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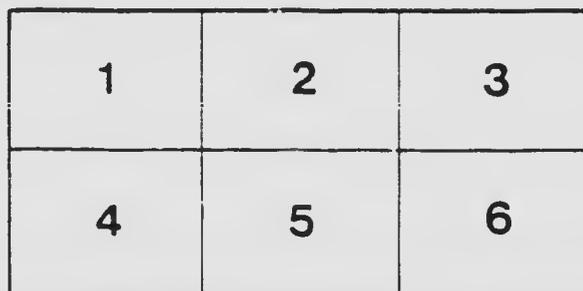
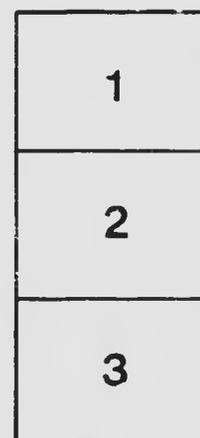
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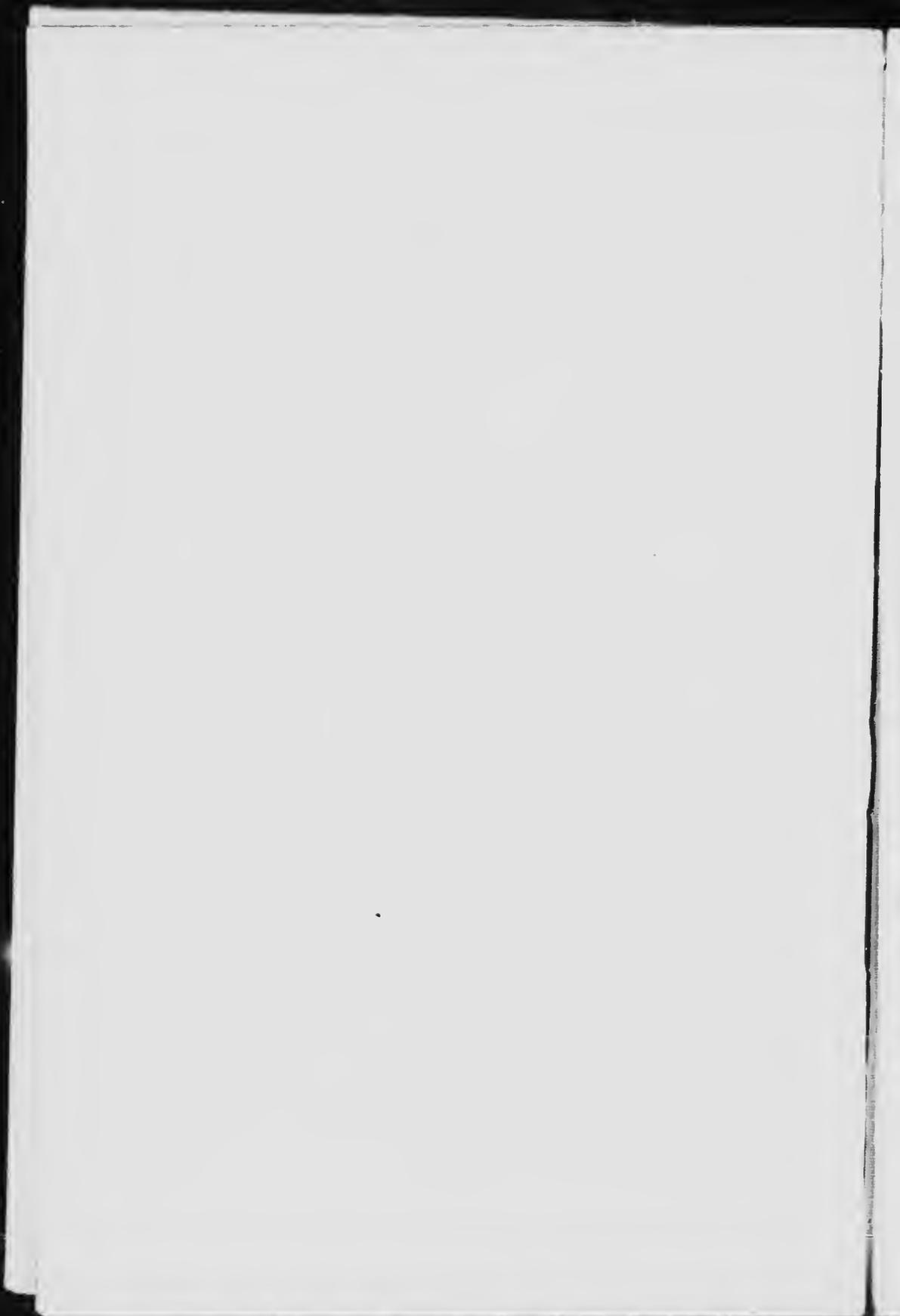
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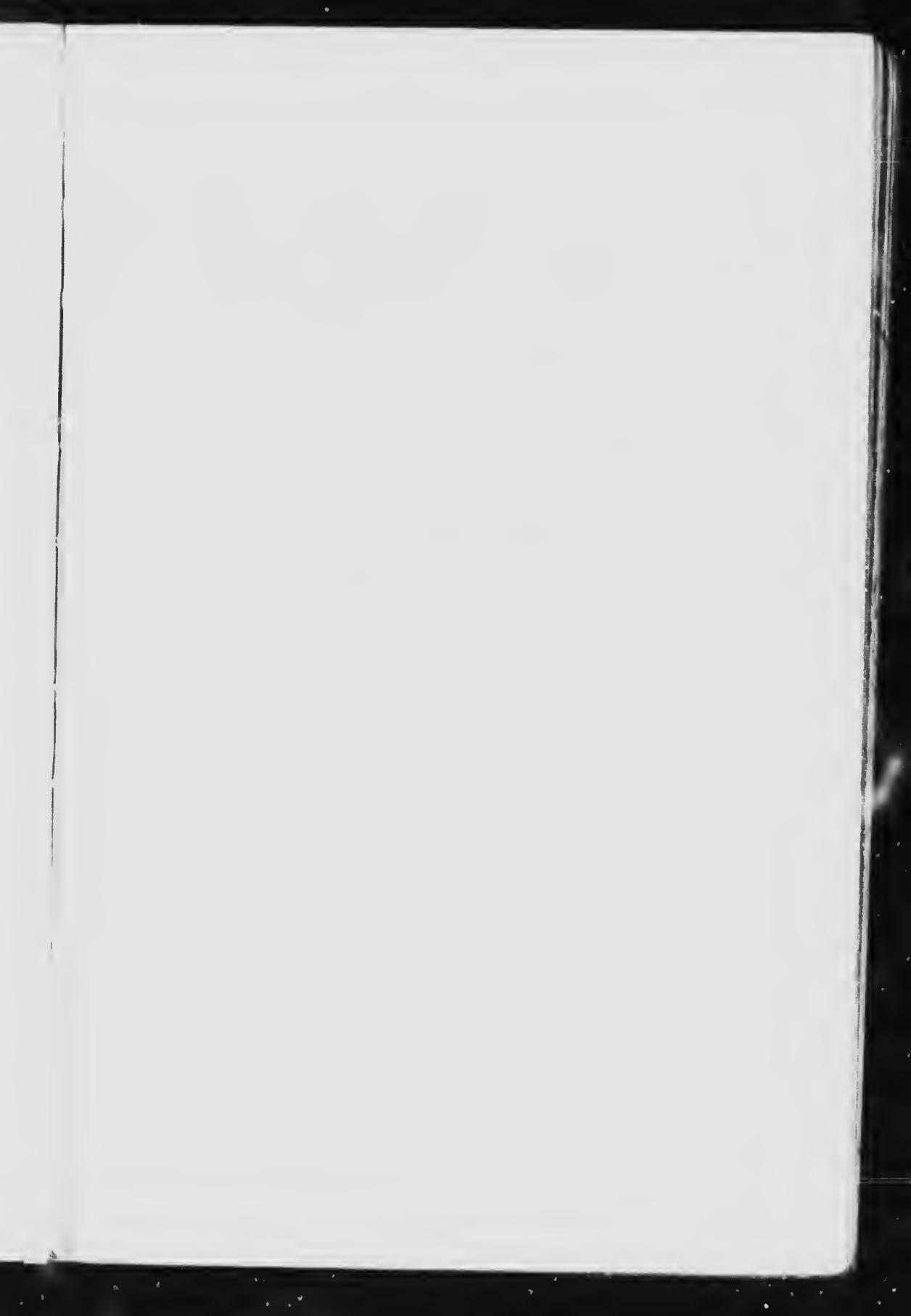
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# THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN

*The Original Memoirs of Elizabeth Baroness Craven afterwards Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth and Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire (1750-1828) Edited with Notes and a Biographical and Historical Introduction containing much unpublished matter by*  
A. M. BROADLEY & LEWIS MELVILLE  
WITH 48 ILLUSTRATIONS IN TWO VOLS. VOL. I

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*June 18th, 1913*



## EDITORS' NOTE

**W**HEN Elizabeth, Margravine of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bayreuth, and Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire, published her *Autobiographical Memoirs* in 1826, she was in her seventy-sixth year. The appearance of the book, abounding as it does in personal and often pungent reminiscences, unquestionably aroused considerable interest both in England and on the Continent, for the versatile writer during the last decade of the eighteenth and the first two decades of the nineteenth centuries, disregarding the social veto of her kinswoman Queen Charlotte, had contrived to make her Court at Brandenburg House in Hammersmith and Benham Valence, Newbury, sometimes called Benham Place and Benham Park, a social *imperium in imperio*. In this task she had achieved a great measure of success, for the entertainments over which she presided, first as the wife of the Margrave of Anspach and then as his widow, were probably infinitely more amusing than those given at the Queen's House, Windsor, Kew, Frogmore or Weymouth. If Good Queen Charlotte set her face sternly against the amiable and tolerant hostess who had married the great-nephew of her predecessor and the great-grandson of George I, she obtained the friendship and patronage of the heir to the throne and his royal

brothers, and a great many fashionable and distinguished people, following their example, flocked to the Hammer-smith fêtes for which Bartolozzi, Wigstead, and other distinguished artists designed the cards of invitation and programmes.

The personal charms of the graceful and gifted mistress of Brandenburgh House have been successfully perpetuated by the skill of Gainsborough, Beach, Romney, Reynolds, Angelica Kauffmann, Madame La Vigée Lebrun, and other painters of the artistic period to which she belongs, as well as by the chisel of Houdon, whose bust of her was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1803. It is not at all surprising that a French translation of the *Memoirs*, now re-edited, was immediately called for, and that German historians have since discovered in them a fruitful source of information.

That the Margravine of Anspach can be charged with more than one "terminological inexactitude" it is impossible to deny. She was writing rather for the sake of her reputation with posterity than for the amusement of her contemporaries, the greater part of whom had vanished when her final literary effort was given to the world. Possibly her age accounts for the errors which the Editors here and there have endeavoured to correct. While adhering as much as possible to the original text, they have deleted certain portions of the work which are either redundant or were obviously borrowed from now obsolete histories. In the Introduction they have endeavoured to reconstitute the life-story of an exceptionally attractive lady, who flourished in an age which could boast of such remarkable women as Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Frances Anne Crewe, Albinia, Countess of



ELIZABETH, LADY CRAVEN, WIFE OF WILLIAM, SIXTH LORD CRAVEN,  
NEE LADY ELIZABETH BERKELEY, ALLIANCE MARGRAVINE OF  
ANSBACH AND PRINCESS BERKELEY  
*From the portrait at Com's Alley, attributed to Thomas Beale*



Buckinghamshire, Elizabeth Montagu, Hester Lynch Piozzi, Hannah More, Mary and Agnes Berry, and many others. Streatham Park was closed, and the hospitalities of the "Château Portman" were on the wane, when the splendours of Brandenburg House burst upon the astonished and gratified metropolis. In elucidation of allusions to persons and places mentioned in the text the Editors have endeavoured to supply, without unduly interfering with the course of the narrative, such notes as they deem essential.

They desire to express their grateful acknowledgment for the valuable assistance rendered them by Lady Helen Forbes, herself a lineal descendant of the Margravine of Anspach; Mr. Walter Money, F.S.A., of Shaw Dene, Donnington, Newbury; Mr. Horace Bleackley, the biographer of John Wilkes and the "Beautiful Gummings"; Lady Sutton, the mother of the present owner of Benham; Sir J. Wrench Towse, Clerk to the Fishmongers' Company, of which the Margrave of Anspach was a Freeman; Mr. William Leeds, H.M.'s, Secretary of Legation at Lisbon; Dr. J. Holland Rose; Mr. B. P. Lascelles, Librarian of the Vaughan Library at Harrow; Mrs. Constance Hutton, Signor Salvatore di Giacomo of Naples; the Commendatore Roberto de Sanna, the present owner of the Villa Craven, and Mr. G. J. A. Churchill, His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Naples; the Rev. R. Bruce Dickson, Vicar of Speen; Mr. T. A. Cook, Editor of *The Field*; Mr. W. S. Dixon, of Fairlight, Luton; Sir William Bull, M.P.; Mr. Samuel Martin, Chief Librarian of the Hammersmith Free Library; Mr. E. T. Morgan, of Bristol; Mrs. Climensson, the biographer of Elizabeth Montagu; T. H. B. Vade-Walpole; and Mr. Tom Floyd,

of the Hermitage, near Newbury; Dr. Hammond, Librarian at Freemasons' Hall; and Miss Lucy Rosalie Henderson, of St. Leonards, the owner of the exceptionally interesting letter from the Margravine of Anspach to Mr. Francis James Jackson, British Minister at Berlin. Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons have kindly permitted the insertion of a letter written about Lady Craven by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. For the pedigree of the Berkeley and Craven families the Editors are indebted to Lady Helen Forbes, and Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, the author of *Wilhelmina, Margravine of Bairuth*, has very kindly supplied them with a pedigree showing the close connection between Elizabeth, Lady Craven's second husband and the royal families of England and Prussia.

The Editors also desire to express their gratitude to Mr. John Lane, who has made a special study of the iconography of the eighteenth century, for his assistance and advice in selecting the illustrations, and especially for the list of the known portraits of the Margravine of Anspach and her husband by the great artists who were their contemporaries.

Some of the occasional verses written by the Margravine of Anspach at various periods of her life, and principally gathered from her unpublished MSS., are printed as Appendices at the end of the second volume.

A. M. B.

L. M.

August 5, 1913



THE MARCHIONESS OF A. C. C. C.  
BY MRS. C. C. C. C.



# INTRODUCTION

## I

### EARLY LIFE

(1750-1783)

**E**LIZABETH, the youngest daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, of Charborough, co. Dorset, was born on December 17, 1750.<sup>1</sup>

Of her earliest years there is no information forthcoming with which to supplement the statement in the *Memoirs*, so, without more ado, it may be mentioned that on May 30, 1767, being then in her seventeenth year, she married William Craven, who two years later became sixth Baron Craven.<sup>2</sup> In her narrative the Lady Craven says that

<sup>1</sup> The other children of the fourth Earl of Berkeley (1710-1755), who lived to maturity, were:—

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, afterwards fifth Earl (1735-1810); ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CRANFIELD (1753-1818); and GEORGIANA AUGUSTA (died 1820), who married (i) George, fifth Earl of Granard and (ii) the Rev. Samuel Little, D.D. See Pedigree A.

<sup>2</sup> There were seven children of this marriage:—

WILLIAM, afterwards seventh Baron Craven, born September 1, 1770, created 1801 first Earl of Craven; married Louisa, a celebrated actress, daughter of John Brunton, of Norwich; died July 30, 1825; and was succeeded by his eldest son.

HENRY AUGUSTUS BERKELEY, major-general, born December 21, 1770; married 1829 Marie Clarisse Thebhault; died 1836.

KIPPEN RICHARD, born June 1, 1779; died June 24, 1851.

