noted down all she saw. In any case, the account (pp. 81 *et seq.*) of the service at the 'Non-Intrusionist' conventicle is recorded as an interesting relic.

Dunoon, June 26, 1843.—It is delightful to awake the first morning in a new spot, to which one has resorted for liberty and fresh air; to rise up with a perfect unconsciousness of the beauties around you, and with the freshest zest to enjoy them: ready to undertake fatigue which, the week before, you would have protested against,

and inconvenience which you would have grumbled at; willing, and therefore easy, to be pleased; and enjoying that alone which, unless well earned, is least enjoyable—mere change. . . .

I can hardly yet realise dear Sir William Drysdale's death. He is a terrible loss in the councils of the city, and in all public matters where a clear head and a sweet temper were requisite. He has left this world rich in the blessings of the poor, for his private charity had been always admired, but never half known.

July 4.—I have suffered severely in the loss of affectionate friends lately, and now kind Mr. Murray is gone. His family were only prepared the day before, so that it came as suddenly upon them as upon his absent friends. I deeply lament him, and the thought that on earth I shall see him no more is a very sad one. No one can succeed him in some respects; but in all that concerns the stability of the great publishing house, his son is quite fitted to take his place. He is an admirable young man, and though he is not what his father was, he will be that which he was not. Indeed, he is a first-rate successor.

July 6.—Went on board the packet. An odd set there: some people whom no shabbiness could

make vulgar, and others whom no finery could make otherwise. . . . Scotch children are extraordinary—heads and legs bare, and the rest as well dressed as a child of a higher station. Women with smart flowers in their hats, and striped petticoats under their flannel gowns. A man, whose time was divided between looking through his telescope and looking at his guidebook, as if he were trying to detect a flaw, and expose a Ben; cramming his telescope into his face, till a naturally red nose remained white for minutes after.

Proceeding past a beautiful green dappled mountain, furrowed to the top with ravines, we entered Loch Long: the most magnificent hills, knotted and crusted into fantastic shapes, with long sheets of verdure finished off by a border of pines. One hill, seated, as it were, on a pedestal of waters, with its ample skirt spread around it: some hills thrown up in bosses and lumps; others, like the Fairy Hill, a sheet of verdure from top to base, unbroken except by the winding ravine. Passed the head of Loch Goil: on the left hand, a broad squat hill, called the Cheese Mountain—on the right, a hill with a facing of green slope, being a farm of above eighty acres, all sloping to the

south, called the Duke of Argyll's Bowling Green. Nothing could be finer than the variations of atmosphere: now all in gloom, except a gleam of watery green at top, losing itself behind some rugged clouds; now all in sun, except huge phantoms of shadows which strode slowly across their jagged surface. Passed Ardentinny, Mr. Douglas's house in front and Glen Finart behind: great solitude—a house here and a hovel there, with no means of communication apparently between them. When one knows how deep a torrent is that which looks but a seam in the hillside, how tremendous a rock, tangled in wood, is that which looks but a moss-grown stone, one can realise the labour that jaded Fitz-James's horse to death, and the perilous journey which divided the elder's grand-daughter from the manse. Passed through a contraction of the lakes, and opened out finer scenes still—the splendid Glencroe, and the Cobbler and his Wife; the hills sterner, the solitude greater, the torrents whiter, the rocks barer. Splendid Arrochar: on the one hand, the scenery shrouded in rain; on the other, blue sky and bluer mountain tops, and sunshine, and a thousand fantastic shadows. The thought comes over one,

how stern must be the solitude of the winter, how awful the tempests upon the lakes. Drove in the rain to Tarbet; Ben Lomond visible through a veil of rain. Almost laughable to see the file of umbrellas, and the inconveniences attending such a pleasure party. Returned to Arrochar—rain again. The children perfect nuisances; a few new fellow-passengers—a young lady who read the guide-book aloud, and looked at the scenery through the medium of a green and brown veil, behind which her face was invisible, and a few uninviting men. Dunoon beautiful, the old church standing out from a glowing sky. I would not change for any other place—its sunniness and accessibility—its open view, and *post three times a day*.

July 8.—Up at half-past six to bathe; one of those pleasures which, as Socrates holds true pleasure to be, is merely the cessation of pain. The glow is very delightful, but what would not be after that dreadful shivering fit to which it succeeds. I regularly dread it, and regularly enjoy it. It is like getting up early, which we hate doing, and enjoy to have done. . . . Passed the great and little Cumbraes, the minister of which prayed for 'the Cumbraes and for the adjacent

islands of Great Britain and Ireland.' The peaks of Arran were soon in sight, surpassing everything I have ever seen for stern grandeur, and that exquisite softness of colouring which, like a sweet temper, softens the hardest nature. Rocks of adamant tinged with cobalt: Glen Sannox between two giants and surmounted by a third, and the broad waves of the Atlantic in mighty lines beneath the scene. There's a pleasure nowadays in admiring something useless; never was there so barren a scene, so little malleable to the wants or wishes of man. The whole end of Bute is like the Land's End; piles of sloping rocks. Passed the entrance of Loch Fyne and the islet of Inchmarnock, and soon entered the Kyles of Bute: description is useless. Lumps of unproductive granite tossed in rude forms, rearing themselves in and over the water, the sunshine playing with them: perfect solitude. Entered Loch Striven. Meanwhile, the many children were engaged in games, which could have better been carried on in their own backyards in Edinburgh or Glasgow, where I should advise their parents to leave them another time; boys fighting and racing—little tottering feet toddling up the paddle box, or balancing themselves over the side, till the utmost beauty

could hardly insure you that indifference to their fate which their various fathers and mothers preserved. . . . There's something Jewish in a Highlander; they might be at all events as justly compared as Coleridge's Rousseau and Luther.

July 9.—A lovely warm day, the tints exquisitely clear and blue: truly, if Scotland had a better climate, there would be no country so lovely; but what earthly thing is without an 'if'? Walked over the bridge and up a ravine: this is one of the things in life that lead us on. Returning, we came past a few cottages, where sat an old woman, stone deaf, before her door: made her understand that we wished to see her cottage; groped our way in to a small place where we could not stand upright, but where there was much humble comfort for those lowly in mind as well as stature. She said, with proper regard for her home, that 'it isna the room that is sae laigh as ye that are sae lang.' There was good crockery-ware and some ornamental china, but the poetry of the room was an old worn Book of Psalms, which lay next a pair of spectacles. Some tracts in English, which the gentry had given her, were near, but she said the 'prent was too sma'.' She regretted she 'hadna drink o' milk to gie ye,' but

there was none to be had in the 'hale toon.' We explored a garden—the grass very damp; when we remarked on this to a poor woman, she looked at her own bare feet, as if in wonder at our meaning.

July 11.—After dinner strolled to the bridge; the sun entangled in a grey mist of clouds, so that it was neither sunshine nor gloom. How entirely does this scenery give a key to much of Walter Scott and Wilson; the auld wife talk, and the hillside scenery—one or the other always in our mind.

July 16.—Out to the Non-Intrusionist Box, which, like its builders, defies all the laws of proportion or anything else—a mere unpainted kind of packing-case, with old half-sashes stuck in here and there, and the roof pitched. Entered by a road of shingle, which continued inside the building: this looked as if it had been merely set down upon one of the roughest parts of the beach road that could be found. It reminded me much of a theatre booth at a fair—the same kind of rough seats, the same sawdust—a wooden box at one end and a painted dressing-table before it. It was early, and we chose a place in full view of the pulpit, and then watched the congregation

as they came in. The proportion of men and women was pretty equally divided, the women showily dressed, with a profusion of flowers; some fat old matrons, others skinny spinsters, and some blooming maidens and children. All entered with a satisfied air, as if the mere fact of their bringing their smart flowers under such a roof as that, and sitting together on shingle, were sufficient proof of the goodness of their cause. While the men, many of them, had old, sturdy, hard-burnt, rocky faces, with penthouse brows, and sandy locks, and straight, lipless mouths; faces which seemed never to have had reverence for man, or sentiment for woman—contumacious and obstinate all over. These were plentifully mixed up with smirking shopmen in satin cravats and cotton gloves, and lanky youths with no head whatever, but a little piece behind the most enormous mouth. The place was crowded, and many of the veterans I have described began to expound to one another over the backs of their benches, as if no time was to be lost. But a bustle at the pulpit called attention, and the minister's head was seen rising from a door behind the pulpit, which he had no sooner entered than he gave a loud cough and spit, and thus announced

his presence to his followers. It was a face and form worthy of the action—coarse and plebeian. He shut two little eyes with affected solemnity, and gave out a psalm; the precentor set up the tune, giving a quiver and a wobble at every note, till his voice was drowned in the noise of the multitude. I should hardly have thought that the assembled voices of so many could produce so harsh and thin an effect. At least 600 individuals were singing at once, and there was neither melody nor fulness; two-thirds were out of time, and all nasal and wiry. After this the minister began a prayer, the congregation standing, and settling themselves into such attitudes as should hold out the longest. The minister's manner was a caricature; nothing could exceed the distortion of his face, or the monotony of his voice—no punctuation: he went on till breath failed, and whether this crisis occurred in the middle of a sentence, or of a word, no matter—he stopped. There was one group which formed an exception to the general flaunt of ribbons; this was a widow, in deep weeds, with a little boy. She had lifted him up to stand on the seat, and, herself turning her back to the minister, she leaned her head on his little shoulder, her arm round his waist till

she thus supported the weight she gave. The boy was about seven, fair-haired as an angel—his delicate tints standing out from the black mass of her garments. Poor child, he was gentle and quiet; he gaped again and again, and played with his mother's sleeve, but he stood still, as if conscious that she wished it so. The prayer lasted half an hour, a string of texts in the broadest twang. This over, the minister seemed as if he hardly knew what was to come next, and very probably he did not; so he proposed a chapter from the Bible, which is a book they only resort to when their own ideas run low. So he read the fourth chapter of *Rommans*, and then took his text from the fourth verse. The sermon was the crowning effort, and was a wonderful specimen of sound lungs; he pitched it so loud at first that it seemed impossible it should be sustained; but, on the contrary, he grew louder and louder, till he bellowed, and foamed, and opened his jaws so wide that all distinctness of syllable was impossible. It was most disgraceful—unconnected, undigested. After the first few minutes a general gaping ensued; mouths opened, and eyes shut, and in a short time a regular breathing took place, which the minister's bawling by no means

interfered with. It was wonderful how he kept to his text: sometimes he climbed over stick and stone to it, and then tumbled headlong over a precipice; sometimes he came to a full stop, was fairly pushed into a corner, and roared out 'eh, eh'; and then he cleared a wall of his own building at one desperate bound, and rode at it again as mercilessly as ever. This lasted more than an hour, and the dropping of his voice was the signal for the congregation to awake. Then came another psalm, then a short prayer, and then he gave us to understand that he had nothing more to say. This Non-Intrusionist scheme has divested the Covenanters of all charm: we imagine them a venerable, white-haired, apostolic-looking set, with gentle eyes and melodious voices; whereas, doubtless, they were just such a pig-headed race as their descendants.

July 19.—Out to Baggie Burn—much subsided, so that we crept over stones to the deep pool, mounted the hill, and then followed the course of the stream higher and higher. Of all things in the world the exploring of a ravine is most tempting; it is a travelling in miniature; every step shows or hides something, every turn suggests to you that another will be still more

beautiful. The rocks splendidly tossed about, and, wherever we looked down the perspective of the ravine, the church always terminated the view, as if built on purpose. The ground was very wet and spongy—stepping-stones scattered everywhere. You must cross a stream as you would go through life, passing lightly on, pausing for nothing, and yet knowing exactly where your next footstep is to be. Those who halt and hesitate, and those who unwarily hurry, generally get wetted. Caught in a heavy shower, which apparently fell from the blue sky—only white fleecy clouds here and there. What wonderfully flat places there are in hills which appear to be one unbroken slope! How many sub-tributaries has the smallest tributary stream! Without the little babbling brook, almost hidden by the overhanging heath, Baggie Burn would not be what it is; nor, without Baggie and her compeers, the Clyde; nor, without the Clyde and other proud rivers, the sea. And so one helps the other: the greatest require help, and the least can give it. Nature is neither absolute nor republic—it is a limited monarchy. . . .

July 23.—To the Established Church: the whole building bears evidence of having been

built by Episcopalians, whether of the Church of Rome or England it matters not; well finished inside and tolerably filled. There is an odd feeling on entering an assembly of people where you are a stranger; faces run in classes, and many you fancy you have seen before. And then the eye caters so rapidly for the imagination, and the imagination wants so little to set it agoing, that, before I had been there half an hour, I knew half the family histories and all the private thoughts of many present. There were a husband and wife, who had quarrelled on the road to church, and each sat in extreme corners of their pew, and turned their backs when they stood up. There were four brothers —three delightful, with open countenances and turned-down collars, looking as if they cared not a sixpence how they were dressed; and the fourth, and elder, was just into a cravat and tailed coat, and looked as if he cared for nothing else. And there was one man, evidently not married, who kept his eyebrows up till your own ached, and did nothing but look at his nails. And there was another who had made his fortune by his own industry—hard, grey, and with a bright eye—who would spend enough about some things, and

not a penny upon others. And there was a very sensible young man, who had had the folly to marry a woman much older than himself—a woman who wore nothing but blue, and had even a blue veil. And there was an old man, the gentleman of the church—clean, aristocratic features, grey hair all brushed off his forehead, dressed so well that nobody could remember how. How nice are the signs of the gentleman, how difficult to define the cut! What gives the air to one takes it from the other: the curling hair here elegant, there plebeian—the furrowed forehead here thoughtful, there vacant—the well-fitting gloves here stiff, there easy—the small head here high-bred, there insignificant; and, after all, the distinction lying chiefly in the power of making it. The preacher was truly vulgar—talked of Christ familiarly, said 'you know,' and beat the air with vulgar vehemence; but he knew what he was about, paused for no word, puzzled for no termination, and each carried away the sense that Christ came into the world to save sinners.

July 24.—The day begins so late here: at ten o'clock there is the same lazy breaking of the clouds, which in more southern or less hilly climes

begins at dawn. The Clyde is the spouse of the sky, and changes with his mood: nothing can be a greater contrast than the heavy dark hills and the dull opaque white Clyde, or the light glowing hill and the intense colour of the river. How difficult it is to draw from nature, how few the colours, how endless the modifications! It is hardly possible to give not only the right form and right colour, but the miles of ether that lie between. . . .

My style of drawing gives a certain ideality, but no strength of expression.

Aug. 5.—Out in the packet. Enormously crowded, at least 250 on board, full of characters. You may tell people by their dress; there were mother and daughters, whom one could not have guessed to be such but for the relationship of the ribbons on their hats. Then there was a party, evidently of Germans—the gentleman with bad teeth and moustaches and smart shirt studs, the lady in a satin dress (the Germans never wear a decently made common dress), with no gloves on, and knitting needles in her hand. Then a young man with a settled smirk, who opened and shut his mouth as if perpetually saying, 'Yes, ma'am,' and an old gentleman with an underlip the size and

shape of his nose, who was incessantly blowing. In a short time a heavy swell came on, and the vessel rocked slightly: at the first heave the German lady threw herself backwards, and at the next scolded her husband for daring to laugh. Another lady wept, and clung to her husband; two little girls blubbered, three children were sick, and the old gentleman blew more than ever and tumbled over his wife and daughter. It was difficult not to help laughing. What consternation, what uncontrollable violence would real danger have occasioned!

Aug. 7.—Through the Kyles of Bute, but, owing to rain, could see nothing of them: the skirts of the hills like the feet of the actors beneath the green curtain. To Tarbert, one of the bleakest specimens of a highland bay—bare rocks and fishermen's nets, with a rough old castle above. It *faired* a little; nevertheless Loch Fyne disappointed me, and Inverary was soft and sweet instead of bleak and grand as I had fancied. Walked to the castle—the ugliest building in the most lovely situation that ever was seen.

Aug. 8.—Up at seven, the lake beautiful: a powerful, flowing stream like the Clyde loses half its beauty in losing reflections, which, in

Loch Fyne, are most exquisite, longer in form and brighter in colour. . . . Whoever wishes to have a complete idea of Highland scenery, let him go the length of Loch Eck. For grand distance and rugged foreground, for sublime sweeps and exquisite bits, for mountain and lake, rock, rivulet, and wood, Lock Eck is unrivalled. One attraction is that there is every convenience for travelling without the sign of man, that is, a good road, with never a house the whole way and scarcely a passenger. The most spendthrift Nature, and all the time rain, rain, rain. Our driver's frieze coat one wide sponge, and we a brook down each shoulder, and a loch in our laps. But rain hardly seems to interrupt the scene ; the brooks roar the faster, the lake dances with drops, the fresh wet hills glisten with brighter reds and yellows, and the sheep and black cattle, well accustomed to such a sauce to their meals, go on feeding as if nothing were the matter : the scenery is built for rain. We were almost tired with gazing. I doubt whether travelling in the common sense, that is, seeing scenery in constant succession, be improving, but rather the reverse : the mind has no time to seek or prefer, no time to appropriate ; it goes skimming along daintier and daintier, till

all healthy taste is sacrificed. I got completely weary.

Aug. 12.—Went down to look at Jinny Wilson—a tremendously hot day, and she with as heavy a load of petticoats as of fish: a lovely blooming creature, with a complexion of that transparent kind of which our aristocracy are most proud; her eye laughing, her hair, without any figure of speech, golden—such a colour as an indoor life never permits. She was laden with clothes, petticoat over petticoat, striped and whole colour, all of the thickest woollen material, and one of a kind of dreadnought frieze; also a tremendous serge coat, with long sleeves, that hung flat upon her back, over it a striped butcher's apron 'to wipe ma haunds'—and she made a graceful gesture over her shoulder with a fine pair, full in the palm and slender in the fingers—perfect pictures. Altogether, guessing roughly, I should say she was carrying to the amount of five ordinary box-coats, or fifteen conventional flannel petticoats. She wore, she told us, 'sax on common days, four at hame, and twa of a Sunday, and nae cheap, thirteen shillings the pair,' and she had 'sax pair.' One petticoat was evidently not accounted worth the putting on or

pulling off: hers were chiefly blue and white. I asked if she did not wear the red—she blushed and laughed and looked ineffably sly and silly, and owned 'she didna like them so weel soomhow, she didna ken why.' I could have told her—they were evidently not so becoming. She told me that this quantity of apparel was necessary to prevent the creel from hurting her back, and I suggested a pad for the necessary part, and a little less weight of material, and expenditure of shillings upon the rest; but Jinny had an unanswerable reason: 'It was verra true—a piece upon the bock micht be better, but ye ken it's juist the fashion o' the place.'

CHAPTER VI

1843–1844

RETURNING to Edinburgh, after two months' complete holiday, on August 20, 1843, Miss Rigby at once resumed her literary work, devoting herself to German authors, particularly Madame Rahel, for the purposes of an article which appeared in the December number of the 'Quarterly Review.'

Extracts are made from her Journal, which is still kept with regularity.

Aug. 21, 1843.—Read Faber, the most tempting book I ever opened. Something fearful must result from these very opposing principles. Puseyism, so called, has deep roots if any, and there is plenty of young fervour and devotion now gathering round it. Read Rahel, too—what a contrast! Hers is the sort of creed which Rousseau began and Goethe carried out. Ashamed of being a Jewess, and yet careless of being a Christian; vanity her besetting sin, spite of that exquisite self-knowledge which is her

unvarying boast; unmentionable sympathies, abstract affection—nothing seen as it is.

Aug. 23.—To the Swintons' to dinner. Mr. Skene,[1] the old friend of Sir Walter, there—now resident in Greece, his son farming the plain of Marathon, and keeping bees on Mount Hymettus. What a change from the Scotch laird shut up in the Highlands! He is one of the trustees for the property, and Secretary for the Scott subscription: much from Spain, and much from America, but not a farthing from France. He had received a letter from Talleyrand, four sides long, full of balderdash—professing the admiration of the French for Sir Walter, but the little possibility of their testifying to it by pecuniary donations; while his own mite, such being the case, was not worth transmitting, and so nothing came. Mr. Skene remarked that the Scott monument in Edinburgh would be unique; no potentate, except perhaps one of the sultans, had any monument 180 feet high.

Aug. 25.—To Cadell's,[2] to see Sir Walter Scott's MSS.—received very politely. 'But tell me,' said he in a humorous way, 'are any of ye

[1] James Skene, of Rubislaw.
[2] Robert Cadell, the Edinburgh publisher.

Americans? Because, if so, I'll be my own showman.' The fact is he had been a great sufferer by an American, who insisted on turning over one of the MSS. in his own awkward way, and ended by tearing a precious leaf. 'The truth is the man was not content with looking over the pages, but sat himself coolly down to read a volume.' This, of course, was highly improper in an American, but I must say I longed to do the same, and was not half content to see leaf after leaf of the fairest, closest writing turned over before me. Mr. Cadell seemed to have a particular grudge against the Americans, and on our asking him whether these were actually the first and only transcripts of works, the beauty of which it defied all labour to equal, he said: 'Now perhaps, if you were an American, you would not believe me, but these are the only copies written *primâ aurâ*.' The MS. surpassed all our expectations: there was no pause, no idle tracings with the pen in moments of doubting thought—page after page had the appearance of being copied from some work before him, and the conversations were in inverted commas; but there were no broken sentences of dialogue—nothing that should take up room: the breaks

few and far between, and the level, upright writing continued close on to the rough edges, as if the paper were too precious to be wasted. The paper was large common writing-paper, not foolscap; and, when Cadell showed us three pages as a day's work, we looked disappointed. He told us Lord Cockburn did the same, saying: 'What nonsense Lockhart talks about three pages of writing being equal to fifteen of print! give me hold of the MS.' He sat down, and a few lines of his Lordship's sprawling hand convinced him of the excessive density of Sir Walter's. It is singular that the much-quoted line—'Mine own romantic town'—is a second thought, an amendment: the original was 'Dear Edin's towers and town.' At the close of the MS. of the 'Lady of the Lake' there follows: 'I send you the grand finale, and so exit the Lady of the Lake from the head she has tormented for the last six months.'

Aug. 26.—Drove to Lasswade, a very pretty village. The distinction of the manufactory there consists in dyeing the wool with the whole of the pattern, so that, instead of each thread being but one colour and emerging into daylight only when wanted, it has a succession of colours upon it in the order required; and the breadths

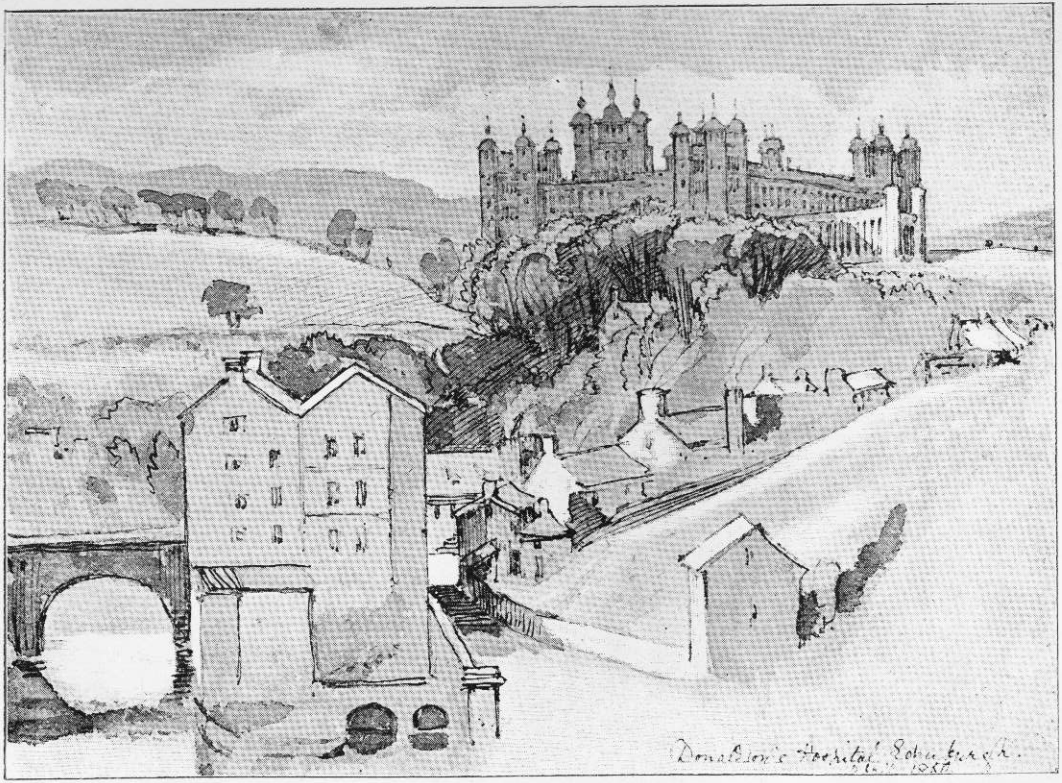
of threads being arranged, the weaver simply wove on as if it were all of one colour. It reminded me of the thread of destiny, a kind of scroll of the future, which, as it unravelled, gave the colouring and shade to the web of life. No wonder carpet-making is so dear—the solid material and the patient labour. Saw little boys, perfect machines, weaving the Persian carpets—every blade of worsted that formed this velvet lawn tied in separately by the hands, and snipped off the requisite length : only fifteen inches can be done in a day. The men looked pale and the boys hollow-cheeked, but how can it be helped ?—there were abundance of windows if they had wished for them open.

Aug. 27.—To church : the late minister, a rather popular man, has seceded to the Free Church, and there has been some trouble in supplying his place. But a pale, delicate, lame young man, with a most agreeable expression, limped up to the pulpit, and gave us—what he looked little equal for—a double service ! The fact is that most of the congregation come from a distance and can't attend twice, so they take a double allowance at once, throw two services into one—double prayers, double hymns, and, what

seems most odd, double sermons too! (How very absurd!—we might as well cram two meals together: there is a moral digestion as well as a physical.) Considering that all this depends at all events upon the memory, if not upon the readiness of the minister, some idea of the excessive labour may be formed. It is a matter of great surprise to me how these extempore services are performed in so perfect a manner: at best, the effort of memory is prodigious, and that they are committed to memory there is no doubt. The lower orders have the greatest objection to a minister having his 'papers' before him, and any unfortunate individual who, from want of memory or superabundance of timidity, is obliged to steal a sly look at his notes, has little chance of their respect. A lady was discussing the merits of a minister with her gardener, and defending his having used written notes on the score of his memory perhaps being defective. 'Some people, you know, Andrew, can't learn by heart.' 'He no learn his discoorse by heart,' answered Andrew in the strongest tones of indignation; 'he no learn—set him up—when I ken the names of twa thoosand herbaceous plaunts, and he a meenester!' The consequence of this

getting by heart is what extempore preaching is intended to avoid. Extempore sermons are more studied, more flowery, than a written one, which otherwise they greatly resemble ; and the minister, especially if young in office, is the more encumbered with a form, which in self-defence he is obliged to keep to, and yet is supposed to do without. The minister on this occasion showed much eloquence and judgment, though it startles one to hear familiarity in the pulpit. . . . Walked round the grounds with the Solicitor-General, who is either timid or conceited, but shyness takes so many forms. I had a long talk with Mrs. Skene about Sir Walter, of whom her husband was the dearest friend. Sir Walter, on going out one night to a fire, said he felt very uncomfortable as if he had forgotten something—was it his great coat ? no, he had it on ; his stick ? 'twas in his hand : what could it be ? It was Skene. Mrs. Skene remembers so well the first crash : they had been at Abbotsford, where much fun and merriment went on, for Mathews was there, but Sir Walter seemed low.

Aug. 30.—Off for Roslin. The new town of Edinburgh was so suddenly built that few old names remain : all was new at once. There is no



DONALDSON'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH

Strand, no Long Acre or Hatton Garden, to tell of so gradual a change that, by the time the name became so contradictory to the place, no one living remembered it having been otherwise. There is still the old Brae-side house, where old Mrs. Grant, of estimable celebrity, passed the last years of her life, which had seen her the mother of thirteen children, and left her but one to close her eyes. While, as regards the old Catholic names, the Reformation, unfortunately for Scotland, was too much the act of the people for any to be retained which they could understand. 'Paternoster Row' and 'Ave Maria Lane' would have frightened those, whose fears magnified all that was trivial, and whose ignorance respected nothing that was beautiful. But the Canongate, and Rotten (Routine) Row, and Abbey Hill have survived, and sweet old Holyrood. Passed Heriot's Hospital, and whirled on through Libberton, stopping at St. Catherine's Well, the tradition of which is that St. Catherine, bringing some of the oil from the well in the Holy Land, let fall a drop on this spot, whence immediately there rose a spring of oily waters which worked miraculous cures: this sufficiently explains the vicinity of Libberton or Leper Town. Before the

Reformation a graceful building stood here, of which the stumps of the pillars are still visible; but Cromwell's soldiers destroyed it, and now the old fragments have been piled over it in a very inconvenient manner—but the water is what it was, thick and yellowish, and covered with clots of a dark oily substance. The common people still resort to it for cutaneous diseases. What is singular, not six yards from this mysterious pool there bubbles up a fresh-water fountain at which the cattle were drinking. Nothing that stirs up pictures or conjectures of the past can be thought of without bringing up the name of him who, doubtless, could have given chapter and verse about it; and soon the best memory and most pathetic voice in the carriage was repeating that finest of all ballads, the 'Fire King,' and then 'Cadyow Castle,' while the servant leant forward from the rumble, and the coachman managed to eke out the long hill till the voice had ceased. And now we came to the honeysuckled cottages of Roslin, and a sudden turn brought the wooded hills of the Eck, with the red-brown towers of Roslin, full upon our view. We proceeded to the chapel—that luscious conglomeration, that inlaid cabinet of all the imaginable sweets of

architecture, that *pot pourri*, that *biscuit* work of a composition, which has been lauded as something beyond all praise, but which, had it been built by Nash in the nineteenth century, would have been abused as it deserves. One is equally taken by surprise at the beauty of the workmanship and the vileness of the taste. All styles, all ages are petrified here into perpetual disagreement: the Grecian ceiling bent into the Gothic arch, the Gothic arch laden with Grecian entablature; ornament everywhere *ad nauseam*, and not enough of any one kind to show its real effect; an exquisite niche with most elaborate tracery of canopy and pedestal carried out into a set of star-fish rosettes, which perform—what such ornaments never did before—a Gothic arch round a squat, thick-set window, and bring your eye again, before you can recover your temper, to another little niche of Christian perfection, which, like its fellow, met the overladen framework of the window. Below are the gorgons of a Popish legend, above the bells of a Chinese pagoda: buttresses and pinnacles in juxtaposition, which are countries and centuries apart in art and history; a very fancy ball of architecture. Within there is more to please and more to

lament, a greater beauty of form and greater perversion. If you stand in the nave and do not lift the eye above mid-height of the pillars, nothing can well exceed the beauty both of the forms and proportions; but if you look higher or step aside, you are puzzled with huge tusks of open tracery, which point and stare at you; or worried with garlands of flowers bent into the angles of a Grecian border and bisecting the tiny mediæval shaft; or excruciated with clumsy leaves of decorated stone, which hang above your head, and cut the arches of the side aisles into a succession of heavy steps. The Virgin's niche is beautiful, below which the high altar was placed: beneath were three altars—the perforations in the pillars still show the stalls and screen: above were the Twelve Apostles—Popish Saints, according to the ideas of the day. And yet Roslin has been tenderly treated—the idea of continuation—the straight door at the end—St. Sebastian and St. Christopher—an Agnus Dei inside—the Dance of Death—the angel playing on the bagpipe—the national symbols of the fern, the kail, and the thistle. At the west end, close to sculpture rounded with age, was a half-torn bill, with the words 'cheap and good' just legible.