ELIZABETH, married 1792 John Edward Madocks, of Glanywern; died January 3, 1799.

MARIA MARGARET, married 1792 William Philip, second Earl of Sefton; died March 9, 1851.

GEORGIANA, died 1839.

ARABELLA, married 1793 General the Hon. Frederick St. John; died June 9, 1819. See Pedigree B.

her first husband was fond and stupid, that she was beautiful and clever, that eventually Craven took unto himself a mistress, and that after thirteen years of married life he had her informed that he would no longer live with her, that she should have an income of fifteen hundred pounds, but must go her own way, which way, however, must not be his. Some part of the lady's account is accurate. She yearned to be regarded as a *bel esprit*, and indited verses to her friends. One of her earliest efforts was written when she was twenty-one, as a reply to "The False Alarm: A Fable," addressed to her by the Rev. Charles Jenner.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Craven, as was befitting a poetess, had a passion for romance, but unfortunately she did not confine her feelings to her verses. She was, indeed, singularly indiscreet in her conduct, and her reputation suffered greatly, nor, it is to be feared, without cause. "We talk much of Lady Craven," Mrs. Boscawen wrote to Mrs. Delany, May 7, 1773; "and have a variety of stories which I shall not employ my pen to string for you, *car elles ne sont point rangées, ni si nettes que des perles.*"<sup>2</sup> An examination of the gutter-press of the day furnishes us with details of a *liaison*, which even a paper so respectable as the *Morning Chronicle* deigned to notice. The other delinquent was the Duc de Guines, the French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.<sup>3</sup> The *Morning Chronicle* of May 19, 1773, mentions that his Excellency

<sup>1</sup> Both pieces have been printed in *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit* (ed. 1784, Vol. I). Her poem was reprinted in *The Monthly Mirror*, March, 1801. See Appendix A.

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, IV, 502.

<sup>3</sup> (Adrien Louis de Bonnieres, Count, afterwards Duc de Guines, diplomatist, was born at Lille, April 14, 1735, and died at Paris, December 21, 1806. He was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Berlin in 1768, and transferred to that of London in 1770, where he



WILLIAM, 6TH LORD CRAVEN AND HUSBAND OF ELIZABETH,  
AFTERWARDS MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH  
*From the contract at Genoa, 1735, attributed to Thomas Kent.*



and the Countess had been discovered in a disagreeable situation at a masquerade ; but a more circumstantial account appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine* in a letter dated May 16, signed " A Bye-Stander " :—

As the most extraordinary event, out of the circle of politics, that has happened this month, is the detection of Lady C --- in a criminal intercourse with a foreign ambassador, who resides in Westminster, your readers will certainly expect some account of this uncommon affair, through the channel of your Magazine.

Before his Lordship's late tour in Italy, whither he went for the recovery of his health, and where her Ladyship accompanied him, he had very strong suspicions of her infidelity ; however, as she gave him no cause to complain during his absence abroad, he stifled all resentment, and gave her Ladyship no reason to suspect his jealousy. But upon his return home, he found her frequently at different routs and parties always seated next to the F.A., who was almost constantly in conversation with her. Still he concealed his suspicions, till his excellency took her out for his partner, at one of his late *quadrilles*, and danced with her Ladyship the whole evening.

This made his Lordship call to mind that she returned one night very late in a hackney chair, seemed in great confusion, and her cloaths huddled on in a hurry. He found means to trace the chairmen, and bribed them to confess, that they came from a certain famous house of carnal recreation in Covent Garden.

His lordship's suspicions were now confirmed, as another hackney chair was called at the same time, and ordered to George-Street ; but no detection was yet made.

remained until 1776. He was created Duke after his recall. The Duke de Guines was a strong sympathiser with the cause of the Americans in their conflict with the mother-country.

When a party was proposed to his lordship for the late masquerade, he declined going, complaining of a violent pain in his head. Her Ladyship dressed at home, and went to the ball. His lordship soon after followed her with two friends, who kept a constant eye upon her and the ambassador. They perceived her ladyship and his excellency retire into a private room, and the door was instantly fastened. His lordship being made acquainted with this retreat, presently forced open the door, and found her ladyship sitting upon the ambassador's knee, in such a state, as clearly proved that a few minutes would have brought on an amorous conflict.

His lordship sent his wife directly into the country, and, it is said, challenged the ambassador, who declined accepting of it on account of his public character; but promised to give his lordship the satisfaction of a gentleman, when he shall have received his letters of recall. This discovery, it is assured, has wrought so painfully upon her ladyship's mind, as to turn her brain. It is certain that her relations have severely upbraided her upon the occasion, and the more as she had no plea of ill treatment from her noble husband; he having married her with a very small fortune, tho' he possesses a very ample one, and has always behaved to her with the most conjugal affection.<sup>1</sup>

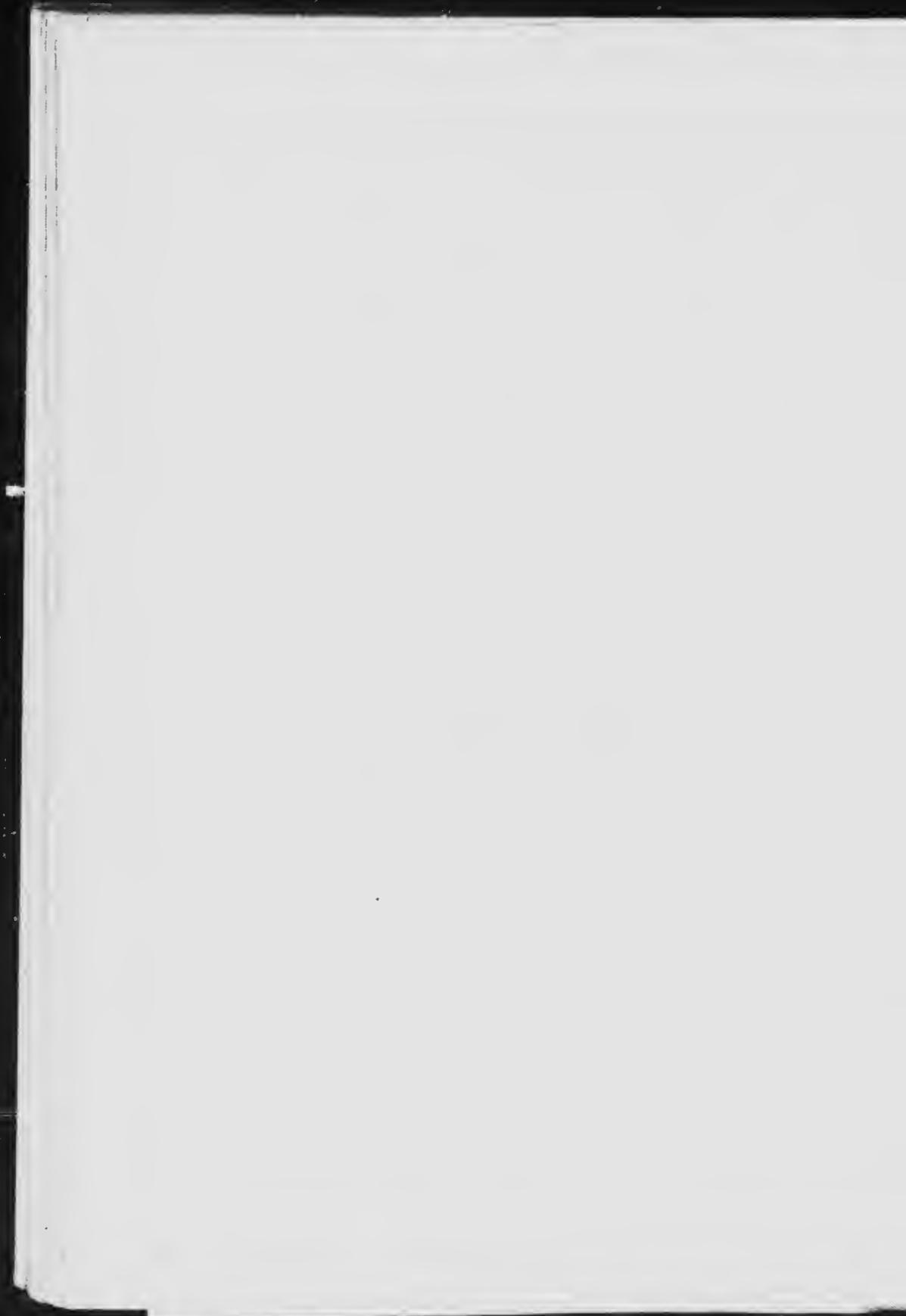
The scandal was widespread. "La fatuité de M. le comte de Guines, et l'imprudence de la jeune femme, amenèment necessairement une esclandre," wrote the Duc de Lauzun. "M. de Guines voulait persuader à Lady Craven de se faire séparer de son mari, et de s'enchaîner à son char."<sup>2</sup> When Lady Craven married again, the *Bon Ton Magazine* for August, 1791, in a sketch

<sup>1</sup> *Town and Country Magazine*, May, 1773, V, 246.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun* (ed. 1858), 114.



THE COUNT CAILLERWARDS THE DUKE DE GUINES,  
FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S  
*After the original by Louis de La Motte, London 1771*



of the lady's life, entitled "The Amorous Margravine and the Titled Wanderer," revived the incident:—

Among the illustrious visitants who attended the hospitalities of Benham] in Berkshire, was the French Count de Guines, Ambassador from his most Christian Majesty to the British Court. With a person rather elegant, a magnificence of dress, and an establishment more splendid than any of his predecessors, the Count de Guines became an object of much notoriety and praise; and though beyond the meridian of life, of much female attention also. Our heroine soon found in her own bosom the reality of a flame which the insinuating Frenchman pretended to be consuming his; . . . a faithful domestic discovered the criminal intercourse . . . an immediate separation took place: but so great was Lord C[raven]'s tender affection that he found life a burden without the society of his beauteous though inconstant mate; and upon a solemn promise of future circumspection, took her, with all her faults, once more to his bed and bosom.

Of the many remaining references to her infidelity only that contained in Charles Pigott's *The Jockey Club*<sup>1</sup> shall be given. "She was young, gay, and handsome, when she married the late L--d C--v-n, but he was too rustic and boarish in his manner for so *fine a lady*, and she discovered that the Duc de G---nes, A-b-ss-d-r from F---ce to the C---t of L-d-n, was far preferable to a plain downright British husband. . . . So she was frail, and what is worse, she was detected. His L--ds--p had a vast fund of good nature; he therefore pardoned the first offence."

<sup>1</sup> The extracts printed in this Introduction are from the third edition, 1792, Part III, 150-162.

The infidelity that the husband pardoned, the world did not feel called upon to resent. Lady Craven was still received in society, though many no doubt looked askance at her. Johnson visited "the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven," as he described her; and Horace Walpole, too, was among those who greeted her with smiles, and when she in 1775 came to Strawberry Hill, struck off on his Press the following lines:—

Genus, how'er sublime, pathetic, free,  
Trusts to the press for immortality.  
To types would Craven her sweet lays prefer,  
The press would owe immortal fame to her,  
While she, too careless of so fair a face,  
Would breathe eternal youth on every grace,  
Ages unborn computing with surprise,  
From her own wit the brightness of her eyes.<sup>1</sup>

In reply to this perfervid compliment, Lady Craven could do no less than present the amateur printer with some verses,<sup>2</sup> addressed directly to him:—

Thus spoke the bard—while Craven, whom he sung,  
In sad confusion bow'd her blushing head;  
Her downcast eyes bespoke the poet wrong,  
And fear'd a satire in each word he said.

Conscious that oft she felt the Muse's pow'r,  
But conscious too, she felt it oft in vain;  
Her heart to study ne'er had spar'd an hour,  
That heart e'er bleeding at another's pain.

Untaught and unconfin'd by learned rules,  
Say, would you bid her trust her simple lays  
To the rude eye of sense, or scorn of fools,  
To envy, poison of her youthful days.

<sup>1</sup> *Monthly Mirror*, April, 1801; XI, 221.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, May, 1801; XI, 294.

Already has the face you deem so fair,  
 Unconscious, sown in many a female breast,  
 The bitter seed of envy's cankering care,  
 That bane of friendship—foe to woman's rest. —

Then spare, in pity, to some future day,  
 That praise, which all my sex would vain receive,  
 And let my life obscurely glide away,  
 Nor for one woman, many others grieve.

So shall my careless hours, from envy free,  
 Be yet employed in silence with each Muse,  
 But yield to you that immortality,  
 Which I with grateful caution must refuse.

The verses were not printed, but they were talked of, and the Countess of Ossory asked for a sight of them. "I certainly did not send you, Madam, Lady Craven's verses, nor intend it, though they are extremely pretty," Walpole wrote from Strawberry Hill, August 3, 1775. "She did not give me leave, and without it you know I would not. Nay, I don't think I should even with her permission, for she makes an Apollo of me, and, if the eight other Muses called me so too, I would not accept the title without any pretensions."<sup>1</sup> Lady Craven and Walpole were now on very friendly terms, and his letters are one of the sources from which information can be gleaned about her during the next few years. In the true spirit of the time they capped verses; and it may have been this exercise that induced the lady to try more ambitious literary flights. She translated in 1778 Pont de Vile's comedy, *La Somnambule*, and this, entitled *The Sleep-Walker*, received the signal honour of being printed

<sup>1</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), VI, 231.

in August at the Strawberry Hill Press.<sup>1</sup> "I shall be in town in a few days, and will send you the heads of Painters, which I left there," Walpole wrote to the Rev. William Cole, August 22, 1778; "and along with them for yourself a translation of a French play, that I have just printed there. It is not for your reading, but as one of the Strawberry editions, and one of the rarest; for I have printed but seventy-five copies. It was to oblige Lady Craven, the translator."<sup>2</sup>

Lady Craven pursued her literary career, and her next production was *Modern Anecdotes of the Family of Kinkerrankotsdarspraken:otchederns*, which appeared in 1779, with a dedication to Walpole, who told Cole that it "is careless and incorrect, but there are very pretty things in it."<sup>3</sup> He wrote of this book, at greater length to Lady Ossory. "I send your Ladyship, as you order, Lady Craven's novel, which is, being very short, full of one long name, but not of long names," so runs a passage in his letter of February 2, 1780. "It is scarce a story, and I am told, is a translation; but it is very prettily

<sup>1</sup> See Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. iii, p. 287. According to Baker it was never published, although printed, and only acted for a charitable purpose at Newbury. To *The Sleep-Walker*, Horace Walpole prefixed the following:

"Translation does to genius not belong,  
But its own modesty repairs the wrong  
And while it waves the invention it could boast,  
It guns a virtue for a talent lost."

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, VII, 112.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), VII, 339.

"It must have been a high entertainment to the Margravine's youthful and playful mind to have heard the several explanations that were given to this novel. Some people said it was written to turn family pride into ridicule; others, to deride German nobility. Some declared they traced malice in every line; while others, whose minds were more delicately turned, like the sensitive plant, shrunk from the double entendre that, in our opinion, pervaded the whole. But the fact is, this production was not the offspring of the Margravine's fertility; it was literally a German anecdote, which she augmented considerably, and adorned by many little whimsical ideas."—*Monthly Review*, xii, 9.

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MISS [Name] [Address]



told, and has, I will swear, several original expressions, that are characteristic, and must be her own. There is no mystery or secret about it, except that it was one to me for four and twenty hours, being sent to me anonymously, and I was all that time before I guessed the author. The reason of my not naming it, Madam, you will find in my character, which abhors anything that looks like vanity."<sup>1</sup> After the composition (or translation) of the *Modern Anecdotes*, Lady Craven wrote her first play, *The Miniature Picture*, which was performed by some of her friends at Benham and afterwards at the town-hall of Newbury for the benefit of the poor of the town. After some persuasion, the author consented to its production at Drury Lane, where, according to the *Monthly Mirror*, it was "acted for some nights to crowded and brilliant audiences, and received with great applause."<sup>2</sup>

HORACE WALPOLE TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON

STRAWBERRY HILL, *May 28, 1780.*

There has been such an uncommon event that I must give you an account of it, as it relates to the Republic of poetry, of which you are President, and to the Aristocracy of Noble Authors, to whom I am Gentleman Usher. Lady Craven's Comedy, called *The Miniature Picture*, which she acted herself with a genteel set at her own house in the country, has been played at Drury Lane. The chief singularity was that she went to it herself the second night, in form; sat in the middle of the front row of the stage-box, much dressed, with a profusion of white bustles and plumes to receive the public homage due to

<sup>1</sup> *Letters and Correspondence*, VII, 121.

<sup>2</sup> Stoddard wrote an excellent preface to *The Miniature Picture*. See *Biographæ Dramaticæ*, by D. E. Baker, Vol. III, p. 43. According to Baker it was produced late in the season of 1781 and acted only three or four nights.

her sex and loveliness. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Harcourt, Lady Edgcombe, Lady Aylesbury, Mrs. Damer, Lord Craven, General Conway, Colonel O'Hara, Mr. Lennox and I were with her. It was amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself; but there is such an integrity and frankness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents, that she speaks of them with a *naïveté* as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the Gods. Lord Craven, on the contrary, was quite agitated by his fondness for her and with impatience at the bad performance of the actors, which was wretched indeed, yet the address of the plot, which is the chief merit of the piece, and some lively pencilling, carried it off very well, though Parsons murdered the Scotch Lord, and Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favourite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms or him.<sup>1</sup> There is a very good though endless Prologue written by Sheridan and spoken in perfection by King, which was encored (an entire novelty) the first night; and an Epilogue that I liked still better, and which was full as well delivered by Mrs. Abingdon, written by Mr. Jekyll.

The audience, though very civil, missed a fair opportunity of being gallant; for in one of those -logues, I forget which, the noble authoress was mentioned, and they did not applaud as they ought to have done exceedingly when she condescended to avow her pretty child, and was there looking so very pretty. I could not help thinking to myself how many deaths Lady Harcourt would

<sup>1</sup> Robinson, Mary, *née* Darby [1758-1800], commonly known as "Perdita." In 1771 she married secretly Thomas Robinson. She appeared at Drury Lane under the auspices of David Garrick in 1776, and two years later attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales. *The Woman's Magazine* of 1790 contains frequent allusions to their *liaison*, then at its height. The entire manuscript of Mrs. Robinson's Memoirs, chiefly written on the backs of letters, is in Mr. Broadley's possession. Mrs. Robinson was also the mistress of Lord Malden, Charles James Fox, and Sir Banastre Tarleton.



THRALIA (MRS. ABINGTON)  
*From the original by Sir J. Kneller*



we suffered rather than encountered such an exhibition ; yet Lady Craven's tranquillity had nothing displeasing—it was only the ease that conscious pre-eminence bestows on Sovereigns, whether their empire consists in power or beauty.      was the ascendant of Millamont and Lady Betty Modish and Indamore ; and it was tempered by her infinite good nature, which made her make excuses for the actors instead of being provoked at them. I have brought hither her portrait and placed it in the favourite Blue Room.<sup>1</sup>

The portrait referred to was that by Romney, upon which Walpole wrote the following lines :—

Full many an Artist has on canvas fix'd  
All charms that Nature's pencil ever mix'd,  
The witchery of her eyes, the grace that tips  
The inexpressible douceur of her lips :  
Romney alone in this fair image caught  
Each charm's expression, and each feature's thought ,  
And shows how in their sweet assembly sit  
Taste, spirit, softness, sentiment, and wit.<sup>2</sup>

Lady Craven was indefatigable. She poured forth, or as a contemporary put it, "dealt out largely," her sonnets, rebuses, charades, epilogues, and songs, and, besides, not a few plays. A short piece of her composition, *The Silver Tankard*,<sup>3</sup> was presented by Colman at the

<sup>1</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), VII, 368-9.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, IX, 75.

<sup>3</sup> *The Silver Tankard, or The Point at Portsmouth* was a Musical Farce. Baker (*Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. III, p. 274) says it was never printed, which is an error. It was produced at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, July 18, 1781. According to Baker, "With great difficulty, and some management, this piece was heard throughout on the first night. The natural tenderness with which an English audience will always treat the work of a lady, could alone have preserved such an insipid title from immediate condemnation. It was acted six times." The songs in it were published by Cadell in the year of its production.

Haymarket Theatre, and it was on seeing the announcement of this that Anthony Storer wrote to Lord Carlisle, July 18, 1781: "Lady Craven's afterpiece comes out to-night. If it is not a better piece than her Ladyship, the Lord have mercy on it."<sup>1</sup> A fortnight earlier the same correspondent had written: "Lady Craven gave a tea-drinking last night at a sort of thatched house she has built upon the banks of the Thames. I did not imagine that anything could be so ugly as the banks of the Thames, but she has realised what I never could have imagined. She has made her house look as if it was built in an ait, having surrounded it entirely with willows, and so with a willow in her hand, she waves her love to come again."<sup>2</sup> Of yet another production there is mention in a letter from Walpole to Mason, April 14, 1782: "Last night before I came out of town, I was at a kind of pastoral opera written by Lady Craven, and acted prettily by her own and other children; you will scold me again for not telling you the title, but in truth I forgot to ask it. There was imagination in it, but not enough to carry off five acts."<sup>3</sup> This was probably *The Arcadian Pastoral*, that and *The Statue Feast* both having been played for the first time in this year.

The remark of Anthony Storer, already quoted, reflecting upon the character of Lady Craven, though perhaps ill-natured, was not without warrant. Though her *liaison* with the Duc de Guines was long since a thing of the past, it is to be feared that that lover had more than one successor, and her infidelity could no longer be overlooked even by the most indulgent husband. "When

<sup>1</sup> Carlisle MSS., 509.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), VIII, 210.

Lord Craven perceived . . . that she was become a demagogue in love, and had shewn marks of *complaisance* to the *canaille*, he was surly and indignant, and advised her to *take herself off*. . . . The Peer settled £1500 a year upon his spouse."<sup>1</sup> Thus Charles Pigott, who places all the blame on the wife, and has nothing to say as to whether the Earl was true to his marriage vows. But, indeed, that an eighteenth-century nobleman should be faithful to his wife was so little expected that it was the breach which would pass unnoticed; the observance would surely have been commented upon.

<sup>1</sup> *The Jeckey Club* (3rd ed., 1792), Part III, 160.

## II

## FN VOYAGE

(1783-1786)

LADY CRAVEN, being turned away by her husband, and her reputation in England being such as to close society to her, decided to go abroad. With her youngest son, Richard Keppel Craven, then four years old, she went to France, and settled herself in a house at Versailles. Of her sojourn there, particulars are given in the *Memoirs*, and here it is only necessary to mention that among her visitors the Margrave of Anspach<sup>1</sup> was one of the most frequent. Scandal was rife about the pair, but this the Countess allayed, at least to some extent, by declaring that she had known his Serene Highness all her life. It were shame to doubt a lady's word, and so it shall merely be remarked that the only recorded visits to England by the Margrave, who was a nephew of George II's Queen, took place in 1763,<sup>2</sup> and that there is no record of Lady Craven having been abroad. It is difficult, therefore, to account for the intimacy, which, however, there is no reason to believe was other than an innocent attachment.

<sup>1</sup> Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bayreuth, Duke of Prussia, and Comte de Sayn. He was a nephew of Frederick the Great, being the son of his Majesty's sister, Wilhelmina, Duchess of Bayreuth.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole: *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IV, 80.

Pigott says that "in the course of her peregrinations, she formed a kind of *brotherly* attachment with his wise and serene H - - - n - - - ss the M - - - g - - - e of A - - - p - - - ch,"<sup>1</sup> and the *Bon Ton Magazine* for August, 1791, supplies the following information: "In travelling through Germany one became acquainted with the Margrave of A[nsbach], a man of an easy and unambitious nature; and one who, though possessed of absolute and sovereign power, was all his life a very slave to the dominion of beauty. With this effeminate prince, who is the hero of our present narrative, the frail Lady Craven] lived in *chaste sisterly* intercourse, until she commenced her curious, if not her amorous pilgrimage to Constantinople." It was to the Margrave that Lady Craven, on her travels, wrote the letters that were afterwards published by her in book-form.<sup>2</sup> The first letter, which is dated Paris, June 15, 1785, certainly supports the contention that the friendship was platonic. "The honour you do me, in wishing to hear from me," she wrote, "deserves, in return a greater entertainment than my letters can afford; and if it was not for the precious

<sup>1</sup> *The Jockey Club* (3rd ed.), 1792, Part III, 161.

<sup>2</sup> The title-pages of the two editions are as follows:—

A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople. In a series of Letters from the Right Honourable Elizabeth Lady Craven, to His Serene Highness the Margrave of Brandebourg, Anspach, and Bareith. Written in the year MDCCLXXXVI. Dublin: Printed for Chamberlaine, R. Moncrieffe, W. Colles, G. Barnett, W. Wilson, L. White, P. Byrne, P. Wogan, H. Colbert, J. Moore, J. Jones, and B. Dornin. M.DCC.LXXXIX. 8vo, pp. 7-115.

Letters from The Right Honourable Lady Craven, to His Serene Highness, The Margrave of Anspach, during her Travels through France, Germany, & Russia in 1785 and 1786. Second Edition, including a variety of letters not before published. London: Printed by A. J. Valpy, Took's Court, Chancery-Lane; sold by H. Colburn, Condut-Street, 1814.

[O. 1 p. viii.—316.

name of sister, which you order me to take, I should perhaps be a long time before I could venture to write to you; but when you command me to look upon you as my brother, the idea coincides so perfectly with the esteem and friendship I feel for you, that I obey with pleasure."

Lady Craven was, then, innocent enough, we will assume, in her relations with the Margrave, but she was not, according to more than one account, *sans reproche* in another direction. "Our discarded B-r-n-ss being now at liberty, went beyond seas in search of liberty," Charles Pigott had written; "and there she took up as a companion de Voyage the celebrated and voracious Henry Vernon.<sup>1</sup> They visited divers and distant parts of the world. Their adventures were wonderful. They breakfasted with the Empress of Russia, they dined with the Grand Signor, and supped with the Great Mogul."<sup>2</sup> A more reliable authority for her Ladyship's misconduct is Horace Walpole. "I did send you a line last week in the cover of a letter to Lady Craven, which I knew would sufficiently tell your quickness how much I shall be obliged to you for any attentions to her," he wrote on October 30, 1785, to Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister at Florence. "I thought her at Paris, and was surprised to hear of her at Florence. She has, I fear, been *infiniment* indiscreet; but what is that to you or me? She is very

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Henry Vernon was a great-nephew of the well-known Admiral Vernon, and a son of Mr. Henry and Lady Harriet Vernon, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Strarford of the second creation. She was a sister of the Lady Grosvenor, whose *liaison* with the Duke of Cumberland led to the *cause célèbre* which gave so much annoyance to George III and Queen Charlotte.

<sup>2</sup> *The Jockey Club* (3rd ed.), 1792, Part III, 160.

pretty, has parts, and is good-natured to the greatest degree; has not a grain of malice or mischief (almost always the associates, in women, of tender hearts), and never has been an enemy but to herself."<sup>1</sup> Lady Craven, with her companion, went by way of Orleans, Tours, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Hyères, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and Bologna, to Venice, where she arrived in the middle of November, and stayed for about a month. There she made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Murray Keith,<sup>2</sup> the British Minister, with whom she began to correspond.

LADY CRAVEN TO (?) DR. BUDD, CHATHAM PLACE,  
LONDON

FLORENCE, Wednesday, 5th Oct. 1785.

Sir,—Before I got your letter of the fourth of Sep. I had been much shock'd at seeing my worthy friend's death in the newspapers at Sir Horace Mann's, our Minister's. I wrote to Mrs Page immediately.

It is very true, that Mr Page most deservedly possess'd my confidence, indeed he was the only person in Berkshire who knew fully the reasons why I was prevailed upon to quit children dearer to me than life and a place I was told to look upon as my own and which I formed myself. As you are one of his Executors, I presume you know he had sent me just now, or was on the point of sending me forty pounds he ow'd me for two prizes in the Lottery out of three tickets he bought last year, and which he was paid for. If that money is not deposited in Drummond's hands, I desire it may not be. Mr P.

<sup>1</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 27.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Murray Keith [1730-1795], Lieutenant-General and Diplomatist. British Minister in Saxony, 1769-1771. While envoy at Copenhagen he rescued the Queen Sophia Matilda, George III's sister, from the fury of the mob. British Ambassador at Vienna 1772-1792.

had likewise a Bond upon a Turnpike of mine, the interest of which, since I have been out of England, he had by my orders distributed to the poor on the first day of Sept, my eldest son's birthday; but as I have never had from Lord Craven nor my son on the least hint that my attention was felt, I will have that money, with the forty pounds (if not sent to me) and the twenty pounds my dear and worthy friend has left me put out to interest. I feel, sir, I have not the same right to trouble Mr Page's Exors with my Business that I had with him, (the right which mutual esteem and friendship caused). Therefore I beg you will have the goodness together with the other two trustees, to look out the papers and money relative to me, and I will empower some one to take all trouble off your hands; unless indeed, it should be young Mr Page's pleasure and pride, as it was his father's, to keep these small concerns of mine in his hands, for I would have you and him believe that it is only because I wish to spare you trouble that I would arrange these matters; and not from the least mistrust that my orders should not be executed; having every reason to believe that all my neighbours had the kindest and most obliging dispositions towards me and mine and I hope it is believed mine were not less so for them.

I shall wait for your answer and young Mr Page's sentiments upon this head, before I take any steps about Business.

There is another affair likewise which Mr Page was intrusted with; the selling or letting my cottage at Fulham.<sup>1</sup> I suspect he has laid out money for repairs which he has not acquainted me with and that I am in his debt - I would be fully informd on this subject. If my lord had kept his promises to me in suffering my girls to write constantly; or had he answerd my letters (for by Lord Berkeley's desire I wrote to him,) much

<sup>1</sup> Craven Cottage, on the banks of the Thames.

trouble would be constantly spared my friends, for there are a thousand occurrences which make it necessary for business to pass by messages between my lord and me—but I am griev'd in the heart to inform you, Sir, or any person who may have business of ours to transmit, that not only my lord has broken all his most sacred promises of seeing that my Children should correspond with me—but that his aversion for me is so much increas'd, instead of being diminish'd by time, that the very last time our worthy friend had occasion to speak to him relative to me, he broke out into language and behaviour as by Mr Page's letter was little short of madness. I think it necessary to give you this intimation, least you should venture to ask my lord's opinion relative to any business of mine. I beg you will reiterate to Mrs Page my assurances of regard for Frederick, and if he pursues the track his father had pointed out for him, I probably may be of some use to him; his father's memory alone would ensure to him any services of mine, and I hope he inherits all his father's integrity, and some of his attachment for me. I should be much oblig'd to you if you will inform me of evry circumstance relative to the young man, should his youth and diffidence prevent him from writing to me, which I hope it will not.

Let me know too if you reside chiefly at Newbury or in London.

If Mr Page kept my letters, I beg they may be seal'd up till you can deliver them into my hands, or in case of my death—be burn'd all together.

As my lord has quarrel'd with almost evry branch of my numerous family, in order to prevent my gaining any intelligence about my dear children; you will observe a strict secrecy and silence relative to this my letter to you. I understand my oid governess has a second time given up the care of my children—I should be very glad to know whom they have with them at present in her place

—and by whose recommendation she was plac'd about them— I look upon it as the greatest favour done me, ev'ry possible detail that can be given me about my children. I watch'd over them for fourteen years, with an assiduity, perhaps uncommon at my time of life. It is not at all necessary that my lord or any of his creatures should know that I even wish to be inform'd about them.