Sept. 2.—Through the castle gardens into the High Street—certainly the most wonderful street in Europe, with its piles of rude, time-worn buildings, which, despite the many newer pieces let in among them, still preserve their character—old, squalid, begrimed, but never tumble-down; unbending as the national spirit, and rough as the national manners. Clothes were hanging out of garret windows where one would hardly think they could be worn, and heads peeped out of holes where they could hardly exist: 'lodgings to let' in an eighth story. The fronts behung with as many boards of different tradesmen as there are stories, and their bases bent with door or stair, and plunging deep into shops beneath. And then, the next instant, a wretched, filthy, arched wynd gives framework to the loveliest distance of the Forth, and its opposite passage discloses the turrets of Heriot's Hospital and the Hills. The population does not differ much from that of any English street, except that there were more bare heads and bare feet, and the sounds of a bagpipe, and the names of Porteous, Tailor; Kenmon, Flesher; and McBeth, Grocer, to remind you that you are on Scotch stones.

Sept. 8.—To Tully Allan; a sweet place, with

the rhododendrons plentiful as brushwood—the gardens beautiful. A lovely place without an owner is a body without a soul: some have bad souls, it is true, but that is better than none.

Oct. 11.—How wretched it is for the mind to be driven to that over which the will has no control, to be driven to mistrust: neither love, duty, nor religion can make you trust where trust has been too often disappointed. Man cannot live by his head alone—to a woman it is starvation; she can hardly conceive what wounds she inflicts, what gaps she leaves. The greatest misfortune that can befall a man is the low standard of character with which he is surrounded, till the consciousness that a higher standard exists becomes painful and difficult to maintain.

Oct. 15.—There is no property of the mind, the development of which is necessary for it, except that of faith and resignation; and that may be developed in all situations of life, and more especially in such where none other is possible.

Having sent her article on 'Biographies of German Ladies' to Mr. Lockhart, she received the following letter, dated Nov. 21, 1843, from him:—'I had last night the pleasure of reading your paper, and a very great pleasure it was. You are a very charming preacher, not the less

for practising the Puseyite rule of reserve; but on this occasion your lessons are so well chosen and so gracefully read, that I forgive the shortness of the sermon. You shall have a proof sheet anon. I never read Rahel's letters, but the book was lent me some months ago by Mr. Carlyle, and I shall look into it now, though afraid I may be put to the blush.'

Nov. 26.—To Professor Wilson's: he is splendid, unlike other men in mind and person—more character in both than any hundred could have. He said that it was nonsense to call Shakespeare faultless, that he had too many beauties not to have faults; the very courage with which he wrote made him careless about defects, and that is what every genius ought to be. He spoke of the Scotch Church—an immense quantity of verbiage in their preaching, touching the feelings, but seldom outliving the preacher.

Nov. 27.—An eight-shilling parcel of proofs from Messrs. Clowes, which does not put me in better humour with 'Rahel.'[3] . . . Paley truly says that repetitions are in the very nature of strong feeling: a person in pain or anxiety will say the same thing over and over again.

[3] *Quarterly Review*, December 1843. 'Biographies of German Ladies' ('Rahel. Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde.' Berlin, 1843).

Dec. 2.—Reading Carlyle's 'Hero Worship': most powerfully written, every *consonant* of the mind pronounced. Wrong, of course, for he makes every man, who has swayed the minds of others, to be great, and *ergo* to be good; but a man whose will is stronger, and whose conscience weaker than the generality, will carry plenty of opinions with him and not be truly great. Carlyle is a new sort of sceptic, or rather a new sort of believer; for he is full of faith, though too sanguine.

Dec. 3.—Drew flowers: they are the loveliest things in the world, the female part of Nature. . . . The mistakes of singers are amusing—the perfect happiness with which some go on perfectly wrong; and there is no almost right or scarcely wrong in chorus singing: a semitone too late makes as great a jar as a bar behind—this is worth thinking of.

Dec. 4.—Out into Princes Street—the sunset most gorgeous. Edinburgh is built to frame and relieve sunsets. . . . Professor Ferrier's definition of a man whom everybody likes—'A damned blockhead, but a perfect gentleman.'

Dec. 6.—To Mr. Ramsay's in the evening—a brilliant room of Episcopalians, quite a different

atmosphere from Presbyterians. All full of this morning's meeting; Mr. Addison was perfectly happy with his speech, and gave me the purport of it—either very simple or very vain. Archdeacon Williams a good pursy body:—'The Episcopal Church is a looxury they don't understand in Scotland.' He said to the ministers on quitting the Assembly:—'Take care what you are about; you are making history.' The Government still draws 24,000*l.* of Church revenues from Scotland, waiting till the Scotch should become Episcopalian.

Dec. 10.—In a Scotch church I own one can sometimes get much, but never all you want, as in our Liturgy. The service most beautiful—Mr. Ramsay's sermon excellent: 'Give unto the Lord the first fruits of all thy increase.' The old offering of the green corn, the ripe corn, and later of the autumnal fruits, under the Law, was typical of the seasons and also of the life of man. Winter, he truly said, had nothing to offer. Woe be to them who neglected to give before.

To afternoon service—a very laboured sermon from Mr. Addison: 'Experience gives hope'—inferring that, because experience of the grace of Christ gave hope to the ancient Christians and martyrs, so experience of the annual donation of

the Society causes the poor Episcopalians to hope for a continuation of it! A most lame inference.

There is nothing that can exist without laws: there is no power so great, no space so wide that can be independent of them. In the open boundless ocean there is 'the rule of the road.' No mental power is truly great till a greater has power over it, and if you give not men rules they will provide them for themselves—to a certain degree. There is nothing one does of manual dexterity or mental thought, but insensibly resolves itself into the shortest, surest, and best mode: unless it does, the power may exist, but it is useless or worse.

Dec. 11.—Saw Professor Wilson, who entered into my Infirmary scheme very warmly; he says people are dreadfully sensitive about the lack of charity in Scotland—they always are when they are wrong.

Dec. 20.—How beautiful are the lights of Edinburgh, both in the Old and New Town—the splendid sweep from Canon Mills up Dundas Street, two graceful serpents of light, with the two fainter lights at George IV.'s statue like their two meeting eyes. The height and depth of parts of the town are most fully seen thus: lights

small and dull glimmer below your feet, and windows large and brilliant shine above your head, receding in higher and higher tiers. A line of stars twinkles high in the heavens: they are the lamps on the Dean Bridge. But all this is nothing to the Old Town with its sturdy masses of eleven-storied houses, scarcely a window of them without its beam of light—the brightness declining with every story, till the gas of the first floor, by the time it reaches the eleventh, is exchanged for a glimmer which but makes darkness visible. And then the irregular stars here and there, which tell the straggling but thickly piled buildings which connect these huge masses, the outline darker only than the sky, looking like a battered fortress with sentinel lights here and there.

Dec. 22.—We think it hard when blow comes upon blow, and sorrowing say misfortunes never come alone; but how great a mercy is there in this, how much severer would the anguish be if each sorrow stood single, and the heart had time to soften or harden between! The portals of grief once thrown open, it seems to matter less whether one or two biers pass through. As the poor Scotchwoman, who had lost three sons

successively, said:—'Oh, and my Willie's death opened such a gap in my heart, that his brothers seemed to slip through unfelt.'

Dec. 31.—This is the last time I shall write that union of numbers which has been affixed to so much light merriment or sober, sad thought: a whole year gone! It has been, as all years must be, a compound of pleasure and pain; but many blessings has it seen, as well as terrible trials, and the blessings promise to be permanent and the trials to be fleeting. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' We are not to have strength in hand—it is to be given out for the day.

1844. *Jan.* 1.—Began the year with many resolutions concerning things that I ought to do, and thoughts that I ought not to think: 'twere well if I kept either.

Jan. 6.—We must bear violent sorrow as we do violent pain—help it off by every means in our power, but not sacrifice the future to be rid of the present. Since we must draw the load of sorrow along with us, let us not drag it along with bare poles, but put the best wheels and springs to it we can: some people seem to think this wrong.

Jan. 10.—One rule or set of rules can't suit all minds : God has provided as many different modes of meeting different tempers as He has given various mineral springs to cure various complaints. . . . Plain deal is very well as long as it is fresh and clean, but, once dirty, a coat of paint is the best thing for it. . . .

Jan. 31.—Mr. Lockhart is a man whom few can judge; his known satire and his apparent coldness make him feared and mistrusted, and few have courage or penetration to wait for what is beneath. But, with the most chilling reserve, he has the most genuine openness ; and, with the stiffest bearing, the purest simplicity. No man can see the real from the unreal so accurately ; no one estimates real goodness so highly, or holds false greatness so cheaply. His pride and stiffness are independent of rank, station, intellect, or person. He is prouder of the name Lockhart than of all the distinction he has given it: this is a regular Scotch feeling. It is seldom one sees so genuine a literary character—so universal an one ; for his reading and observation have been too widely general, his literary pursuits too diffused, for him to bear the stamp of the poet, the classic, the antiquarian, or the historian. He

is everything but the man of science. He will give you the etymology of a word, the date of a battle, the history of an obscure Russian poet, an anecdote of the Queen, and a quotation from Tacitus, all in a breath; and be right in everything. It is a pleasure to *see* him think. There never was a face with so little of the animal in it: the features, too, spiritualised—one hardly knows whether most sharpened by care or refined by intellect; higher still in character than in form, and in that very beautiful: great contrasts of expression—excessive sourness and ineffable sweetness, the small lipless mouth giving the one, the beautiful soft-lashed eyes the other; an awkward figure and a good walk; dreadful hands, but good action with them. A man sought by everybody, pleasing few, and caring for fewer.

CHAPTER VII

1844

TOWARDS the end of February 1844 Miss Rigby went to London, to pay a long-promised visit to her friends, the Murrays, in Albemarle Street, 'where, truly,' she writes, 'I feel myself in a second home.' She had, as has been recorded, spent a year (1832–33) of hard work in London, and had stayed there a few weeks on her return from Russia in 1840; but this was her first opportunity of seeing much of its society. During her stay of nearly three months in Albemarle Street she met many notable people, and was the object of much attention. While alluding frequently in her Journal to the interest and pleasure with which her life was filled—'the kindness and flattery out of doors, and the kindness and love within'—she evidently shrank from the notoriety attached to her as an authoress, as this entry—one of many—shows: 'To Miss Edgeworth's, where I was lionised—which I detest—hearing the "Baltic" running round me.'

Soon after her arrival in town she met Carlyle, whose acquaintance she had made in Edinburgh. She writes:—

Albemarle Street, Feb. 27. — Mr. Carlyle

called, bringing with him his wife—certainly a more refined half; but he is an honest, true man, a character such as he himself can alone describe. He is a kind of Burns in appearance—the head of a thinker, the eye of a lover, and the mouth of a peasant. His colours, too, seem to have been painted on his high cheek-bones at the plough's tail. He spoke broad Scotch, but his intonation was measured and musical, and his words came out sing-song, as if he were repeating them by heart. He talked of Popery, Luther, &c., quite in the 'Hero Worship' style; only we quarrelled about Luther, whom he defined as a 'nice man,' and I said he had nothing nice about him. He talked of a 'vile, greasy egotism'—of one individual being 'a man,' and the other 'a clothes-horse'—desperately convinced that he is only wrong in not being still less right; but, like a Christian, he sees the truth, and does not know that it is Scripture; he would have the will of man converted—what Christian would have more?

Mr. Carlyle wrote to her the next day:—

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Feb. 28, 1844.

Dear Miss Rigby,—I am shocked to discover that, in a moment of enthusiasm, I have volun-

tarily promised what it is not in my power to perform.

On my poor shelves there appears nowhere any 'Swedish Grammar'; nothing but a wretched tatter of a 'Danish Grammar,' too ugly for being touched by you; and this latter, I begin to see, was what figured in my prophetic fancy yesterday—the fond illusion of an excuse for seeing you a second time.

Such fantasies attend us on our earthly pilgrimage. You must pity me, and pardon me.

With many kind wishes, and at least one kind remembrance, I am and remain

Yours most sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Extracts are now made from her Journal, which, in spite of her numerous occupations—review-writing, drawing, sight-seeing, correspondence with relatives and friends, and social engagements—is never neglected a single day.

March 2, 1844.—Walked to Buckingham Palace; the garden front charming, light, and graceful, resembling in general outline and size many an Estonian country house. The beauty of the ground and the space account for the Palace being placed there. There is an artificial

mound, on which stands a little Chinesey box, divided into three or four small rooms; the centre an octagonal apartment, each side with a half-circle devoted to one artist. The subjects are from Comus; Eastlake's is beautiful—he is the Raphael of England. Etty's next best in composition, and the nearest to real fresco effect. The others over-finished, and looking no better on wall than they would have done on canvas. Prince Albert is to fill up the spaces beneath himself.

March 3.—To the Carlyles' in the evening—Mr. Sterling there, and some others. Carlyle perfect in his way; that is, a wayward genius, now kindly, now fretful: the best laugh I ever heard, and, I doubt not, a tear in season. He has the thinnest possible surface over his mind; you can get through it at once. Talked of Oliver Cromwell, a favourite hero of his; also of Fanny Burney, whom he utterly ridiculed; of Bettina, whom he compared to a whizzing engine—boil, boil—into which, when it threatened to explode, Goethe occasionally threw a piece of ice; of the French Revolution and of Marie Antoinette—in his own strong words, 'the spoilt child of adversity.' She mended her shoe in prison the

night before her execution, and 'when they had cut off her head she was out of their hands—the hell-hounds could do no more.' Never felt myself in more thoroughly intellectual society—such great knowledge, and such equal originality. Mrs. Carlyle interested me: she is lively and clever, and evidently very happy.

March 4.—Stuck tolerably to my article.[1] Mr. Lockhart admits that there is room for it. He and Charlotte to dinner—also Turner, the artist, a queer little being, very knowing about all the castles he has drawn—a cynical kind of body, who seems to love his art for no other reason than because it is his *own*. Lockhart grew black as thunder when Turner was pertinacious and stupid, and looked as if he could have willingly said, 'You blockhead!' John Murray truly agreeable.

March 5.—To the Miss Alexanders'—many acquaintances there: James Swinton, Lady and Miss Douglas, Miss Wedderburn, and others. Talked to Miss Rogers. Moscheles played: he seemed to have gone through a struggle, his taste having proved stronger than his execution. Excellence in art consists in making the whole mechanism subservient to the will—subservient

[1] *Quarterly Review*, June 1844. 'Books for Children.'

in its difficulties as well as in its beauties, so that it neither rebels from its own duty, nor seduces you from yours. Raphael did this in painting, Shakespeare in writing; both did what they willed, and willed only what was beautiful. Moscheles realises something of this; some tricks of the fingers still stick by him, too strong for his taste to conquer, but upon the whole he seemed to be more bent on doing homage to music than on compelling homage to himself.

March 6.—Looked at Turner's views on the Seine; he does much as he likes with his brush, and if his likings are sometimes beyond our comprehension, that is perhaps our fault. He can never be vulgar, if vulgar means common, for his faults are as rare as his beauties.

March 7.—Children as little mind fool's caps nowadays as kings do excommunication. . . . . There is a natural man and a second birth in genius of all kinds as well as in religion, in which the natural qualities are made use of only so far as the knowledge of the truth, as it is in every act, permits them to be, and never acts alone. Schiller's did in his 'Robbers,' and it proved a wonder, but a monster.

March 8.—To the Richardsons' to dinner;

Sir Robert Inglis, Henry Reeve, Fraser Tytler, Lock, Austin, and Lady Bell. Sir Robert is a charming old man—a regular antiquarian ; he said that he had heard Sir James Macintosh say, that Sir F. Palgrave was the hardest reader he knew. After dinner came Miss Edgeworth and many others.

March 9.— . . . Talked to Miss Strickland about Professor Wilson. She is a very sweet-looking person, with a lovely throat and bust, and a gown fitting as well as all well-made women's gowns do.

March 10.—To church. Text from Job : 'He will not afflict. Men do therefore fear Him.' Illogically argued, for those who long for God's afflictions, as a proof that He has not forsaken them, do not require them. In the afternoon drove to St. Paul's ; got good seats. St. Paul's is all the worse for not having been Roman Catholic ; the great space seems for nothing—no altars, no subsidiary chapels—a great, bare building, the beautiful roof looking down on nothing but naked pavement, or, what is worse, on ugly, tasteless monuments—but little solemnity. The very spoliations and violence the older buildings have received give them a

charm. The wood carvings very heavy. St. Paul's reminded me of the Smolna in Petersburg, only there is more sense in white marble being bare of ornament. Sydney Smith preached from the good old text, 'It is easier for a camel,' &c. A sermon which sounded more like a paper from the 'Spectator'—terse, compact, sometimes swelling into poetry, sometimes warming into humour; one that every creature, high and low, could understand, but none be improved by. No allusion to a higher source of conviction or action than the reason—a kind of secondary evidence why rich men were more easily deceived. He himself looks, at first sight, an old pampered priest, but, at second, like the shrewd observer; one half of his face the stern moralist, the other the dry humorist.

March 13.—Called on Miss Strickland—the perfection of blues: she seems to think the most fortunate thing in life is to 'get a name;' nevertheless, very interesting both to herself and me upon the queens. She showed me letters from Guizot, &c., and evidently thought herself the historian of the age.

March 14.—Sent off proof to Mr. Lockhart. To dinner, Baron Field, Mr. Irvin, Mr. and Mrs.

Peter Cunningham, Mr. Grüner. Baron Field a delightful quiz—voice, face, and manners *à la* Liston. Mr. Irvin wants to have only six languages in the world: compares the Frenchman with the negro, both the same *gaieté de cœur* and inherent taste for cooking.

March 15.—To Catlin's Exhibition. Four men Indians and three women on a table: it is a disgusting sight to see savages performing antics for display, which are only defensible in their own woods, as being done in earnest; and what fools they must think us for caring to see them! . . . . Dined early, and went to the Exeter Hall Oratorio, 'Saul': an immense orchestra, five hundred at least—altogether the largest attendance and fullest orchestra I ever saw. But no part was above mediocrity, except Miss Dolby now and then in 'David.' As Miss Edgeworth says, an orchestra, like an army, wants a good general, and this it had not.

March 16.—To Miss Edgeworth's—the dear old lady sitting working, and I had the privilege of threading her needle. She talked most amusingly; said Mrs. Siddons was awfully dull, except when she got upon her own profession: bade me kindly to Edgeworthstown.

March 18.—Mr. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Brockedon, and Mr. J. Hume to dinner. Mr. L. talked of old Mr. Edgeworth and his *five* marriages; of Haydon, saying that a downright vicious man could not be a good painter; of Turner, and his having once given him a glass of sherry.

March 19.—To the British Museum: a building to be lived in and studied in—no other enjoyment in it. Each part is now on a magnificent scale. One is not allowed to light a taper even to seal a letter. Saw Lady Jane Grey's prayer-book: hers is a character I never could sympathise with—that praying in different languages just before her execution, and her absence of sensibility more than her strong piety could account for.

March 20.—Borrow came in the evening: now a fine man, but a most disagreeable one; a kind of character that would be most dangerous in rebellious times—one that would suffer or persecute to the utmost. His face is expressive of wrong-headed determination.

March 29.—Drove to Bedlam, a former palace of Henry VIII. Shown up into the committee room, where Lord Shaftesbury, Mr.

Dewar, and two other Governors joined us: went through various female wards, Lord Shaftesbury knowing all the patients, and all him. Altogether the sense of gratulation at the pervading humanity, benevolence, and judgment of the institution far overpowered all sense of pain at its purpose and need. It was refreshing to catch a sane eye among the many wild, moody, cunning, silly, or vacant; even a sane cat stretched on the sill in the sun was delightful. Went through the State-patients' ward; above fifty patients in all, some of them confined for crimes of the deepest dye, to the sense of which it were cruelty they should recover. I was much struck by the division of the classes, as far as they could be divided. Entered a small light room, carpeted and curtained, with bookcases, piano, and round table, where sat perhaps eight women—looking like governesses or tradesmen's daughters—reading, playing, and drawing. The player was going through 'Violette' with tolerable execution, and utter indifference to our presence; the drawer was labouring over a robin redbreast sitting on a twig, which she thought perfection. We spoke to her, and she told us that this occupation was a great consolation to

her, it made her forget where she was. She said it was such a disgrace to have been in Bedlam, that people thought of it when you came out. I assured her people never thought of it if you recovered, and she said, 'It is very kind of you to say so.' Her words were gentle, and she kept the most beautiful eyelashes down the whole time.

March 31.—The ages of mankind from childhood to old age follow each other as naturally as the seasons, but if you interrupt one you confuse all. Where there has been no spring, there will be no summer; therefore, it is wicked to deny a child his childhood. The worst of a perverted system of education is that others form a wrong opinion of you, and you of yourself: I did that dreadfully, and the character I was told I possessed acted more powerfully in me sometimes than my real one.

April 5.—There is no word so mistaken and so misused as simplicity. If a man be mean, if a woman be untidy, if either be ignorant, they lay the flattering unction of 'simple' to their hearts, and with this conviction are further from the reality than ever. But no trumperinesses of avarice, no makeshifts of untidiness, no vacancies

of ignorance are, or ever can be, truly simple. Neither thoughtlessness nor emptiness is simplicity: on the contrary, I conceive real simplicity to be the result of the most correct combination of the most fitting materials, the most perfect qualities, and the most profound study. The more finished the machine, the more cultivated the mind, the more true the art, the more simple does each become. To simplify either the one or the other is the last touch of experienced excellence, requiring exactly those qualities, the absence of which the mean, the disorderly, and the ignorant presume to stuff out with this much-abused word. To them the man who blows his nose with his fingers is far simpler than he who uses a pocket handkerchief. What best attains the desired end is *simple*. The fewest notes will touch the feelings sooner than the grandest crash of instruments. One figure of Raphael's tells the tale better than a thousand of Martin's; one verse of Burns edifies more than a whole essay. And why? Because they have best attained the end desired, and are simple; they contain the essence. But the notes must be exquisite harmony, the figure perfect art, and the words finished poetry. But a foreigner's idea of sim-

plicity is the pretension to rank, style, and consequence, without the power or the knowledge how to maintain it. Huge houses without being decently lodged, many servants without being decently served; so much of the pretension as to make you miss the thing—in short, that bad which, unless good, is not worth having at all.

CHAPTER VIII

1844

In fulfilment of a promise made to her two married sisters, who were living at Reval, Miss Rigby now undertook her second journey to Russia. Accompanied by her youngest sister, she left London on May 7, 1844, for Hamburg—thence, by Lübeck and Travemünde, to St. Petersburg.

While preparing for this expedition, she writes in her Journal :—

May 4.—It is of no use to banish and refine away the idea of separation, to reason that what has never happened during months and years of every-day union should the more come to pass during the short weeks of separation. It is useless even in one sense to cast one's fears, idle or real, upon that which alone can silence them ; the last day will come, and with it come weak nature and strong feelings : philosophy and reason are contemptible, and even Religion only intensifies

what she can and will do when the hour of bitterness is over, rather than what she will do while it is there. It is a mercy to elude partings sometimes, as control is always a mercy; but indulgence is the relief, so give me partings, sad and sweet as they are.

May 7.—Got on board at 11 P.M., with an ungrateful, repining heart, and found everything far better than I had deserved. The state cabin set apart for us, and everything tidy, clean, and compact. Parted from dear John Murray with real regret, and turned our faces from that moment towards Russia. At a few yards from us lay another steamer, dark and motionless—two thus lying together, which, in a few hours, were to splash and puff, and smoke and clank, and struggle apart. Not a movement or a sound, except a distant church clock which spoke mournfully of the land.

May 8.—Rough water. The humours of a cabin are but few: meals your greatest incident, and the stewardess your greatest annoyance. How impossible it is for the healthy to fancy sea-sickness, or for the sea-sick to fancy health! . . .

The stewardess wanted to know where Petersburg was, and whether 'Russia was a nice

place.' It is like Carlyle calling Luther a nice man.

May 9.—Awoke to bright weather. Queer companions, chiefly Danish. A couple just married, who looked like a Dutch picture, formal, neat, and dirty; horrid seal-rings, and such knife-and-fork work. Felt in a foreign land, and not the less so for a young forward fool of an Englishman, who could only talk (through his silly nose) of fishing, and complained that there was 'no fish sauce' in Norway. A creature who is only fine out of his own country. . . . Walked on deck after dinner; the sun bright above, and the fog thick below, pressing down on the waters till they were smooth as a river with a fine ribbed surface like a twilled cloth: our vessel leaving a line of furrows behind it regular as steps, feathering off beautifully at the sides, and receding in the strictest perspective lines—the taffrail in the centre with the reflection of the sun silvering every line on the one side, and that of the smoke darkening them on the other—the whole sweeping away till hidden under the fog. . . .

The lights of Heligoland in sight.

May 10.—Landed and took carriage for Lübeck through the night. . . . Talked with

dear M. on the many vicissitudes of past years. It is strange passing through a new country, and at the same time holding the most intimate discourse; seeing what we never saw before, and hearing what we know deepest of all—the union of the unknown scene with the best known subject. Jogged painfully on, past huge masses of houses without a light to them, and great trees through which the crescent moon just broke. Occasionally the way led by the river, the stars hanging in it in lengthened light. Agreed we were not sleepy, and, two hours after, wondered what had become of the stars. Meanwhile the whole vehicle seemed drowsy as ourselves: the horses' heads nodded to their sluggish feet, the driver's head nodded between his great shoulders, and the carriage nodded like a woman with her back in one basket and her feet in another. Then came weary postures, and vain turnings, and sleep too heavy for them to break, though not for them to spoil. . . . Reached Lübeck at last—the streets a very model of the Middle Ages. Breakfasted, and off again for Travemünde, which we reached in two hours, and went aboard the 'Nicolai' immediately. The greatest expense and the least accommodation, curiously arranged

for inconvenience and discomfort: not a sofa, not a bench, not a cushion in the ladies' cabin: not a place where you could lay your head when wretched yourself, or be out of hearing of the wretchedness of others. Never was there such a studied piece of German stupidity—no refuge for the sick, or release for the healthy. Dinner at 3, when old sights and customs came back to us like dreams; the soup at once poured a flood of German ideas into us: it is odd how precisely similar they remain one year and one place with another. There was a respectable Englishman, weighing seventeen stone, at the foot of the table; and a little fool of a German, who had learnt nothing in England but bad English, tried to argue with him—said everything was "*imaggination.*"'

They arrived at St. Petersburg on May 17, and stayed there a fortnight. A review they saw in the Champ de Mars is thus described:—

May 20.—Drove to the Marble Palace and Champ de Mars; the troops already on the ground, shouting their set answer to a set question, till it sounded like a war-whoop passing along the ranks. Salza came to us. The emperor was on horseback in the centre, attended

by three trumpeters on foot, and two Circassians on horseback shouting out the orders, which were shouted again by the officers before each regiment, or conveyed at full gallop to a distant body. Then came a peculiar roll of drums, which was repeated in successive rolls till it died away in the distance; or a long-drawn trumpet blare, taken up before it fell into silence, and borne along. The whole a very good type of what Russia in its different governments is. Much repetition of retreat, and straggling fire, which looked very baby-work; but I fear he is a great baby. A numerous staff was scattered over the field, including the *Héritier* and the Grand Duke Michael. The emperor's and Nasledinks' carriages standing by all ready—perfectly simple, with two beautiful sleek small horses, at their head a groom with a brush which was perpetually passed over them. The coachmen fine creatures, but the Nasledinks in sad want of a pocket-handkerchief! Unfortunately the emperor changed his mind, and the carriage galloped across the field to the opposite bridge, and he was in and off before we could come up. On to Benkendorf's Chancellerie—most kindly received by General Dupelt. Saw over all the noble rooms, and went through

the familiar scenes of bygone years with no feeling of melancholy, for I have been happier since than before.

May 21.—To the Laws' to dinner—a nice regular English dinner. The whole house too much like our old habits for us to remark how different it was from what are to be our new. Mr. Law spoke most kindly of my book. . . .

This is just the season in which I have not before seen Petersburg, when the city is brightest and its inhabitants palest. Not a healthy cheek is to be seen—all have a dull, washed-out look; the women with all their last year's bloom gone, and the men with only the last year's tan left—a leaden white and a leaden brown.

On May 30 Miss Rigby and her sister went to Reval, where they remained three months. There are now long gaps in Miss Rigby's Journal, probably because she wrote constantly to her mother. These letters have not been kept, but from the few Journal-entries we extract a graphic description of a fire which she witnessed; also some interesting notes on Russia.

Reval, Aug. 9.—We were sitting quietly working one evening, when we suddenly saw, over the trees, a wide sweep of forked flames. We

instantly said '*the Krug*' [public-house], and flew to make ready to go thither. Before we left the house the flames had sunk, and had been replaced by thick smoke; but where so much had been more had still to follow, and by the time we turned the road a miserable but beautiful sight met our eyes. The vast *Krug* stood with its bare spaces of roof against the sky, beneath which glowed a low furnace, gleaming in bright lines through every chink and aperture. Its doom was sealed—every part was in flames, and so freshly so, that the huge solid round beams were unscathed without, and the whole building seemed to stand like a cage of adamant for the fierce element within. The wind blew the sparks and smoke straight off the road over a field behind, so that we passed in front of the burning building, before which groups of peasants had assembled. Among them the late inhabitants of what was now consuming before their eyes were too soon recognisable. The man was walking up and down, wringing his hands; the woman was surrounded by a troop of weeping women, her head sunk on her hands, a crying, frightened child clinging to her. Meanwhile the roar and crackling had increased, spar after spar

fell into the caldron, and what had been only lines of glowing light were now outstretched hands of greedy flames. Hitherto all had stood passive; but now a party of workmen and household servants arrived from the *Hof*, more trained to discipline and more fit for exertion. Some brought long hooked poles, and all efforts were directed to pulling the beams asunder. This was immense and painful labour; the trunks were locked firmly together at the corners, each was a massive tree in chief, and the heat had become so great that those twenty yards off bowed their heads from it. But a few of the boldest united all their strength, and soon one ponderous timber, burning at one end, was released and rolled forward. This gave stimulus to the rest, each *warmed* to the work, and along the whole front were seen uncouth figures, with uncouther tools, straining every sinew in a heat which alone was too much for strength. Beam after beam was now wrenched away blazing from its place, the men seizing the firmer end in their arms, and dragging a line of fire after them. No fireman's mail was better adapted to face the fire than their coarse woollen garments, on which the sparks fell harmless. But they had to overcome what would

have stopped any fireman, however protected in other respects—nearly all were bare-footed, and the quick, flinching step as they leaped over the glowing beams, showed how painful was each tread. But their hearts were truly fireproof, and, though their faces burnt, and their feet flinched, each emulated the other in helping their neighbour and forgetting themselves. The fire demons had planned their work well; they had posted their restless sentinels on the outside walls of the building, forming a square which no foot could pass, and within was the solid house with all its household treasures at their mercy. For some time the rage of the flames seemed expended in vain: the house stood like a rock, door-stall and window-sill, firm and dark, showing the furies within but letting none out. Ever and anon they peeped with horrid glare through the apertures, and then drew back as if to gather more strength. Still they raged, and still the old walls held desperately together. The whole mass became gradually transparent, and changed from faint crimson to intense light yellow, as the wind passed boisterously over it. At length a weaker part could bear no more, and fell with a crash, dragging the whole with it. The flames stood

out in yellow light against the black clouds which mantled the horizon, and the smoke hung in heavy curls of lurid bronze against the lighter sky above. All had meanwhile forsaken the poor inmates, who stood, a group of despair, lighted by the fire which beggared them. But there were other sorrowing hearts hovering round them, who had lost more than home and substance. Alas for the poor swallows! Their nests and young ones were in the flames, and the poor birds wheeled round and round, dipping with drooping wings close over the fire, as if to share the death which their children had met.