I believe you are the father of a large family yourself— and as such I must believe you can form some little Idea of my feelings at being debar'd ev'ry possible means of knowing if even my children are in health or not— and the certainty I have of their minds being weaned as much as possible from ev'ry Idea of Love and respect towards me; this subject is too painfull to me . . .

I would wish from time to time to hear from Mrs Sheppard and Mr Parry, trustees to my dear Keppel's legacy.

Be assured ev'ry friendly act towards my Children is written in my heart. . . . You will be so good as to direct to me at Sir Horace Mann's at Florence, Italy. I believe a Postage must be paid in putting a letter in that; together with any Expence I may put you to; I beg you will keep an account of. I remain

SIR

Your oblig'd friend,

ELIZA CRAVEN.

Sir, it is impossible for me to close my letter, which I have shed many tears over, without begging again you will give me from time to time ev'ry information you can about my children

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

CRACOW, *December 27th, 1785.*

I found no Letters for me here, Dear Sir Robert; but if I should have been beforehand with the Post, I have



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order'd them to be sent after me, as I stay but one day here, being in haste to reach the Princess Czartoryski; who is an old friend of Mine, and at her Country house, half way from hence to Warsaw.

The Man who undertook my face had made it so unlike that I left it unfinished but I beg you will believe that I mean to give you a likeness when I return, and if your way of thinking and mine are the same upon this subject, you would not have been pleas'd to have had a face that would not have call'd mine to your remembrance, where I desire to be, as I am, and not as I am not.

Mr. Vernon desires to be remembered to you, and, as Soldiers do not make fine Speeches to one another, I beg you will put his thanks for all your Civilities in any form you like best, and accept them from him, with mine. I assure you I shall wish for the time that will bring me to Vienna, that I may assure you in person how much pleased I was with my short stay there. I beg to be remembered to the Ladies whose Civilities I shall never forget, and tell the Prince Kaunitz I am *pénêtré et comblé*—and that I hope when I return he will find out I am not quite unworthy of all his kindness to me. I am very well and beg you will beleive this Journey is not so very formidable as it is represented.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO DR. BUDD

PETERSBURGH, 1st of February, Old Stile  
(1786?)

I have recd. your letter, Sir, dated the 15th of Novr. it followd me from Florence; when there, finding my brother Lord Berkeley had given up the thoughts of passing the winter in Italy, as I flatter'd myself he would; I immediately set out thro' Venice to Vienna, Warsaw and this Court,—which I shall quit as soon as I

<sup>1</sup> British Museum, Add. MSS. 55535. f. 327. Now first published.

have seen ev'ry thing in it worth seeing—and return by Sweden and Denmark and Berlin; at this last place you may direct your answer to the care of Lord Dalrymple, our Minister there. I hope to be there in May. Notwithstanding the fatigue and inconvenience of the Journey I have taken, I am extremely glad to have seen the northern Courts; finding in ev'ry one a distinction paid to and a partiality for our nation, which still makes me hope the real virtues of our Island are not so totally absorbed by foreign Luxuries and Vices as to be totally forgotten.

As to my Cottage—I have desir'd it may neither be let or sold—and I beg you will make what use you please of it—keeping it warm'd and air'd—for I may want it at a fortnight's warning— I suppose then it is the late Mr Page that has paid the repairs of the Cottage and whomsoever † may be, I must reimburse; therefore, Sir, you must keep the Legacy, the Bond on the Turnpike, which I do not understand the nature of; I know I recd. interest for it but exactly what, I cannot tell; however you must settle for me (paying what I owe) as well as you can; and what ready money is wanting, I will order my Brother to pay you. I would have a great many Vines planted at the Cottage—as there is one which produced the very best grapes I ever eat in any country, owing to the shelter'd situation—and all of the same sort—I beg there may be no alteration in the disposition of the planting &c—only the willows cut away properly—as your residence is in London, this cottage will be a very agreeable circumstance to you—and I insist on your making use of it. There was a Pianoforte and a thousand little comfortable things in it—I must have ev'ry thing replaced and as you have the writings, you may insist on ev'ry thing being put to right. Any thing belonging to Mr Page is dear to me, and I repeat it, I look upon Frederic as one of my own sons. I think he had uncommon talents and I hope and believe his heart will equal in goodness his

head; and that I shall be justified evry way, in endeavouring as well as I am able, to promote his success in the world.

I have been thinking about my son Keppel's Legacy; I am of opinion that it would be advisable to procure an Annuity for him with £3000 commencing when he arrives to the age of 21 years. I know my good friend the late Lord Warwick did that for his younger sons, by which they are now at their ease, which otherwise they would not have been. I beg, Sir, you will inquire of the Duke of Bedford's steward, if the late D. was not the person who granted these annuities—and if such are continued--you know it must be good security.

My sweet Boy is 7 years old next April on the 14th; I hear from Paris, beside the Masters I left him with, he has chose to learn upon the Violin; if he succeeds in music as in other things, he will be a very extraordinary creature. It is the most painfull subject in the world to me, that of my children; but I must repeat again to you; that it is above two years since I have heard from my eldest son who used to write constantly. What can have induced Mr [Forbes]? to forget me so intirely. I cannot conceive; but I beg you will tell Frederic Page, that the only thing he can do to please or oblige me is to put my Children in mind of their Duty and love to me.

People may ask, why haveing the Liberty of seeing them, I chuse to remain out of England where I cannot see them; my reason is that I *never will* see them but as I ought, that is when and where I please -nor run the risk of being represented to them in odious colours—and see likewise the education and principles I had begun, warped it not destroy'd.

This subject is too painfull; and I quit it.

Tell Frederic I send my love to him; if he writes to me to reach me 'n May he must direct to Berlin -if at the latter end of the summer to Sr. Robt. Keith at

Vienna - for I have promis'd to pass some time at the Prince of Augsberg's, in the neighbourhood of Vienna, to shoot - unless some event was to recall me I have no thoughts of returning towards England till Keppel is eight years old. By some strange Idea of Lord Craven's, I find my youngest Brother is hardly on speaking terms with him - doubly painfull to me is this circumstance, as his wife, being my Cousin, was the properest person to see my Daughters often. This is another reason why I wish Frederic to put my children in mind of me - as Ld. C's intentions seem to be to keep at a distance any connection or alliance that I may be dear to.

Adieu Sir, pray give my compliments to Mr Francis Page and tell him my direction. At the same time assuring all the family of my good wishes. I remain,

Your oblig'd humble servant

E. CRAVEN.

The old stile is not changd here, you are now at the 11th of Feby.

P.S. Mr Lee, the great Botanist at Hammersmith, had best be consulted in planting the grapes. I wish to be inform'd of the interest of the Turnpike (?) as not given the last first of Septr. I think it was ten pounds or guineas. The interest of that Bond, the £20 you have, and what Ld. B. has in his hands, will pay the repairs.

Mr Lee lives at Hammersmith. Lee and Kennedy is wrote over their garden. Give my comps. to Lee - he knows me very well and is the best person to consult.

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

ST. PETERSBURG, *February 5, 1786* [O.S.].

I am extremely Obliged to you, Dear Sir Robert, for all your attentions; and Mr. Vernon assuring one that my thanks deliverd to you by myself would be more acceptable than if he wrote - I, like Harlequin, am the Porteur

of my own message. I hear of your Splendid Ball and Supper on the Queen's Birth Day. Our minister here is not quite so Loyal; The Climate seems to discompose him much, and must, I think, ev'ry one but a Russian, who smiles and goes out in all weather.

I staid but a very little time at Warsaw. That disagreeable Business between the Czartoryskis and the King, gave me an uneasy sensation, as both parties seem'd to vie with each other who should most caress me. I bore the long and tedious Journey well, and here the Empress has been so gracious to insist on my being presented at the Hermitage, and not on a public court day, I was accordingly there last Thursday, and saw an Opera where Marchesi and Todi *faisaient de leur mieux pour Enchanter tout le monde*. I hope you do not hate a Pun.

I go again to night, when there is a French Play. The great Grand-Duchess was brought to Bed last night. This Town is very beautifull, but I do not laugh a little when I find myself flying along with a set of Horses guided by 2 Postillions riding on the *right hand* horses, and a Coachman dress'd in a sheep's-skin. Mr. de Ségur, the French Minister, gave me a fine Ball last Tuesday. There are many Balls here too; but there are no aimiable Gallant Ladies looking very handsome and talking good English. I shall assuredly be in the neighbourhood of Vienna by the latter end of the summer, and if you have any letters or Commands to give me by the latter end of May, pray direct at Berlin; but after that and the beginning of June keep my letters till you hear from me. I beg you will accept Mr. Vernon's Compl<sup>ts</sup> and remember me to the Prince Kaunitz, and all the Ladies who are good enough to think of me. You may tell Lord Ancrum my Sister Berkeley lies in again in May, so he will have no lack of cousins, nor I of Nephews of that name.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 35559, f. 78. Now first published.

In spite of the fact that Lady Craver was so indiscreet as to travel with "cousin Vernon," she was, as her letters show, graciously received at the Russian court; but her action was more harshly judged at home.

HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN

March 16, 1786.

Lord and Lady Spencer are arrived—and now I suppose the adventures of a certain Lady and her *cousin Vernon*, which I have kept profoundly secret, will be public. I have lately received a letter from *the Lady* from *Petersburg*: luckily, she gave me no direction to her, no more than from *Venice*; so, if necessary, I shall plead that I did not know whether I must direct next to Grand Cairo, or Constantinople. *Petersburg* I think a very congenial asylum; the Sovereign has already fostered the *Ducal Countess of Bristol*<sup>1</sup>—for in the family of *Hervey* double dignities couple with facility. Formerly our outlaws used to concentrate at *Boulogne*; they are now spread over the face of the earth. *Mr. Vernon's cousin* tells me she has been also at *Warsaw*; that she showed the King a letter of mine, who put it in his pocket, translated it into French (though returning the original), and would send it to his sister the Princess *Czartoryski* at *Vienna*:—so, I may see it in an *Utrecht Gazette*! I know not what it contained; however, I comfort myself that I have never dealt with my heroine but in compliments or good advice: but this comes of corresponding with strolling *Roxanas*.<sup>2</sup>

From *St. Petersburg* the travellers went to *Moscow* (which was reached on *February 27, 1786*), and thence,

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Chudleigh [1720-1788], Countess of Bristol and Duchess of Kingston. In 1777, after the famous trial for bigamy, she visited the Czarina Catherine, and for a time contemplated taking up her abode at Constantinople.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 14.

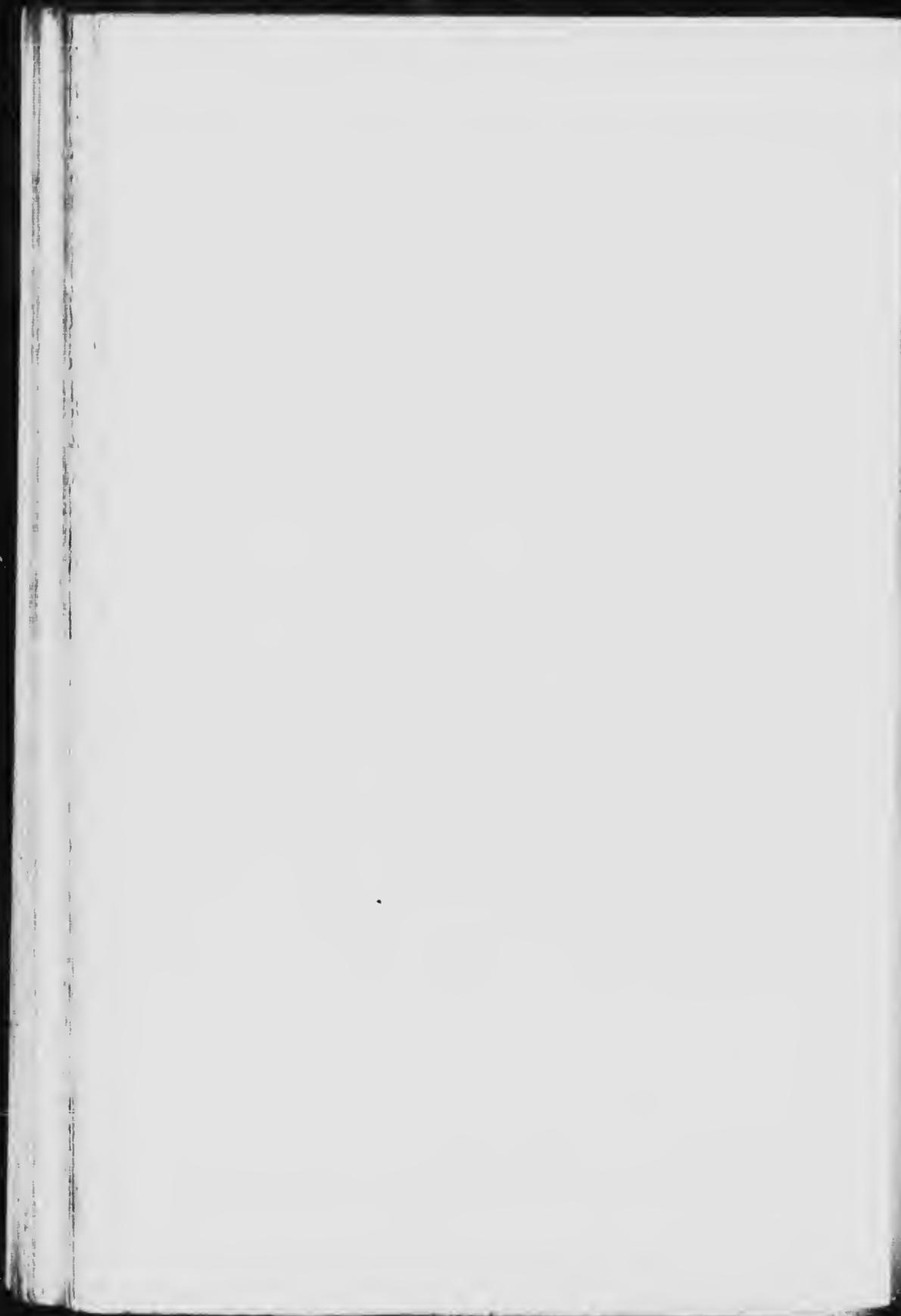
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THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON IN THE DRESS WHICH SHE WORE  
ON HER INTRODUCTION TO THE EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA



by way of Cherson and Sebastopol, to Constantinople, where they arrived on April 20, and stayed for a few weeks.

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

CONSTANTINOPLE, *April 30, 1786.*

I am arrived here very safely and agreeably (after seeing the Crimea, or rather the Tauride) in a small Ship of the Empreses, and I find my best route to Vienna is by Land. I shall not take up your time at present, by giving you an account of what I have seen. I will only content myself with assuring you that I shall be very happy to see you, and all those who were kind enough to express a desire of my return. I come to Vienna merely for that purpose, for I mean to stay the few months I can spare, in the country in the neighbourhood of Vienna.

The Ladies, who were so civil to me, will see that I fulfill their Ideas of an English promise. I am perfectly well, and never saw a Climate I like so well as that of the Tauride; Nature seems there to court the hand of Industry, a Goddess whose charms the Tartars have no Idea of; they content themselves with what they find, and, except a little wheat for their own use, all kind of Culture is neglected.

I desire you will particularly remember me to the Prince Kaunitz, and I wish to find him perfectly well. Mr. Vernon presents his Compliments to you, and we both hope to find you as well and as glad to see us, as we shall be to see you. I am lodg'd at the French Ambassador's here. He is extremely sensible and entertaining; he has been so good as to promise me two Editions of his works. He has the best artists of every kind in his house; and a Printing Press, without which, I believe, he would die of the *Ennui* which the Turkish manners and the Grecian dresses inspire him with. The latter, I must

confess seems calculated to set off to the best advantage everything that is hideous, and destroy everything that is beautifull.