Aug. 15.—The love of titles in Germany and Estonia is so excessive, that, rather than leave those who have none without, they put on their address—'s. t.'—*sine titulo.*

Aug. 17.—One of the means of impoverishment, and therefore of the fall, of the higher classes in Russia, is the rapid increase of a class of their dependents, who, though serfs to the estate, have no land upon it, and therefore pay no rent. These are the coachmen, footmen, &c., each of whom, marrying and having families for whom there is no stated employment, have gradually formed a body of useless people, whom the

estate must support gratis, and whose numbers are becoming perfectly formidable; in some instances they form a whole village. Then people brought up in the enervating atmosphere of a Russian great house are the idlest set that can be conceived, neither choosing to work nor to go. Frequently they refuse their liberty when offered them, because the offer is coupled with the condition of leaving the estate. They will ruin their masters in time.

Aug. 20.—The absurdities and caprices which issue from the throne of Russia afford a rich field for imposition on the part of those who know that nothing ever so absurd, if it bear but the stamp of the Crown, will be discredited. A *mauvais sujet*, in want of money, announced to a respectable district, far removed from Petersburg, that the emperor had ordered so many loads of snow to be delivered at the Capital. The good people were at their wits' end at the order, though none demurred at its fulfilment: nothing could be more inconvenient than to spare men and horses on such an errand. The *mauvais sujet* took pity on them, however, entered into their grievances, and offered, for a small sum from each, to undertake all the costs and trouble of transport. They were

only too happy to pay the money, and this was all he wanted.

The visit of Miss Rigby and her sister was now drawing to a close: they had decided to return to England *viâ* Stockholm; and this entry, dated August 26, in the Journal shows with what reluctance they were leaving Reval:—

How many vicissitudes of feelings are experienced in the last fortnight before a long and painful separation! Sometimes the hours seem to distil in slow and precious drops, each gathered, each lived, each engaged; at others they rush past you like a flood, and are gone before you can stoop to taste them. The feelings vary so strangely before a great trial of them; sometimes you are so weak, sometimes so strong, without being able to account for either—now crying, now laughing, and each leading to the other. And then the very hours, of which you have been spending thousands freely together, become so precious, and the announcement of starting two hours earlier than you expected presses you down with sorrow.

Details of the voyage from Reval, along the coast of Finland to Abo—thence to Stockholm, are given:—

Sept. 22.—Up at five o'clock, drove to the harbour, and rowed to the 'Finland'—a most comfortable vessel, fitted up capitally. Soon diverted from other thoughts by the roughness of the weather; a tremendous sea tossing us about, and whelming above the windows of the cabin. The sight of Swenborg was most welcome. Passed through a startlingly narrow passage into the harbour of Helsingfors. Went ashore for a few hours, and made our way up to the Observatory, then down to the new church—an immense flight of forty-four granite steps, so evenly coloured that at a distance they looked like a flat wall.

Sept. 23.—Going smoothly, passing islands of granite fringed and spiked with spruce and Scotch firs. Finland has a hard crust. By about nine o'clock the islands began to be very rugged and fine, closing in upon us, and leaving here and there so narrow a passage, that our vessel seemed like a monstrous animal picking its way along a path not always wide enough to set its feet on. Nothing could be more novel or striking than this archipelago; thousands of islands scattered about like clouds on the blue sky, and nothing half-and-half—either hard rock or deep water, no sand or shallows. Islands of all sizes, from several acres

to a handful of bare knolls not bigger than this cabin: here and there a fisherman's hut, and on one island, where a little green rust sprinkled the rocks, a cow was standing. Strange life! The scattered dwellers on these islands, so near and yet so separate: but winter joins all together for the greater part of the year. What a bed this water must have, with the mighty bases of the rocks of which we now only see the tops! We became at last absolutely weary of the ceaseless number of islands—round bare rocks, with birch or fir, and occasionally a slender selvage of bright green grass. One feels that this is really the North, rude and rugged, but stern and vigorous. Estonia is like its inhabitants, of no character at all—all of one colour; and where a little beauty occurs, it is rather a faint imitation of the South than a type of the North. We have now two impressions about Estonia, the one after entering it, and the other after leaving it—the last confirming the first. None but Germans could have formed such a state of society. No wonder that people with minds have become odd monsters, and people without, mere machines. This society is at war with religion, intelligence, spirit, and taste; its simplicity is all pretension, and its

decency all indelicacy. Be a machine, give up all interest, repress all emotion, starve all intelligence, speak only from the *fade* Estonian dialogue book, and move only in the set Estonian drill—be everything for show and nothing for reality, and they will hold you up as a pattern.

Stockholm, Sept. 24.—Reached Abo. Walked to the post-office, and asked what was the postage in French, German, and Russian, and was answered only in Swedish. Abo is a wretched place, but tolerably picturesque, the views striking on leaving it: the castle (now the prison) standing well, but an ugly white thing. . . . Again islands upon islands, their character but little altered, the rocks whiter and greyer, and the trees blacker and rounder. About 4 o'clock got into Sweden, or rather out of Russia, which gave us a lively sensation of pleasure. . . . The next morning the sea opener and islands fewer, but they crowded round us again as we approached Stockholm. Altogether, the approach to this capital is singularly beautiful—the sea hemmed in by wooded and rocky banks till it looks like a noble stream, along which the number of passing vessels gradually increases. Then masts and spires crowd together, and you sweep into the broad expanse of Mäelar See, and

stop close under the Royal Palace. Stockholm must be full of beautiful views and bits of views, ten times more striking than Petersburg, and quite as much so as Edinburgh.

Sept. 28.—The coronation of the King of Sweden, which had been mentioned for various periods, was at length fixed upon for to-day.

(Here follows a long account of the coronation ceremonies, which appeared in the 'Times,' October 15, 1844.)

CHAPTER IX

1844–1845

MISS RIGBY was back again in Edinburgh on October 29, 1844, the first entry in her Journal being:—

Oct. 30.—On first returning to Scotland you are struck with two prominent national physiognomies. The one, the accepted type of the Scottish face—long in the chin and high in the cheeks; the features large, all but the eyes, and as ill put together as the limbs of the body; the upper lip turning out, and as large as the lower one; the hair reddish-grey, straggling, and coarse; the skin tight and freckled, and the working of every bone in the face seen under it. But occasionally good teeth and good humour enliven the face: honesty you expect from it, and vulgarity you are not surprised at; much sense and no vice are to be found in it. The other is very different; but, I fancy, equally Scotch. A

small, well-set head, going up straight from the back, with clean-cut, sharp, hard features; small, light, and very red-lipped mouth, the long slender nose rather drawing it upwards; complexion clear, with a set colour; hair black and plentiful, and deepest eyes of a peculiarly dark slate colour, with a fine, tight-skinned, slightly wrinkled brow, which looks as if it worked hard for its owner. A face of no softness and no openness, but intensely shrewd and intellectual, and one which you are long in trusting and never tire of examining. The women have, many of them, wide open faces, with their features, the moment they speak, flopping back like the borders of their caps.

Mr. Lockhart, hearing of her return, urges her to work up another article for the 'Quarterly Review,' writing Nov. 11, 1844: 'Bid your slave of Albemarle Street send you any books you wish: he will be happy to obey his Queen Bess.'

While hesitating what subject to choose, Miss Rigby writes in her Journal, Nov. 13:—

There are two sorts of writing which it is difficult to choose between—one where good ends are brought into discredit by ordinary handling, and the other where wrong ends are forgiven for the cleverness with which they are treated. It is hard to say which is the worse—I think the first.

On Nov. 20 she goes to Carron Hall (Colonel Dundas's place) for a fortnight, and meets many old friends there—among them Lord Douglas and Mr. Henry Murray.

Lord Douglas (she writes) is beautiful—a perfect English face of the highest order, with clean chiselled features. Henry Murray very delightful, with the same gaiety as ever: told us of an old woman, who thought the Established Church must be the Free Church, because there was nothing to pay.

She takes the portraits of some of the ladies staying at Carron, and remarks: 'It is funny to hear two ladies talk knowingly of painting, neither of them able to draw a stroke; discussing tints and backgrounds, and "just a first daub," which is not more vile than their last. One lamenting the difficulty of painting very fair complexions, and the other asserting that one had only to use lighter colours, "and rub in a powerful ground."'

A few extracts from her Journal serve to show how Miss Rigby was occupied in Edinburgh during the next seven months:—

Dec. 4.—To the Assembly. A gentleman was making a speech with many flowery words but little in them. A man remarked to his neighbour, 'It's a bonny speech.' 'Aye,' he replied,

'it's a bonny speech, if ye no tak tent o' what he's saying.'

Dec. 8.—To St. Stephen's Church, falsely so called, since it was not consecrated. It is astonishing how a public body can be satisfied with such a public worship—the intimate prayers of the heart not only committed to the barren suggestions of one man, but that man far below his congregation in speech, manners, and taste. That cannot be a good church, or true adherence, where its ministers borrow always from the one they have abandoned, and its adherents admit that there are a great many things they would like altered in it. The very Psalms they sing are an insult to the Psalms, a parody, and not a paraphrase—every rule of composition, of verse, of prosody, set at defiance. Where's the form of sound words? Scotch singing won't make up for the absence of it.

Dec. 15.—Nothing is so convincing of the duty of toleration as the difficulty of the truth in ourselves—and finding that all denominations have alike given what man naturally loves best—his life—in defence of their faith or their errors. It is a fearful and heavy thought the impossibility of unity, and yet the express injunction to it.

Filial piety for an inherited faith is the best excuse for error, and the least merit in truth; but it is what I respect most, for men who love the past are least dangerous to present or future. Men are so differently constituted, that the same feeling becomes a duty in one mind to encourage, and in the other to repress: what's exertion in one is indulgence in another.

Dec. 17.—Drew at Mr. Grüner's book[1]—can't get that blue. Those arabesques want no meretricious finishings, like the French things of the present day, to set them; they are faces which can do without whiskers and moustaches, and those are always the best. . . .

Looked through portfolios. It is always a pleasure to find yourself preferring the best. Raphael I always come back to; his seems such slow-grown beauty: he has no excess, not even of good, while others appear to have sprung up in a night—all luxuriance, but no strength.

Dec. 18.—Called at Blackwood's. Dickens' 'Christmas Tale' is the thing of the season, 10,000 copies ordered the first day.

[1] *Fresco Decorations and Stuccoes of Churches and Palaces in Italy during 15th and 16th centuries.* Consisting of 46 plates with descriptions by Lewis Grüner. John Murray, Colnaghi, &c., 1844.

Dec. 19.—To Mr. Hill's to see his wonderful calotypes—one of Durham most exquisite. The view from Mr. Hill's garden of the city with its wreaths of smoke reminds you of Turner more than Turner does you of it, because he has seen Nature more truly than most that look on her. It is the same with truth—most people can only see it through the medium of another mind, if they would but believe so.

Dec. 20.—To Lover's entertainment : rather a painful thing to see the poor little man acting there all alone, trying to be amusing to people who wanted to be amused. You felt him too much of a slave, and yourself too much of a tyrant ; for his happiness was in our applause, and his bread in our attendance. Poor little clever Irishman ! Not an interesting or a graceful lecturer—too little power for his weight of machinery. Some amusing anecdotes, and some pretty songs. . . .

Dec. 21.—A letter from Mr. Lockhart, who speaks justly and truly, as he always does, of Lord Robertson's 'Leaves.' . . . Called on Mrs. Hamilton Dundas, a very beautiful creature, and learned in this world's woes. On to Mrs. Ferrier's : she is always a delight, overflowing

with words, and those words with meaning—fit daughter of a genius.

Dec. 24.—To Lady Murray's in the evening. Prandi,[2] who was there, had been with Miss Martineau. Fearful nonsense, and impious flippancy. Even the sorcerers of old did not pretend to their power without certain incantations—preparations, in short; but these creatures, without labour, without thought, without study, without form, affect to exercise perfect power over the will of their fellow-creatures. No other power in this world is attained without trouble, why then this? It is an odious, disgusting, and impious business, and is worthily advocated by women without principle, and lectured upon by men who drop their *h*'s.

Christmas Day.—To church in the morning—crammed with Presbyterians who coughed, sneezed, hemmed, and blew their noses without ceasing. If they want any outpourings of the Spirit, why don't they hold a prayer-meeting among themselves, instead of intruding into our church on the very day which they have condemned in theirs?

Dec. 27.—To Lord Robertson's to dinner: a queer crew of boys and old men. He took me

[2] The mesmerist.

down. Mary Robertson and boys off to a ball, and nothing would satisfy my lord, but I must go with him. . . . A polka danced, only fit for children, because so evidently taught by a dancing-master: but great men toeing, heeling, and kicking, and folding their elbows, all with an expression of intense anxiety on their countenances, is something most ridiculous.

Dec. 30.—A lovely winter sunset, more welcome from its rarity and more beautiful from its suddenness; the glories of a whole week of summer skies crowded into an hour—such glories behind such gloom; crimson clouds burning cold hills and revealing beautiful undulating outlines, which, till within an hour, grey clouds had concealed: the glowing embers suddenly shown of a fire no one had suspected, lighting the air with a white light, but not giving the landscape one spark. And then the red lines close up, and the brilliant spots go out, and the darkness and the light become alike less intense; and nothing remains but a few clouds with pink pinions which hang high up, before hardly remarked, but now catching the last colours from that furnace which none on earth can see.

Dec. 31.—To the Smiths' to dinner—Lord Robertson there in his most brilliant mood, his

humour with the truest point, his satire without the slightest sting. Sense, drollery, mimicry, wit, with lightning touches and unpremeditated combinations; all that you most looked for, and all that you least expected. The table roaring and the sideboard shaking. Home on Lord Robertson's coach.

Jan. 17, 1845.—To the Ramsays' to dinner—only themselves with Mr. Watson Gordon and Mr. Douglas. Upon the whole I should say that Mr. Ramsay's conversation, of all the many first-rate specimens I hear in Edinburgh, is the best—so easy, so happy, full of meaning and full of play, showing such multifarious reading and such a simple mind. And then always the best of Christianity beaming through all, the intellect always making the hearer feel his superiority, and the goodness taking off the fear of it. Conversed about Kemble, and the degree of sympathy an actor feels with his part. It is impossible that actors should identify themselves with it, or they could not act; but they are under great emotion and excitement, without which they could not render the action with proper spirit or proper pathos. John Kemble was playing in Edinburgh, and was very heavy and spiritless, and could not

rouse himself during the first act: then suddenly he brightened up, and Murray, the manager, said, 'You are getting on capitally now, sir.' 'There's something in the house now,' said Kemble. Sir Walter Scott had come in. Mr. Ramsay regrets that no 'Scottiana' have appeared, and says there must be plenty of anecdote; he told me the following:—He lamented one day to Walter Scott that the Scotch youth were dismissed so early, at 15 or 16, from the Scotch academies, while English boys continued at Eton till 18, and thus had far better opportunity of solid study. 'Yes,' said Sir Walter, 'we are poor butchers; we can't afford to keep our mutton till it is five years old.' One day, on entering Lord Morton's house at Dalmahoy, Sir Walter remarked two children reading out of one book so attentively that they never looked up. He peeped over and saw that it was 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' and, rubbing his hands, said to Lord Morton, 'Ah, that's the sort of popularity I like.' Sir Walter said once that it was a bad thing keeping a book at Abbotsford or Dryburgh, for that he only found a deal of abuse of himself—'that's to say, bad praise, which is the same thing.' . . . From Mr. Ramsay's walked to Lord Jeffrey's—very different; Mr. Ramsay's is wholesome search-

ing daylight, Lord Jeffrey's a beautiful light, but an artificial one.

Jan. 18.—Neither geniuses nor beggars ought to have children. . . . Sorrows are not salutary to very young people: they only puzzle and bewilder them.

Feb. 3.—Began article on 'Lady Tourists'[3]—all difficult alike. To keep down the redundancy of mere word, and keep up the succession of real thought is a task beyond the usual strength of women. It always appears an unfair strain on my mind; but *finis coronat opus*—what I have done I must still do. . . . At 6 o'clock to Mrs. Jones's—two bishops, the dean, and various clergy, in all twenty-two people: a colossal dinner, but it does not matter, once the number gets beyond six or eight, it falls into a succession of couples, which may be multiplied without harm. Mr. Campbell took me in to dinner; he is one of that race of thinkers which have been resuscitated from old times. Very curious in his information about the nonjurors in England and France: new, but obviously right, views about the iniquity which banished James II., and the deeper iniquity which denied his sons. He had not more offended against his

[3] *Quarterly Review*, June 1845. 'Lady Travellers.'

coronation oath than Queen Victoria has done in going to a dissenting place of worship: what would they say to her for attending Moorfields? and that's not nearly so derogatory to oath or principle as a Presbyterian kirk. The semblance of truth is the greatest evil we have to contend with. In my opinion, it comes to this, that whatever sounds right is wrong. On to Lord Medwyn's—a most beautiful party.

Feb. 5.—Out to Mr. Watson Gordon's. I like him and his new pictures: the opium-eater's face very significant of the man, De Quincey—small, shrewd, sour, with acute eyes and wonderful breadth of brow.

Feb. 7.—Could not get on with my article to my liking—the subject not sufficiently defined. Wrote better in the evening. It is absurd when tourists find fault with Turkish houses and habits, because they are not English; they might as well blame an olive for not being an oak.

Feb. 15.—Out to the Exhibition—a surprising gap between Scotch and English art. Only Duncan, in his one picture of himself, can compete with the English school, and that far surpasses it: a most wonderful picture, evidently showing that he has learnt much from the calotypes—so broad,

brown, and true. He is Rembrandt's best pupil, and yet does not imitate his master; also, like Rembrandt, the picture was best in the head, ill-drawn in figure. Leach has a well-composed landscape, a mixture of Claude and Gaspar Poussin; but there was hardly another Scotch picture fit to place beside Stanfield, Maclise, and, last (but when least?), Turner. It is absolutely unfair to place Turner in competition with others; it is like exhibiting a little bit of reality among ranks full of imitation; it is a room full of paintings, and a small open space among them, through which you behold the most airy, limpid, cool landscape, with distance interminable. He does what all would wish to do—preserves the spirit and spirituality of the sketch in the finished picture: he does what he will—the others do what they can.

Feb. 18.—Met Mr. Hill. Duncan nearly blind, no longer like the man who sat to that splendid picture, or the artist who painted it. To the Drysdales'; met Lord Robertson there, who walked home with us, and came in. To Lord Jeffrey's, always welcomed kindly. There is a picturesque precision in all he says; described St. Andrews standing on wave-worn cliffs, and an atmospheric railway, with equal beauty. Like

Turner, he makes the most common things graceful; he has still both the fire and delicacy of youth.

Feb. 20.—To the Exhibition. Turner more and more beautiful—all thought, made up of the million atoms which compose nature. Two little Landseers in a corner; a dog's sorrow is more affecting than a human being's, more grief and less hope: that dog on the field of Austerlitz wrings one's heart.

March 3.—To the Amateur Concert. Some singing good, but a man with black whiskers and a high voice is something disagreeable.

March 27.—Read Macaulay's 'Machiavelli'—a good defence of a bad cause; he is a mere ingenious pleader, equally adroit when he is wrong as when he is right; his Byron and Sam. Johnson good. . . . Mrs. Vivian truly says that the sound of a bagpipe is like a magnified gnat.

April 9.—To the Dundases' to dinner: George Forbes, the Bishop, and Dr. Lee, a Presbyterian minister—no doubting it; Presbyterians are always so hardly correct in their facts and wrong in their conclusions. Dr. Lee condemned Dewar's Protestantism, because he appealed to your private judgment to condemn private judgment. What sophistry! A horrid principle to take no man's

word till you have ascertained whether he is right; on that system you would not employ a medical man till you had yourself studied medicine.

April 21.—A large evening party. How much more agreeable it is to receive friends than to visit them! The very excitement of anxiety is pleasing; and then your own bright cool rooms when you come down prepared, and guests come slowly in, first looking to you for amusement, and then helping themselves to it. Mrs. Gartshore came, all grace, nature, and sweetness. It is the privilege of geniuses to give themselves just as they are. Common natures can't afford to be natural; they must assume something better. People of talent are often very false and artificial; people of genius, let the infusion be ever so slight, are never so. There are geniuses without a single talent but the charm of simplicity. Mrs. Gartshore is a perpetual study; she has the art of bringing out every character for better or for worse. I don't know whether it be the force of example or what, but everybody is compelled to drop disguise in her atmosphere.

April 23.—Dined at Sir William Allan's. Dr. Sam. Browne there: that distended nostril has more in it than other people's heads. He is a

singular combination of youth and experience—immense flow of words, and power of memory, which, I conclude, always go together; yet not always, for Mr. Lockhart has the last, makes use of more new words than any one I ever met. . . . Philosophism is a right definition of what people call philosophy. . . . Those who know little of art are pleased with a greater number of objects, but not so much with any one in particular.

April 26.—Tolerably industrious; wrote for several hours. Played Oberon, &c. I wish I had not so many tastes, too tempting to be dropped and too many to be pursued.

April 28.—To Lady McNeill's, who has just lost her uncle, the Tickler of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' On to M. Guillerez, a little, fat, handsome Frenchman, with a shade of boldness in his over-courtesy. How beautifully do Frenchmen speak their own language! The day breezy and grey, the old town exquisite with a slight veil of green gathering round its grey feet.

May 1.—An immensely high wind; very difficult to walk one way when your clothes are sailing another. Sometimes so violent that you lean your whole weight to get forward, and suddenly the wind ceases and lets you nearly down.

May 6.—Walked through the Old Town: the houses seem in some parts as if they had been fused together—run like glass—the edges are so round; in other parts they look as if they had grown so thick as to draw one another up to an immense height; while here and there, through the rough city, appear a few deep narrow ravines, through which the wind whistles from below. I felt as if just landed in a foreign town, and this my first expedition.

May 11.—To church. Mr. A. preached both morning and afternoon, wordy fuzzy sermons, in which you lose your way immediately. I fear the Roman Catholic faith is most consonant in every way with human nature; it always keeps in view that which cannot fail, viz. the end of life, whereas ours leads us to expect happiness here, and in this we are sure to find disappointment. We forget that it is the pilgrimage we are upon, and murmur if it does not pass through pleasant countries.

May 20.—English family life is the most trying to the heart and temper of any in the world. Consider why we alternately see such close unions and such bitter quarrels. In foreign countries, what spoils the one, prevents also the other. Foreigners estimate their powers more rightly by

depending for happiness more on the dispersion of their feelings in society, than by the concentration of them at home.

June 30.—Drove round by the Braid Hills. The environs of Edinburgh are wonderful: such lumps of rocky scenery, including Ben Arthur, and such tender, sloping, fertile bits between, and above, the ever beautiful lines of the Frith. At first, on leaving Edinburgh, you get low down among beautiful trees and high hedges and villas, and you might fancy yourself in England: then come château-like erections and farmless fields, and you are in la Belle France; then a few dips and turns take you among green-brown hills, with sheep feeding, and lumps of granite jutting from the earth, and you feel that you are nowhere but in sweet Scotland. The distant view of the old city and castle is exquisite. . . . We now come nearer into granite Edinburgh; such petrifactions, or vitrifactions, of houses—not closing yet into streets, but giving vistas of sweet scenery, with the crags and Arthur's Seat. Gradually the line fills up, and you must fix your eye on dingy walls, and dark stairs, and lolling heads at windows, and dirty children at doors, with trolloping girls and daredevil boys, and men home from work—snobs

passing from the counter, and milliner-girls flopping flounced from the workroom. And in the midst passes a small man, old, yet with a fire in his eye and freshness in his step, small and delicate: it is De Quincey, with thoughts in him belonging to no one else—that brilliant eye and refined face never to be forgotten.

July 3.—Read 'Madame de Maintenon': the whole so *outré*, the simplicity more odious to me than the intrigues. She reminds me too much of Mrs. Fry. I can't fancy the old maid of fifty-two attractive.

July 5.—The world is not like a play in which we lose by being taken away in the first act. Life is all the same in the end, though we think it different at the time. The only thing is that, the longer our life, the greater our risk of being unworthy. It is so difficult to desire to love heaven for its own sake. I find myself wishing to fix my heart more upon the joys of the next world, so that I may feel the sorrows of this one less. But this is a base reason—is it an inevitable one in our nature?

July 7.—To Craig Crook in the morning: Mrs. Empson received us. My Lord in best health and spirits; told us of his first acquaintance with

Mrs. Austin. How he received a letter applying for help for Ugo Foscolo, signed 'S. Austin,' and he answered it 'Samuel Austin, Esq.,' which went on through three letters; his surprise at discovering who Samuel really was.

Mr. Lockhart writes, July 8, 1845, to Miss Rigby about her article 'Lady Travellers,' in the current number of the 'Quarterly Review': 'Your paper is a *very* good one—lively and wise too, as is your wont. It has received an unique compliment. Mr. Croker pronounces it "charming both for the sense and pleasantry." I scarcely think he ever said a word in favour of any other article not his own.'

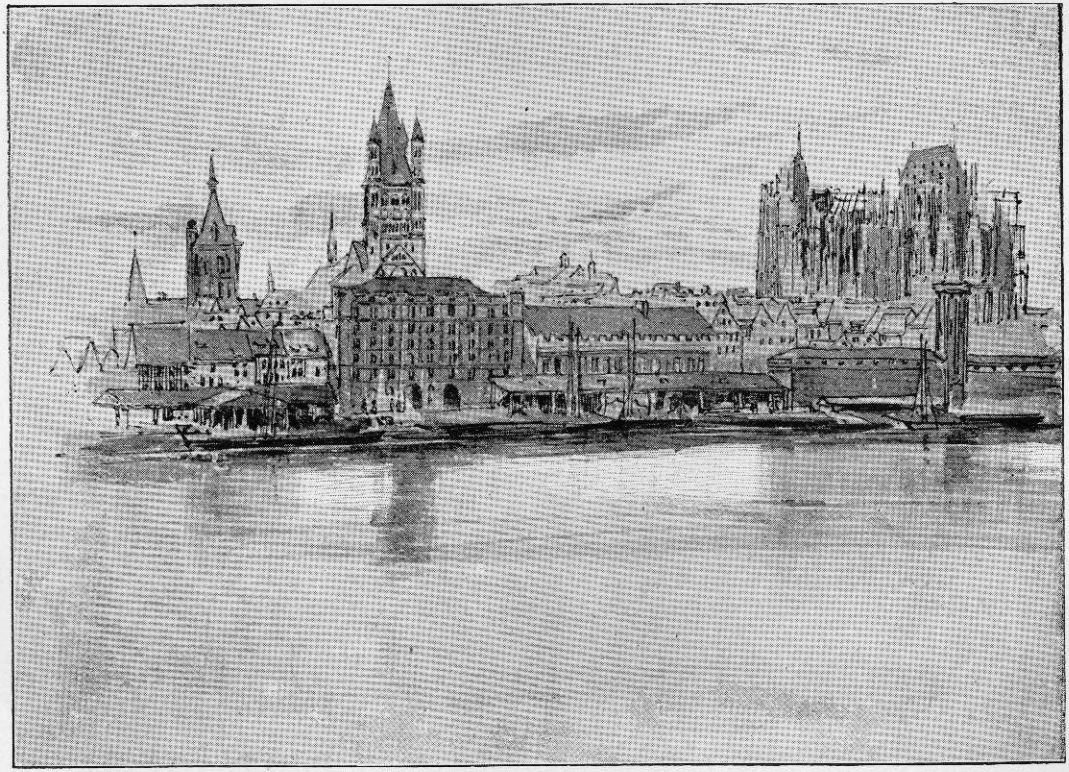
CHAPTER X

1845–1846

EARLY in August 1845 Miss Rigby went to Düsseldorf, attracted by the Exhibition of Modern German Pictures, and to Cologne for the purpose of studying the cathedral. She was abroad two months, and, although she did not approve of travelling for the sake of writing ('it always becomes apparent,' she remarks), her visit to both these towns was turned to good account. Two articles by her hand subsequently appeared in the 'Quarterly Review'—one on 'Modern German Painting,' in March, and the other on 'Cologne Cathedral,' in October 1846.

Before leaving Edinburgh she writes to a friend:—

I find that quitting home for foreign scenes, now that I can do so whenever I like, is more and more difficult to me. I am either spoilt or getting old! If possible we receive more kind politeness and attention here than ever, and it is very difficult, especially for me, to withdraw myself from those whose notice is both flattering



COLOGNE

and improving. In the great enjoyment of such society as we get here, I forget that I am become much too idle. Indeed, my pen has been too silent in every respect. The Siren Music has been the tempter: we have had such first-rate musicians at our beck, that, with my strong love for music, I have indulged myself far too much. Mr. Dürrner is the ringleader, and his not speaking English has thrown him the more into our company. I must break through this spell when I return, and have made some wonderful resolutions of application and retirement. It is not the constant evening visiting which does the harm, but the dear idle friends who think I can be as idle as themselves, and are always planning drives and walks together.

Immediately after her return to Edinburgh, Miss Rigby writes to the same friend, Oct. 11, 1845:—

Our tour was delightful in act and retrospect, which latter is at least a proof of its not having been all empty pleasure. It has a little taken off the repugnance to foreign travel, which my hard journeys to and from Russia had given me. Not that I liked Germany more than I expected—indeed, still less. It was a great pleasure to

return to dear Edinburgh—in fact, it is always so, even after a week's absence. I love her very flagstones. . . .

If you are in the way of seeing an 'Athenæum,' and can look into last Saturday's (Oct. 4), you will find a description of an old picture, under the head of 'Foreign Correspondence,' which for my sake you will read with indulgence.

The Journal continues :—

Nov. 6.—To the Exhibition with James Swinton and Lord Berriedale, the latter just home from Russia. A few fine pictures delighted us much. Those Vandycks are perfection of portraiture, fine composition, splendid colouring, and noble action—the effect produced by such different means from what one would think : the gold trimmings laid on thin, the red of the dress seen through them ; the transparent flesh tints laid on with the palette-knife apparently ; the black satin dress utterly kept down except one hue, and that not in high light.

Nov. 9.—Read the 'Life of John Bradford' : ill done, with an abuse of the Roman Catholics that could not be true throughout. Altogether the sufferings and the strength of those early

English Reformers are a mystery to me. What are we to say of conscience, when each side suffered for it in turn, in quick succeeding reigns? And the people cared nothing. Had the nation returned to the Romish Church, the Reformers would have been looked upon as the Puritans of the Rebellion are now.

Nov. 14.—Read Reports of Fine Arts Commission: Eastlake evidently thinks that the Germans are a purely imitative school. . . . Busy writing: rather tough work to begin again. I am sure there is no more difficult writing than for the 'Quarterly.'

Nov. 25.—To Lord Jeffrey's: Lord Cockburn there, dry and entertaining. Lord Jeffrey compares Carlyle's writing to reading history by flashes of lightning.

Nov. 30.—It seems an argument for Roman Catholicism that without it none of the Arts—neither painting, architecture, nor music—would have been developed in their noblest sense. But this argument would equally serve the Pagans, among whom sculpture and architecture also attained their highest possible development. Our form of belief cherishes the sciences; we have as many clergymen, geologists, entomologists,

botanists, &c., as they had painters and musicians.

Dec. 6.—Began my article on Dom Blatt,[1] a most interesting subject: writing does begin to give me more pleasure.

Dec. 7.—Read 'Signs of the Times,' by Bickersteth: nothing fresh, endless forced quotations from Scripture and references to his own books. Such works make me miserable; their denunciations are so heavy, and their religion so unlovely. There is nothing but division on all sides—every Reformation speaks the same: the German Reformers quarrelled, the English Reformers disagreed even in prison, martyrs suffered for both sides, persecutors and persecuted appealed to the same God and the same Scriptures. Our own Church does not uphold itself, the Scotch Church is split into two, and private peace and public charities suffer. Each party reviles the other.