The Capitan Pacha here has a tame Lion instead of a Spaniel constantly at his side, and one day he suffer'd him to follow him to the Divan, upon which the Turkish Cabinet took to their heels, through Passages or down staircases as chance directed in their hurry, and the Mufti had his neck nearly broken in his flight. The Capitan and his Lion were left together to settle the Politics of that Day which went on with more tediousness than usual — *et c'est beaucoup dire*.

The secretary here said very pleasantly he wonder'd not I was fêted in the Tauride and had the Army and government at my orders, for since Iphigenia, I am the first Lady heard of in that Country.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

HERMANSTADT, *July 22, 1786.*

I am at last safely arriv'd in a Christian Country, Dear Sir Robert, which I am not a little pleas'd of. I found the Emperor here; whose Civilities I am extremely proud and sensible of; but by his desire, my arrival at Vienna will be retarded a few days, as he has made out a route for me which I take to see his Croates and Slavonians. I am extremely well lodg'd here at Mr. Pureker's — but set out tomorrow. I have not time to give you a particular detail of my Journey, I can only say the kindness and Civilities I have met with from evry one can only be Equall'd by yours to me. I came from Constantinople to Varna by sea, from thence thro' Bulgaria and Valachia to Buccorest, where the Prince gave me two messages to deliver to the Emperor and Prince Kaunitz, [and] a great Supper and a fine young

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 25534. f. 111. Now first published

Arabian horse for myself. Pray give my best respects to Prince Kaunitz and tell him the Prince of Valachia has made me his Ambassador to him. You will both laugh exceedingly when you know the difference he makes between the Emperor<sup>1</sup> and him. I long and creak at the same time to arrive at Vienna; for I am very uneasy about my Sister Berkeley's health, who was to lie in in March. I put myself out of the Possibility of receiving letters since I left Petersburg, so that my Packet will be very interesting and terrible to me. I beg, my good Sir Robert, you will be kind enough to write me a line directed to *Kormend*, which I pass thro to come to Vienna— and to desire Mr. Freis, the Banker, to write likewise to let me know if it is at the Bœuf Blanc I am to be lodg'd. Mr. Vernon sends you his Respects. I suppose you know his mother is dead—Lady Harriet Vernon. I have not time to say more. I must go and dine with the Governor, who has some very fine Pictures two or 3 which would well suit any Royal Collection.<sup>2</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

GRAVENCHI, August 23, 1786.

I take the Liberty of incloseing some letters for the Post; knowing how good you are about them.

I am in a good Appartment in a large old Castle where you will find a very sincere welcome from me if you come to any one but myself it might appear melancholy, as it is moated and I have nothing but *la Chasse et ma Plume* to amuse me, but as I am extremely fond of the frost, and have a great deal of Employment for the latter, I cannot say I find the days too long.

I do not beleive either the Chasseurs or Dogs the

<sup>1</sup> Emperor Joseph II.

<sup>2</sup> Add. MSS. 35537, f. 31. Now first published.

Prise has left me are accustomed to our manner of shooting, notwithstanding which I and my good friend with me have killed seven Brace and a half of Partridge, 2 and a half of quails, and 3 Brace and a half of Hare.

I beg you will give a thousand thanks to the gardener, and that I beg Lady Vernon should know of Lady Cornbury's brother to be gone, she says. If Lord Grosvenor should come here some time, I shall be obliged to you to let me know, day or night, and I will be very good for Robert; for the work is a very good one, *M. says télé.*<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

GRAVENHURST, September 11, 1786.

As I can not deliver my visit to the Margrave of Anspach, I set out in 2 days, and I beg if any letters should come, that you will direct them for the present to Anspach. I rely upon you for the care of my sister, Princess Kaunitz, and I beg, my friend Sir Robert, you will receive mine and Mr. Vernon's best thanks for your Civility to us—and be assured we wish you and your family all happiness; and be assured you may Command us on all occasions—I will write to you from Anspach, give you my direction.<sup>2</sup>

Lady Craven arrived at Vienna on the 10th of September, her sojourn in that city, went to Anspach in the latter part of the month, and in the latter part of the month she departed for Berlin. On her departure from Vienna, she told the Margrave, "the princess Kaunitz having pleased the Margravine." "Your court," she said, "is assured me," he added, "I am a very good person."

<sup>1</sup> V. L. M. 3537. <sup>2</sup> Nov. 1786. *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> V. L. M. 3537, 1. 114.

even when she told them "the sound of my  
 voice" he said, "I promised her to return, but told  
 her not to expect me exactly when." Probably the only  
 Margravine found, was that Lady  
 Craven definitely fixed the date of her return.

*See Craven's Letters (2nd ed.), 266.*

### III

AT ANSPACH AND TRIERSDORF <sup>1</sup>

(1786-1791)

LADY CRAVEN sailed from The Hague for England on October 1, 1786. What exactly was the object of this visit is not clear, but certainly it caused much excitement among her relations and much interest in society. However, her family rallied round her, reluctantly, perhaps, but none the less stoutly. She stayed with her mother, now Lady Nugent, in London, and with her brother George in Sussex.

LADY CRAVEN TO THE MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH

*October 4, 1786.*

I have embraced my children and found my eldest son recovering very fast. I did not deign to say one word to the tutor for his breach of duty, in not seeing that I should be written to every fortnight, as Lord Craven had promised; but after I had drawn from my eldest son all I wanted to know, I wrote to Lord Craven to inform him that as he had forfeited my good opinion for ever, by having broken the solemn promise he made me, that my children should write constantly to me; it was my firm and unalterable intention to break that one promise I

<sup>1</sup> This name is sometimes given as Triesdorf, at others as Triersdorf.

made him of returning Keppel when he was eight years old to England; that I was invited by you and the Margravine to reside at Anspach, which invitation I had accepted, and with delight, as I was to be treated as your sister; and that if he attempted to do anything to force my pupil from me, I should return to England, go immediately to my house at Benham or in Charles Street, and throw myself upon the law of my country, to have redress for all I have suffered and do suffer as a mother.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Craven was certainly a devoted mother, as may be seen from her love of her youngest son, but exactly what redress, taking her conduct into account, she could have obtained from the courts, it is not easy to see. Her husband, however, was content to accept her terms, being himself entirely engaged with a Mrs. Byne or Borne, with whom he lived for the rest of his life. Matters being so arranged, Lady Craven started for Anspach, staying *en route* at Paris.

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

PARIS, November 26, 1786.

I am shocked to think you should have had my horse so long upon your hands. In a few days you will receive a note from me, by a groom, who is to come on purpose to fetch away the Horse; and between you and I; I am very glad Prince Kaunitz did not find him fit for *his uses*.

Pray give my best Compts, to Lady Granard and Lady Anne K. and tell the first that Henry Forbes, whom she inquired so kindly after, is gone a second time to Halifax, and that my sister Berkeley is in good health. I could scarcely get away from Her and my Brother, but my

<sup>1</sup> *Lady Craven's Letters* (2nd ed.), 269.

impatience to see Keppel was so great, that I hurried here as fast as I could.

Any expenses you may have been at about my horse and other matters, I beg you will let me know, and I will remit the money immediately to Messrs. Fries & Co. for you. I am very uneasy about a large trunk with many Effects of mine and Mr. Vernon's which ought to have been arriv'd at another's long ago. If it was not on the road, I should have countermanded the direction. Mr. Vernon is in Ireland, but his direction is always to Lord Berwick's, Portman Square, London—mine at present is chez le Chevalier Lambert, Banquier, à Paris.

Will you have the goodness to make one of your People ask Mr. Fries's head-clerk, if he knows any thing about the Trunk being Forwarded? Underneath I send you a Copy of the note which the groom will bring you—to take the Horse.<sup>1</sup>

HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY CRAVEN

BERKELEY SQUARE, *November 27, 1786.*

To my extreme surprise, Madam, when I knew not in what quarter of the known or unknown world you were resident or existent, my maid in Berkeley Square sent me to Strawberry Hill a note from your Ladyship, offering to call on me for a moment,—for a whirlwind, I suppose, was waiting at your door to carry you to Japan; and, as balloons have not yet settled any post-offices in the air, you could not, at least did not, give me any direction where to address you, though you did kindly reproach me with my silence. I must enter into a little justification before I proceed. I heard from you from Venice, then from Poland, and then, having whisked through Tartary, from Petersburg; but still with no directions.

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 25537, f. 249. Now first published. There is another letter (Add. MSS. 35537, f. 248) to Sir Robert on the subject of the horse almost similar in terms, but not mentioning the trunk.

I said to myself, "I will write to Grand Cairo, which, probably will be her next stage." Nor was I totally in the wrong, for there came a letter from Constantinople, with a design mentioned of going to the Greek Islands, and orders to write to you at Vienna; but with no banker or other address specified.

For a great while I had even stronger reasons than these for silence. For several months I was disabled by the gout from holding a pen; and you must know, Madam, that one can't write when one cannot write. Then, how write to *la Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*. You had been in the tent of the Cham of Tartary, and in the harem of the Captain Paeha, and, during your navigation of the Ægian, were possibly fallen into the terrible power of a corsair. How could I suppose that so many despotic infidels could part with your charms? I never expected you again on Christian ground. I did not doubt your having a talisman to make people in love with you; but anti-talismans are quite a new specific.

Well, while I was in this quandary, I received a delightful drawing of the Castle of Otranto; but still provokingly without any address. However, my gratitude for so very agreeable and obliging a present could not rest till I found you out. I wrote to the Duchess of Richmond, to beg she would ask your brother Captain Berkeley for a direction to you; and he has this very day been so good as to send me one, and I do not lose a moment in making use of it. I give your Ladyship a million thanks for the drawing, which was really a very valuable gift to me. I did not even know that there was a Castle of Otranto. When the story was finished, I looked into the map of the kingdom of Naples for a well-sounding name, and that of Otranto was very sonorous. Nay, but the drawing is so satisfactory, that there are two small windows, one over another, and looking into the country, that suit exactly to the small chambers from

one of which Matilda heard the young peasant singing beneath her. Judge how welcome this must be to the author; and thence judge, Madam, how much you must have obliged him.

When you take another flight towards the bounds of the western ocean, remember to leave a direction. One cannot always shoot flying. Lord Chesterfield directed a letter to the late Lord Pembroke, who was always swimming, "To the Earl of Pembroke in the Thames, over against Whitehall." That was sure of finding him with a certain number of fathom; but your Ladyship's longitude varies so rapidly, that one must be a good bowler indeed, to take one's ground so judiciously that by casting wide of the mark one may come in near to the jack.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO (?)

HOTEL DE L'EMPEREUR, RUE TOURNON, PARIS,

22nd Decr., 1786.

My Lord,—Trusting to the high opinion I entertain of your discretion, and regard for a person who has the highest of your honour, I venture to write to you upon a subject which I confess I have very much at heart, being certain you never will forfeit the confidence I place in you; and that you will burn this letter after you have read it, and make the use you can, or are pleas'd to do of what it contains.

I have had a long acquaintance esteem and respect for the Margrave of Anspach—as the subject of our conversations has often turn'd upon my country, I think I have perceiv'd that his not going there lately is a matter of displeasure to him, and the cause is his not having the Blue Ribbon, he is doubly related to the King, and I know that some years ago that matter was in agitation.

<sup>1</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 75-6.

Why it did not come to pass I cannot guess, but as he is much better entitled to that decoration than all the foreign Princes who have receiv'd it since—I cannot out of my love for England and attachment to him, refrain addressing myself to you. If, my Lord, you can in any manner bring this circumstance about I acknowledge I shall have the greatest satisfaction—as I think my hint is as serviceable to the King as it would be agreeable to the M., for I know of no relation or ally of our Court that has as great attachment to his Majesty or so great a Partiality for our nation. I beg you will not answer my letter by Post, as my letters are open'd at the office here, but when by a private hand you can send me one, I shall take it as a particular favour indeed. Forgive me, thus trespassing on your time, but receive this letter as a proof of my very high opinion of your prudence and honour. Be assur'd, My Lord, that nothing but a consciousness of doing what I think right, has induced me to write it; tho' at the same time I own if I thought this letter would produce the Event I wish, it would be to me the highest pleasure upon Earth, for there is a modesty which accompanies the many virtues which the Margrave possesses which may prevent his wish (which I only guess'd at) being known.

And that I, unknown to him should bring about any Event which could give him a moments satisfaction, would be a very particular one to me. Nobody can ever know or imagine that I have thought upon this subject, and I beg it may remain a secret for ever between you and I, be my attempt crown'd with success or not. I have the honor to remain with esteem

Your servant and friend,

ELIZA. CRAVEN.

1 THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN

LADY CRAVEN TO THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN

HOTEL DE L'EMPEREUR, PARIS,

December 25, 1786.

I have sent your Lordship a very grave letter by Mr. Tate, a worthy and amiable Man. The contents of it I hope will remain eternally buried between you and me; and if you can serve me in it: I shall never be thankfull Enough.

If I am Black Ball'd at Parnassus, I shall have courted the Muses on their own territories to little Purpose indeed. I feel I am now out of favour with the God of Light: for I have not a ray of his divinity, not even a small Spark at the end of my Pen to make it trace a few Lines to you in return for yours, for which I thank you very much; and wish your indisposition may be of a no more serious nature than the new piece of Scandal you threaten me with, tho' it does nor surprise me. I certainly did go into the Temple of Jupiter and of Minerva at Athens—who knows but Apollo might have met me there? If he did, I assure you he was accompanied by the nine muses, and surely there were Ladies enough to watch one mortal. Well! if they have said any thing amiss of *my doings* there, I shall summon them to the Court of Conscience, and they will confess (nay, Mortals will soon see) what I *did there* was by their commands, aided and assisted by them; and lest your curiosity should lead your Ideas astray upon this Subject: know; My good Lord, that I did Compose while in Greece, something for M. de Choiseul's Printing Press at Pera. You would be very much surprised now if I was to tell you that I am like a *Cow*, because, haveing a shocking cough, I mean to live upon Milk. Yet I think you deserve this: for I am as like a Cow as you are to a *Calf* - and depend on't whenever you *Bray*, I shall *Bellow*.

## INTRODUCTION

ii

So hoping a day may come when we may Bray and  
Bellow a Duo together, I remain in praise,  
Your much oblig'd friend and servant,

ELIZA CRAVEN.<sup>1</sup>

HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY CRAVEN

BERKELEY SQUARE, Jan. 2, 1787.

Your Ladyship tells me that you have kept a journal of your travels: you know not when your friends at Paris will give you time to put it *au net*; that is, I conclude and hope, prepare it for the press.<sup>2</sup> I do not wonder that those friends, whether talismanic or others, are so assiduous, if you indulge them: but unless they are of the former description, they are unpardonable, if they know what they interrupt; and deserve much more that you should wish they had fallen into a ditch, than the poor gentlemen who sigh more to see you in sheets of holland than of paper. To me the mischief is enormous. How proud I should be to register a noble authoress of my own country, who has travelled over more regions and farther than any female in print! Your Ladyship has visited these islands and shores whence formerly issued those travelling sagas and legislators who sought and imported wisdom, laws, and religion into Greece;

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 27915, ff. 16, 17.

<sup>2</sup> When the volume was issued, Walpole wrote to Lady Ossory, February 6, 1789: "Lady Craven's *Travels* I received from Robson two hours ago. Podsley brought the MS. to me before I came to town, but I positively refused to open it, though he told me my name was mentioned in it several times; but I was conscious how grievous it would be to her family and poor daughters, and therefore persisted in having nothing to do with it. I own I have now impatiently cut the leaves in search of my own name, and am delighted on finding it there but thrice, and only by the initial letter. When I have the honour of seeing your Ladyship, I can tell you many collateral circumstances; but I will not put them on paper. I fear she may come to wish, or should, that *she* had not been born with a propensity to writing." *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 105.

and though we are all so perfect as to want none of those commodities, the fame of those philosophers is certainly diminished when a fair lady has gone as far in quest of knowledge. You have gone in an age when travels are brought to a juster standard, by narrations being limited to truth.

Formerly, the performers of the longest voyages destroyed half the merit of their expeditions by relating, not what they had, but had *not* seen; a sort of communication that they might have imparted without stirring a foot from home. Such exaggerations drew discredit on travels, till people would not believe that there existed in other countries anything very different from what they saw in their own; and because no Patagonians, or gentry seven or eight feet high, were really discovered, they would not believe that there were Laplanders or pigmies of three or four. Incredulity went so far, that at last it was doubted whether China so much as existed; and our countryman Sir John Mandeville got an ill name, because, though he gave an account of it, he had not brought back its right name: at least, if I do not mistake, this was the case; but it is long since I read anything about the matter, and I am willing to begin my travels again under your Ladyship's auspices.

I am sorry to hear, Madam that by your account Lady Mary Wortley was not so accurate and faithful as modern travellers. The invaluable art of inoculation, which she brought from Constantinople, so dear to all admirers of beauty, and to which we owe, perhaps, the preservation of yours, stamps her an universal benefactress; and as you rival her in poetic talents, I had rather you would employ them to celebrate her for her nostrum, than detect her for romancing. However, genuine accounts of the interior of seraglios would be precious; and I was in hopes would become the greater novelties, as I flattered myself that your friends the Empress of Russia and the

Emperor were determined to level Ottoman tyranny. His Imperial Majesty, who has demolished the prison bars of so many numerics, would perform a still more Christian act in setting free so many useless sultanas; and her Czarish Majesty, I trust, would be as great a benefactress to our sex by abolishing the barbarous practice that reduces us to be of none. Your Ladyship's indefatigable peregrinations should have such great objects in view, when you have the ear of sovereigns.

Peter the Hermit conjured up the first crusades against the infidels by running about from monarch to monarch. Lady Craven should be as zealous and as renowned; and every fair Circassian would acknowledge, that one English lady had repaid their country for the secret which another had given to Europe from their practice.<sup>1</sup>

At Anspach, where she arrived in March, 1787, Lady Craven found installed as the Margrave's *chère amie* the famous French actress Claire Joséphine Hippolyte Legris de la Tude, who appeared professionally as Mdlle. Clairon. Her the Margrave had met in Paris in 1770, and had invited to Anspach, an invitation she soon after accepted.<sup>2</sup> The struggle for supremacy between the women may well be imagined, and it ended, of course, in the retirement of the actress. What chance, indeed, had a mistress of many years' standing, and who was in

<sup>1</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 86-7.

<sup>2</sup> The Margrave of Anspach, like other German potentates of this period, had a strange partiality for dwarfs, and an amusing account of a visit to Triersdorf at the beginning of 1782 will be found in the first edition of the autobiographical memoirs of the Polish dwarf, Count Joseph Boruwłaski, who died in England more than half a century later. In the memoirs he published in London six years after his stay at Triersdorf, he buries sarcasm plentifully to Clairon, but all this praise is omitted in subsequent editions which appeared during the reign of Elizabeth Craven at Brandenburgh House and Benham. In any case, the Margrave treated the tiny *gentilhomme Polonais* as a welcome and even distinguished guest.

her fifty-fifth year to boot, against a new charmer of seven and thirty summers? Lady Craven drove her rival from the field, and during the next four years ruled both sovereign and people, from the royal villa at Treisdott. The actress retired, and as a parting blow addressed the following letter to the Margrave :

Votre passion effrénée pour une femme que malheureusement *vous seul* ne connaissez pas, le bouleversement de vos plans et de ma destinée, votre insouciance sur l'opinion publique, la licence de vos nouvelles mœurs, votre manque de respect pour votre âge et votre dignité, m'ont obligée à ne plus voir en vous qu'une âme vicieuse qui cessait de se contraindre, ou qu'une tête égarée qu'il fallait plaindre et contenir. L'habitude de vous chérir, de croire à vos vertus, m'a fait rejeter tout ce qui vous dégradait. En conséquence, j'ai tout supporté; votre inhumanité, vos outrages, votre ingratitude, n'ont pu me faire changer le plan de conduite que je m'étais proposé. Par mon silence sur tout ce qui regardait votre maîtresse, j'ai, du moins, arrêté le comble que vous vouliez mettre à vos torts, en quittant publiquement notre maison; autant que je l'ai pu, j'ai caché sous un front toujours calme et quelquefois riant, les douleurs déchirantes de mon âme et de mon corps. J'ai permis de croire que je ne vous désapprouvais pas, et que je vous regardais toujours comme mon meilleur ami. Mais le temps de feindre est fini. Vous êtes arrivé dans vos états; qu'on vous veuille faire désormais, je ne crains plus qu'on m'en rende ni coupable, ni comptable, et vous-même conviendrez sans doute qu'il est bien temps que je rejette vos fausses protestations d'amitié.

Le voile est tombé, monseigneur; je sais à présent que je ne fus jamais que la malheureuse victime de votre egoïsme et de vos diverses fantaisies; si vous aviez été

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1881-1882



véritablement mon ami, vous ne m'auriez pas éconduite de vos états pour madame de Ca . . . madame Kl . . . et . . . etc. ; vous n'auriez pas sacrifié mes lettres dont chaque mot peignait ma tendresse et vos devoirs ; vous m'auriez continué la confiance que je n'ai point eu de mériter ; vous n'auriez point abusé des prérogatives de votre sexe, de votre rang, pour m'opprimer et m'avilir ; vous auriez (quel que puisse être votre nouvel amour) respecté les sentimens et la conduite que vous me connaissiez depuis dix-sept ans ; vous auriez eu pitié de mon âge et de mes infirmités ; vous m'auriez tenu compte de mon désintéressement, et de l'utilité de mes avis : convenez, par l'expérience, de ma condescendance à vos goûts, de vos fautes, vos passions, vous ne vous seriez pas séparé d'une femme qui n'avait d'autres prétentions, d'autres sentimens que ceux de la plus tendre des mères et de la plus solide des amies. Je ne puis concevoir comment vous n'avez pas rougi vous-même de ne plus vous montrer à mes yeux que comme un forcené, se délectant à m'assassiner à coups d'épingle. Juste ciel ! etc. vous l'homme dont j'ai tant prôné les vertus ?

Je conviens que pendant quelques cinq dernières semaines de votre séjour à Paris, vous vous êtes montré beaucoup moins malhonnête : vous avez pris la peine de vous contraindre ; vous m'avez quelquefois forcée de croire que mon estime et mon amitié importaient quelque chose à votre bonheur ; mais mon retour dans le . . . le bruit que vous y faisiez ont détruit ce moment d'illusion. Je sais (non sans étonnement) tout ce que vous avez fait depuis sept à huit ans : votre savante et protode dissimulation m'est à présent connue ; je vois que je n'ai plus rien à prétendre et que nos liens doivent se rompre sans retour. Vous vous en applaudissez sans doute ? et moi, malheureuse ! je ne m'en consolerais jamais. Mon âme aussi tendre qu'invariable portera dans le tombeau les sentimens que je vous ai voués :

je vous plains, vous pardonne, et vous souhaite autant de bonheur et de gloire que j'éprouve de regrets et de douleurs.

C'est avec infiniment de peine que je remets à vos pieds le bien que je tenais de vous. Je ne me dissimule point que cette démarche blesse votre dignité (et je suis loin, hélas ! de vouloir vous faire un outrage) ; mais vos procédés m'en ont fait un devoir. Rappelez-vous que je n'ai jamais rien voulu pour moi, que je n'ai désiré d'ajouter à ma fortune que pour ajouter à vos jouissances ; que vous n'êtes pas mon souverain ; et que pour obtenir le titre de mon bienfaiteur, vous deviez garder à jamais celui de mon ami. Je ne suis rien, monseigneur ; j'en suis toujours convenue sans honte et sans regret ; mais mon âme est quelque chose ; et jusqu'à mon dernier soupir, je vous obligerai du moins à l'estimer. Adieu . . . adieu pour jamais.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Craven's opinion of Clairon was given when, many years later, the actress's memoirs appeared.

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK  
SHARPE

BRANDENBURG HOUSE, September 6, 1812.

Mdlle. Clairon was the greatest liar that ever existed. There is a printed book called *Mémoires de Mdlle. Clairon*, in which there is scarcely anything but lies. Among them is the conversation she pretends to have had with my Margrave's first wife—a *tête-à-tête*. Now I was given an account by all the courtiers at Anspach *de ses faits et gestes*, while she was there. She never was *alone* with the Margravine. Never saw her but before all the people invited to hear her declamation. She never did anything but act, and I'll cite you two traits of her. Her brain

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Mlle. Clairon* (1822), 135-9.

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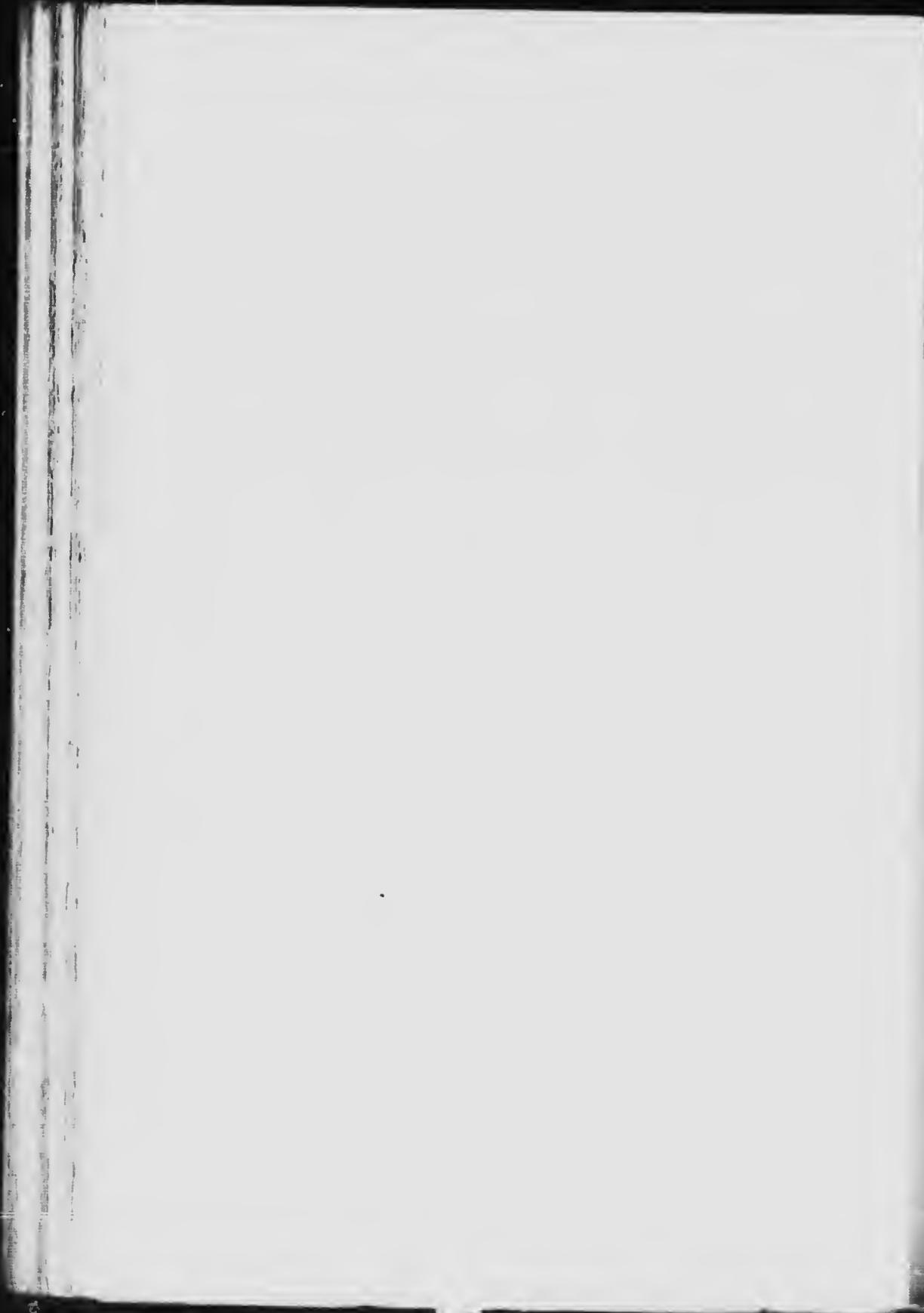
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LADY CLARENCE AND THE MARQUESS OF ANSON  
1750-1751



was so completely turned by her favour with the Margrave, that at one of the two audiences she had (she was with the Margravine, only twice), somebody said, "Est ce que Mademoiselle parle l'Allemand?" "Comment peut on parler une langue *non articulée*?" This before a Saxon princess, as proud of the German tongue as of her pedigree. Another time, one of the chamberlains told her she spoke to the Margrave with too much *hauteur*. "Que voulez vous, mon cher Baron? J'ai tant les d'impératrice sur le Théâtre, que je me crois impératrice même sur ma chaise." If she had had any virtues she would have been a very dangerous person, for she always studied words or actions, to produce some effect. But to connoisseurs, even on the stage she was inferior to M<sup>me</sup>. Dumesnel, because the one was all art, and the other all nature, as I've been told.<sup>1</sup>

Some time after Lady Craven had returned to Anspach she addressed the following letter to Sir Robert Murray Keith:—

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

TRIESDORF, *June 21, 1787.*

I received your letter and am obliged to you for your account of the Granards, but I wished to know if she had a son or daughter.

I have but little time to myself here between the Margrave and his wife. I ride out all the morning and I play in the Evening, and if they leave me a moment I am busy in making an English farm and garden out of a very large and ugly old garden. But I beg you will assure the Granard's and Lennox, if he is at Vienna, of my kind Love.

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe*, I, 21-2. Printed here by kind permission of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, the publishers of the work.

My good Sir Robert, my Eldest Son has prevailed upon his father to permit him to come into Germany, but his and my wishes are in great part frustrated, for Lord Craven, as I understand, comes with him, so, as I understand Vienna is the Point they make, pray me ! much of my Son for my Sake. His likeness to me and a mild manner will interest you ; and pray introduce him to the Ladies, for his father's habitual shyness is such, that I dread his seeing no good Company while there. Unless for sake's sake, you behave like a father to him, all the thanks I can give you in future is hoping to do the honours of the *fair Bower*, a green house I am making here, if you should ever go to England this way. I am order'd to Look upon this Country as my home, and I am absolute mistress of ev'ry body's means and time here, so that I should be very happy to *fête* you in my turn.