Dec. 15.—To Emiliani's concert, Hopetoun Rooms: quite full—all the world there. Emiliani surpassed himself in his way; all that passion, expostulation, entreaty, groaning, and wailing could do. But it is like a scene—one tires of the

[1] *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1846. 'Cologne Cathedral.'

repetition. They encored one piece of his, which was an absurd thing to do, as it was too real to bear repetition; you can't feel the same thing twice over. He is too much of the tragedy king, not a really profound musician.

Dec. 19.—To the theatre in the evening. Acting is indeed a high art, so much so that it is difficult to think it one at all. Murray and Mathews together were admirable—a good fellow-actor is like a good second in a duet. Mathews weak and pliable-looking, Madame Vestris clever and determined-looking. Her acting is inimitable, and her voice still wonderful—full and deep. 'Patter versus Clatter' most amusing; how the man's tongue did not stick to the roof of his mouth is extraordinary.

In a letter to Miss L. Browne Miss Rigby thus describes her first meeting with Mr. Drummond.

Edinburgh, Dec. 31.—I have recently become acquainted, by his own rather inexplicable seeking, with *the* Mr. Henry Drummond, who is known as one of the richest men, the most accomplished gentleman, the finest conversationalist, in England: worthy, learned, aristocratic, and withal the chief patron and supporter of the Irvingite sect. His religious works are thought

much of by our divines, his splendid genealogical works the same by our antiquarians, and ladies lose their hearts by dozens to his handsome form and fascinating conversation. He came to Edinburgh to stay with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Strange (a daughter of Lord Melville), who is slightly acquainted with us; and my first intimation of such a person being here was from Mr. Ramsay, who invited me to meet 'the most superior man in England,' and told me that Mr. Drummond was set upon making my acquaintance. So I went one evening, and in a short time was listening to the most varied and brilliant conversation, and looking at a most remarkably aristocratic, sagacious, lofty, pale face. It was his acquaintance he wished to give me apparently, which arrangement I was quite satisfied with. Next day, came an invitation to his mother's, and I left a dinner party early to comply. To my astonishment I was shown into a vast drawing-room, where sat Mr. Drummond *solus*, his mother and Lady Harriett, his wife, just gone upstairs, and nobody else there. He at once began a stream of half lively, half humorous, and wholly entertaining talk, in which Mrs. Strange and Lady Harriett, when they did appear, were not

required to take part. Then he got out his splendid 'Illustrious British Families,' and went through several numbers with the greatest gusto; in short, two hours were soon gone. Next day he called on us, and sat for more than an hour in full flow. This was the last of him, and I have heard from Mr. Lockhart that his friend Henry Drummond was 'very much in love with Miss Rigby.' So that's the finale of a funny episode, which left me very indifferent, for it is not that kind of flattery which flatters me. He did not care a straw for me, but wanted something new.

The Journal is continued:—

Jan. 5, 1846.—People abuse convents, but are they not much better than a state of society where many women must necessarily remain single? They should make an offering of their singleness to God, instead of keeping it only because they have no opportunity of getting rid of it.

Jan. 7.—Read 'Paradise Lost.' I cannot enjoy it. The laboured machinery is always peeping through. Not a single speech of the Deity pleases me: it ill becomes man to put taunting derision in His mouth. Then the invention of cannon by Satan is a perfect burlesque.

The two best words I have yet come to are when Satan stands first in sight of Eve 'stupidly good.'

Jan. 25.—Those who think that, when they have said sneeringly 'Oh, it is only a matter of feeling,' they have done away with its strength, are greatly mistaken. Feeling can make the ugly thing beautiful, the old convenient, and the common precious; it tramples on etiquette, despises profit, and defies custom; it has its own laws, its own seasons, and its own rights; it makes an old gold watch more precious than a new one, and an old watch-key, too.

Jan. 30.—There is no greater curse upon a country than for its poor to be in misery without feeling themselves miserable. What has made England is the inconvenience the poor Englishman feels the moment he is deprived of his comforts. Now, an Irishman is happy in beggary, and an Estonian contented in wretchedness; to both it is less trouble to suffer than to work, and this is the greatest stumbling-block to all national prosperity. Give me a man who is discontented if he hasn't meat three times a day, and there is more hope of him than of one who will sing and dance on an empty stomach.

Feb. 2.—One person may be as good as another, but it makes all the difference whether you have the same amount in gold or in copper.

Feb. 3.—If woman, in addition to all the charms and graces she has had hitherto, is to have a depth and solidity she never had before, she must remove to another planet to show it in. Those advisers are all dangerous who try to make women seek for something which they have not yet possessed—for something, consequently, out of which they have been kept. Let us be satisfied, that what a woman does not attempt to gain she is not qualified to use. This and all other remarks of the same kind apply to common life; of course, there are extreme cases, where no meekness saves a woman from oppression, and no energies gain respect for her. But are, then, the men always 'on a bed of roses'?

Feb. 5.—Everyone who has not the truth for his guide is sure to run into some excesses of opinion and action. How obvious is this in the French and German light literature of the day, each only differing with the temperament of the nation! The 'Maître d'Armes,' by Dumas, is perfect in style, most delightful reading—every word the right one; but its lax morality would be

less obnoxious if it were still more immoral: the little that is said goes further than more—the wrong seems to have usurped the motto of the right, and to need no defence. His pictures are perfect, and the whole scene before you.

German writing is choked with words—all leaves and no flowers. Thomas Thymault is an instance: descriptions without end, not one picture of the thing described—so pompous, laboured, and heavy; making the heroes and heroines show off their knowledge in order to show off the author's; interrupting with uncalled-for dissertations, and forgetting that, when he is giving a long-winded account of the growth and preparation of the tea-plant, his hearer's tea is getting cold. Between a young lover's hasty mistake and the lady's as hasty justification, one has no patience for long digressions upon the beauties and perfumes of flowers, and golden vapours of the setting sun; but the Germans can't get on without a sun or moon perpetually at hand. These German novelists are like hard-mouthed horses, which give one so much trouble to drive that one would rather walk.

Feb. 8.—The first word tells the gentleman without looking at his coat, just as the first

chord will tell the key without looking at the clef.

Feb. 13.—In countries much advanced in civilisation it is no wonder that women remain single. Firstly, real civilisation relieves them of much of the odium of single life, and, secondly, gives much to compensate for the absence of married life. In savage countries marriage is a thing of course, entered into when the right time comes as a species of business; the scantiness of the population gives the man no other companion, and the woman no other protection. But in savage countries for a woman to be left single, and in civilised ones to be married only as a form, makes her in the one case a despised being, and in the other a despicable one; and this is the case in Estonia and France.

Feb. 15.—'Transatlantische Reise.' If these pass for good writing the state of modern German literature is pitiable—a kind of *capriccio* without any apparent design, and with nothing else to cover the want of it. The only conception of an Englishman is 'damn,' and of an English gentleman ''pon honour'; the Englishwoman not even caricatured, but downright fabulous. The third volume begins a year before the first, and the

cart is before the horse the whole way through. It is an attempt at dashing writing with the heaviest German materials—such trumpery as one wonders could be written or can be read. As little like American nature as it is like human nature. After this unsound far-fetched German literature, what a pleasure it is to come to Burns! 'Henri's Salon' is odious—mere French-German. It gives to the English what everyone knows the Germans are most famous for—long upper lips and impertinent questions. He says of the English: 'Devil take the people and their language too; they take a dozen monosyllabic words into their jaws, chew them, crack them, spit them out again—and this they call speaking.'

Feb. 17.—There are two faults with which man or woman may be worthy but never interesting—viz. vanity and curiosity; both destroy the poetry of life.

Feb. 20.—The Germans have industry without energy, the Russians energy without industry; the union of the two peoples ought to make an excellent race.

Feb. 23.—It is strange how the first spring flowers are all white, the next yellow, the next blue and lilac. There is some reason, moral and

picturesque, if we could find it. Nature as much intended man to cultivate his eye as to fill his stomach.

Feb. 28.—Worked hard and finished my whole tale ('The Disponent'). Some good bits in it. I wonder what John Murray will say to it.

March 9.—To Lord Jeffrey's, where we always find the most fascinating conversation, which, if other amateurs in the art fail, is sufficiently maintained by our distinguished host. Not a very large gathering: Macready and Haydon the lions—the latter still preserving the outline of feature which Phillips drew to my childish delight, but otherwise fat and uninteresting: he had brought a fine print from his picture of Wordsworth—walking, his face down and forehead forward, arms crossed, 'composing a sonnet'—beautiful and ugly, a very plain, intellectual, gentlemanly person.

Macready took me in to supper, and I greatly enjoyed his company: a very ugly face at first sight, as all ill-complexioned faces are, but great character and capacity for expression in it—almost too much so. The eye was always kindling, the brow knit, the teeth shut: there is capital drawing in his face, full of knots and seams, like an

old oak, and good hiding-places for expression. He was modest and gentlemanly, with a kind, natural manner, and talked of his own children most delightfully. He spoke, among other subjects, of pictures. I think I prefer Sir Joshua to Vandyck—he has greater truth and honesty. Prettiness is derived from colour, beauty from form, handsomeness from expression.

March 18.—To Lord Robertson's. He is our Scotch Sydney Smith. Mr. Macready took me in to dinner: his face acts more than himself. He told me of a gentleman, who was so much in love with his wife for two months after marriage, that he could have eaten her, and afterwards wished he had. Said he felt much tempted to act in Germany.

March 19.—The penultimate Archbishop of Cologne, being perplexed what to do about mixed marriages, went to Rome and received a letter of instructions from the Pope; at the same time he was told by the Cardinal Secretary, that His Holiness did not insist on his acting up to them. So the good man returned to Cologne, and looked between his fingers at various irregularities. His successor, however, found the document among his papers, and, being of a

different constitution of mind, instantly put the instructions into practice, which so excited the King of Prussia's wrath that there is no actual archbishop now.

March 20.—To Sir William Allan's: a most choice dinner. Professor Wilson and his brother James, Macready, Lord Cockburn, D. O. Hill, young Paton the cartoon artist, Mrs. Crowe, &c. I privileged with the Professor, and he in the humour to be grave and gay, just as one wished. He is a man in whose company one can't be a minute without hearing something of an original cast. He takes no established forms of manners upon himself, except in so far as true delicacy and manliness require them; and so, also, he makes use of no conventional forms of speech, unless such as are really full of meaning. Everything he says, whimsical as it may be, bears the impress of sincerity: he takes nothing ready-made, or remodels what he does. He seems to delight in speaking kindly of his fellow-creatures, and, as he always speaks the truth, his censure is awful. How ashamed must some selfish, vicious men feel before this virtuous creature! Professor Wilson is the only person I ever heard who can talk of himself without being an egotist; but he

talks of himself as the species man, not as the solitary individual; he talks of feelings and passions common to the race, and dissects himself to lay them bare to you. Whenever he talks as an individual, it is only drollery. He says his delight has always been 'unassociated nature'; that he has a repugnance to visit spots with which his mind has religious or pictorial associations; that he has all his life read of the Battle of Bannockburn, but, though he has been near it a hundred times, he never would go and see the place: the impression on his mind is the reality—not the common little vulgarities of the actual spot, which would for ever drive it away. He wonders, as I do, how people can go to the Holy Land. He has all his life delighted in horse races, yet was never at one; has been at the place, but would not go on to the course, yet was as eager for the results as anybody else.

March 21.—To the concert. There is a clearness of tone in violins, a liveliness which seems smoothly to cut into you; and the lines cross and turn and lose themselves together, yet all unravel at last. The 'Pastorale' most exquisite—perfectly done, and matchless in itself. The 'Andante' is a mere chorus of Nature—not

a sound or sign of man in it. Beethoven has even all the accidents and caprices of Nature—general laws, from which, like her, he never departs; yet here and there a *lusus*, which is sure to be curious, though not always to be beautiful. The change of key seems like a sudden shadow across the scene.

March 24.—To the Exhibition. Wilkie's 'Distraining for Rent' is truly matchless, every figure appropriate, natural, and telling: not an over-acted expression—mere quiet sorrow and loud indignation. The Etty a most wonderful picture: like Sir Joshua, he is an Old Master. Met D. O. Hill there, and went with him to his brother's rooms to see a bust of Professor Wilson: such a grand Jupiter, very fine and very like, but wanting his exquisite colours to lighten and refine—the tender child-like bloom which seems, like his mind, to have survived all the wear of time and care of this world. The substance of the hair can't be imitated: it is a mere halo round the head, of which heavy marble locks give no idea; still the bust is a majestic thing.

March 28.—To the Exhibition again. What a mixture of the poetical, the allegorical, and the historical is that wonderful 'Cleopatra' of Etty's!

What designs he must have made for that glorious confusion of figures! Roberts' little 'Interior of Cathedral' shows how pleasant is the mass of white stone pillar against the stained-glass window. . . . You may tell a gentleman by two things—how he transacts little money-matters, and how he takes a joke. Foreigners fail in both.

April 2.—Began to draw X. Most difficult, as all are whose beauty lies in their teeth. I never saw teeth shown to advantage except in Murillo's beggar boys: I don't know why they should not be made beautiful in a portrait, only what opens the mouth shuts the eyes.

To dinner at the C—s'. If there are what people call 'stupid dinner-parties,' I certainly agree with them. Never was there such a set of quizzes got together. I had a funny old gentleman who reached up to my elbow, and could only agree with all I said; so we were soon done with one another, and I devoted myself to eating and drinking. Opposite me sat a couple of curiosities, flanked by an old woman with a red face, and a young man with a red head, who never spoke a word, and seemed bent on watching how few I spoke. After we got into the drawing-room it was still worse, there being quite as little to say and less to eat.

CHAPTER XI

1846

THE spring of 1846 finds Miss Rigby again in London, staying with her friends in Albemarle Street; and no better account of her 'environment' can be given than these Journal extracts:—

May 5.—To the Exhibition. A mighty world: some painters all self, but that self splendid, as with Landseer and Etty. Others have crucified the flesh with the lusts thereof, and have merged themselves in a higher life. Eastlake all that natural man can do, Turner living by the grace of Art. Turner proves how vulgar we are. Can any taste be acquired, unduly pampered but not made? It is so grand to prostrate yourself by faith before that which you cannot understand. Met Sir William Allan and Watson Gordon. To Chorley's in the evening. Pichek a fine genial German, with a roaring voice, which disappointed me.

May 10.—People see everything nowadays to talk of it; the very wonders of Science made drawing-room tattle. Faraday gossiped over: charades and tricks for passing away time. Everybody now only cares about seeing his or her friends *en passant.*

May 18.—To Mr. Munro's. He showed me first his 'Vierge aux Candélabres': the Virgin lovely, the Child with that beautiful look one sees sometimes in Raphael. Yet the exclamations of a party over the Turner drawings quite unsettled me: I could not even bear Raphael, I was so impatient. Turner's early drawings would be as little admired by the world in general as his later ones; they have the same fault of being too like Nature in her two opposite extremes. It is satisfactory to find that only simple truth could be the basis of such gorgeous truth. He sees things on their original basis: his eye is turned by none of the accidents and prettinesses which catch ours; whatever stands in his light is fused in it; whatever lies in his breadth of gloom is covered with it. Yet only so at first view: look on, and, from amidst the furnace of his glory, single objects will become visible; from the veil of his shadow details will rise up. Everything is

there as much as it is in Nature: in all things we must treat him as we do her, or he remains equally illegible. As you know not what distant objects mean in Nature, so you know not what they mean in Turner; as you strain your eye to see still more in Nature, so you must in Turner. There is no repetition except of the truth: his clouds alone are sometimes alike.

May 19.—To Mrs. Gartshore—always enchanting: she ought to go on from better to best. She agreed with me that, in all unforbidden matters, the best way is to touch what you are afraid of—like riding up a horse to what he shies at.

Eastlake, Turner, Landseer, James Swinton, Henry Reeve, John Simpson, Kinglake ('Eöthen'), Chorley, and Mrs. Jameson to dinner. Eastlake took me in to dinner, and was most refined and amiable; quite the stamp of gentleman in the utter absence of all anxiety to show it; remembered, too, what we had talked about three years ago—laughed at my asking him whether he was a grouse-shooter. Landseer a very different man—a head of power and strength, with that early grey hair, which looks like the wisdom of age and the strength of youth mixed: he is in very

'high society,' but I have seen enough now to know that they care not for smooth manners like their own, but even like vulgarity, if it be but new. Sir F. Palgrave was right in saying that a person who would set up to say rude things would be sure to take in London. 'Eöthen' is a heavy, shy-looking, plain little man, who stared sufficiently! Mrs. Jameson always hearty and kind.

May 20.—Out to Turner's. The door was opened by a hag of a woman, for whom one hardly knew what to feel most, terror or pity—a hideous woman is such a mistake. She showed us into a dining-room, which had penury and meanness written on every wall and article of furniture. Then up into the gallery; a fine room—indeed, one of the best in London, but in a dilapidated state; his pictures the same. The great 'Rise of Carthage' all mildewed and flaking off: another with all the elements in an uproar, of which I incautiously said: 'The "End of the World," Mr. Turner?' 'No, ma'am; Hannibal crossing the Alps.' There was a picture in Wilkie's line—a harvest feast—painted the same year as Wilkie's 'Rent Day,' and showing most astonishing powers and truth; but he was dis-

gusted at some remarks, and never finished it. His 'Poet in a Garret' bad enough in every respect: no one could think that one of his opal-coloured Venices was behind that. His 'Battle of Trafalgar' excellent, the disposition of the figures unstudied apparently. Then he uncovered a few matchless creatures, fresh and dewy, like pearls just set—the mere colours grateful to the eye without reference to the subjects. The 'Téméraire' a grand sunset effect. The old gentleman was great fun: his splendid picture of 'Walhalla' had been sent to Munich, there ridiculed as might be expected, and returned to him with 7*l.* to pay, and sundry spots upon it: on these Turner laid his odd misshapen thumb in a pathetic way. Mr. Munro suggested they would rub out, and I offered my cambric handkerchief; but the old man edged us away, and stood before his picture like a hen in a fury.

May 22.—Dined at Mrs. Lennox's. Sir E. L. Bulwer took me in to dinner—a man with rather disagreeable manners, reminding me of some of the sub-heroes in his own books. After dinner a crowd came in. There is an odd mixture in these parties; some so simple, others so false. I hate making guests a burden, as in Estonia,

but here the reverse is too much the case; their liberty looks very like one's own selfishness: a guest comes and goes without inquiry—very heartless in appearance.

May 26.—Drove to Richmond Park, where all seems devoted to beauty alone—a park kept for pleasure, but that pleasure higher than all use. Thence by Kingston, with its mighty elms—giants fresh as saplings, each bough a tree—to Hampton Court. Went through those empty, stately courts into the apartments. Pictures of curious costume and family value: the Lelys the highest bad style; West's family portraits of childish Royalty very interesting, and calculated to impose much respect, as making it appear very stiff and very worthy. The Holbeins beyond all praise—*that's* the truth we want now; he seems to have had no academical lines in his head; much beauty neglected by this, but much mannerism prevented, and that truth preserved which makes each look the separate individual. His Queen Elizabeth of about twelve years old, with her pale, girlish face, is exquisite. Then the completeness of Raphael's cartoons! Grandeur, simplicity, generality, particularity; as powerful as Michael Angelo, had his power stood alone;

as acting as Rubens, had his action taken precedence; as individual in character as our Wilkie, had that been his sole object: enough of everything, and something of all. Dr. Wordsworth seems to think that he died in good time for his excellence, that he had already lost his purity. Yes, he had lost youth, and was gaining manhood. 'Tis not his purity but his timidity which the Doctor means—a charm certainly, but only for its time. Examined the cartoons leisurely. I almost expected to see a lame man, who passed, cured by that awe-full 'St. Paul at Athens.' Like Turner and all truth, you must wait before you see all: pause before them and the action begins to unfold. Arms which seemed raised in individual gesture, hands turned in single abstraction, are found to be linked in meaning with other figures, making you think as he did. The 'Ananias' both the most conventional and the most startling. The 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes' the best for colour—that cool air and water and distance, with those red brawny figures in the centre; Peter's self-renouncement—he *has* left all already; the Saviour seated, only one hand and part of face seen—no action, only receiving homage.

Into the gardens afterwards, for a fresh set of

pictures and ideas. The roots of such places are deep in the past. To look on this scene abstractedly, there was nothing that might not have been attained anywhere else—splendid old trees, a venerable edifice, an average river, bright flowers, and well-dressed people—yet English habits and climate and care could only have kept it. . . . Dr. Wordsworth took me in to dinner—a sound man. Introduced to the two Lady Morleys.

May 28.—To Lord Westminster's. The pictures beyond description. Poussin's little 'Bacchante' delicious. Fra Bartolommeo's 'Holy Family' perfection.

June 2.—To Lord Lansdowne's. My Lord showed us round himself. He has purchased Sir Joshua's beautiful 'Kitty Fisher,' the most exquisite of sketches: that small open mouth would have been too trifling for any other action than that of speaking to a parrot. The pictures not numerous, but ancient sculpture of the grandest. . . . Mrs. Siddons told Lord Lansdowne, that she never recognised the highest expression of intense grief, till she studied the immobility of the Egyptian statue.

June 3.—To dinner in the evening Sir John

Barrow and son, Sir G. Back, Mr. and Mrs. Greig, Mr. and Mrs. P. Edgeworth, Mr. Jesse, &c. Sir G. Back took me in: a complete sailor, like Captain Ellis, even in voice 'and all the rest of it.' It was like a continuation of 'Peter Simple,' which I had just been reading. He talked much of Grand Dukes and Popes, for whom, in spite of his honest manner, he seemed to have a taste. Story after story most amusing. The high-born and the rich not unoften return to the simplest tastes; they have everything that man can make, and therefore they turn to what only God can make.

June 5.—Mr. Moore, Mr. Croker, Mr. Lockhart, Captain Brandreth, Sir F. Palgrave, Mr. Markland, Dr. Ferguson, Mr. Horace Twiss, and Mrs. H. Coleridge to dinner. Moore is greatly altered; a face made for merriment, but with foreign melancholy of expression, which is the most melancholy face of all. He said truly 'When the brains are out the man should die'; but he has better things than, or as good as, brains still left—the kind and the humane. He flushed with indignation at a coarse story of Mr. Croker's of Lord Sligo's breaking Lord Granville's nose when a boy at school. Mr. Croker

singularly entertaining and disagreeable; a handsome, disingenuous face, eyes catering all round for hearers to his tongue. The conversation turned on Lord Brougham, who seems to have no one's esteem. If he had died after the Reform Bill, he would have had a name; but now not even history will set him up. How different the Duke of Wellington, not only a great genius but a great mind! Being consulted about his own monument being erected at Hyde Park Gate, he said, 'I have nothing to say in such a matter; I am a dead man there.' Talked of America—the certainty of its falling to pieces and the establishment of a separate slave state. Moore told us that one of the Miss Livingstones had said to him, 'We have never any men-servants to wait at table—we have only negroes.' Mr. Croker began to talk about 'his royal friend George IV.' Mr. Lockhart grumbled impatiently, 'Ah! the old story.'

June 7.—Drove to Westminster Abbey. How grand it is! so light and so rich. Westward, the multiplied lines of roof-arches and pillars; eastward, the cluster of arches in the apse, through which one sees the dim relief of rich tracery and Gothic forms; and, beyond all,

a struggling light through dusky-coloured panes. The roof over the transept and choir is gilt in the ribs, and painted magpie-like; but otherwise not even a daub of whitewash has touched the walls, which seem to have been built from alternate quarries, the stones being dark and light in patches. There is a kind of mosaic, diaper effect in the surface of the stones above the arches having such a pattern. The woodwork poor and meagre; above it, here and there, peeps up the top of a tent or some upper strata of clouds, witnesses of the wretched monuments that have found their way into this hallowed place. The music heavenly; the singers on each side, as should be, organ between them. It gives truly the idea of the heavenly hosts, the organ having the effect of millions of voices in the distance. A sermon on the Trinity from Dr. Wordsworth, dry and passionless, but earnest and ecclesiastical. Very hot, a yellow mist on everything. Entering the open air after the Abbey was like going into a close room; the sun a copper disk. The parks beautiful, with military music flopping in the distance. Why should not the bands play sacred music on Sundays?

June 9.—Into the Park to see Prince Albert

review the household troops—a most interesting sight. Ibrahim Pasha was there, sitting doubled up on an English saddle, a bad, cruel, red face, with a white beard; the Duke of Wellington, by his side, looking twenty years his junior.

On June 19 Miss Rigby left London to visit friends in Derbyshire and Yorkshire. She stayed a few days at Bolsover Castle, going thence to Darlington, and returning to Edinburgh at the beginning of August. Again the Journal is left to tell its tale:—

June 19.—Off to the railway station. What signs of the times there are in such places! No one interested in his neighbour, all caring for self, no civilities as in old coaching days. People run against you, and don't beg pardon; you ask a question and get no answer. There is great solitude in a journey by railway: no one keeps pace with you, there are no walkers, and that can't be called a meeting with another train, which is only a clap! clap! in your ears, and a shadowy substance without outline swiftly passing your eyes. The landscape lovely—Nature in her new clothes for the season.

June 20.—Bolsover Castle is unique, I should think, in England: the complete dwelling-house of James I.'s time, with stonework, woodwork, and

ironwork, left untortured and untouched, and yet not in ruins. I have never seen oak-panelling and stone-groining before. Kitchen and drawing-room with single pillar in the centre, servants' hall and great hall each with two. Chimneypiece, piled fantastically up to the ceiling, inlaid with Derbyshire marble, the stonework sharp as yesterday. Everything is on the same stamp of solidity. The door and doorstalls in the centre upstairs are fit for the outside door of a county jail; every iron latch and window-fastening quaint and strong. The difficulty was to tame the grand creature and reduce it to household purposes without breaking its spirit; to get the apparatus for hot and cold water, kitchen-stoves, chimneys not to let down smoke, doors not to let in cold, wires for bells, rivets for stair-carpets—all this through stone, and even wood, which broke their tools as fast as the workmen tried them. The most thoroughly ghostly place I was ever in: I should doubt him, who said he had never seen an apparition here, more than one who had seen it every night. The castle is full of appropriate furniture, and pictures which have been there since the beginning.

July 7.—By train to Darlington; thence to

Mount Cartmel, a convent of Teresian nuns. Received by the abbess, the sub-prioress, and Sister Teresa Bernard (Miss Storey), a fair, lovely creature. Their costume is most strange; the habit of brown undyed wool, thick and coarse, with open sleeves, beneath which was the serge robe; a white linen band over their foreheads, and a white hood over their shoulders and pinned under the chin. The whole is a Spanish peasant dress, especially the shoes, which are white, and of the same material as horse-girths. They showed me their garments, laughing themselves at their clumsiness. They were courteous and hearty in their manner; but even common English sounded odd from such figures: you expected them to pronounce oracles, not to inquire after your relations. They were excessively cheerful and healthy; Miss Storey especially radiant with spirits and health. There is no looking-glass in the convent, and they forget what manner of faces they have. They spend altogether seven hours a day in prayer and meditation. They rise at five and go to bed at eleven, every hour parcelled out; two for recreation, when they meet and work together, and one to themselves in their own cells, when they do as they like.

Entire abstinence from meat: whatever else the earth supplies they are welcome to, and they may have beer! The diet seems to suit them all.

We dined with two priests, who were just like other men—lively and polite. They talked of the Catholic Church, and called me 'an honest heretic.' Said they thought us in error, but not in obstinate error. *The* Church is the whole difference. I quite see there can be nothing half-and-half; if you are allowed to reason you can't obey, and *vice versâ*.

CHAPTER XII

1846–1847

MISS RIGBY is back again in her 'beloved Edinburgh' on Aug. 6, 1846, and writes: 'There is no place like Edinburgh: the city sometimes high, the clouds sometimes low—always an affinity between them.' As usual, she receives a hearty welcome, which calls forth this reflection: 'It is good for human nature to have a few good friends and many general acquaintances. The distance of acquaintanceship makes all things look fair, while, if the nearness of friendship open faults to your view, you are the more inclined to make allowance for them.' Shortly after her return she heard the speeches after the dinner, held to celebrate the completion of the Scott Monument and the erection of Mr. John Steele's statue of Sir Walter.

Aug. 15.—To the Music Hall, where the Scott dinner was going on; just in time to hear the Queen's health, Prince Albert's, Army and Navy (why not the Church?), and then Sir Walter's. The good Provost made a modest, plain speech, doing his best, and saying truly

that, in addition to all his greatnesses, he claimed no exemption from 'the proprieties of society.' Lord Glenlyon, Grand Master of the Masons in Scotland, had his health given; and Mr. Whyte Melville returned thanks in concise, clear English. The Masons, of whom three-fourths of the company seemed composed, clapped their hands in time to a slow air—the most exciting effect; indeed, the simple clapping of an immense multitude is most exhilarating. When Steele's health was proposed, he was quite overcome, and leant back, incapable of anything, apparently, while the roar of applause rose and fell, and rose again. His friends gave him wine, and when there was silence, he was left standing alone. We thought he would break down, but he was too truly modest to be embarrassed, and his small, still, silver voice was heard in every corner of the hall. There was no gesture, no effort, but also no strength. He said he could not tell them how oppressed he felt; he spoke of the 'beautiful fairy structure' in which his work was placed, &c., and sat down, leaving the impression more of a delicate, high-gifted woman, than of a coarse, clever man. Burns' son returned thanks for the toast to his father's memory: he said his name had always opened to

him all hospitality, 'especially the best of all—Scotch hospitality.'

In September Mrs. Rigby and her daughters went to Oban, where they stayed two months making several expeditions in the Highlands: Miss Rigby accompanied them on these, but seems to have devoted nearly all her time to drawing and reading, though she never omits to describe any scenes new to her. One of the first entries in her Journal is a long account of a 'prayer-house' service she attended on Oct. 5 at Oban; she concludes by saying:—

The singing is a proof that untaught nature is perfect nonsense; every parish in Scotland has been singing every Sunday, and oftener, for two hundred years, and not a precentor has hit upon the real, simple, obvious way of the science of music. Their vulgar conceit always puts me in a passion. More than half the congregation were asleep: children lolling and playing, and only a few old women looking meekly up and waiting for the preacher's words.

Wordsworth is one of the books she was now studying.

He is (she writes) a puzzle to me: commonplace in thought and barren in word, yet with some he is more popular than any other poet.

At all events, the taste for him is a good sign of the day, for he has nothing to catch the senses; dry, hard reason and sound principle, expressed in the most unattractive manner, are all I can find in him.

Dunolly Castle thus strikes her :—

The entrance is most beautiful, a neat drive between a barrier of rock on one side and a barrier of sea on the other. Oban looks best thence, lying in an amphitheatre of hills, with clouds above, reminding me of a Titian background. The old fortress stands grandly; no one could look from that low entrance without encountering a view, which might soften the sturdiest heart. The Eagle still there on which Wordsworth wrote his pedantic sonnet: a square tower of great size, a vaulted room beneath, and a courtyard around. The present mansion is a wretched, tasteless thing, too ugly to be either old or new; the only kind of building found in Scotland between the old castle and the modern mansion; situated within fifty yards of two of the grandest views of the world, and seeing neither.

On her return to Edinburgh, at the end of October, Miss Rigby begins to write a paper on

'Dress' for the 'Quarterly Review,' and is thus encouraged by Mr. Lockhart:—'Nov. 2, 1846. Murray says that if you write on Dress as well as you dress yourself, you must produce a *chef-d'œuvre*. I quote him, as his authority will go further with you than that of the Elderly Editor, though I will not take the responsibility of quoting all he says on the interesting subject of his enthusiasm. Pray think of the pomps and vanities for once, and rebuke them prettily in the Christmas-box for Albemarle Street.'

On this subject she writes in her Journal, Nov. 4:—

Old ladies forget that the older they dress, the younger they look. It is bad for the same fashion to pervade all classes—merely seeing the same shapes in worse material and clumsier figures. Some people have only one age—before it, or after it, they are out of date.

It may be appropriate to quote here a letter from Dean Ramsay, giving his opinion on this article, which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' for March 1847.

23 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh: March 20, 1847.

My dear Miss Elizabeth,—We have been much interested in an article on 'Dress' in the last 'Quarterly.' Mrs. Ramsay read it aloud, and was constantly interrupted, either with explosions

of merriment, or exclamations of admiration. The whole article is ingenious, graceful, and original. Besides the generally accurate knowledge of female dress, two circumstances would have proved to me that a lady had written the article.

1. The account of a 'quilling which scratches her and everybody else' could only have been written by the wearer of similar articles.

2. The description of male dress stopping, like that of Miss Grizel Oldbuck of Monkbarns, at 'that part o' his garments whilk it doesna become a leddy to particulareeze.'

Our fair author seems acquainted with Norfolk. I wish she had introduced the Quaker dress, the qualities of which are highly emblematical of those who wear it—they are cold, formal, clean, and calculating.

The style of the article is charming, and admirably suited to the subject. . . .

Believe me

Most sincerely and faithfully,

E. B. Ramsay.

Two entries in her Journal are here quoted:—

Nov. 25.—Looked through the Holbeins at the Advocates' Library: they have so few words,

and those all so true. The costume in some is very picturesque; any hanging drapery behind the head is ennobling: and though he has given little beauty according to modern ideas, yet he has given true aristocratic complexions and slender throats.

Dec. 2.—Examined the Joshua Reynolds' prints at the Institution: the costumes wonderfully unbecoming and awkward, impossible to walk in, and some of them as little picturesque as the present day. Nowadays we have only the gown; formerly both petticoat, shift, and dressing-gown came into account. The quantity of ruffle is pretty, and the form of the bust; also the small waist without tightness visible.

The Journal is now blank for some months, and the only record of her life in the interval is a letter from Miss Rigby to Miss L. Browne:—

Edinburgh: March 18, 1847.

I have recently met the 'History of Europe' Alison, who is a charming man, with all the varied information his writings bespeak, and none of the pedantry. He is full of fun, and has much of the benevolence which distinguished his celebrated brother, the doctor, who is the philanthropist of Scotland.

I am amused at your remarks on the still severer cold we must have been suffering from: this is a mistake all English correspondents fall into. This is now our fourth winter, and we are convinced of what all Edinburgh residents (who know what English winters are) assured us, that we should find the climate of Edinburgh far milder. Indeed, what with the absence of frost and snow, the stone houses, and the cheap coals, we can only pity you. I don't know where the bad climate of Scotland exists; for the Aberdeenites equally repudiate the idea of severity, and various counties are distinguished for their mildness, the west coast generally being resorted to by those who find Edinburgh inclement. I have never seen exotic plants flourishing in such outdoor profusion in England as I have on the Forth and elsewhere. The social weather of Edinburgh, also, only goes on to improve. We are now no longer strangers or lions, but the attention we receive only increases, while a few choice spirits are ripening into real friends. I am now in the 'Quarterly Review' again (the forthcoming) with an article on 'Dress,' with which Messrs. Lockhart and Murray are much amused. Thank you much for your kind remarks on my Cologne

paper.[1] The editor plagued me by omitting a very edifying comment on the inconsistency of Protestants contributing in any way to a Roman Catholic edifice. I hate the Germans for doing so; but if a temple were raised to Dagon, German Lutherans would contribute. The R. C. Germans despise them heartily, but of course take all they choose to give.

I wish I could be more industrious, but it is almost impossible in a town surrounded with those, to whom one can only give one's time and company in return for much better things. I look upon this as a necessary evil, to be set against numberless good things we enjoy here.

June and July of this year were passed in the Highlands. Well known as Loch Lomond is to her by this time, Miss Rigby finds something fresh to say about it.

Nothing (she writes to a relative, on July 10) goes so beautifully together as the near green and the distant blue: one feels the harmony of their actual identity. That's why all ages may and should suit together; they are all the same thing, only seen through a different medium. Loch

[1] *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1846. 'Cologne Cathedral.'

Lomond has the most lovely edges; so have all stationary inland lakes—none of the periodical moulting which makes the salt-water lochs so shabby, but always full and equal; there seems a natural courtesy between trees and water. Then the foregrounds—lumps of rock finely outlined on the shore, and cove after cove, in any of which an artist could paint or a poet dream. I'd rather be the first: the painter's art wants the man, the poet's not; and the poet is often an unsightly appendage.

I want a different standard of the picturesque; our standard is chiefly what a favourite artist has made. I should like to choose a totally different class of pictures, more formal and truthful—the Holbeins of landscape—and break the public in to admire those. . . .

The other day we went to Ardarroch, where we dined with Mr. McVicar, an honest, generous, rich man, who reminded me in face and head of Robert Chambers; both have much the same history—a genius for business. We went round the garden, a paradise blooming in the midst of wild heath, rock, and morass: immense quantities of soil laid on, but the first soil, as Mr. McVicar said, 'a layer of bank-notes.'

Again on *Aug.* 2 :—

I don't care for these lochs in full view ; little shore-bits of them are delicious, but too generally they lie heavy and dull, and seem to cover up what might be more beautiful than themselves. What I like in Scotland is a broad hillside, with straggling bush or straying cattle—a warm brown-green, with patches of crimson heath, and above, clear and pure against the outline, a full white-bosomed cloud rolling about in a deep blue sky. And I love every inch of a burn, with ferns hanging over it, and every stone, round which it ripples, rich in colour ; or a yellow gravelly bank, with nodding green bushes above throwing their dancing shadows over it. Nothing looks large or interesting of which you see the whole. I doubt whether what the world calls fine scenery ever looks well in a picture ; there is no idea given by it.

CHAPTER XIII

1847–1849

RETURNING to Edinburgh early in August 1847, Miss Rigby takes up her Journal again :—

Aug. 6.—Art is like instinct, incommunicable: one age may bequeath statues and pictures to another, but it cannot bequeath knowledge. Science can be bequeathed; one fact after another is laid up. Faraday may take up where Davy left off, for science lies without the man, but art is partly within, partly without. Art is destined to rise and fall, to bud, blossom, and decay, leaving fruits from which much may be gathered and seed sown afresh, but not the line of Raphael or Rubens be perpetuated. Each one is true and interesting for opposite reasons: Art, because it partakes of the mind, is coloured, influenced by it; Science, because it repudiates all individuality, stands free from opinion, taste, or prejudice, uses the human mind to elaborate it, but shakes off all

contact with it and is free. Art was cast upon the world, after its extinction in Greece, in the most mechanical form—providentially so, for thus only could a people begin again. Mosaics, frescoes, Byzantine paintings, had reduced hand and mind to the mere mechanism of the art. The early part of engraving began thus: goldsmiths drew men and women, as they drew any other pattern, for a decoration; the process seems to show this: hard decided outlines, dark grounds done—it mattered not much how—and a little artificial shading.

Aug. 10.—I was sitting alone writing, when Andersen, the Danish poet, was ushered in: a long, thin, fleshless, boneless man, wriggling and bending like a lizard with a lantern-jawed, cadaverous visage. Simple and childlike, and *simpletonish* in his manner. We had a great deal of talk, and after so recently reading his life, he seems no stranger to me. His whole address and manner are irresistibly ludicrous.

Aug. 18.—Andersen dined with us. He had one stream of interesting talk—perhaps rather too much of himself, but to me that was novel and entertaining. His descriptions of Rachel and Jenny Lind most characteristic, each the symbol

of Art and Nature. Spoke of the King of Denmark in the highest terms, and was hopeful about the Crown Prince. He said he had written to the King since he had been in England, just as he would have written to any other person. Altogether he left a most agreeable impression both on mind and heart, especially on the latter, for his own seemed so affectionate. No wonder he finds people kind; all stiffness is useless with him, as he is so evidently a simple child himself. He is struck with the religion in England, and says that Hegel's philosophy is doing harm in Denmark.

Sept. 12. — To church. A Mr. Hughes preached upon the Sacrament, arguing that we should not consider it an extraordinary, but an ordinary, ceremony; that we should divest our religion of all enthusiasm, and rule ourselves day by day alike. I don't think this is true. The Holy Communion is a periodical renewing of our fervour, stages in our religious life, by which we look back upon our progress. As for forbidding enthusiasm, this would be treating religion differently from every other pursuit or occupation we love best, in which our ardour never relaxes quite, but still has times when it burns with unwonted fire.

Sept. 14.—Clever books need not be good, but really good books must be clever in their very natures. Are not the Scriptures as much cleverer, as they are better, than any other book? Twaddle with a good intention is still twaddle.

Oct. 26.—To Inverleith Place—walked back through part of the grounds alone. There is a concentration of thought, in a dark solitary walk, which no other occasion seems to afford. One seems to collect one's life before one, and events stand out in the memory like objects in the twilight—some nearer, some larger than they do by daylight, some totally overlooked. Such walks are halting-places in life: I recollect from one to the other, and what I have thought at each, though years have passed between.

The Journal now contains no entries for nearly a year, and the only letters which bridge the gap are those to Miss Laura Browne. One is here quoted:—

June 5, 1848.—Edinburgh has been filled lately with the General Assembly, on which occasion ugly, raw-boned men, in rusty black clothes, and with cotton umbrellas (by which one may always know a Scotch minister), throng the

streets. But the Queen's Commissioner gives the thing a dignity. This time it was Lord Belhaven, who, as usual, took up his residence at Holyrood Palace for the time. Lady Belhaven has always been very civil to me, so I attended her reception on the Queen's birthday, which was celebrated here last Monday. On this occasion there was a good deal of barbaric pomp—guards, and halberdiers, and pages, and other remnants of old costume, in keeping with the historical walls. There was something, in entering those arcades, so redolent of Queen Mary—being ushered up the regal stairs, sweeping through the throne rooms between a file of guards, and being received by a very queenlike creature, blazing with diamonds, in the great drawing-room. A grand suite was thrown open (the same which Charles X. had occupied), filled with brilliant company, among whom the ungainly ministers made an amusing contrast. The open windows showed us hallowed ground—the exquisite ruined chapel on one side, and on the other the massive Arthur's Seat sleeping in the bright silent night; or else the courtyard, with arches all round, filled with soldiers and state-footmen. It was a tableau never to be forgotten.

On July 18 Miss Rigby went to Germany on private matters connected with her family, and, on her return to Edinburgh, writes to Miss Browne:—

Aug. 20, 1848.—I am back here after a not disagreeable journey. I hope I did not prove an incompetent *chargée d'affaires*, but the result will show whether I was a successful one. Much of the ground I passed over was familiar to me. I enjoyed a peep at Cologne, in which, after writing so much about it, I take a kind of maternal interest. Frankfort was as good as new to me, and Baden Baden quite so; these were my three principal resting-places. Frankfort is now the great focus of German interest, and was swarming with so-called 'members of Parliament.' I spent a morning in the Assembly, and heard as much of the politics of the day in the short time as I could possibly hold, and more than I could understand. But for this I shall refer you to an article, called 'Modern Frankfort,' in 'Fraser's Magazine,' which I see quoted in the 'Times,' and which is praised by Mr. Lockhart, without knowing it to be mine, so I am rather proud of it. But you won't read there of a funny acquaintance I picked up. You remember my translating Passavant's book on

English Art. Well, I happened to see the name in Frankfort, which reminded me that he was director of the picture gallery there, of which I determined to get a private view. So I sent my card to him, and there instantly appeared such a dapper, smart, handsome old bachelor, that I am not sure that, if I had seen him twelve years ago when I translated his dull book, my heart would not have been damaged. We met like old acquaintances, and he gave me the private view I wanted, and a history of the most remarkable pictures. I remembered, with contrition, that we had always called him 'Old Passy,' and had abused him like a pickpocket; but I smiled upon the old gentleman as sweetly as I could by way of compensation. . . .

At Baden Baden I fell in with Countess Benkendorf and my friend Annette: the former now a widow and the latter with her husband, Count Appony. They welcomed me most cordially, and we had much to say during the short time at our disposal. . . . I am now very busy here again, and hope to have an industrious time.

The last few extracts from the Journal are here transcribed :—

Aug. 23.—Read 'Vanity Fair.' Things are written now to be read once and no more: they are read as often as they deserve. A book in old times took five years to write, and was read five hundred times by 500 people; now it is written in three months, and read once by 500,000 people. That's the proper proportion. . . . There are some people we should never know, if they had not been old friends. Relations are plagues sometimes, and so are old friends; and then comes the time, when the most congenial acquaintances fade into worthlessness in comparison with them.

Aug. 25.—Read 'Nasology.' Go to a Hebrew nose for your broker, to a Roman nose for a partisan, to a Grecian nose for a *compagnon de voyage*, to a cogitative nose for a friend, and to any nose you can get for a wife. The book written on an excellent principle. I have always felt that dry facts are of no use, that much knowledge and little wisdom are the characteristics of the day. . . . To Inverleith Place to dinner. Professor Wilson and his two daughters there. Discussed proverbs. 'Do nothing in haste except catching a flea'; this, written on a card, once prevented a duel. The Spanish proverb, 'The devil tempts every

man except the idle man, and he tempts the devil.'

Aug. 31.—To Alboni's concert. Corbari sang perfectly well, but that's all ; she leaves nothing to be desired, not even the wish to hear her again. Alboni came on ; the most extraordinary-looking creature, short and immensely fat, with a solemn face at top, and all the hair off her temples. She is something between a Juno and a crétin ; the fair smooth forehead seventeen, the double hanging chin at least fifty ; now with a thoughtful languor, now with an insolent vulgarity ; her smile was beautiful, but any attempt at laughter set the fat in motion. Her voice is unparalleled, and her execution perfect ; but I don't care for rapid execution ; her smooth, luscious, slow passages were more to my taste. Her Tyrolese song was perfectly electrifying ; but her appearance engrossed me as much as her voice.

Sept. 6.—To Hawthornden. One wonders how the house, which is not more than a century old, comes to have been built in so glorious a situation ; but it is only because it was annexed to the old castle, which was placed upon a rock, not because it commanded the grandest view, but because it was inaccessible on all sides but one.

When defence and strength ceased to be thought of, the Scotch had not learnt to think of the picturesque, and the gentlemen's houses of the last century are generally placed where not a beauty can be commanded. Hawthornden is always lovely; the angle of the river seen from those high rocks, on one side pouring all glistening towards you, on the other stealing all darkly from you; the walls of rocks which follow its lines, the foliage which hangs over them, clings to every fissure, and nestles warm at their feet. Every winding path you pursue has a wall on one side and a precipice on the other. . . . The place is like Matlock, but far more beautiful. Roslin Chapel is a sugared dish, which always tempts you to eat and always leaves nausea. There is a vanity about it. When it is pulled down, the stones will be separately exquisite—people will suppose there has been a Grecian temple, a Chinese pagoda, a Gothic edifice of the latest florid time; while a heap will remain over of stars, and rosettes, and starfish, and monstrosities, to which it will be impossible to assign any use at all.

Sept. 11.—Could not get on with my writing: there are times when I loathe the occupation.

Sept. 19.—To the concert: the most exquisite

combination—Grisi, Alboni, Mario, Tagliafico, and Benedict.

Oct. 20.—Began review of 'Jane Eyre'; rather halting, but that does not discourage me so much as formerly.

The Journal, which had been irregularly kept for some months, now ceases altogether.

After writing a paper on 'Music,' which appeared in the September number of the 'Quarterly Review,' Miss Rigby began a review of 'Vanity Fair—Jane Eyre—and Governesses': in this article, published in the December number, she proves 'by evidence incontrovertible' that 'Jane Eyre' was written by a man! As bearing on this paper, and on the supposed identity of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, the following letters from Mr. Lockhart to Miss Rigby are interesting:—

Nov. 13, 1848.—I am glad to have report of progress as to Jane Eyre and Becky, which last I, like you, have rather a sneaking tenderness for. Her end seems to me well chosen, though borrowed from Byron, who, you know, meant Don Juan to be in the upshot an Irish bishop. About three years ago I received a small volume of 'Poems by Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell,' and a queer little note by Currer, who said the book had been published a year, and just two copies sold, so they

were to burn the rest, but distributed a few copies, mine being one. I find what seems rather a fair review of that tiny tome in the 'Spectator' of this week: pray look at it.

I think the poems of Currer much better than those of Acton and Ellis, and believe his novel is vastly better than those which they have more recently put forth.

I know nothing of the writers, but the common rumour is that they are brothers of the weaving order in some Lancashire town. At first it was generally said Currer was a lady, and Mayfair circumstantialised by making her the *chère amie* of Mr. Thackeray. But your skill in 'dress' settles the question of sex. I think, however, some woman must have assisted in the school scenes of 'Jane Eyre,' which have a striking air of truthfulness to me—an ignoramus, I allow, on such points.

I should say you might as well glance at the novels by Acton and Ellis Bell—'Wuthering Heights' is one of them. If you have any friend about Manchester, it would, I suppose, be easy to learn accurately as to the position of these men.

Nov. 20.—You have read Becky S. with

happy acuteness: she merited the dissection of a Brodie, and has got her deserts. All 'Jane,' too, is good.

I wrote to Ainsworth, the novelist, as being a Manchester man, but he is in the dark as to the Bells, and only knows that the proof-sheets were sent into Yorkshire.

This article, or rather the part bearing on 'Jane Eyre,' created some sensation at the time, and has been the subject of much criticism, portions of which are reproduced by Dr. William Wright in 'The Brontës in Ireland' (Hodder & Stoughton, 1893). It is curious that the sex of the writer of the article was not guessed at once, as there are two or three passages which no male hand could have written: for, though on this point Dr. Wright says, 'As has been generally suspected, the writer was a woman,' he applauds a certain critic who condemns the 'male ruffianism' of the author. Dr. Wright is probably correct in stating that 'the well-kept secret was brought to light by Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the "Bookman" of September 1892.'

In January 1849 Miss Rigby became engaged to Mr. Charles Lock Eastlake, R.A., whom she had met frequently in London—generally at Mr. John Murray's house in Albemarle Street. Announcing her engagement to an old friend, she writes: 'He has always been the object of my particular admiration for his gentle, refined manner and cultivated conversation; I have always met him with unfeigned pleasure. I believe him

to be the right man for me, and am more and more happy in the thought of spending my life with him.'

The marriage took place at St. John's Church, Edinburgh, on April 9, 1849, and, three weeks afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake took up their abode in London, at 7 Fitzroy Square.

CHAPTER XIV

1849

FROM the date of her marriage, for more than sixteen years, Mrs. Eastlake wrote regularly (generally three times a week) to her mother and sister, apologising for any letter which did not fill at least six pages. These letters, revealing, as does the Journal, her character in a remarkable way, set out so vividly her appreciation of the people she met, and the impression made upon her by fresh scenes and important events, that they must be allowed to speak for themselves and for her.

As Mr. Eastlake's wife, and by virtue of his high character and attainments, she was at once admitted into that circle of society in London which numbered amongst its members those who were most distinguished in literature, science, and art (differing from Edinburgh society not so much in kind as in degree). To the advantages of her position she added her own great personal attractions—a striking presence and bearing, a charm of manner, perfect self-possession, and a speech as ready as was her pen or pencil.

A few extracts are here given from these letters—written, unless otherwise stated, from 7 Fitzroy Square, London :—

May 5, 1849.—At present the callers are not overpowering, and we have had quiet evenings at home, but these must soon cease. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge were here—interesting people, he the son of the poet. The evening before we went to Lady Davy's: this was my *début*. The moment we entered the room, Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison, and Mr. Hallam, came forward most friendlily; then the two Lady Morleys, good-natured Lady Chantrey, Miss Hallam, Lord and Lady Murray, and Lord Colborne. The Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Buckland were introduced to me. Then Lady Davy, who was most attentive, brought up a plain, odd-looking woman, who, she said, was anxious to make my acquaintance: it was Lady Lovelace. You may guess the interest with which I rose to meet her. I looked in vain for the Byron face, though perhaps she has something of the Byron short upper lip. She had been recently with John Murray to see the Byron MSS., and told him that she had never seen her father's handwriting before. An odd-looking man stood near, and stared at me. I thought it was Lord Lovelace, but soon recognised 'Eöthen,' grown grey and not less impudent. Thackeray was there and pleased me

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much; he bewailed himself that he had not received our cards, which were accordingly sent him next day.

Yesterday was the R.A. private view, which is the most exclusive meeting of rank and fashion, intermingled with artists and their wives. I was introduced, by their own desire of course, to many people, not all of whom I can remember, but some of whom I shall never forget. Lady Essex (Miss Stevens) was very cordial, and Lady Marian Alford (Lord Northampton's daughter) interested me much. Lady Belhaven and Lady Ruthven greeted me warmly. Then my husband came up to say that Sir Robert and Lady Peel wished to make my acquaintance. Lady Peel is a remarkably pretty woman still: Sir Robert placed himself at my side, and spoke nicely about the pictures. It was rather formidable, but Lord Colborne and Lady Murray came to the rescue.

May 12.—My day at Eton was charming. On my return to town, I fetched my husband from Sir Robert Peel's, where there had been an Academy dinner. Thackeray came out with him, and said, 'I have been trying to keep him *patient*.' Then we went to Lady Monteagle's, where there was a large party—among them

Guizot: a very interesting head. The Stanleys were there, but I don't think the Bishop knew me, though he shook hands most warmly.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Rogers called: he was in excellent humour, and not in the least formidable. He gives me the run of his house. He assured me that 'no event, no great earthquake, no French Revolution, nothing could have astonished all Europe more than Eastlake's marriage.'

May 14.—It was a select little dinner-party at Lady Davy's yesterday: Mr. James Hope, Hallam, Monckton Milnes, John Murray, Lady Fredk. Bentinck, and ourselves. Mr. Milnes was excessively amusing, and the rest were better pleased to listen to him and Mr. Hallam than to talk themselves. In the evening came various people, among them Thackeray and 'Eöthen.' Thackeray was very diverting, and Eöthen asked me if I remembered him, and I said, 'Yes, gradually I have.' We talked of Lady Lovelace, and he was amused at my saying that Babbage and not Byron should have been her father.

May 16.—Our dinner at the Leycester Adolphus' we much enjoyed. He is the son of the old eminent barrister, and the man who made

such an able investigation of Sir Walter Scott's identity.[1] He is much praised in 'The Life.' He took me in to dinner, and Mr. Moore Esmeade (the youngest son of the Carrick Moores) was on my other side. I have never sat between two more delightful men. We talked in a trio, and I am afraid Mr. Esmeade neglected his own lady. Among the guests were Sir Charles and Lady Fellowes, Sir Robert Inglis, and Judge Erle—an extremely witty man. After dinner came a large party, and there was a little very good singing, which made me long for more.

Yesterday we went to Lansdowne House, which is superb. At first all looked empty, and we wound our way, with a few other guests, slowly through the charming rooms, looking at pictures and statues, till the sound of music drew us more quickly on; and we entered the great saloon, where Strauss and his band occupied one end of the splendid dome. Such chairs as there were in the centre of the apartment were already occupied by ladies, and upon sofas sat the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, with

[1] *Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., M.P.:* containing critical remarks on the series of novels beginning with *Waverley*, and an attempt to ascertain their author. London, 1822.

Princess Mary and other grandees; also Lady Lansdowne. Of course, nobody passed them to approach the lady of the house, but Lord Lansdowne was moving about welcoming all. Gradually the crowd increased behind us, and the whole mass pushed further and further into the room; never, however, quite abreast of the royalties. It was so interesting that I forgot all fatigue—the dresses, the diamonds, the beauties, the distinguished personages—for we were all mixed up together, except those ladies who, having come earliest, had been invited to seats opposite the royal sofas, and who looked very dull. I was introduced to many people, and was amused at the whispers 'That's Mrs. Eastlake,' with not seldom the addition 'She was Miss Rigby.' One lady asked Mr. Eastlake in my hearing if he was '*garçon* still,' and then, of course, begged for an introduction: she was Lady Shelley. There was a most lovely creature, who had gradually made her swanlike way through the crowd, with a wreath of mulberry leaves, with diamond berries, on her head: she addressed my husband in the most melodious voice and kindest manner. I always rather look away when strangers are speaking to him, not wishing to show any desire

for an introduction; however, I heard the whispered request, and was surprised when my husband said, 'The Duchess of Sutherland.' She assured me in her sweetest tones, that she had been long wishing for the pleasure of my acquaintance. Then she spoke of the beauty of the room, which, I told her, reminded me of St. Petersburg. After a little more conversation, she passed on with a kind smile, and was invited to the Duchess of Gloucester's side. The youthfulness of her appearance, in addition to her beauty, is marvellous, and she is not too stout for dignity. The face is very fine, and has that sunny look, that *aria beata*, which would beautify any. She may be a frivolous, extravagant woman, but she is a most lovely and fascinating one. In the course of time, Lady Lansdowne perforated the crowd, and gave me a gracious welcome. When Strauss had finished, the old Duchess of Gloucester rose, kissed the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, and, taking Lady Lansdowne's arm, advanced upon the crowd. Of course, all made way for her with deep bows and curtseys, and she passed through with kind, venerable smiles, occasionally giving her hand to someone, walking feebly by the side of Lady Lansdowne, who

seemed to support her with a double feeling of reverence for her rank and her age. She is a kind-looking old lady, dressed like one, and has left a sweet picture on my mind. Lady Lansdowne, too, is a fair, aristocratic-looking woman, and, with her floating gauzes and marabouts, seemed to walk in a halo of light. The Duchess of Cambridge is a beetle-browed, dark, imperious-looking woman. . . . In my simplicity I had thought that, when we could escape from that crowd, we should find the other rooms as cool and empty as at first, but I soon discovered that they were as full as the saloon. In short, above 2,000 people were there. We thought ourselves lucky to get our carriage, after waiting for it an hour. . . . This is a long letter of mere narration on my side, but Lansdowne House was worth the trouble: I shan't often have such a thing to describe.

May 20.—Our dinner at Sir Robert Inglis's was very charming. He is himself a man of the highest intellect and goodness, and Lady Inglis pleased me exceedingly. The party was nicely chosen. Sir Francis Palgrave, Lady Davy, Sir Howard, Lady, and Miss Douglas, Lord Harrowby, Mr. and Miss Hallam, and others. Sir

Francis took me down, and you know how entertaining he is; and we were so near Sir Robert that I shared in his charming conversation.

May 24.—Yesterday we went (I for the second time) to Lord Ward's gallery of pictures, just rescued from Rome, and of the finest description. He was most attentive to both of us, and is a remarkably handsome young man, both in figure and face, with wavy black hair, like an antique head. He has given us *carte blanche* of entrance, which is a privilege, as the public are not to be admitted as yet. He has a most remarkable Raphael—a large 'Crucifixion,' the only one he ever painted, and that done at eighteen years of age. Then we went to the Morrisons', where a good concert was going on. Sims Reeves' voice enchanted me: he is the rival tenor to Mario. Lady Lovelace's party last night was very agreeable; she looked better, and interested me more. I was amused, after my remark to 'Eöthen,' to find Babbage and herself the greatest friends. She assured me that Lord Lovelace 'is the best possible authority for architecture': what recommendation this is in a conjugal light I am unable to say. There were many people there I knew—Ford, the Woronzow Greigs, Thackeray,

Lockhart, Count Streletzki, &c.; and then, as sights, the Turkish Ambassador and his Secretary, with their red fez caps, and a blaze of diamonds hanging in front. 'Look at Ada,[2] pitching it into him about the rights of women,' said Lockhart, and then went off with his chuckle.

June 9.—My breakfast at Mr. Rogers' on Wednesday was delightful. Whether it is that he is peculiarly kind to me on my husband's account, or whether his temper has softened with age, I know not; but he certainly seems most amiable and affectionate. After showing me his gems of art, he came with me to see some pictures at Christie's, where we met Lord and Lady Lansdowne. That evening we dined at Sir Rod. Murchison's. Professor Forbes handed me down, and Westmacott, the sculptor, was on my other side. Mr. Munro was there, and Lord George Manners looking like an old English gentleman by Gainsborough. The next evening we dined at Mr. Smith Child's; and last night at Sir George Clerk's, a noble house and very agreeable dinner.

June 20.—I am sorry to say our engagements are recommencing, and my quiet life, for a time,

[2] Lady Lovelace.

over. Yesterday we dined at Mr. Cockerell's at Hampstead: such a lovely spot! After that, we went to an At Home at Sir Charles Fellowes'. To-morrow we dine with Mr. Rogers, who has just called to invite us. He is utterly white in hair, skin, and eyes from extreme old age.

June 26.—We met Mr. and Mrs. Macready at dinner at Mr. Rogers'. I liked the Macreadys much; his American campaign has brightened him up. Mr. Rogers is more *available* of a morning than of an evening, when old age shows itself in drowsiness; still, he emitted some sparks of his former fire. Yesterday morning we were off by half-past ten for Syon House. It is a charming drive there, and the great trees of the park cast a welcome shade over us as we drove up to the square, heavy house. We entered a white marble hall, cool as it looked, and were received most kindly by the Duke and Duchess [of Northumberland], who conducted us into a long gallery, where sat the Dowager. She is a very beautiful middle-aged woman, with fine complexion, noble features, and an active, beaming expression; her figure tall and lovely. The Duchess is a small, pale young woman, with beautiful eyes and long lashes, daughter of Lord

Westminster. The Duke is a large, tall man, with a cordial, unaffected, English manner, increased by his having served in the army. His character for benevolence and simple right dealing is excellent. They were anxious to show us not only the pictures, but everything else, so took us to see the remains of the old convent, which perhaps gave the place its name. Then, of course, they showed us over the garden, conservatories, and grounds: all were magnificent, flowers, spices, &c., and strange rare trees—timber-size—in the grounds. The Duchess knew every plant and tree, and stood such heat and fatigue as nearly killed me. At luncheon, the Dowager spoke of knowing me through my writings, and especially through 'Music,' which seemed particularly to have hit her fancy. Afterwards, she and the Duchess pressed me to walk and see the remainder of the grounds with them, so that the two nearly did for me! However, it was something to be walked off one's legs by two Duchesses! We left them at five o'clock, very much delighted with their condescension and kindness, and in great good-humour with the English aristocracy.

July 2.—On Wednesday we were at the Sala-

mons' musical party, and heard exquisite things—some enchanting songs from Mrs. Sartoris, who was in best voice, and some beautiful playing from our host and Miss Kate Loder. Yesterday we went to see Lady Hartland at Hampton Court; dined in the evening with the Vivians, going afterwards to Lady Lovelace's. The Vivians are wealthy people—she a pretty young lively woman, and he a member of the Fine Arts Commission, who are all men of a certain weight for something or other. Lord and Lady Ruthven and she, after I had been entertaining them to the best of my power, went and wished Mr. Eastlake joy so heartily, that I could hardly subdue him afterwards. At Lady Lovelace's I met Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty, who had a long talk with me.

July 6.—You will think I am lapsing into bad habits when you see this scrawl of a letter, but in truth my time is less than ever my own, now that I am attempting some industrious habits; for I have seriously begun to translate the second edition of Kugler, which already interests me. On Tuesday I called on Countess Rossi,[3] and

[3] Henriette Sontag.

was most warmly received by her and her good husband. She spoke very touchingly of the misfortunes which have induced her to take this step, and, as I rely on her sense and on Lumley's caution not to have undertaken a hazardous plan, I augur her complete success. She has promised me their box for to-morrow, when she makes her *début*. She is looking quite young and pretty enough for the part she has undertaken.