We have a literary Club here, and if you or any of your acquaintances liked to belong to it you may, as we do not, like the French Academy, confine ourselves to savants.<sup>1</sup>

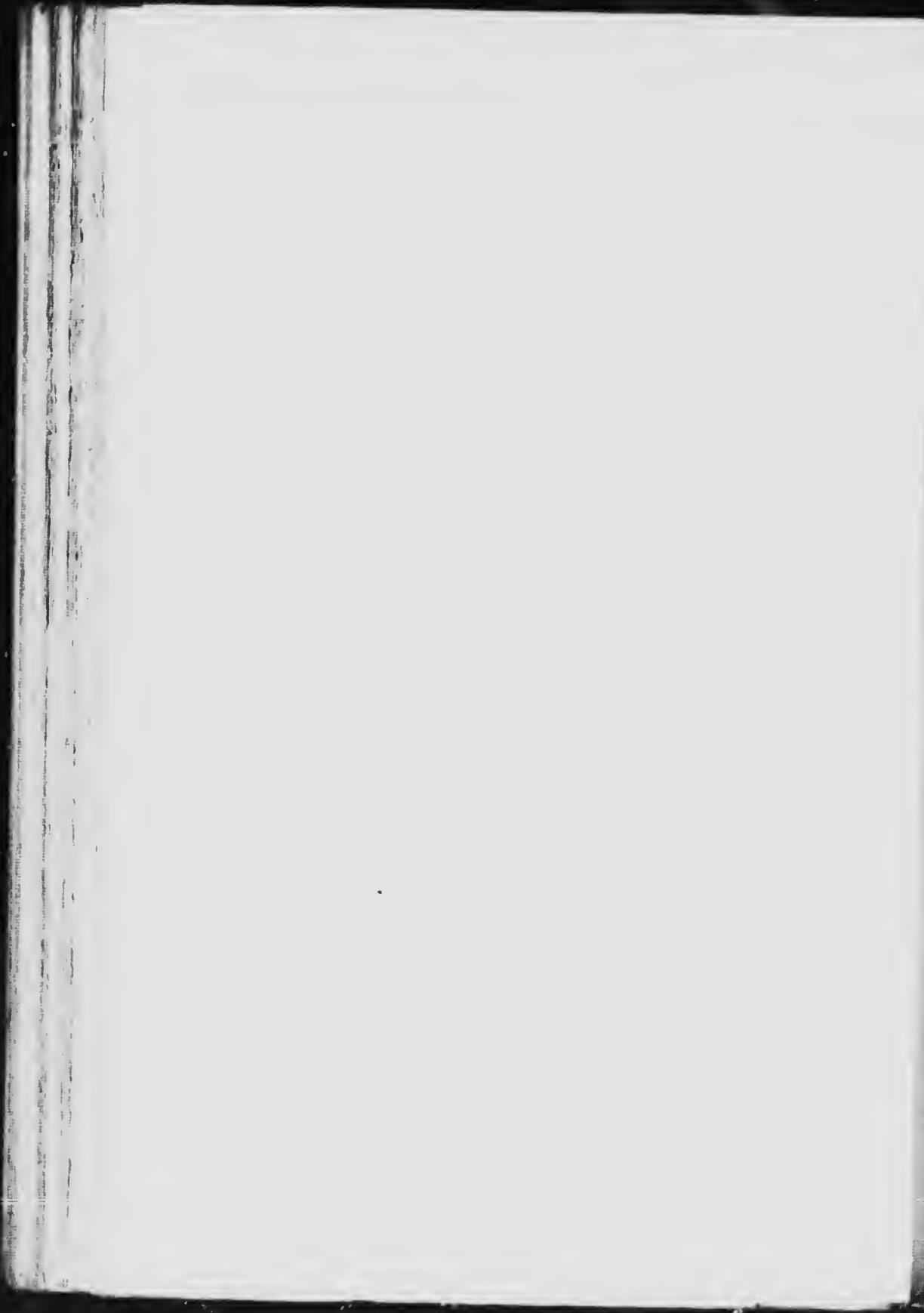
"When I am at Anspach I will court the Muses ; like the violet shaded and defended by the majestic oak ; fearless then I may blossom in the shade."<sup>2</sup> Lady Craven had written from England to the Margrave ; and soon after her arrival she was as good as her word. With the active support of "the majestic oak," the Margrave, she founded the literary club mentioned in her letter to Keith ; and, having the royal theatre at her disposal, she wrote plays and formed a company of the nobility to act in them. Besides her own dramatic works, she translated into French, "She would and she would not," the programme of which, as performed at Anspach, has been preserved ; —

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 35533, f. 234. Now first published.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters* (2nd ed.), 270.



MOULLE-CHATELON IN THE ACT OF CROWNING VOLTAIRE





ship's equivocal position at court, she was not entirely neglected by some of her countrymen and women who were travelling on the Continent. In a letter to Keith, dated November, 1787,<sup>1</sup> she mentions that "Lennox, Seabright, and Fitzroy" have called upon her, and to all she extended a hearty welcome.

LADY CRAVEN TO ———

March, 1798.

Whoever would guess that the times as they now are, in 20 years hence, must always be misled, Falsehood having created both in public and private concerns so much confusion, that the calm observer, without ambition or party spirit, would be extremely at a loss how to write a narrative of facts or causes of them. In this country the greedy curiosity with which everything is welcomed that comes from the government set of Political Pamphlet writers proves at least that my good countrymen eagerly wish to approve of the measures they are driven in to. A small pamphlet which has gone through six editions call'd *Unite or Fall*—in which the writer, like all his fraternity, talks of Lord Malmesbury's last mission to France and of his temperate and able conduct has given rise to these my reflections. When Lord M. went to France, 27,000 French *émigrés* return'd to France, who were to effect a counter revolution, the beginning of which was to be covered by the negotiations. I saw a person just come from Paris who saw 17,000 passports sign'd for these *émigrés*, who knew that nothing but a second emigration could save their heads. Falsehood and inconsistency walk hand in hand. M. le Comte de Cobenzel during the Congress at Radstadt recently gave an entertainment to the French Commissioner on the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI. Monarchs

<sup>1</sup> Add MSS. 35539, f. 200.

and people in power treat in their language very justly the idea of Equality as absurd and democratic, yet every-one of their actions tend as much as possible to a levelling system—no other notice being taken of, or regard shewn to birth, worth, or talents than to the absolute nullity of all and each of them in persons—then wonder how all young people are careless of fame, of serving their country either by the faculties of the mind or body—when there is positively nothing visible that I see (except in books) that can encourage them to exert their faculties.

WILLIAM BECKFORD TO LADY CRAVEN

MADRID, *30th May, 1788.*

And so I have been in Spain, and have been in Love over head and ears, which is still more extraordinary. Perhaps you knew at Vienna the Mother of my flame, the Countess de Walstein, a Sister of the Lichtensteins. Don't let your imagination loose upon Spain—it is a hideous parched-up Country, with only here and there a tolerable spot like the Temple of Jupiter Ramshorn in the deserts of Lybia. Where are you, Superior Being? when shall we meet? When will the hour of entire Confidence arrive, when the secrets of both our hearts will be mutually laid open? I long to see your glorious eyes once more, and talk to you about Portugal—a pleasanter region than Spain and in which I was also up to the neck in adventures. V[ernon], always gay and amusing and the best company in the World, is never tired of doing you justice, and telling all those who have ears to hear that there exists but one Lady Craven. What are you about?—gathering roses perhaps or composing pastorals full of grace and sprightliness. I am ten times more musically given than ever, and quite wild with hearing Seguidillas and Fandangos. Did you receive my scrawl from Lisbon?—if you did, you deserve to be

hoodwinked for not having answered it . . . . Your Duchess of All-herr-osa is gone stark staring mad, dances herself a cat and hunts her Husband over Chairs and under Tables, declaring before Aunt, Uncles and physicians that he is a Mouse to all intents and purposes. Your nibbling Torment, I fear, is but too well and lively. Such creatures never die. Has he given any fresh disturbance lately? Remember I have not forgotten the comfortable hours we passed at Paris, and that I am all impatience to be in from you when I may look for a chance of renewing them. Mother Starck never writes to me. I suppose her lost in doating fondness for the youthful partner of her fusty Bed. Is she not a most Husbandrous Animal? *Et à son âge—fi donc.* . . . Do not let us talk, however. God knows what we may come to. . . . Adieu. I am and ever shall be yours with delight and admiration.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

[TRIESBORG], June 28, 1788.

I am extremely obliged to you good Sir Robert, for executing my Commission so well, and certainly am too reasonable not to feel that you can have no time just at present to answer letters of as little consequence as mine are; and therefore feel doubly obliged to you for attending to any thing that may be contained in them. If My Eldest Son should, by chance, come to Vienna, and you think it is an improper thing *vis-à-vis* our Cabinet, for him to offer himself as Volunteer against the Turks, I beg you would dissuade him from going—as I am told it is his intention.

I hope you are persuaded that I should be very glad if ever I can serve you; or do any thing that can prove to you the sense I have of your many civilities to me; if

<sup>1</sup> McViville. *Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill*, p. 176.

you will come here and pay me a visit, I will shew you that I know how to be gratefull to those who are kind to me ; for I am teaching the Francomans some English Comforts ; and in a little time you might when here fancy yourself at one of my Comtry houses in England ; at least promise me you will never make a Gue in the Empire this way, without calling upon me who thinks it a great honor to subscribe herself

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

ELIZA. CRAVEN.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

TRIEDORT, November 1, 1788.

I have received your letter by Mrs. Sheldon, and I flatter myself you will find no other road to England but through Triedort. I assure you, Sir, it will grieve me if you do not give me the satisfaction of seeing you here. By this time the Margrave's groom is arrived at Vienna, and you have seen him. I will give you no commands to England by but word of mouth ; in that matter I have several *important* commissions to give you. So hoping that you accept of the honour I mean to *confer* upon you, I shall not grant you my Minister plenipotentiary to England, I shall not grant you my letters patent yet.

Seriously, Sir Robert, you must be sure my most important business with you is to return some of your Civilities to me and assure You

I am Yours sincerely,

ELIZA. CRAVEN.

P.S. The Margrave desires me to tell you you will be perfectly at your Ease here, and his invitation, if you knew him well enough, no good or honest Man could refuse. I see by the Papers that the *worthy* Earl Nugent

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 35540, f. 261. Now first published.



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lxiv THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN

is dead, aged seventeen years old; and that my sister B. Kingham is not my mother's child.

You will very soon have as true an account of my Journal that is coming out in England, I suppose.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO WALTER JAMES,<sup>2</sup> LANGLEY PARK,  
NEWBURY

VERONA, 16th Jan<sup>y</sup> 1789.

My dear Neighbours,

I am thus far on my way to Venice, and it is the determination of my little self to be beforehand with the winter next year, for I'll assure you I never felt anything so shockingly severe. I now begin to breathe freely. We shall be return'd to Triesdorf by the middle of April. How much I wish you could find [it] in your hearts to come and stay till November and chuse Naples for the ensuing winter, where I shall certainly be.

You know, Mr. J[ames], I have a great opinion of you as an honest English gentleman, and I sincerely wish you and the Margrave might so well like one another that you might belong to him, for I am sure he never will be happy or comfortable with only the nobility of his own country about him. I have now studied them well, and I assure you they are as unworthy of having so excellent a master as he is deserving of having people really attached to him. They are not only unpleasant but *vile*, I may say; and it will seem odd to you, but upon scanning over every one I left Franconia without regretting a soul. As to

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 35541, f. 131. Now first published

<sup>2</sup> Walter James Head, son of Sir Thomas Head, Kt., sometime Warden of the Mint, assumed the name of James only by Act of Parliament in 1778 and was created a baronet in 1791. He died in 1829 and was succeeded by this grandson, who was raised to the peerage as Lord Northbourne in 1881. The present Lord Northbourne, who succeeded his father in 1893, is the great-grandson of Lady Craven's neighbour and correspondent.

the women, their stile is something so loose and impudent and rough at the same time, that I could as soon take companions from the *Strand*. There was but one woman I could talk to and she does not belong to Anspach, that is a Comtesse D'Aldfeld, a sister of the Prince de la Tour et Taxis, married to a Noble Dane; but I should be very happy, and my dear Margrave too, if he had about him for his society some English people.

Living is extremely cheap and if you had to choose to be upon an economical plan you might pass your summer at Triesdorf for almost nothing, as von would have no Table but our's. Now I talk to you as to my Brother, so if I take any Liberties, you must excuse me. If you travel, take as few servants as you can; drive your own Phaeton, and have another chaise for children or servants. We have a very large stud, and if you brought some good bony tolerable Bred Mares, you may sell them upon your arrival. I never found in Italy, France or Germany, that one travels a bit faster with Post-horses than one can with one's own saddle-horses. Have one servant upon an extra horse to go on to Inns [to] make a bargain for so much a head for eating and lodging, and so you never can be much imposed upon; but never set your foot in an Inn without making a bargain. I have travell'd so much and at so little cost this way that I know all this at my fingers ends.

We have come five days thro' the Tyrolean mountains, beautiful, but in some places very dangerous. We are eleven people, servants and all, and Keppel goes between the M[argrave] and me in a post-chaise. He has done nothing but sing all the way and the M[argrave] hugs him to his good heart and seems pleas'd with his artless manner, indeed he is a very lively temper'd child.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the original in the collection of Mr. A. M. Brozdley. Now first published.

LADY CRAVEN TO THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN  
 TRIESDORF, *September 12, 1789.*

I have received Your Grace's Letter, which bespeakes the goodness and amiability of your heart, which I have long known ; and I answer it, not to settle myself upon you as a Correspondend (generally a very troublesome thing to one whose hours are agreeably employed), but to ease your Shoulders of any Burthen whatever, upon the subjects I wrote to you upon. I have this very day received some intelligence from Berlin which makes me beleive by a Channel quite different from yours or mine, I shall have the satisfaction of seeing my worthy friend the Margrave *decoréd* when an opportunity offers.

You are very civil about my Talents, and I wish I had liv'd in England with people whose tempers had been as much pleas'd with them, as the Margrave seems Thankfull to me for diffusing a little elegant gayety in his Court. He is an honest sensible Man and deserves the Love and Esteem of ev'ry Body who approach[es] him. And if, like his Uncle, he does not incessantly court the Muses, he knows the value of those who have some intercourse with them. I wish your Grace may long be prevented from renewing your connections on Mount Parnassus by more Solid and heartfelt employments, and be assured no Laurels bestow'd by Apollo can give you half the pleasure as wreaths of Myrtle given from the fair hand of your Duchess.

I wish you may both live long to enjoy a Connection begun by love and Continued by Esteem. I shall set out for Naples in the beginning of November, and if at any Place or time you want to hear from me, or I can execute any commission for you, I beg you will command me.

I shall ever be happy to hear you are well and happy, Do not intirely forget that

I am always with Esteem

Your Grace's most obedient Friend

ELIZA. CRAVEN.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS. 27915, f. 18.

LADY CRAVEN TO SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH

NAPLES, *February 5, 1790.*

I beg you will deliver th'inclosd into Prince Kaunitz's hands, it relates to Business of the Margrave's.

I must ask you if you got a sword-hilt I sent you, at the same time I sent a mare to the Comte de Vitzay. They both arrived at Vienna while you was in England. Not having received any letter from you since, I do not know what to think about it. I beg an answer to this letter directed under cover to The Comtesse D'Aldfeld, *née* Princesse de la Tour et Taxis, à Anspach—she will keep it till I get there.

I am very sorry to quit this beautiful Climate and country so soon, particularly as I have received the greatest Civilities from the King and Queen;<sup>1</sup> but as Business calls the Margrave to Germany immediately, I must attend him. I have always filled all my *duties* religiously and those of friendship you know well, must likewise be attended to. Your *fellow traveller* in the *Diplomatic road* has had some furious attacks from wild Boars, I mean Sir William Hamilton, who has had his gun bent and broken, his stool carried off on the head of a boar, but who defends himself very bravely from these *hoggish* attempts.

I beg you will not forget me and beleive I am

yours sincerely

E. CRAVEN.

P.S. Do you chuse to become a subscriber to our *Théâtre de Triesdorf*—one Volume has appeared—and the 2d is nearly published? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Signor Salvatore di Giacomo has published a pen picture of King Ferdinand of Naples, written sometime after this visit which he attributes to Lady Craven. It is entitled *Re Nasone in P'olle*, and it was published by the *Giornale d'Italia* on December 12, 1911.

<sup>2</sup> Add. MSS. 35542, f. 26. Now first published.