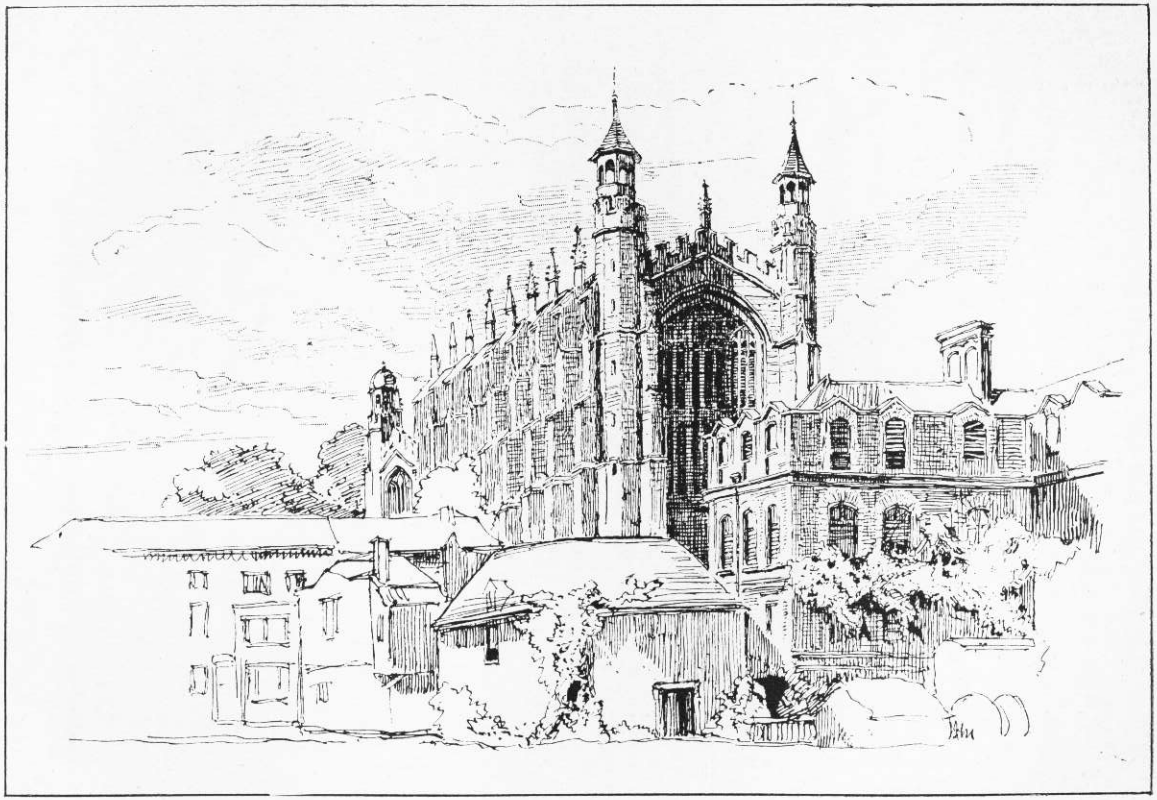
July 9.—Madame Rossi's success at the Opera was immense, and I was doubly interested in it, seated as I was with her husband and children. I called on her yesterday and found her looking beautifully; she was in good spirits, and her mind appeared full of gratitude for the success that had been granted her. I find the papers are saying what I thought, viz. that her voice has the freshness of sixteen, with riper taste, power, and knowledge added to it. Mrs. Sartoris says, 'she looks twenty-seven, and sings like seventeen.'

July 14.—Our parties last night went off excellently well, thanks to our sweet singer. Our dinner party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bellenden Ker, Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore, Lady Davy, and Mr. Rogers. The latter and Mrs. Gartshore were soon very good friends. Mr. Ker is a witty,

good-humoured man, and the only fault to be found with him was that he did not allow Mr. Rogers to engross the conversation. Soon after dinner the knocks began. As many had sent no answer, I was uncertain how many would come; but everybody came, so I was kept in full activity receiving. Among our guests were the Dowager Lady Morley, who brought with her a pretty Miss Gordon, Lady Howard Douglas, Lady Frances Hope, Lady Ruthven, the Horners, Procters, Lady Chantrey, Macaulays, Pollocks, Clives, Reeves, Murrays, Grüners, Mr. Munro, Babbage, Landseer, Boxall, Hardwicks, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Leycester Adolphus, and young Stockhausen. As soon as Mrs. Gartshore's tones were heard, the whole flock trooped into the back drawing-room. She was in excellent voice and health, and riveted all hearts. I was anxious that Bezzi and a few other connoisseurs should hear her, and they were as much astonished and delighted as I could desire. Even Mr. Babbage, who hates music, said that he felt something which he could not explain, which bothered him greatly, as, of course, he likes to understand everything. Landseer owned he was 'fairly mesmerised'; Boxall declared himself 'miserable'; and, in

short, it was her usual well-deserved triumph. Young Stockhausen sang beautifully: he has a splendid voice—a sweet baritone. To-day we are going to a *fête champêtre* at the Derwent Coleridges' at Chelsea; on Monday there is a concert at Lady Clerk's, but after that I shall make a stout resistance to all further engagements, except such as are very tempting, namely, Lady Chantrey's dinner at Richmond, &c., &c. On Monday we were at the Procters', where all the world was talking of Madame Rossi. Mrs. Sartoris was very enthusiastic about her, and vowed that she almost wished that 'Sartoris were ruined.' I like Mrs. Procter very much; she is both good and clever, and Barry Cornwall himself is very gentle and poet-like.

Mrs. Rigby now stayed two months with her son-in-law and daughter in Fitzroy Square, and, immediately after her departure, Mrs. Eastlake's letters to her begin. They, however, do not contain much of general interest, because she was busy translating Kugler's 'Handbook of Painting,' her husband was occupied with a picture for the Royal Academy, and most of their friends were out of town. That the lack of society was not distasteful to Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake is evident from a remark which the latter makes when writing to her mother on Sept. 26:—



ETON COLLEGE

My dear husband is at all times craving for my company, which he seems to enjoy as if he had not had it the day before, and were not going to have it the day after. I must confess, I too am in the same predicament.

CHAPTER XV

1850

After a round of visits to friends and relations in the country, chiefly in Devonshire, his native county, Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake returned to London in December. Here the letters to Mrs. Rigby again become a chronicle of her daughter's life from day to day, and we quote a few extracts as showing how full of interest that life was :—

Feb. 9, 1850.—Yesterday we dined at the Longmans', where we found a very pleasant party, including Macaulay. He is a happy, honest, sensible-looking man, and held forth all dinner: his voice fine, and his memory inexhaustible. He addressed the whole table, but graciously smiled when anyone joined in his theme, and, though an engrossing talker, was a polite listener. It was very interesting to me.

March 14.—On Monday I dined at Mr. Rogers' house, where I met Lord and Lady Dalmeny, and Landseer; the D.s claimed acquaint-

ance with me through Mr. Ramsay. We went afterwards to Lord John Russell's, and finished the evening at Lady Peel's—a magnificent house, and full of distinguished company. Sir Robert Peel was most cordially kind. These National Gallery and picture-cleaning questions are to be mooted in the House, and Sir Robert promises his clear voice and able elucidation in *our* favour. The pictures were beautiful. There were only a few people I knew, but I liked to look at Lord Gough and others.

March 29.—Countess Rossi was here to-day, just returned from Paris and Brussels, where her success has been unprecedented. Her courage is quite up, and she seemed in excellent health and spirits.

May 4.—Yesterday was a busy day at the private view, to which I went with Lady Davy. The Exhibition is an excellent one, though there is no Mulready and no Herbert. Landseer's picture is beautiful, and Dyce's 'Rachel and Jacob' exquisite; and the landscape artists are enchanting. There was plenty of good company, and Lady Davy knew all the world, which was interesting. We stopped to speak to the Duke of Wellington, whose plump and delicate-tinted face

little corresponded with my hatchet notions of him. Age and peace have certainly softened his features and expression, and the white hair softens the hooked nose: he is stouter too. He makes the military salute every minute, and answers with his two fingers up to his head as an affirmative. It would be affectation if he were not the Duke of Wellington. Sir Robert and Lady Peel conversed with me for some time; and the Duchess of Sutherland, greeting me with a radiant smile, discussed Dyce's picture with me; the Duke of Argyll was with her. Lady Westminster was introduced to me: she is the Duchess of Northumberland's mother, and as young and as pretty as her daughter. Many acquaintances were there, so that it was difficult to make an undisturbed round of the walls.

May 10.—I am afraid we are getting into the whirlpool, though I struggle hard to keep clear of it, or at least to get out of it from time to time. On Wednesday we dined at the Procters': Thackeray was there, and it was a very agreeable dinner, as all Mrs. Procter's are. Then we went on to Sir Robert Inglis', then to Devonshire House. There was an immense concourse of carriages in Piccadilly—a party at Miss Coutts',

and Lord Lansdowne's besides. Devonshire House stands in a courtyard, and the entrance for carriages was ample and easy. We drew up under a large portico, where, as it was raining, hundreds of servants were clustered. Then we entered a very large hall, with pillars in couples, looking like the crypt of the whole building. This hall led to the grand staircase, which encompasses a space big enough for billiard table, statues, &c. Nothing could be more grand and princely than the *coup d'œil*—groups sitting and lounging about the billiard table, where the Duke of Argyll and others were playing—crowds leaning over upon the stairs and looking down from the landing above ; the stairs themselves splendid, shallow, broad slabs of the purest white marble, which sprang unsupported, with their weight of gorgeous crystal balustrade, from the wall ; and such a blaze of intense yet soft light, diffused round everything and everybody by a number of gas jets on the walls. The apartments were perfect fairyland, marble gilding, mirrors, pictures and flowers ; couches ranged round beds of geraniums and roses, every rare and sweet oddity lying about in saucers, bouquets without end, tiers of red and white camellias in gorgeous pyramids,

two refreshment rooms spread with every delicacy in and out of season, music swelling from some masterly instrumental performers, and the buzz of voices from the gay crowd, which were moving to and fro without any crush upon the smooth *parquet.* The Duke looks just fit for the lord of such a mansion ; he is tall and princely-looking, with a face like a Velasquez Spanish monarch. He walked about, starred and gartered, and was very attentive ; he received me with a profound bow, and after talking a few minutes in rather a royal way, being too deaf to be talked to, he moved on to fresh guests. The dresses were beautiful, and so fantastic that they would have passed for fancy dress a few years ago, being worn very much tucked up, and with long flowing ribbons—head-dresses with long creepers of flowers interwoven with diamonds hanging as low as the dress behind. Of course there were but few people I knew, but Lady Essex was very kind, and Sir Robert and Lady Peel most polite. There was so much to look at that the hours fled, and it was half-past one before we got away.

Passavant has been with us for some days : his ways astonish my husband and amuse me. The first day the old gentleman presented a great key

to Tucker,[1] which was pronounced by the latter to be the key of the bedroom door, so it was instantly restored to its place. I explained, with much laughter, that there was no need for such precautions; this rather flabbergasted the good old man. He is most quiet and inoffensive, and spends the whole day at the British Museum. My husband, being not so accustomed as I am to the awkwardness and fussiness of Germans, tries to find out the *logic* of his way of feeding himself, and hopes he will put on a proper coat when there is a dinner party, as he comes down in a kind of great coat to our dinner.

May 14.—Friday evening at Lady Lyell's was very agreeable. On Saturday we went to the Water-Colour Exhibition, and then dined at Sir Richard Westmacott's. On Sunday we were at Mr. Rogers'. Meanwhile, Passavant is so good-natured and easy a creature that we get over his ways, which are also much mending. He is orderly and punctual, and is away at the British Museum from breakfast to dinner. His English leaves sometimes a vacuum in the mind, and he won't speak a word of anything else; we both like him, and so venture to correct such English words as we understand.

[1] The butler.

May 17.—Our dinner of sixteen here on Wednesday was successful. . . . I put Passavant next to Mrs. Jameson, whom he knows. A great many came in afterwards. Yesterday, as Passavant did not wish to go 'into any more societies,' I went without him to James Swinton's, where I met Lord and Lady Jocelyn, Lord and Lady Dufferin, &c.

May 23.—Our dinner party No. 2 is over: the party consisted of Hamilton Grays, Milmans, Pollock, Macaulays, Lady Davy, Mr. Dennistoun, Mr. Kenyon, Landseer, and Lord Compton. The latter is Lord Northampton's eldest son, an amateur painter, and a generally accomplished young man. There were ten men to six ladies, but I managed that each man should have a piece of a lady, except Passavant, who knew no difference. Landseer I like much—he is a fine creature.

May 31.—Dr. Waagen has arrived: a plain old man, but with far more in him than Passavant. T. M. was terribly tried, as she alone was present when they kissed each other.

June 3.—Yesterday morning I went with Mrs. Gartshore to Madame Rossi's. They became good friends, and Madame Rossi proposed coming

one morning to sing at our house, saying I might invite some friends. I believe it is to be one day this week. In the afternoon Mr. Richard Cobden called, and stayed some time looking at pictures. . . . . Dr. Waagen is a most intelligent, clever, witty old gentleman, full of mimicry and drollery, and more well-bred than most Germans; but he was educated at Hamburg, and says he imbibed many English habits. He speaks English very imperfectly, but is inventive and original, and always makes himself understood, which Passavant never does; also he understands us.

June 8.—Whilst you are in the sweet country, I am toiling at pleasure in this whirlpool of a city. Our engagements multiply about us, and, as for my husband declining any, that's quite out of the question! On Thursday we all four breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, meeting Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Crowe; also Charles Murray, the Consul at Cairo, just home, having brought the 'Hippo' and the Nepaul Princes—the great novelties now here—with him.

Yesterday, I began by breakfast at the H. Grays', meeting Bishop Spencer, of Madras, who interested me much; he is still a very young-looking man, though a grandfather. Then on to

lunch at Mr. Ford's, where my husband, with Waagen and Passavant, met us, and where was a most agreeable party—Lady Davy, the Bunsens, Lord Lovelace, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, the Ruskins, Mr. Prescott, Major Rawlinson, &c. The house is full of exquisite works of art, and Mr. Ford was all wit and brilliancy. There we heard that Mr. Rogers had met with an accident, which wrung our hearts, the dear feeble old man having been knocked down in the street by a cab. We drove instantly to inquire for him. The servants could say nothing more than that he was in pain, but that Sir Benjamin Brodie and Mr. Travers could discover no injury. The blow from the cab had been very slight, but any touch would upset the strengthless old man of eighty-seven. We shall hear again to-day, and meanwhile are in some anxiety. Dinner was at the John Carrick Moores'; and then we concluded by a party at the Bunsens', where Dr. Waagen and Passavant also were. The old doctor thought I had done my duty for the day, and said it must be a '*schönes Gefühl*' for me.

June 13.—I got together a large party here yesterday afternoon to meet Madame Rossi, and hear her sing; she had kindly volunteered to

come, and had expressly allowed me to ask some friends. About sixty came, including Lady Essex (Dowager), Lord and Lady Malmesbury, Lady Hopetoun, the Clerks, Lady Davy, Lady Chantrey, Lord Lovelace, &c., &c. The kind sweet singer brought her daughter, Marie, with her, and Herr Eckhardt, a German composer of great celebrity, to accompany her. I was quite proud to introduce her to Lady Essex, and they met with mutual interest: they are a well-matched pair. Lady Essex never lost, either in the heyday of her public popularity, or in the splendour of her present retirement, her pure unsullied heart and simple kind manners, and now she is, perhaps, rather more timid than most women of the most private lives at her age. The dear Countess sang four times—first a Schubert song, then a beautiful thing from one of Herr Eckhardt's operas, then the most enchanting Swiss song, which the publishers won't accept because it is too difficult; then, to fill our hearts and swell her triumph to the utmost, she breathed forth 'Home, Sweet Home.' The rapture and gratitude were deep, and, with many, speechless.

June 16.—The déjeuner at Grosvenor House was splendid. The rooms, the pictures, and the

company made up a spectacle I shall never forget. The flower of English beauty and rank was there; and Lady Westminster herself, at the head of her five daughters, looked like one of them. All were very gracious to me, and I was introduced to many new people. The Nepaulese Princes were there, but I have no taste for savages. Mr. Rogers is daily reported as 'going on favourably,' but, in private, his medical men say that his thigh bone is broken and will never unite again. But he does not suffer pain, and they think he may live for years in his chair.

June 19.—On Sunday we dined at Lady Davy's. Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edmund Lyons (late Minister to Greece) were of the party. Sir Edmund was a charming companion, and I had much conversation with him. He took Lord Palmerston's part about Greece so strenuously as to leave my mind in a very tossed condition about the question.

Yesterday we dined at the Pollocks', where we had a very pleasant evening; I sat between Mr. Pollock and Mr. Ruskin—the latter improving on acquaintance.

June 28.—Our hearts are all swelling with indignation and emotion at the outrage offered to

the Queen. Good John Murray saw the blow given, saw the bonnet flattened to her face, and her face sunk in her lap: he was much upset and distressed.[2] I was at the 'Tempesta' opera, and was astonished, like most of the house, to see the whole corps dramatique come on and sing 'God save the Queen.' We now know why. Madame Rossi's emotion was so excessive, that the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice failed her in the second line, Parodi being obliged to help her. It was most touching.

June 30.—We went on Friday evening to Miss Coutts'. Pasta was the object of curiosity, but I felt more interest in the Duke [of Wellington], who was sitting just in the attitude that Landseer painted. All the world was talking about the Queen, and as my husband had heard Prince Albert's account that morning, we could give intelligence. The Prince states the wound to be much more serious than is reported; had it been lower, her beautiful eye would have been destroyed. I think her admirable, heroic conduct on this occasion raises her higher than ever.

This afternoon we were both admitted to Mr. Rogers' bedroom, where we spent half an hour

[2] Mr. Murray also assisted in the capture of the ruffian.

seated on each side of his bed. He is looking wonderfully well, and was brighter in eye and voice. He seems altogether robuster and more manly in bed, and, his head being erect on the pillow, the aged, sunken look was gone. But I conclude that he will never quit that room; the 'neck of the thighbone,' as the servant expressed it, is broken, though he does not know it himself. His health is very good, his rest natural, and his appetite excellent. Another accident, much to be regretted, is to Sir Robert Peel, who has been thrown with violence from his horse, and his collar-bone broken—so it is given out; but it is whispered that the injuries are much more severe, the shoulder being dislocated and much crushed. Thousands have inquired at his house to-day. He was thrown yesterday afternoon, after attending a meeting for the 1851 Exhibition at eleven o'clock, where my husband was present, and where Sir Robert's good sense was universally admired. This accident, slight or severe, is a great loss to the Commissioners, as the question about the site comes on to-morrow in the House. You must not believe a word the 'Times' says on this subject—it either knows nothing or wilfully misstates. There is no land that the Government can have

at Battersea; they have purchased what they can get for the ultimate formation of a park; but these are at present only two little lots separated by private property. Sir Robert Peel says they must remain firm about Hyde Park, or give up the Commission.

July 3.—Our anxiety, in common with so many, for Sir Robert Peel, is now turned into profound grief at his death. He died last night at ten minutes to eleven o'clock. We had inquired at seven o'clock, and seen a bulletin which left us little hope: still we heard privately of one or two favourable signs, and clung to them, unwilling to believe that so great a calamity was really to befall the country. It is difficult to realise that he, who was wanted in every department, to whom every man connected in the remotest way with public life looked for help and advice, should be thus gone in a moment. There seems no one left to protect us. I can't tell you how deeply we feel his loss, and yet we have not had time to calculate how deeply we shall feel it. It is a national punishment as well as a calamity. You may guess how deep is our sympathy for his devoted wife. We dined at Mrs. Huskisson's last night, and I thought of little else than that precious

life then ebbing away, though we could speak of him only in whispers, as Mrs. Huskisson had suffered too recently by a similar blow to have the subject openly dwelt on before her.

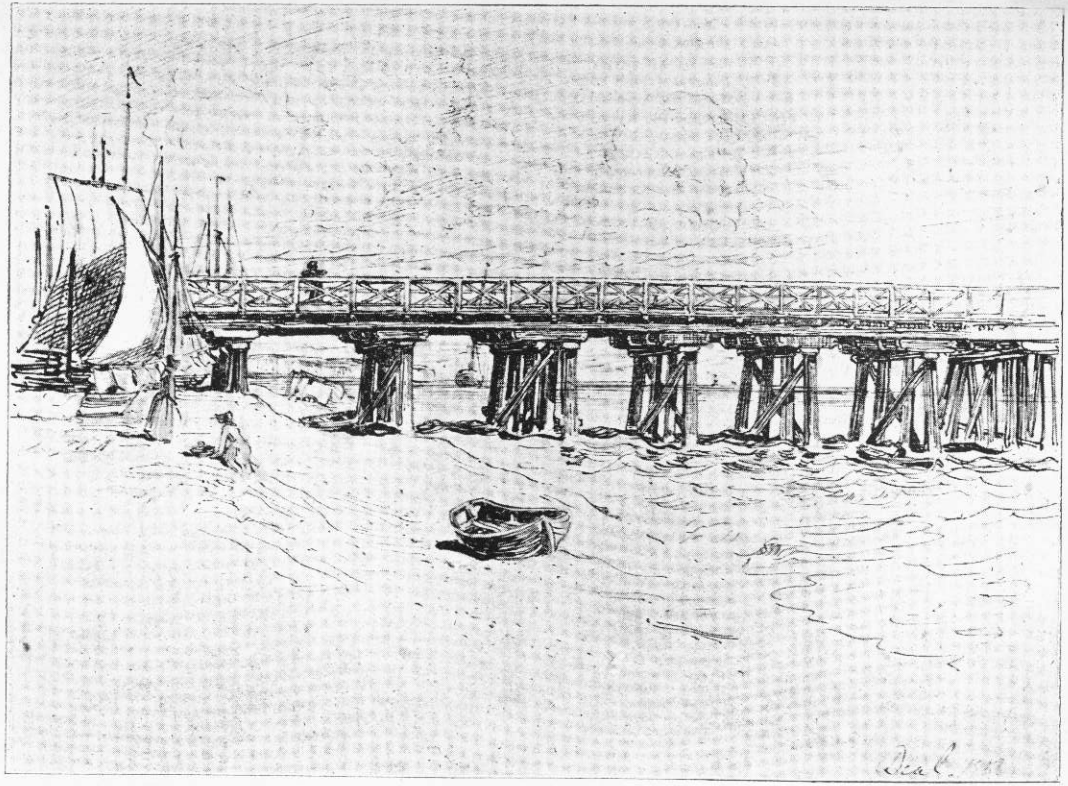
July 9.—On Monday we dined with the Procters, meeting Mr Lockhart, Mr. Kenyon, 'Eöthen,' and a Mr. Tom Taylor, a clever young man well known in London.

July 22.—Yesterday Lady Charlotte Bury came and sat with me for an hour. She is still a beautiful woman, and having lived in the world all her life—and tolerably fast, too—her commonest reminiscences are interesting.

July 26.—We were at Lady Chantrey's last Wednesday—a very agreeable dinner. I was next to Count d'Alton, an Irish-Austrian of some celebrity, and a most entertaining man. Lord Morley, Lockhart, and Count Rossi were there. Then we went to Lansdowne House, where Viardot was just singing an enchanting Spanish song, and Grisi, Mario, and Lablache sang after her.

The month of August was spent by Mrs. Eastlake at Deal, whence she writes to her mother :—

August 29.—The fit of sketching that has seized me must plead my excuse for not writing



DEAL PIER

more. I have always been at it, and when I have shown my doings to the 'guid mon at hame,' will send you my little book; only you must not expect too much, as sometimes I have quarrelled with my tools, as all bad workmen do.

She thus announces her return to town :—

Sept. 1.—I am glad to be home again, though I shall always look back on Deal with pleasure. It supplied me with fine weather to the last, and I was sketching even on the morning I left. I had got into a large scale of sepia drawing, which very much fascinated me. The subjects in Deal were innumerable, and, even if the boats had failed, the men and boys were picturesque.

To-day we have been to see Mr. Rogers, who is now sitting in the drawing-room, in an easy-chair, looking far more robust than before his accident, his complexion much healthier in hue. He is going to Brighton soon with his sister. Certainly neither mind nor health is in the least impaired—apparently the reverse.

On her return from a short visit to Mrs. Huskisson at Eartham, near Chichester, Mrs. Eastlake writes to her mother :—

Sept. 30.—Our hostess was all kindness, and

is herself a very interesting woman, devoted to the Arts, full of vivacity and heart, seventy-four years of age, and not higher than my elbow. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Penry Williams were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Sandbach (the latter known for her poems) and Mr. Boxall. We left Eartham with great regret, as the party assembled was so congenial. We drove over one morning to Petworth House, which is enormous—like a foreign palace. There was gallery after gallery: when we feared there was nothing more to see, fresh vistas (all with splendid pictures) opened on our view; and when we hoped there was nothing more, as we were really weary, some of the best rooms had still to be seen. There are more Vandycks there than in all the rest of England put together, with a sprinkling of fine Italian pictures, and some splendid English ones—Turner in all his *mediæval* glory. The chief drawing-room is carved in the most exquisite and abundant way by Gibbons.

CHAPTER XVI

1850–1852

THE first notable event after Mr. Eastlake's return to London was his election as President of the Royal Academy, which is referred to, with pardonable pride, by his wife :—

Nov. 2, 1850.—I think I may prepare you, dearest mother, for your son-in-law becoming President on Monday. I don't like to speak positively, although I may conscientiously say that I feel so ; but I should be sorry to entail on you the chance of a disappointment. I threaten to walk backwards before him, and altogether to be much more respectful in my manners.

Nov. 5.—I will tell you at once that my dear husband returned to me last night President of the Royal Academy. The honour itself has been accompanied by all that is most grateful to him, and his brother R.A.s have behaved all along most nobly to him. Nothing could surpass the urgent, manly kindness of Hardwick, and Land-

seer, and Leslie, and Cockerell, who were themselves the voices for others no less complimentary and determined.

I won't be so ungracious as to say that he would nevertheless have adhered to his resolution of declining, but the Queen's and Prince's wishes, at all events, finally turned the scale. These were conveyed in a letter from Colonel Phipps to Landseer. It stated that the Queen and Prince earnestly hoped that the Academy would elect Mr. Eastlake, 'as by far the best person to fill the office.' It went on to say that now especially, when our Institutions were more scanned, it was of the utmost importance to elect a president 'who should not only practically illustrate the rules of Art, but also be a gentleman of erudition, refined mind, and sound theory,' and that none, it was believed, fulfilled these conditions but Eastlake. The letter was most gratifying, and proved also how highly they thought of Landseer that they could address such praises of another to him.

As far as my husband could tell, there were about thirty-three members present, out of the forty (some out of the country, others infirm, &c.). Each is given a paper with the list of R.A.s, and

makes a mark against the one he chooses, and puts his paper folded into some receptacle. The chairman—in the absence of a president, the oldest member—Sir Richard Westmacott, then unfolds each paper and reads out the name. My husband had voted for Landseer, two had voted for Jones, and one for Pickersgill; but otherwise 'Charles Lock Eastlake' was the burden of each. This over, Sir Richard rose and said solemnly: 'Gentlemen, Mr. Eastlake is your president,' on which there was much applause. Then he added: 'I truly congratulate the Academy on having chosen a gentleman of such distinguished attainments, and one who in every way will do us honour.' Then he shook hands with my husband, and after that every one closed round to congratulate their new head. He tells me he felt unnerved till then, but his strength seemed to return, and he addressed the body with a few simple appropriate words of thanks, which nobody can be better trusted to say in perfect taste than himself. So this is over. He did not seek the honour, and now has accepted it in no worldly or ambitious spirit. As for me, it may be salutary that a natural and continual anxiety for his precious health and comfort under his new dignity should keep in

check the worldly gratification I might otherwise feel. He wonders why one, who has always shrinkingly avoided notoriety and high place, should have it thrust upon him; but I tell him that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' nor the quiet corner to the humble man; and that our lots in life frequently run athwart our natures, doubtless for some wise and good purpose.

Nov. 12.—My husband had an audience on Saturday, and kissed hands: he and Mr. Knight were received in a little private drawing-room by the Queen and Prince. The Queen came forward, and said his election had given her much pleasure, and held out her hand, which he kissed. Then he hoped that her gracious favour would be continued to the Academy, and she answered, in the sweetest tones, that she should always take the sincerest interest in its concerns. Then Prince Albert shook hands heartily, and congratulated, and said pretty things, while the Queen was signing the patent of his election. When Mr. Knight presented H.M. with the gold chain and medal, which the President wears as the gift of the Crown, she turned to my husband, and undoing the box, took them out herself and gave them to

him, saying: 'They can't be in better hands than Mr. Eastlake's.'

My husband is full of the Queen's grace and sweetness: he says she was radiant with kindness and smiles, and declares that a prettier woman in look and manner cannot be seen. He had to return to the Castle at 5 o'clock upon some business with the Prince, and when that was done, congratulated him on his speech at York. They then spoke of Sir Robert Peel, and the Prince said that he had ventured to make the attempt to do justice to his character, and that the Queen and himself had longed to give some public expression of their feelings. . . . Last night brought a letter from Lord John Russell, communicating H.M.'s gracious intention to confer knighthood upon my husband as to-morrow. Lord John also congratulated him on his appointment, and invited him to accompany the Cabinet in a special train to Windsor for the occasion.

Dec. 17.—We dined at the Miss Berrys' yesterday (the two sisters are 87 and 88!), and certainly it is not difficult to see why Miss Berry has been sought by the first society throughout life: she belongs to it in family, and has a wit, power of mind, and originality of thought, which

her long life has sufficiently exercised, and which would make any one sought after; also, she is still beautiful—the noblest face. Both sisters are kind, amiable, and entirely unimpaired, except in bodily strength. Their mutual attachment is touching to witness—one could not be happy for five minutes without toddling to see what the other was doing in the next room. We had a most agreeable dinner—Lord Lansdowne, Eöthen, and two other clever men were there.

Dec. 22.—I dined at the Fords' yesterday, being taken in to dinner by General Radowitz, who is a splendid picture of a military man of high rank, and delighted me with his conversation: he is a most distinguished man, let his politics be what they please. Lady Davy was also there—always interesting. I fear Lady Chantrey is very ill; we don't wish for the Chantrey bequest yet at the expense of her life. I went afterwards to the Miss Berrys'. Miss Berry is always so interesting in her reminiscences and original mode of viewing things, that time flies in her company. She said of a lady who had just been there, and whom I called handsome:—'Yes, but, as a Frenchman once said of a waning beauty, "Elle n'a qu'un quart d'heure pour l'être."'

Jan. 10, 1851.—On Wednesday we had an Academy dinner here, our guests being Sir Richard Westmacott, a dear old gentleman with a sufficiently good opinion of himself; Uwins;[1] Bailey, the sculptor, a shrewd-looking man of humour and sagacity; Charles Landseer, with the same shrewdness of face as his brother, but less powerful; Maclise, a very fine, handsome young man, but worn out with intense application; Hart, gentle in manner and sensible in conversation; the two Chalons, inoffensive and gentle, with a halo round them of the tenderest fraternal affection; Knight, the R.A. Secretary; Witherington, the charming landscape painter; and Roberts, an honest, plain, humorous Scotchman. Conversation was very agreeable, though perhaps a little limited to their profession and to good-humoured jokes at one another, and especially at 'Davie' (Roberts).

Jan. 12.—I can give a good report of our second and bigger dinner. Besides Sir E. Landseer, who took me in, there were Sir William Ross, the miniature painter; Mulready, an Irishman, most gentlemanly, animated, and prepossessing; Abraham Cooper, the cattle painter; Barry

[1] Thomas Uwins, R.A., Keeper of the National Gallery.

—the prince of them all to my view—a noble-looking man, with a splendid head and fine face; Hardwick, a favourite everywhere; Cope, a tall young man of quiet, thoughtful look; Dyce, clever enough, and handsome too; McDowell, sculptor and Irishman, rough and wild-looking, but most intelligent and a thorough gentleman; Wyon, Medallist to the Mint; Stanfield, a burly man, liked by all for his goodness and sincerity; Herbert, a queer-looking fish, full of odd thoughts; Westmacott, jun.; and Leslie, always gentle and timid. There was plenty of droll, lively conversation, particularly between Landseer and Mulready.

A few lingered rather late, as Landseer's stories of the Queen and Mrs. Skerret, the 'original' of the Court, were most delightful. Landseer is as great an admirer of the Queen as my husband is. Now our dissipation is over, and I reckon on not stretching our dinner table for at least two months to come.

Yesterday we dined at the Carrick Moores'. Mr. Tremenheere and Mr. Phillimore were there, and we had much very interesting conversation. Mr. Tremenheere is a man of the highest attainments and great modesty. Mr. Phillimore rescued

that poor girl from the hands of those monsters, the Sloanes. He told me much of the case.

Jan. 29.—At the Bunsens' yesterday. I saw Mrs. Norton and looked at her well. Her beauty is, perhaps, of too high an order to strike at first, especially as she is now above forty. It did not give me much artistic pleasure, but I could see that I should probably think her more and more beautiful. Also, I did not see her speak or smile, as she was listening to music. Lady Lyell was in great beauty; to my mind she has far more beauty of a legitimate kind than Mrs. Norton, though she does not use her eyes so ably and wickedly!

Feb. 1.—I had an agreeable dinner yesterday with Mr. Rogers—Landseer and Mr. Twopeny being the other guests. The old gentleman is carried up and down once a day, which is as much as the servants can manage, as he is heavy and has grown stouter. In point of intelligence he has lost nothing; but on the contrary is more agreeable, as he is content to take a part and not the whole of the conversation. Nor is his deafness at all increased. After dinner we looked over some of his stores of beautiful drawings, and Landseer was full of good stories.

Feb. 5.—The Exhibition building is a wonder of art in its way, and Mr. Brockedon, who took me about, gave me most scientific reasons for its security. It is a complete park enclosed with long glades of grass and an avenue of old trees. About a thousand visitors looking over it were hardly perceptible. I fear they are treating the trees very shabbily, and giving them no water, which Sir William Hooker said was indispensable; so my husband, who has to attend a meeting in the building on Saturday, promises to draw the attention of the Commission to the matter, and to have the trees well bombarded with fire-engines.

Feb. 15.—On Wednesday I dined at the Aldersons': they live close by in a beautiful house. Lord Campbell and Lady Stratheden and daughter, Mr. and Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, Bishop of Exeter, Lockhart, Count Schimmelpenninck, &c., were there. I enjoyed myself between our host and Lord Campbell, who had just returned from their discomfiture on the Bird question, and were full of the state of the law, on which fourteen judges could so differ. Had Baron Platt been there, it would have run still closer, as it would have been seven to eight. Baron Alderson

is full of humour, and as frank as a boy. We went on afterwards to Lady Clerk's.

Feb. 25.—This ministerial change is almost as important as your removal to Buxton! We are only fearing from to-day's news, that Lord John will keep his place with a different Cabinet. Either Lord Aberdeen or Sir James Graham seems greatly desired by the best people. To-morrow we dine with the Cardwells: he is literary executor, with Lord Mahon,[2] to the lamented Sir Robert Peel, and is likely to have some share in this new Ministry, being a very promising young man. The accounts of Lady Peel are favourable; she has recovered her health and is exerting herself to see his friends; also, she has resumed her residence in Whitehall Gardens. This self-control is the best tribute to his memory.

Feb. 27.—We went to the Bunsens' on Tuesday—a full evening from many causes, but principally from the leisure of the M.P.s. Of course nothing else was heard of but this crisis, and the pros and cons as to how a Ministry was to be formed—nobody wishing for Lord John, though many fearing that he will be Prime Minister. Yesterday I had a visit from Lord Carlisle, one of

[2] Afterwards Lord Stanhope.

the ex-Ministry, who wanted to see our pictures, and was enchanted with the 'Rembrandt' and the 'Bellini.' He is a frank English gentleman, with grey hair and a fine presence, brother of the Duchess of Sutherland. Also, Lady Clerk came in, and we rejoiced together that the Lords have thrown out Mr. Wortley's infamous Marriage Bill. I met Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan at the Cardwells' in the evening.

March 1.—We dined at the Carrick Moores' yesterday, going afterwards to Miss Coutts'—one of her grand entertainments. I met the Bishop of Oxford there, and was much gratified by his kindness—one of the *sweetest*-looking countenances I ever saw. I also had a talk with Babbage, and thought it better to go away when we agreed, which is seldom the case.

March 4.—You will be disappointed to see that Lord John is in again; the feeling against him is universal. But nobody anticipates that he can last, and we hope he understands that he is only chosen as a *pis aller*.

March 12.—Yesterday we dined with Mr. Rogers, who was as intelligent and agreeable as ever he could be in his life, and, perhaps, more amiable. He does not quit his chair. We went

on afterwards to the Miss Berrys', which is always a privilege: to be in those rooms is like inhaling history. Miss Berry and I spoke together of dear Mrs. Gartshore, and she told me how she envied those who died young, and that length of years, though with so many blessings as she has enjoyed, was a sore trial to her. She is unspeakably interesting in her double charm of deathless youthfulness and venerable age. I shall ever rejoice that I have been permitted to know her, however short may be that privilege.

In April 1851 Mrs. Rigby came to Fitzroy Square for some months, taking her daughter afterwards with her to Slough: the letters are therefore discontinued. On her return to London in October, Lady Eastlake resumes review-writing and prepares a paper on 'Physiognomy,' which appeared in the December 'Quarterly Review.' On this subject Dean Ramsay writes:—

23 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh:
Jan. 27, 1852.

Dearest Lady Eastlake,—We have read and studied 'Physiognomy': it is a complete success —most convincing and admirable. There are charming bits: the image of hereditary family mottoes is, I think, one of the most felicitous I remember ever to have met with. But the whole is good, and good because true and real and derived

from observation, and suggestive of observation. I am so glad you demolish all Lavater's stuff of rules and measurements and technical terms. It won't do to treat the subject so—the effects are to be felt by a finer instinct. Let me venture one remark. I cannot help thinking that the terms of the image (p. 89) should be reversed. You say 'She' (the admired but unsought beauty) 'has the hook but not the bait.' Don't you mean the contrary—she has the bait but not the hook? In fishing the bait attracts, the hook secures. Now your beauty does attract, because, in your own words, she is 'admired by all in succession.' But then they are not more than admirers, they are not caught. There is a gaudy fly to bring the fish round, but no concealed firm hook to hold them. This you will say is impudent enough in me. I assure you I admire the article unfeignedly. Don't let it be the last, don't let others be so very like the angelic visitations.

Your affectionate friend,

E. B. Ramsay.

We proceed with extracts from the letters :—

Jan. 2, 1852.—Turner's funeral on Tuesday was a very grand one, and, at the Academy dinner

last night, the will was freely talked of. It is a very stupid will—that of a man who lived out of the world of sense and public opinion. The bulk of the property goes to build almshouses for decayed oil-painters—a class who, if good for anything, can never want almshouses. His finished pictures are left to the National Gallery, if a room is built for them. To his own only daughter he has not left a penny, though his housekeeper gets 150*l.* a year. He has left a professorship of 60*l.* a year (if the fund be sufficient) for landscape-painting to the Royal Academy; and to his eight executors 20*l.* each (they having immense trouble), or rather 19*l.* 19*s.*, to save the legacy duty. His life is proved to have been sordid in the extreme, and far from respectable. It is odd that, two days before he died, he suddenly looked steadily and said he saw 'Lady Eastlake.' This the woman who lived with him, and whose name he passed under in a quarter where nobody knew him, told his executors. They consist of Hardwick, Charles Turner (no relation), Ruskin, Munro, Stokes, Jones, Mr. Rogers, and a Mr. Harper, a relative. A sum of 1000*l.* is to be spent on his monument,

and not far short of that must have been spent for his funeral.

Feb. 4.—The show yesterday (the opening of Parliament) was beautiful. The house is magnificent on such an occasion, and the Peers' robes and Peeresses' dresses below most brilliant. Many men of note were there, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Carlisle—all the foreign ministers, and plenty of well-known Peers. It was not long before Her Majesty arrived, and then a gilded procession of marshalmen, &c., entered, then the Duke, sword of state in hand, and then the Queen and Prince. Her train was borne by four pages, and she mounted the throne lightly, but was careful to give time for her train to follow and to be carried over one side of her chair. She and the Prince seated themselves, and the Duke stood, sword erect, on one side behind, the Duchess of Sutherland on the other, the stately modest Lady Douro, in half-mourning, next the Duchess. The Queen motioned the House to be seated, and there ensued a pause of at least five minutes, when at last the clatter of the Commons was heard. Then Lord Truro handed the speech on bended knee, and without rising she instantly began, with that firm, distinct, sweet voice, 'My Lords.' Not a

word could be lost by anyone; and when some coughing took place, she halted a little and resumed rather louder, but always musical. When she came to 'Gentlemen of the House of Commons,' she shot her voice straight at them, while the reporters worked away with their pencils and never had less trouble, I am sure, in noting every word. She went out as she came, and from a window in the building we saw her get into her state coach, and then had to stand more than an hour, under the open Victoria Tower, waiting for our carriage.

April 22.—We were at Miss Berry's last night: she is certainly a miracle at just ninety years of age, with undiminished memory, wit, and much beauty.

Then we went to Miss Coutts' concert to meet the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary. Miss Coutts' dignity and simplicity are always beautiful, and shone out as she sat by her royal guests last night. The Duke of Wellington sat on the other side of her, and looked rather sleepy, till Lablache woke him up from time to time. The music was exquisite—Lablache, Ronconi, Castellan, and Miss Pyne, with full chorus. Miss Coutts manages to be attentive to everyone,

and her reception of her guests is always most winning.

May 6.—Last night, after dining with the Brockedons, where we met Sir Emerson Tennent, Sir George Back, and Layard, we went to the Queen's ball. We drove through the front of the Palace into the large courtyard, and were there set down under a carpeted piazza, and entered the grand hall. The paper describes this, so I will only say that nothing can be more false than the disparagement of Buckingham Palace as a place of reception: it is superb. The hall and staircases are regal, and Devonshire House, Apsley House, and all the houses I have seen sink into insignificance in comparison. The place was filled with light and distant music, and you felt that you were approaching a grand fête. Marble and gilding were on all sides, with sheets of mirrors, and every nook and alcove were full of the loveliest flowers. The statues of the Queen and the Prince (hers by Gibson) welcomed us in the anteroom, and we moved on, passing silent and motionless figures of beefeaters and men-at-arms, into the great gallery, which was densely crowded. We met acquaintances at every step, and Lord John Russell, Murchison, Lord Mont-

eagle, Lord Northampton, and others came up and said kind things about the Academy dinner. Lord John measured me as he stood by my side. We went into one of the ball-rooms, where, within a dense circle of onlookers, was the Queen's quadrille going on. Officers made way for me, and I caught sight of that upright, beautiful head, crowned with diamonds, which carried itself so steadily through all the steps of the dance. I soon saw the whole figure, so small and yet so delicate and well-formed, that size is not noticed. We observed the peculiar way in which she stood after the Duke of Cambridge had made his bow: she stood alone, and alone stepped back, and mounted the throne; nobody asked her or helped her; she went to her place in her own right. The action was highly dramatic, but this prevented it from being theatrical—for, on the stage, a queen is always handed to her throne.

June 16.—Last night, after dining with the Andrews' (he is an eminent barrister who married a Gibson Craig), we went on to Grosvenor House, a splendid party, the great galleries blazing with light. It was a very enjoyable affair, and we found many acquaintances there. I had some conversation with Lord Dufferin, a most modest

and interesting young man. . . . Such beautiful and picturesque creatures were there—Lady Howe and two glorious sisters, tall and noble and sweet; and Lady Darnley, like an old German picture, and two Herberts, and Lady Constance Grosvenor, the bride, and the troop of fair Grosvenor girls.

July 1.—Yesterday we dined at Sir James Clark's, where I sat next the well-known Dr. Holland, who fully realised his reputation for agreeable conversation, and is a remarkably interesting man. He married a daughter of Sydney Smith's, who seemed to have something of her father's spirit: Dr. Holland says one of his daughters inherits the wit.

CHAPTER XVII

1852

In the autumn of 1852, Lady Eastlake for the first time accompanied her husband on his trip abroad. Every subsequent year, except 1853 and 1856, until his death, she shared his travels, and in allusion to these tours (more especially with reference to those undertaken after his appointment to the Directorship of the National Gallery in 1854) she writes in her 'Memoir of Sir C. L. Eastlake':—

Year after year the happy tour was made, always to Italy, once to Spain, and frequently on fruitful errands besides to France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. And all the charms of travel were enhanced by a purpose, honourable and responsible, which kept up those habits of thought and industry without which pleasure would have been none to him. No fatigues or discomforts deterred him from visiting the remotest parts of Italy: wherever the prospect was held out of securing (and in most cases it was rescuing) a work of interest, he patiently made his way.

The number and length of the letters Lady Eastlake wrote while abroad are very remarkable, and yet, with unflagging energy, she finds time to see everything of interest, to sketch at almost every place, and to take copious notes of pictures. A few extracts from these letters, which necessarily contain many descriptions of picture galleries, public and private, and their contents, are here given. (On the particular tour in 1852, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and Venice were the principal places visited.)

Ghent, Aug. 19.—Before leaving Bruges, which we did yesterday, we went to the Hospital of St. Jean—standing just in the same state as when Memling knocked at its gate for admission—and saw the famous pictures, which he presented to the Chapel of the Convent in gratitude for being cured there. They are among the masterpieces of the world, and can never be forgotten when once seen by those who have any knowledge of art.

Antwerp, Aug. 20.—If there be a country where the art of painting may be expected to have descended in a straight line, it is Flanders, where its treasures are so great, its traditions so recent, and its subjects so unaltered. Every scene, every group is a living repetition of an old painter, and every old picture the faithful mirror of a living

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scene. We live in the past—the pictorial past—as we walk about Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp. Here are the same houses and canals, the same stiff trees so true to life; for one's eye is so full of pictures, that originals and copies change places, and we feel trees and colours to be true in nature, because they are identical with what is true in art. Here is the same clear vault, with its pure gradations of light towards the horizon, which we meet with in no painting land in such perfection. The very countenances are unaltered: Van Eyck's wife, with her sweet, sedate, gentle face, meets us, especially at Bruges, where the race seems embalmed in the sweetest living forms, and where even an ugly wrinkled face assumes a refinement from the feeling of what Van Eyck or Memling would have made of it. . . . This morning we went to a grand room within the roof of the Cathedral, where the 'Descent from the Cross' and its pendant are for the present, after having been cleaned and divested of over-paintings. They are now in splendid condition, and Rubens' grandeur of hand and soul more apparent than ever. It was a luxury to get close to them and examine them carefully. We heard some sublime music in the Cathedral—a fine orchestra,

and such a groundwork of organ and foreground of voices. We went later to the modern Exhibition, where we saw a great many pictures, curious in some measure as showing the difference between their faults and ours. But this Exhibition holds no little attraction for the meditator on art; for, in addition to all their unaltered stock-in-trade, they have one as important as any—their religion. Antwerp is as intensely Catholic as when her artists painted votive pictures, and her sons and daughters kneeled, as they still do, before the Madonna. Every gay holiday brings out as much of the Romish paraphernalia, glittering beneath the clear vault of her beautiful sky, as was seen from the time of Memling to that of Rubens.

Berlin, Aug. 25.—On our way here we stayed at Cologne one night, going to the Cathedral the next morning. It is more magnificent than ever, the transepts almost finished, and the interior far more thrown open. We made our way back to our hotel through the filthiest streets in the world. . . . Berlin altogether disappoints me exceedingly—a city of pretension, like Petersburg—great wide spaces, in which the buildings looked dwarfed, and those buildings, which are really fine, disfigured by fallen plaster and discolorations

and wretched glass. But we have one attraction, which supersedes every other, and atones for every disagreeable; and that is the gallery of pictures, which is enchanted ground. The most exquisite specimens, exquisitely arranged and preserved, and seen with the utmost comfort. Waagen went round with us yesterday, till I was tired of a state of rapture. . . . Van Eyck's 'Annunciation' (part of the Ghent picture) here, is the loveliest version of the subject I have seen. Usually the Virgin, in the attempt at extreme humility, is made so over-retiring in person, with narrow shoulders and sunk-in chest, that all dignity as well as beauty of the female form is lost. But here she is a noble creature—a splendid specimen of her sex, as we may rationally suppose her pre-eminently to have been—just turning from the book which she has been reading, and too earnestly intent on hearing the words, which you see are issuing from the angel's mouth, to have that next thought of self-abasement which would cast down her eyes. She is lowly and humble, but noble and pure, and dignified as being each, as the handmaid of the Lord must have been. When these old German masters do elevate their real creatures into impersonations of holiness and

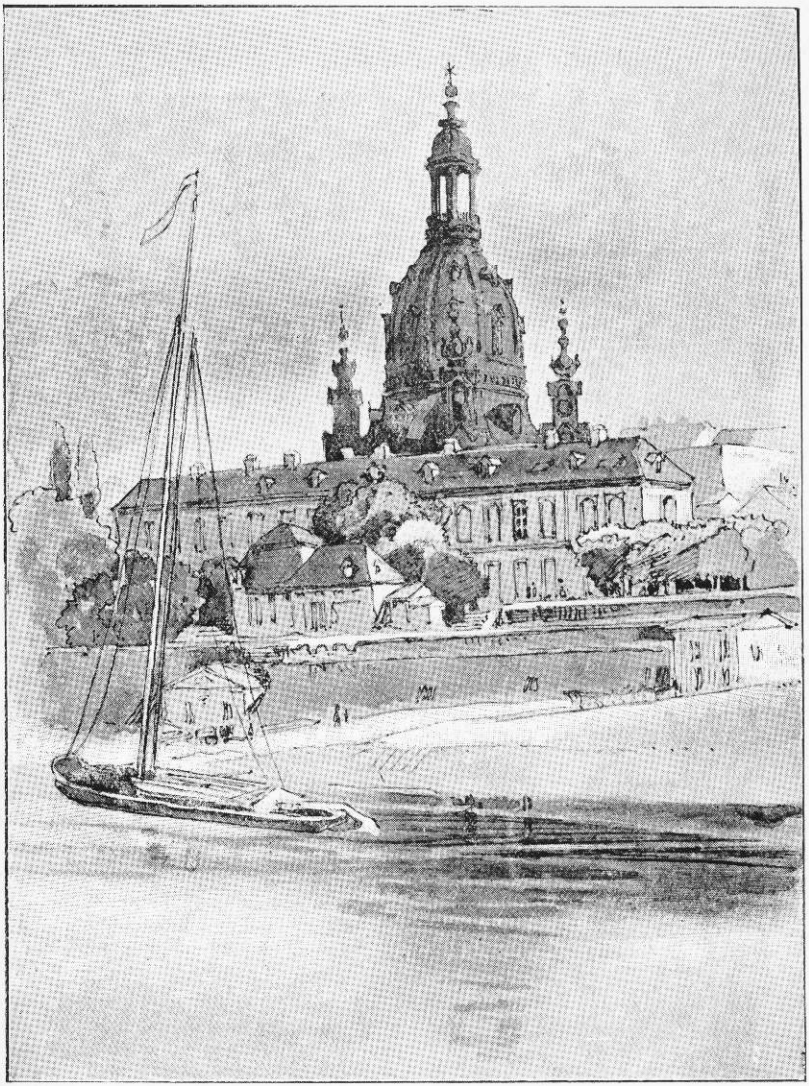
beauty, we sympathise more with the creation than when Italians realise their ideal subjects. We like a mortal raised to heaven better than an angel drawn down. In the afternoon we drove with Waagen to Charlottenburg—a hoax necessary to see in order to avoid another time. The monument to Queen Louise is nothing, and the castle and gardens are shabby and neglected.

Dresden, Sept. 1.—Here we are a stage further on our journey, and have certainly changed for the better from Berlin, which we left yesterday at noon. Excepting the picture-gallery, which is a very great exception, for I don't believe we shall see such another, and excepting dear old Waagen's company, there was nothing to our taste in Berlin. Dull, rectangular streets, too large for the inhabitants; fine, shabby buildings, standing about in too much space, and divided by acres of bad pavement; awful sand, glare, and dust. During our stay intense heat was added. On Sunday I went to the Lutheran Cathedral, as I had heard much of the wonderful beauty of the choir, far excelling Westminster Abbey, &c. This proved what I suspected: the service was little more than a monotonous concert of men's and boys' voices, got up with great

study, and with all the paraphernalia of a leader beating time. There was not the slightest devotion in it—indeed, that would have been out of place in a Lutheran place of worship. The next day, after seeing various private collections, we drove to Cornelius' studio. We expected to find him a hoax of uncommon magnitude, but he surpassed all our expectations: I mean his works did, for fortunately he was away. He is the great gun of German art, and a mere pop-gun in reality: covers miles of cartoon with what are called grand historical compositions, and which consist of an endless repetition of ill-drawn figures of the largest size and the smallest interest. He says of himself that he stands alone in art, and it is very much to be hoped that he will ever do so. Waagen hates him enthusiastically, and was overjoyed to hear us denounce aloud what he dares not breathe a doubt of, even in a whisper.

Dresden, Sept. 2.—We have made acquaintance with the gallery, which, however famed, and justly so, will bear no comparison with Berlin in point of interest. I feel that the early Italian pictures in the Berlin Gallery have almost spoilt my eye for the late masters; their forte was expression, every element beautiful as con-

tributing to that, but none claiming attention for itself. I had no idea that the Pre-Raphaelites could have given me such intense pleasure. Here, however, all their beauties centre in one picture, the famous Sistine Madonna by Raphael, after which it seems as if 'the power of Nature could no further go'; for if anything in this world can be called perfect, that is it. Every portion of it is faultless, and yet no one beauty can be separated from another—all are subordinate to the intensely devout purpose of the picture. The engravings of this picture are some of the finest that exist, and had indeed raised my expectations to the utmost, but nothing can do justice to it. The divine Child is a miracle: the two cherubs below are solemn indeed and truly angelic, but the infant Saviour is as far above them as they are above us. Their wings help their expression, but He is a naked child merely —yet the nearest to the awful Godhead itself that man ever conceived. In one respect the engravings have tried to outdo Raphael, and have of course done wrong, They represent the Madonna of the same lofty character as the Child, but Raphael knew better; he makes her the first of women, but not the Queen of Heaven. . . .



DRESDEN

Dresden is itself so grand and picturesque, that I have done nothing but roam about in ecstasies. It is so beautifully situated on this beautiful Elbe, with such charming eminences, such exquisite buildings, such light and shadow and colour in every pile, such enchanting bridges, vessels, castles, and hills in the distance, that I can hardly turn away even for pictures. I never was in such an inexhaustibly pretty place, and could willingly spend the remainder of our time here. This evening we have been driving about seeing the environs, which are rich in trees and meadows, with gay foreground of flowers and sweet distant views of town and river. My dear husband keeps marvellously well, but works rather too hard with his notes and examination of pictures. Still, I am glad he can make this journey contribute so much to his literary pursuits, and I hope also to his artistic.

Vienna, Sept. 8.—After leaving Dresden, we followed the course of the Elbe deeper and deeper into the beauties of the Saxon Switzerland, passing the Bastei, the Lilienstein, and then the great Königstein, all insulated masses of rock towering above the river, and the lesser chain of hills: nothing could be more picturesque. We

were constantly reminded of some of the prettiest parts of Scotland, except that the air was so much brighter, and that at the foot of the rocks lay great pumpkins, red and yellow, bursting with ripeness, their melon-like leaves covering the ground; also vines and creepers, and the convolvulus major without end. Wherever there was space for cultivation, grew either the greenest grass, or long flopping Indian corn, or orchards purple with plums, the trees propped to support them. This was our outward scene pretty much the whole way to Prague, which opened very grandly upon us with its heights, and straight-roofed buildings, and shining surface of the Elbe and the Moldau below, traversed by many a bridge. We arrived there in the afternoon, and, after dining, drove to the Hradschin, through the wonderful old streets—every tower and gateway richly decorated, and all decoration chipped and broken away by the succession of fights from the Hussite ravages down to 1848. The Hradschin is an eminence, over the immense bridge overlooking the city, on which the palace of the ancient Bohemian kings stood: this has been gradually replaced by the sumptuous mansions of Schwarzenberg and other names, and

by an imperial palace. But plenty of old tower and mass still remain, and, crowning the whole, is the glorious Cathedral, an unfinished edifice resembling Cologne Cathedral; only the nave is finished, and one tower with flying buttresses in mid air, which are seen against the sky at any distance. The interior is completely eastern in the rude mosaics, the painted walls and quantity of rude silver—sixty-eight silver lamps hanging up—in the clerestory, which is crowded with monuments of Bohemian royalties and principalities: the altar gorgeous, and the thrones of the Archbishop and of the Emperor on opposite sides of it. It is a very complete thing, all dark and sumptuous, crowded into an enclosure of the finest early Gothic. The old verger who took us about was delighted with our ecstasies, and opened chapel after chapel of curiosities. Afterwards we took a round of glorious views, all seen in the richest southern sunset. Nothing is failing at Prague to make a fine whole: fine heights, with feudal towers and Gothic spires, and luxuriance of trees below, whose roots grow one knows not where. Then the city below, with the splendid groups of old towers and masses of buildings reflected in the river, on which are dark islands of cypress

and other trees, with the most solid bridge of stone decorated with statues, and contrasted with a light spider's web of a suspension bridge about a quarter of a mile off. All the old part of the city is massive and grand, and the new part elegant and stately—the most beautiful thing excepting always Edinburgh, and, artistically speaking, much more beautiful even than Edinburgh. The palaces of the nobility are really splendid houses, apparently tenanted by none but the family. We passed Prince Kinsky's and Count Schlick's, and then drove to Count Waldstein's, the descendant of Wallenstein, called Waldstein here. This occupies a street, and encloses a magnificent garden of venerable elms, the great saloon, lined with marble and gorgeously painted, opening on one side of it.

The journey by rail from Prague was rather trying. We stopped a short time at Brünn, a town overlooked by the Spielberg fortress, where Silvio Pellico was confined. Here we got some soup in a kind of railway restaurant, where Germans were stuffing and gobbling, men smoking, women '*ach*-ing,' children screaming, and such heat and suffocation that we opened the glass doors (the only inlet for air) as fast as some 'Excellenz,' who

could not bear the '*Zug*,' ordered them to be shut. There we changed carriages, and got into one where an old German woman and her daughter were. The heat was inexpressibly awful, and of course all glasses were up on their side. When requested to let them down, they opened their wide mouths as wide as possible. '*Ach nein! es giebt ein Gegenzug*'; so they kept their side sealed, and thus increased the heat in the carriage dreadfully, where a '*Gegenzug*' was exactly what we wanted.

The scenery for fifty miles from Vienna is wretchedly flat, especially a portion of Hungary, which we entered after pretty Moravia, and where we saw the wild-looking Slawacks—something of the Tyrolese, something of the Russian in costume, but wilder than either.

Vienna, Sept. 10.—Yesterday was spent chiefly at the Gallery, which does equal Berlin, and surpass it in some respects. . . . If power, wielded by the mere action of the will, be divine, then is Rubens truly so. Willing and doing seem the same with him, and what he apparently likes best are wonders in the eyes of anyone else. He riots and revels in his power. He would do more if there were more room on canvas; he does not

know what to be at next. . . . I am delighted with Vienna; it is so bright and clean, and the people so merry and civil. The carriages are the cleanest and neatest possible, and the streets appear to be swept every hour. To-day Tucker[1] and I have been to the Ambras collection of armour, &c., some of which, being so old, he thought must come from 'Minerva'; but, seeing my ignorance, he kindly explained by saying, 'The old place Mr. Layard was at,' which was near enough.

The extract from this letter (one of many) from Venice is long, but it is quoted on the principle that, however old the theme, a new mind will freshen it; however over-described the scene, one good description more is always welcome.

Venice, Sept. 19.—I must tell you how it fares with us in this fallen city of beauty. That I should think it the most fascinating spot on the face of the deep is a proof of its wondrous spell over the imagination, for it is also the most melancholy and disgusting. Nowhere have we suffered so much from dirt, indolence, lies, and cupidity, and at one time we grew desperate; but matters are a little improved now, and as soon as discom-

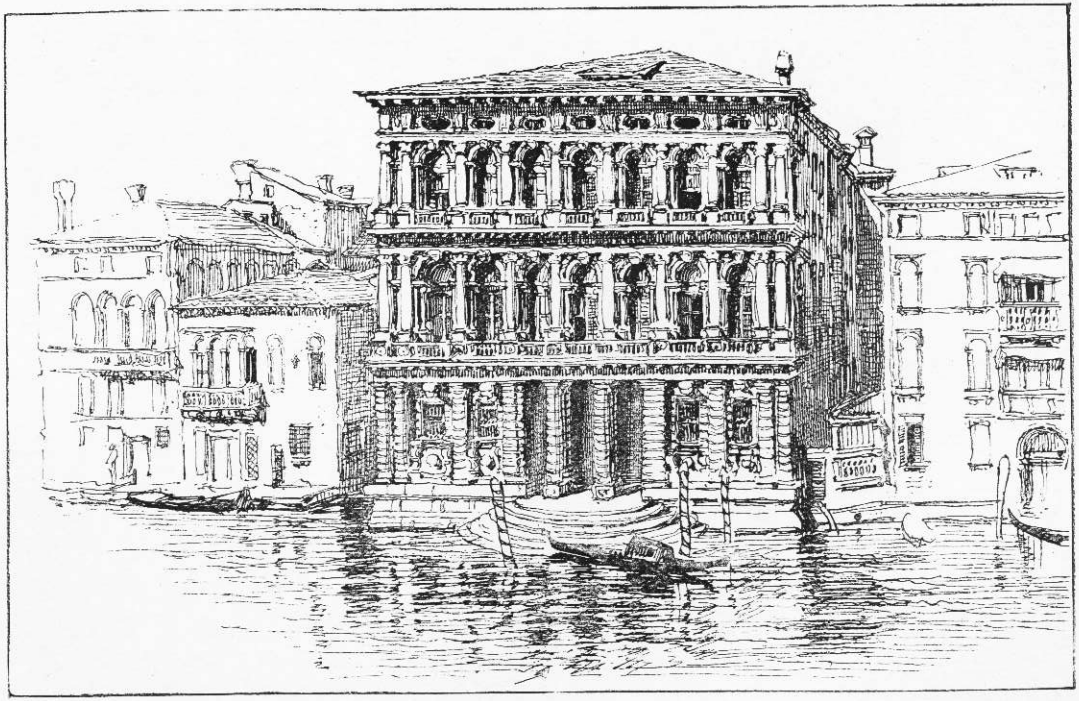
[1] Sir C. Eastlake's manservant.

fort somewhat decreased, romance began. And now, with comfort tolerably secured, I find the witchery of Venice surpassing all I had heard or expected; its beauty is extraordinary, and though sadness mingles with admiration as of pity for something so proud and so glorious now brought so low, yet it perhaps increases the spell. There is a perpetual moral present to one's mind, a lesson of the end of all human greatness and vanity. It seems to say, that righteousness and justice were not in these wondrous palaces, and that, therefore, destruction is come upon them. Not that Venice makes the impression of being, or having been, a city erected by human pride and skill at all, but rather culled from the deep by some magician, and now going through a gradual transformation—enough of the Circe left to show how seductive its beauty had been, but seen now in juxtaposition with all that is most vile, miserable and degrading. If I could compare it with anything in its past grandeur and present filth, it would be with a kind of mixture of the old town of Edinburgh and Cologne; while the people in their indolence, their dirt, and their quickness would make excellent Irish. But all comparisons fail, however they crowd upon the mind. Venice

stands alone—a thing never to be believed in till seen, a dream strangely made up of the pictures one has known, yet different from all a painter ever did, and which, like a dream, one expects will depart. But be it what it may—let its people cheat, its mosquitoes sting, and its canals stink—it is unique in beauty. I grudge every hour that passes, and can't imagine that it can be worth while leaving this to see any other place in the world—certainly no other place in Italy. All the climate is here, all the wealth of the earth's produce, all the treasures of art, and these united to a kind of Elysian floating life on an element not existing elsewhere, for these smooth, watery streets and squares are unique in effect and motion. Instead of diminishing, the poetical impression only increases, the gondola life becomes sweeter and stranger daily. We lie back on our cushions and are carried where we list without effort, dust, or noise, without danger, too; for great as is my horror for water, it never enters my head that this is water in that sense, but only something beautiful and delicious which laps one in Elysium. We don't set foot to ground except to enter church or gallery; the canals are the streets, the larger sheets of water between the islands the squares,

the gondolas are the carriages, the gondoliers the coachmen. We pass one enchanting edifice after another—all different, all beautiful—every mass grand, every detail exquisite. We lie and look under the arches and balconies, seeing how every bracket is sculptured, every soffit of an arch decorated—gorgeous, massive lions' heads are level with the water, curious cables in stone finish the corners; every window is a study, every cornice a specimen. And the beauty extends to every part, inside and out. Our hotel—the Palazzo Grassi—is a grand edifice. We enter by splendid circular steps (sometimes by one high up, sometimes by one low down, for the tide rises and falls about four feet) into a gorgeous hall, supported on stupendous pillars, which extends round a court filled with oleanders, &c., and with no less than four wells forming a square, and finely sculptured. The great stairs are magnificent, and there are about ten other little ones. The salon on the first floor is fabulously big, with a gallery running round it, and chandeliers suspended by ropes which are invisible for the distance. The *remains* of the salon form an immense space, for our two rooms, as well as many others, are divided off from it, but not above one-third in height, though

our rooms are at least forty feet high. The walls are painted in late Venetian style, and much of the old furniture remains, huge carved armoires and clumsy gilt chairs, in which I sit down with suspicion. Opposite to us is a gorgeous mass now belonging to a Spanish Infanta—the Palazzo Rezzonico, and next to it the proud edifice of the 'Foscari.' We hear only the splash of the gondolas, or the strange cries of the gondoliers; otherwise there is no sound in these watery streets. Music, however, we have had. At about ten o'clock one evening a gondola band of singers came nearer and nearer, singing enchantingly—a perfect fleet of gondolas, almost invisible in their black shapes in the dark, following noiselessly. There was not a sign of a creature listening; yet, when the chorus on the waters ceased, a mysterious clapping began, with sundry 'brai,' which is what the lazy Venetians say for 'bravi.' The chorus-gondola passed and repassed down the Grand Canal till midnight, when I heard its last faint sounds dying away in the distance. The attractions on *terra firma* are endless, the pictures enchanting. Titian and his compeers are in their glory, and every church contains some treasures of art. Then the grand Piazza of St. Mark is one surfeit



PALAZZO REZZONICO, VENICE

of good things, each enough to endow a city. The Ducal Palace, the Campanile, St. Mark's Cathedral, and the wondrous arcades which form three sides of the piazza—by sunlight they are dazzling, by moonlight mysterious, by gaslight filled with all Venice walking, and sitting, and singing, and fiddling, and twanging—are perfectly transporting. It is impossible to enter into description of details. We hire a gondola for the day; it is at our service, lying at the hall-door steps, from nine in the morning till any time at night. We make a plan, start early, and see galleries and churches; or we send the gondolas on to some appointed place, and make our way over the Rialto and other bridges through narrow alleys. But you should see how I gather up my gown in these walks, for to describe the wretchedness to eye and nose would be impossible. The real *terra firma* alleys are left to the poor; the rich never leave their gondolas except for the Piazza of St. Mark. The gondoliers are marvellously expert; no matter how near they glide into and past each other, they never collide. Round a corner it is wonderful; they graze by a hair's breadth. Tucker is astonished, and says 'they go round a corner like a peacock,' but at present

I have not discovered the aptness of the simile. . . . As for my sympathies with the Venetians against the Austrians, they are very few. When people can't govern themselves, they must be governed; and to hear what went on during the Provisional Government here is quite enough to sicken me of Italian liberty. I don't believe that any Italian or German desires the only true liberty, which is respect for the law. Though I detest hearing the German language here, yet I am quite reconciled to seeing the white uniform, for it harmonises better than any other uniform with the colours of Venice, and that is the only thing worth considering in this picturesque place. To-day I have been to the Doge's Palace, and to the Church of the Frari, going afterwards to the Duchesse de Berri's palace, where many a touching historical relic is treasured. She and the Comte de Chambord are much respected here, for they are simple and unpretending in life and manners; whereas the Russians come here and spoil everything by their extravagance and pretension. A Venetian palace is a beautiful thing; but if I lived in one I should contrive a corridor. Here everything is a pompous suite.

Venice, Sept. 26.—I write again from this

place to say that we leave positively on the 28th, setting our faces homewards as quickly as possible, for after Venice there seems no possible temptation. Venice has kept up her fascinations in spite of a change in the weather—some rain, and much wind and cold. But this has enabled me to do more walking, and I have thus seen more into the holes and corners, all of which have their treasures—beauties of art, stonework, ironwork, woodwork, and marblework grow up everywhere. Rawdon Brown, who has lived here for twenty years, has been my pioneer on foot, and has given me the most amusing and interesting description of each building we passed. I sigh and pine to get drawings of the windows, the doors, the wells, the campaniles—even of the knockers. Cotman would have revelled here. But there is too much to see to give time for drawing.

To-day Lady Sorell took me to some palaces to show me how the Venetian nobility still live. The two first, Mme. Albrizzi, and Mlle. Morosini, still keep up their grand old mansions respectably though not comfortably, being wealthy; but the third, old Mme. Mocenigo, with whom Lord Byron lodged when here, presented a very melancholy picture. The glory was all departed

from her vast pile, and the old lady, while surrounded by a few treasured relics of better days —a picture by Tintoretto, &c.—was only intent, like any old innkeeper, on recommending her lodgings to me. . . .

By the time we reach Munich the papers will have told us more of the great Duke's death; I expect to find all the world in mourning. I hope you saw the admirable tribute of respect in the 'Assemblée Nationale' (the paper): it was given in 'Galignani,' and must be much admired in England, though of course it has bred ill-will among some of the French.

CHAPTER XVIII

1852–1854

THE first work of any importance undertaken by Lady Eastlake, after her return to Fitzroy Square in October 1852, was the translation of Dr. Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain.'[1] Her letters to her mother are written as regularly as usual, but contain, for some months, less of general interest; for by this time she was plunged into the whirl of London society, and her accounts of dinner parties and other gatherings, besides savouring of repetition, become less fresh and unsophisticated: moreover, the references to the people she meets resemble too closely catalogues of well-known names to bear quotation. As she herself writes on one occasion:—'Individuals may be very interesting, but unless they are famous for something more than rank, they should never be directly paraded.'

In November 1852 she attended the Duke of Wellington's funeral, having previously witnessed the lying-in-state, and in letters to a married sister (then living in Ceylon) she describes what she saw:—

Nov. 17, 1852.—The lying-in-state itself was a

[1] Published by Mr. Murray in 1854.

failure in my eyes. Though I had never seen anything of the kind, I am inclined to think that it can never be well done. It is like a great tableau, or scene on the stage—a red and gold coffin placed under a gorgeous canopy, with every accessory of light and tinsel that can be devised. This was as impressive, or more so, than most can be, for there was real glory in the bâtons, and orders, and trophies, which lay around. Also the idea was grand of six mourners seated round, and about eighty soldiers, resting motionless on their arms, round the walls of the hall; but still the scene was not grand. There was too much light; one saw too well that the mourners, though quite decorous, were not in earnest. Too little scope was left to the imagination; while the crowd of spectators themselves, with the policemen's everlasting 'Pass on, gentlemen—pass on!' would have disturbed any effect that could have been contrived. It was not the chamber of death, and the show was reversed in meaning, being obviously got up for the crowd of spectators, instead of solely in honour of the mighty dead.

Nov. 19.—The long-talked-of day is over. It has been one of those occasions when people speak with one voice, and that not from any of the

sordid and self-interested feelings which govern mankind, nor in obedience to any law or teaching —but in spontaneous obedience to a great impulse alone, and in willing homage to one who can help them no more. . . . The masses of people in the streets were in themselves the most solemn scene, exceeding all that had ever been seen for king or queen. Every house was covered outside and in—every shop presented one dense slope of spectators on rising seats at its windows : stagings were placed wherever they might be with safety, on which sat dense masses of human beings —roofs and chimneys were covered : the whole breadth of pavements crammed with a living mass which, obedient to the regulations, did not project beyond the kerbstone. Soldiers and policemen lined the space which was left clear. Every balcony was hung with black, every creature was in mourning. Temple Bar was enveloped in black drapery. We reached the Cathedral at 8 o'clock, and found our way with some difficulty to our seats in the gallery, commanding the whole length and nave of the Cathedral. The light was still dim, and the gas, which had been introduced for the occasion, in one line of diamonds round the Whispering Gallery, and outlining the whole cornice

of the building, was very unsuccessful. It made a hard bright line round the building, but could not conquer the dimness, and was quite out of character when the sun of the only fine day we have had for weeks shone upon the metropolis. From our high position we looked down upon the masses which occupied the Cathedral. Nothing was kept free except a lane down the nave merging into a circle under the dome: there stood a kind of black pedestal ready to receive the coffin, with a chair for the chief mourner exactly at the head, and seats and benches for the chief personages around. Otherwise every other space, consisting mainly of banks of seats reaching almost up to the starting-point of the arches, was filled with black spectators, here and there relieved by a red coat; while lines of officers occupied the lower benches. Under the dome rose a bank of uniforms —diplomatic and military—taken up by the House of Lords on one side and the House of Commons on the other. Thus we sat with this view deepening in interest before us, and our own gallery filling more and more, till the crowd reached to the roof of the building. Meanwhile, through the dim hum of the multitude came the bang of the passing bell—a mournful sound, which recalled all thoughts

to the reality of the occasion. It was eleven o'clock before any other sound was heard, and then rose a wail of trumpets and horns outside the building, with long pauses filled up by muffled drums. This was so touching that I am sure many tears must have fallen. It was a dirge of Mendelssohn's from 'St. Paul,' and nothing could be more grand and appropriate. Signs of the head of the procession now began to appear—the old Pensioners entered in a body, each bearing his pike, with white and grey heads, but walking bravely, and showing by the impression of their feet on the black cloth how muddy had been the route they had come: they took up their position on either side of the nave. After them came various bodies of military, and dispersed into different places—all adding to the brilliancy of the scene. Suddenly the door under the organ opened, and a stream of white-robed creatures poured out, divided into two lines to take the circle of the dome, joined again, and advanced down the nave. The number was so great that they filled the whole, being led by the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's. They consisted of clergy and of choristers from all cathedrals and from all royal chapels. And now was

heard in the multitude that stir which tells of something great. The organ pealed forth, every one rose, and the whole body of choristers burst into the grand anthem, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' and moved slowly back again, the coffin, with the Duke's hat and plumes upon it, banners on each side, bringing up their rear, and the chief mourner (Lord Douro) supported by Lords Salisbury and Tweeddale. The Lord Mayor followed bearing the sword; after him came the Prince, round and with whom was every military dignitary, till the eye saw only one mass of heads extending from the organ and losing itself under our feet. The choristers moved on singing those touching words, and defiled off to right and left on each side of the organ, filling the whole space —the peeresses towering above them almost to the roof. By that time the coffin had been placed upon the pedestal, and the chief mourner seated himself at the head, his back to the people: there he remained motionless. The Prince was subordinate, and sat on one side, the Duke of Cambridge on the other; English and foreign Generals filling up every interstice, the bâtons which they held —each country one for the Duke—gleaming as the brightest objects among all that was bright.

After the 'Nunc Dimittis' and the Psalms of the service were chanted (to Lord Mornington's Chant), the Dean read most impressively, and so loud that all could hear, the lesson from the Corinthians. Then further anthems—including 'the King lifted up his voice and wept and all the people wept . . . for a mighty man is fallen in Israel'—and more prayers, followed by the 'Dead March in Saul,' during which the pedestal, with the coffin on it, slowly sank into the ground. After 'He is buried in Peace' (Handel), concluding with a triumphant burst 'but his name liveth evermore,' a volley of musketry was discharged over the vault. Then the Lord's Prayer, in which the whole congregation joined in shouts of sound; the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' and the blessing pronounced by the Bishop of London. The magnificent *cortège* poured out again, and every one else as best they could: those who had been in the Cathedral and those who had seen the procession in the streets to tell one another, and to agree, that each sight was the most solemn and gorgeous they had ever witnessed. And so the good and great man is gone, and the nation has paid its voluntary homage, agreeing that never

was so much greatness combined with so few weaknesses.

In June 1853, Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake stayed a few days with the Bishop of Oxford at Cuddesdon Palace; the visit to Cuddesdon and Oxford (where Sir Charles was 'doctored') is thus described in Lady Eastlake's letters:—

Cuddesdon Palace, June 7, 1853.—We arrived here yesterday afternoon, and sat down twenty-seven to dinner. Our party consists of Lord and Lady Chandos, a very interesting couple, Lord and Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Elizabeth Yorke, Bishop of Salisbury, Bishop of Montreal, wife and daughter, Bishop of Cape Town and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Rev. — Talbot, Dr. Hawtrey, Mr. Trench, and several more clergymen and gentlemen, with whom I have become very intimate without catching their names! The house is a great regular stone edifice of fine colour, with a beautiful chapel attached, and smooth lawns and fine trees. This morning, after chapel at 7.30 and breakfast, we all drove eight miles to Oxford. I enjoyed even the first view of grey spires innumerable above lovely trees; but Oxford itself was a scene of enchantment, one exquisite mass of fine architecture after another. The theatre,

as it is called, was surrounded with gay groups—ladies' dresses mingling with caps and gowns. Some of our party had seats reserved for them, so we all separated. My ticket was taken at a door, and I was motioned through courts and quadrangles till I reached the building. On entering I was shown to a good seat, and found myself with Worledge's very etching before me. It was the exact scene—the space below crammed with figures, the ladies seated bench over bench around, and above, in the gallery, the students, with their caps resting on the cornice; then the Chancellor's Chair, and the two Tribunes—the lion's head with a kind of beam projecting from it: every feature was familiar. But Worledge could not draw the noise, which exceeded all belief. About a thousand undergraduates were having their own way for once, shouting out names, and hissing or applauding them, giving rounds of cheers, hooting the masters, proctors, &c., in short, beguiling the time in the most obstreperous manner. Lord Derby's name was perpetually cheered, and every new party that entered was cheered. In a short time the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary and attendants, were handed through the thick of the crowd, cheered most

uproariously. It was past eleven o'clock before symptoms of the procession appeared. A lane was formed, and, after a few officials bearing staves, came Lord Derby in his Chancellor's robes, followed by the Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Duke of Marlborough, Lord Chandos, with many others, including Lord Derby's ministry, all wearing Doctor's robes. The din for Lord Derby was interminable. Meanwhile he took the great chair, put on the Chancellor's hat, and sat and looked like a magnificent Rembrandt. Then he read over in Latin the list of those who were to be made Doctors, and every name was received with uproar of some sort—Disraeli's with a burst of cheering, which rose and fell as the hisses tried to quench it. . . . When it came to Lord Stanley's turn, the Public Orator alluded to the close bond between the Chancellor and the candidate, and I watched Lord Derby's fumbling nervous hands as his son stood before him amidst dinning shouts: then he rose, but, instead of 'Vir honoratissime,' the *father* spoke and said, in a manner I shall never forget, 'Filî mî dilectissime.' Many an eye was wet. The uproar for Disraeli was again interminable, and very great for Macaulay, &c. Then

we had long Latin orations from the Vice-Chancellor, and prize essays in Latin, and poems in English from others. The ceremony ended with three cheers for Lord Derby and everybody else again, and Lady Derby was cheered till she must have been deaf. As I made my way out, a handsome young man addressed me—it was Mr. Bigge—who insisted on our going with him to All Souls' to lunch. We found all the world, with the royalties at the head, assembled there: I can't give you an idea of the splendour and munificence—the pails of claret—the ever-replenished board—the hearty welcome. Afterwards we were shown the library, &c., nothing but wealth and antiquity at every turn, and all held on the tenure of praying for the souls of Henry V. and of those who fell at Agincourt. All this while I have not seen much of our good host, nor shall I, for every day must be spent in Oxford. Sir Charles is to be 'doctored' with Alison, Murchison, and others on Thursday, so we remain here till that is over.

Cuddesdon, June 9.—Sir Charles was duly 'doctored' to-day. The same forms were gone through with each, a rather longer Latin flourish preceding his admission. I found afterwards, not

to my gratification, that some allusion had been made to me. My dear husband liked it, but I object to people's fancying that he has not fully sufficient merits on his own account, without dragging me in. It was the Bishop's doing.

We here quote the speech :—

'Insignissime Cancellarie, vosque egregii Procuratores,

Præsento vobis virum ornatissimum, Carolum Lock Eastlake, Equitem auratum, Regiæ Academiæ Præfectum—mirum sanè et pingendi et fingendi artificem—diversis, ut ita dicam, picturæ virtutibus, curâ, ratione, gratiâ excellentem; virum honoribus, fortunâ, amicis felicem, sed in hoc felicissimum—quod participem famæ et laborum conjugem clarissimam habet—quæ ipsa tantum in litteris, quantum ille in picturâ, pollet.

Hunc igitur Hospitem nobis ob commune illud omnium artium vinculum et cognationem summo honore afficiendum

Præsento vobis

ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in jure civili Honoris causâ.'

After a month in London, Lady Eastlake visited friends in various parts of Scotland: on

reaching Edinburgh, where she stayed a few days, she writes :—'Here am I in the dear old city, surrounded with recollections which fill my heart to oppression. All Edinburgh seems to point to the old house, so happy as it was, and it seems unnatural for me to be here alone.' In November she is back again in London, occupied with the translation (completed in February 1854) of Dr. Waagen's book, and with a review on it.[2] A few extracts, including an account of the opening of the Crystal Palace, are given from her letters.

May 1854.—Yesterday we met Dickens, Carlyle, Tom Taylor, 'Eöthen,' and others at dinner at the Procters'. I was next Dickens, whose company I always enjoy. But Carlyle has, I fear, changed for the worse since I first knew him. . . . The Royal Academy receipts, this first week of the Exhibition, are larger, strange to say, than in any former year—1,154*l.* in five and a half days. What a people we are!

May 18.—The Queen's Ball last night was delightful. . . . We took up our stand in the ring, close to four splendid Hindoo potentates—one with a great gold brocaded *stomach*, with a long chain of diamonds and a gorgeous turban, whom I called 'The Moorish King,' from his being exactly like

[2] *Quarterly Review*, March 1854. 'Waagen's *Treasures of Art in Britain*.'

the one ogling the Virgin in Rubens' 'Adoration of the Kings' at Antwerp. We saw the Queen dance a quadrille with the French Ambassador, M. Walewski, as her partner. Her head-dress was quite new for her—her hair put back, not *à l'impératrice*, but so far as to show her fine temples and ears—tight to her head, with a level wreath of flowers and diamonds: her neck blazed with diamonds, and the flowers round her berthe shone with them, and also the upper tier of a garland surmounting three puffings of tulle on the skirt. The blue ribbon crossed her delicate person from the left shoulder, with the great 'George' blazing at her side: but nothing burdens her, she wears all naturally and lightly. The Duchess of Sutherland, with Prince Albert, was her *vis-à-vis*.

We knew hundreds there, and, among others, I conversed with Lady Waterford, Lady Canning, and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe.

I also had a long conversation with that magnificent Persian, Prince Feroze Shah, who is a most beautiful specimen of Eastern humanity, speaking English with singular refinement, and telling me that it was not the magnificence and splendour which so much struck him, though new

to him, as 'the easy manners and great intelligence of the English women.'

May 28.—We were at Stafford House yesterday afternoon: it was such a splendid thing that I was very glad we went. The house surpasses in splendour anything that can be imagined: Buckingham Palace is nothing to it. The great hall and staircase are masterpieces of architecture, fulfilling every condition of beauty, in proportion, design, size and decoration; and, as all places for entertainment should, it attains its fullest beauty when crowded with figures. Not that there could be any crowd: the size is such, that the stairs alone would accommodate hundreds, the galleries the same, the hall below thousands. All was marble, bronze, gilding, pictures, gorgeous hangings and carpets, with flowers without end. No picture by Paul Veronese of a marriage feast can exceed in gorgeousness what was presented to our eyes. The dresses added by their gay and tender colours, seen through marble balustrades: figures looking up by hundreds, and looking down in the same proportion; and that which is always wanting abroad, even where the architecture is as fine, perfect *keeping up*. On the great wide stream of stair, where the two flights pour into

one, stood the eighty Cologne singers, their voices more heavenly than ever in that vast domed space. We had two Acts, and, between and after them, the guests circulated in the immense space. The *élite* were there, but no royalty. The Duchess and her daughters were conspicuous as being unbonneted—she looking extremely lovely. One feature I must not forget—the exquisite children, little Argyll and Blantyre flocks, perfect flower-beds of beauty.

June 1.—On Tuesday we three dined quietly together, which is quite an enjoyment, for Dr. Waagen is a delightful companion. After dinner we drove to Lansdowne House, arriving early, and enjoying the cool, grand apartments, which, however, soon filled with most beautiful and interesting people. Lord Lansdowne never shines more than in his reception of large numbers of the middle classes, whom he mixes up most politely with the highest in the land. It was a delightful evening, and I had the opportunity of seeing Lady James and Lord Glenelg, whom I had been anxious to meet. There was no music, nor anything to be done, which is by far the best, as people cannot bear restraint even for the best of amusements. Dancing should be for young

people, but talking and moving about freely for the older.

June 8.—Yesterday we dined at Miss Rushout's, where we met, as usual, no end of interesting and noble relatives of hers. The day before, we were dining—a small party, we three and Maclise—at Mr. Forster's, at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, a sociable and amusing dinner, and quite a new world for Waagen.

June 12.—You will read a long account of the Crystal Palace doings, but I shall give you my own version all the same. The weather was the Queen's own. We started at half-past eleven, and soon fell into a rapid procession, and were not long in reaching the hill, which lasts to the very foot of the great high level, where the Crystal Palace stands—visible for miles around, looking most graceful, wonderful, and festive with its flags flying.

The number of carriages beats all conception, the ground was concealed by them for acres round the Palace. We had little difficulty in getting in, as our cards admitted to the envied centre transept, where we got good seats in the front row, raised about six feet from the ground, and commanding throne, orchestra, and everything.

Dr. Waagen, as Deputy from Prussia, had a seat provided near. The scene was most splendid as regarded numbers, for all around were piled heads above heads, filling even the third galleries from the bottom. The huge amphitheatre of musicians, which towered above a hundred feet high behind the throne, and gradually filled with one sloping mass, was a new and most stupendous feature ; but otherwise the scene lost in comparison with the old building in the Park. There were no fountains, no trees, no hangings or gorgeous masses of colours : the plants on the ground could not tell above the people, and though hundreds of baskets containing whole conservatories of flowers hung down in rows in the great naves, yet they were lost. Exciting enough it was, however, and every moment filled the great ground floor round the throne more and more with every notoriety high and low ; while gorgeously dressed women were hurried past to ministerial seats, and many took their places on chairs exactly at our feet—the Duchess of Bedford, Madame Walewski, Lady Breadalbane, and others.

Conspicuous in the great orchestra was the one lady singer, who sat in the centre of the lowest row, while Lablache, with his white barrel

of a waistcoat, was about midway. The Queen was punctual, as usual, perhaps two minutes before three o'clock; and as she entered by a narrow way just opposite us, a low sound ran along, which seemed to wait till she should have looked at the scene, before it burst into one roar of reception. And she did look round with an astonished look, and I am sure forgot herself in the scene. Then came the burst of cheers—the 1,600 musicians all waving handkerchiefs and music. She proceeded quietly up the crimson platform open on all sides, on which stood the solitary gilt chair. The young King of Portugal on one side of her, Prince Albert on the other, the two princes at their father's side—the Duchess of Kent with Princess Royal, the Duchess of Cambridge with Princess Alice, &c. &c., a wondering group who seemed amazed at their position. Then Clara Novello pitched her voice, and gave forth the first verse of 'God save the Queen,' with a power and distinctness which were marvellous: her voice filled the whole space, and she *waited* with her notes until they had reached to the uttermost parts. It was a perfect triumph for her, and no little proof of nerve, thus alone and first to address the vast multitude; but her voice seemed to revel in the

space before it: the way in which she articulated the words 'the Queen' was quite overwhelming. Then the burst of instruments and voices was more splendid than I can tell, and required nerve to hear unmoved, which few did. This over, the Queen still standing, the Chairman of the Company ascended the platform halfway and read the address, of which no sound, far less word, reached us. It was very long, but the Queen's attention perfect, though I question whether she could hear either. But when it came to her answer, that was clear enough—the voice always heard, if not all the words. Then ensued the introducing of the various Professors with handbooks: most of them were awkward, and one fairly turned his back on the Queen, and ran down the steps. All that over, the procession began to form, and she descended, holding Prince Albert's hand, and taking care, with exquisite politeness, to keep the boy Portugal on a level with her. They swept off, bowing along through the length and breadth of the building. It was some time ere they returned, when Her Majesty mounted the platform again, and the 100th Psalm was given—very fine, but it felt out of place: the Archbishop's prayer the same, though it was beautiful. At the

termination, the 'Hallelujah Chorus' struck up with electrifying effect. It was the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur—the orchestra so admirably proportioned, that the blaring trumpets, mounting higher and higher, were kept in due subordination by the volume of voices: the enormous band of stringed and wind instruments the same. That was the finest thing of the whole: the silence at that sudden pause after the seven 'Hallelujahs' was indescribable. After that, there was a little conferring between the Queen and the others, and Lord Breadalbane, by her command, came forward and declared the Crystal Palace 'open.' . . . The Ministers and Ambassadors seemed to enjoy the scene, and it was interesting to see France and Austria, and Greece and Turkey talking most energetically together.

The moment the Queen was gone the centre transept filled with people, and it became difficult to get through them, so we remained patiently on our elevated seats, and friends came round us. Among the rest Lord Carlisle greeted me heartily after his long absence; and the Duke of Hamilton pressed forward and claimed to remember having met me in Scotland. We descended when we could, and walked about, though the crowd

impeded the enjoyment of the place. The view over the gardens was the crowning beauty.[3]

June 22.—On Monday we dined at the Monckton Milnes': Kingsley was there, a pale, thin man, who stammers; and Lord and Lady Goderich, the youngest-looking couple I ever saw in England—their united ages forty-one when they married—both interesting, she very pretty. He took me into dinner, and was frank and well-informed. There was much talk about Russia, and it was agreed that the Russian army was the best place to insure one's life in, as according to their account no one is ever killed in it. We then went on to Miss Coutts', taking Mrs. Holland on our way home.

June 26.—Our dinner at the Bromley Davenports' was agreeable, cool, and small. Anstruther Tompson took me in: I asked him the sense of the matter about the 'stock,' as he was a military man; he says that nothing can be more exaggerated than the condemnation of it. He told me to look at the first soldier I met, and see whether

[3] After attending the opening ceremony, Lady Eastlake had paid several visits to Sydenham, and from each returned more enthusiastic about the Palace and its capabilities. In January 1855 she wrote an article, on the Crystal Palace, for the March *Quarterly Review*.

he was stiffened up at all, which I told him I had already done, and remarked their swaggering ease.

June 28.—The day before yesterday we were at a magnificent party at Lansdowne House: Lablache, Mario, &c., were there, and people took their places as at the Opera, and heard the whole.

Last evening we dined at the Murchisons': Mrs. Grote made my acquaintance there, and begged me to come and see her, which is so far a compliment, as she eschews all stupid women, and declares she seldom meets with a sensible one. She is herself the cleverest woman in London, only of masculine and not feminine character.

June 30.—Yesterday we dined at the Overstones', meeting a very agreeable party. I was taken down by Sir Henry Holland, and next him was Lady Morley, always lively, kind, and full of information. A sofa stood between us when we first entered the drawing-room, and she said: 'You'll excuse my not jumping over the sofa to you, but I dare say I could.'

July 3.—Yesterday Dr. Waagen and I breakfasted at the Danby Seymours', who are real

Seymours, and have a great Holbein, 'Henry VIII.', which has been in the family ever since Jane Seymour's time. Also they were involved in the French Revolution, and have pictures of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, and a little note written by the latter to his father. At four o'clock we went to another *breakfast* at the Cockerells' at Hampstead—the house, grounds, and view most beautiful, and all the pretty girls in the world there.

July 7.—Yesterday was very busy: at two we went to Lord Overstone's to luncheon, where we met most agreeable people, and thoroughly enjoyed the fine pictures with which the house is full. We went on afterwards to Mr. Vernon Harcourt's, close by—another splendid mansion with fine pictures; and then to Mr. Barker's. In the evening to St. James's Theatre.

July 8.—Yesterday was quite a bright day in my annals, for that Crystal Palace is a place of enchantment. We were there about two o'clock and left just before six. It is now a paradise of flowers and of works of art, and one big enough for every creature, high and low, to enjoy; and last, though not least, the air is so invigorating that you gain strength faster than you spend it.

This is the second time I have felt as fresh on leaving it after hours of standing, walking, and excitement, as on going there. We *flâné'd* at first a little, and then applied ourselves to a few particular courts—the Norman, the Nuremberg, and, best of all, the Italian Renaissance court, with its exquisite doors, monuments, bas reliefs, &c., from Genoa, Pavia, Florence, and other places: all in the zenith of high art, and giving one a delight equalled only by seeing a fine gallery of pictures. We then inspected the English sculpture, for here a school is seen and studied at once. Nothing has ever been devised like this palace, the comfort and pleasure of all have been provided for. If many make it only an amusement, it will be an innocent one; but, judging from myself, it must be an improvement, and raise the whole standard of education. Then there are seats by millions, just where you want them, while from time to time the band, engaged at 7000*l.* a year, bursts forth like the service of Antwerp Cathedral. It is a thing both to rave about and think about. No reminiscences of the first Crystal Palace, charming as that was, can compare with this, which is of a far higher order.

July 10.—You will grieve with me when you

hear the sad tidings of Countess Rossi's most lamentable death.[4] She was carried off on June 17 by cholera at Mexico, and is buried there, her funeral being attended by an immense concourse. I drive over to Roehampton to-day to see her poor children. It seems hard indeed that she should be snatched away, when just about to taste of the fruit of her labours, and to return to the children she so loved.

[4] In the *Letters from the Baltic* Miss Rigby describes her first meeting, at Reval in Russia, with Countess Rossi, 'charming and attractive as in the first burst of her popularity.' This account was afterwards reproduced in a *Memoir of the Countess de Rossi* (*Madame Sontag*), published by Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond Street.

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