LADY CRAVEN TO FRANCIS JAMES JACKSON<sup>1</sup>

TRIESDORF, *May 3, 1790.*

The Jeweller is to give you this. I have nothing agreeable to tell you. Everything that happens here proves that there was a *gang* of *Thieves* that, being us'd to have their hands in the pockets of the M[argrave], cannot bear to leave off the custom. I guess at the meaning of your *Blaze*. We live in a mad world, [my] masters, as Shakespeare says. Pray Heaven we don't run in the woods wild and turn all Nebuchadnazars. You shall hear more from me soon. Don't forget me and the M[argrave] who loves you.<sup>2</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO WALTER JAMES, NEWBURY

*May 28, 1790.*

I received a long letter from you yesterday wherein you say you will know about Lord C[raven]'s health. If the son drinks like the father, we must expect frequent illnesses. I have a confus'd idea of Lord and Lady Ashbrook from something very *Low*, but I cannot recollect what. I am very positively sure you would have some *agrément* here you could not have elsewhere abroad, but let me know in time that I may answer you before you set out, because when you are resolv'd you must let me know if you'll take a house or live at the Hotel here, and a thousand other things. I am just come from a review, tir'd, and it is very hot. Pray believe that no relations or connections are of any *use* to one if Nature or chance

<sup>1</sup> Francis James Jackson [1770-1814], at this time Secretary of Legation at Berlin. Mr. Jackson acted as British Plenipotentiary at Paris in 1801, at Berlin in 1802, and at Washington in 1809-11. This notes the beginning of the acquaintance between Mr. Jackson, who was then only twenty, and Lady Craven. It explains the reason why she so strongly appealed to him twelve years later. (See *post*, p. c.)

<sup>2</sup> From the original in the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley. Now first published.

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MARIA CAROLINA, QUEEN OF NAPLES

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gives one Birth or Talents beyond theirs; envy, that poisoner of all good, makes them hate and try to lower you, but I believe in *friends*, and that without friends this life would be an odious thing.<sup>1</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO WALTER JAMES, NEWBURY

4 June, 1790.

I have got your letter of the 21st May, which I sat down to answer, and I shall wait for the deeds very impatiently, because I wish to secure to my lovely child what I can. In your last you told me Lord C[raven] was very ill, and you would inquire about it, but I suppose it was a false report, as you have said nothing about it. 3 or 4 days ago the M[argrave]'s wife was taken ill, and it is a great doubt if she recovers or not. This is indeed a very dull moment here. Mr. Bernsprunger, one of the ablest financiers I ever saw, has found the *routine* of business in such confusion here, that it is a wonderful thing to me how Government went on at all, and how the M[argrave] contriv'd to ease his shoulders and posterity of the enormous debts contract'd by his father and the late M[argrave] of Bareith. My comfort is that Mr. Bernsprunger's account at Berlin will overturn all the lies on my account which the disgraced Ministers tell to excuse their conduct. They say it was my dislike to them that turn'd them out, and not their negligence of affairs. I have no time to say more. My foreign correspondance and letters remain unanswer'd.

[P.S.] For God's sake take great care of the deeds being proper. Claret and kept mistresses I think give me all honest men as friends.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the original in the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley. Now first published.

<sup>2</sup> From the original in the possession of Mr. A. M. Broadley. Now first published.

LADY CRAVEN TO FRANCIS JAMES JACKSON

June 16, 1790.

Do not be surprised at my troubling you again before I receive an answer to my last, but as I never can delay *trying* at least to oblige a Person I esteem ; I must inform you, like Paddy, of what you know as well as me, that there is another Blue Ribband Vacant by the death of the Duke of Montagu.

And I shall never cease *endeavouring* to put the King] of E[ngland] in mind that the Margrave has double and triple rights to have it. Applying to the Lords and Dukes in Place in England is of no use, as it is the object of all their wishes separately. I beg you will talk to Mr. Ewart<sup>1</sup> upon the Subject and tell him that it is the only thing the M[argrave] wishes ; and if he can by any means procure it, I shall think myself infinitely oblig'd to him. It would be the height of idle vanity in me to suppose he could trouble himself merely to oblige me ; but if he knew as I do, how many obligations the Royal family of England and Prussia have to the M[argrave] as an honourable and good man he would exert himself in this Business, particularly as (I may say) the M[argrave] till now has had a very indifferent return for the attachment and natural love he has to all that is English.

Pray answer me quickly and briefly on this subject, and let me know if you can, if I can [(?) have] any *hopes* about it.<sup>2</sup>

LADY CRAVEN TO WALTER JAMES, NEWBURY

20 Sep. 1790.

I presume you are now return'd to Langley [Park], and therefore will direct this letter there. I am very

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Ewart [1759-92], Plenipotentiary to Prussia, 1788-91. It was Ewart who arranged the marriage treaty between the Duke of York and the Princess Frederica of Prussia.

<sup>2</sup> Add. MS. 35239, f. 43. Now first published.

anxious about your health. Carrot juice taken for a constancy is the finest of all rectifiers of the Blood and I recommend it to you, my good friend. Your letter in which you talk of a journey in a twelvemonth I have got — and now for a detail. I wrote to the Ogre<sup>1</sup> proposing to put K[leppel] to Oxford in some months hence, enclos'd my letter to G[eorge] Berkeley. No answer yet, and I hear from other hands that my B<sup>2</sup> say I mean to abandon my child. How wicked and cruel! From the Gothic and Pedantic manners of Germany I feel the wrong I should do my child in *finishing* his education here. This is a good place to begin a man's, but not to finish it. That and K[leppel]'s wishing to see G[eorge] made me take the resolution of preparing his arrival. I have done it, and if I get no answer I must pursue another plan. Pray write me all the news you can. I am told the Ogre is declining, but I can never believe it, because with his manner of living he should have been dead long ago.<sup>3</sup>

## LADY CRAVEN TO FRANCIS JAMES JACKSON

*November 9, 1790.*

I suppose Bishopsnerder has told you the M[argrave] and I shall be at Berlin in December. I shall be very glad to see you chargé d'Affaires and hope to find you well. I trust the B[ritish] Cabinet and his M[ajesty] of P[ussia] will neglect nothing that may procure the Garter for a valuable and most worthy Baron, the Margrave of Anspach—and I trust much of your esteem for him, and a little friendship for me.

The two visits which the M[argrave] was accompanied by Lady Craven, paid to Italy were the same trips: the visit to Berlin, mentioned in the Marquis's letter to

<sup>1</sup> Lord Craven.

<sup>2</sup> (?) B

<sup>3</sup> From the original in the possession of M. Broadley. Now first published.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

Jackson, while ostensibly one of ceremony, was in reality the outcome of a question of high politics. It was the Margrave's desire to dispose of his principality to the King of Prussia, and it was during his Serene Highness's stay at Berlin that this matter was arranged. Frederick William II paid a large sum of money, and Anspach was his. Both parties to the bargain were satisfied, and as for Lady Craven—the world gave her the credit for having originated the transaction.<sup>1</sup>

The King and Queen of Prussia, realising the importance of conciliating Lady Craven, received her graciously, and the court naturally followed the royal lead. They did so, however, very reluctantly, and most of the comments made about her were far from kindly. The Gräfin Sophia Marie von Voss thus described her —

Ich war beim König [von Preussen], wo auch die beiden ältesten Prinzessinnen Frederika und Wilhelmina waren und der Markgraf von Anspach mit seiner geliebten Lady Craven, die er dem König vorstellte. Sie ist verblüht, soll Verstand haben, ist aber äusserst dunkelhaft, kammert sich um Niemand, lässt sich keinem Menschen vorstellen und spricht nur mit ihren Landgrafen, der ganz

<sup>1</sup> The arrangement thus come to between the King of Prussia and the Margrave of Anspach gave rise to litigation, which began in the early part of the nineteenth century and lasted until 1871, when it was finally settled by Sir Robert Morier, who, in his *Memoirs* (Vol. II, p. 300), speaks of Lady Craven as the mistress of the Margrave of Bayreuth at the end of the eighteenth century, "who had furnished the prototype for the heroine of Schiller's *Kubala und Liebe*." "The representatives of the original claimants were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Craven," he continued; "she, the well-known authoress of *L'Histoire d'une Sœur*, and one of the most charming women of modern days. They were an old couple reduced almost to starvation, who were in justice and equity owed many millions by the Bavarian Government, but who for twenty years had given up all hope of ever obtaining even a particle of their due." In obtaining an annuity for Mr. and Mrs. Craven, Sir Robert Morier obtained valuable assistance from the Empress Augusta, a personal friend of Mrs. Craven, and also of Prince Hohenlohe.

zuckt von ihr zu sein scheint. Es ist wahrlich ungläublich, dass man eine solche Person am Hofe sieht und mit ihr spricht.<sup>1</sup>

## TRANSLATION

["I was standing near the King of Prussia, with the Princesses Frederica and Wilhelmina, when the Margrave of Anspach presented his dear Lady Craven to His Majesty. She is faded, intelligent, conceited, interesting. In no one, allows no men to be presented to her, converses only with the Margrave, who seems to be attracted by her. It passes understanding that such a person as Lady Craven is received at this Court."]

It is more pleasant to turn to the account of her by another German lady, also at the court of Berlin:—

Divorcée après quatorze ans de mariage et avec sept enfants, elle n'en tenait pas moins son rang dans le monde à force de hardiesse, d'aplomb et d'esprit. Sans être précisément jolie, c'était une femme piquante et agréable. Ses cheveux châtain foncé étaient superbes, ses yeux magnifiques, sa peau blanche et fine était seulement marquée de taches de rousseur et se colorait à la moindre impression. C'est une personne du commerce le plus doux et le plus agréable, gaie, insonciante, sans le moindre pédantisme, son intimité est délicieuse. Sa passion dominante est la comédie, qu'elle joue admirablement; elle a fini par communiquer cette passion au margrave, et maintenant un théâtre est installé dans son palais. La conversation de lady Craven, était aussi amusante que ses talents. Elle racontait comme M. de Voltaire.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Neunundsechzig Jahre am preussischen Hofe*, 134.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires*, II, 148. (Quoted from Ley, *Die literarische Tätigkeit der Lady Craven*, 16/17.)

From Berlin the Margrave and Lady Craven returned to Anspach, where they were greeted with the news that the Margravine was dead. For three months his Serene Highness remained quietly at Triesdorf, and in May left his principality never to return to it again. At the same time, of course, Lady Craven left the land that had afforded her a home for several years. After the death of the Margravine, the widower and the lady vainly hoped that they might be accepted *en deux* in English society. To London they went,<sup>1</sup> and quickly found out their mistake, albeit that the Hon. Mrs. Hobart invited them to a "Rural Breakfast and Promenade" at her villa near Fulham, on June 28, 1791, at which were present the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Duchesses of Rutland and Gordon, and the Duke of Queensberry.<sup>2</sup>

WILLIAM BECKFORD TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

FONTMILL. July 15, 1791.

I lose not a moment, my dear Sir W<sup>m</sup>, in thanking you for y<sup>r</sup> kind letter and in telling you that the Margrave and L<sup>y</sup> Craven are here. The Margrave all goodness, meekness and resignation—my lady—all eyes, nose, fire and fury, exclaiming against relations who will not allow her to live as she likes, and against beastly Germans who accuse her of leading their gentle Sovereign out of his

<sup>1</sup> It was during this brief visit to London in the summer of 1791 that L. ly Craven obtained the admission of her son Keppel to Harrow School under an assumed name. This was done in June of that year. Mr. B. P. Lascelles writes, "I find that on June 12, 1791, Dr. Drury admitted a boy whose name he afterwards erased, substituting for it the name of 'Mr. Craven.' It appears thus in the School List of the Autumn of 1791. He cannot have remained long at Harrow for his name is omitted in the List of 1793." The affix "Mr." in the Harrow List indicates that the bearer is the son of a peer.

<sup>2</sup> *European Magazine*, July, 1791. See *post*, pp. lxxxix, xciii. The site of the villa is now covered by Hobart Place.

senses and out of his Dominions. I shall obey yr commands in saying civil things to them in yr name. I believe they intend taking their departure for Lisbon in a few days, where it is to be hoped no drunken husbands or boring Brothers will disturb their felicity.

## HORACE WALPOLE TO THE MISSES BERRY

August 23, 1791.

Well, but you, who have had a fever with *fêtes*, had rather hear the history of the *soi-disante* Margravine. She has been in England with her foolish Prince, but not only notified their marriage to the Earl [of Berkeley] her brother, who did not receive it propitiously, but his Highness informed his Lordship by a letter, that they have an usage in his country of taking a wife with the left hand; that he had espoused his Lordship's sister in that manner, and intends, as soon as she shall be a widow, to marry her with his right hand also. The Earl replied, that he knew she was married to an English peer, a most respectable man, and can know nothing of her marrying any other man; and so they are gone to Lisbon.<sup>1</sup>

"The Margrave of Anspach and his *chère amie*, Lady C[raven] intend making a tour of Portugal, Spain, and Italy, previous to their return home," so runs a paragraph in the *Bon Ton Magazine* for August. "They have by this time most probably reached Lisbon." It was while they were at Lisbon that the news reached them of the death of Lord Craven at Lausanne on September 26, 1791. This removed all obstacles to their legal marriage, which was duly solemnised on October 30 in the chapel of the British Embassy. "As by the death of Lord Craven," his widow wrote, "I felt myself released from all ties, and at liberty

<sup>1</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 341.

to act as I thought proper, I accepted the hand of the Margrave without fear or remorse. We were married in the presence of one hundred persons, and attended by all the English naval officers, who were quite delighted to act as witnesses."<sup>1</sup>

Robert Walpole, the British Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the unfortunate Queen Maria and cousin to the "Lord of Strawberry," seems to have held discreetly aloof, but the official record of the ceremony, to some extent at least, bears out the Margravine's statement as to the pomp and ceremony attending their union. It is as follows:—

"His Serene Highness Christian Frederick Charles Alexander by the Grace of God Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach and Bareith, Duke of Prussia and Silesia, Count of Sayn, etc. etc., widower and the Right Honourable Elizabeth Craven, Baroness Craven, widow, were married on the thirtieth day of October one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one by me Herbert Hill. The marriage was solemnized between us Alexander M. of B. widower, and Elizabeth Craven, widow. In the presence of Louis Chevr: de Lebzetsen, M. Dorset, William Robinson, Thos. Peyton, E. L. Lombard, Thomas Giesley, Thomas Bain, E. D. Humphreys, J. H. Cardew, Chas. Murray, Fredk. de Bute, Louis Charles de Clavière, Montmorency Duc de Luxembourg, H. Duc de Cardaval, Luiz Pinto de Souza, Montmorency Luxembourg, Duc de Chatillon, le Marquis de Galatone Pignatelli, Charles Comte d'Oejnhausser, C. Comte de Rechteren, the Baron de Spaen de Voorstonde, John Forbes and Charles Martin."

The news, of course, soon reached England, and it was commented upon humorously by Horace

<sup>1</sup> See *Memoirs*, vol. II, p. 42.

Walpole. "Oh! I this moment recollect to tell your Ladyship that Lady Craven received the news of her Lord's death on a Friday, went into weeds on Saturday, and into white satin and *many* diamonds on Sunday, and in that vestal trim was married to the Margrave of Anspach by my cousin's<sup>1</sup> chaplain, though he and Mrs. Walpole excused themselves from being present," he wrote to Lady Ossory, November 23, 1791. "The bride excused herself for having so *few* diamonds; they had been the late Margravine's, but she is to have many more, and will soon set out for England, where they shall astound the public by living in a style of magnificence unusual, as they are richer than anybody in this country. The Dukes of Bedford, Marlborough, and Northumberland may hide their diminished rays!"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Robert Walpole [1736-1810], 4th son of Horatio, first Lord Walpole of Wolterton; m., 1st (1780), Diana, daughter of Walter Grosset; 2nd (1785), Sophia, daughter of Richard Stert. Admitted to Lincoln's Inn, May 9, 1718. Recorder of Yarmouth, May, 1761. Clerk of the Privy Council, 1764. Envoy Ext. and Min. Plen. to Lisbon, October 4, 1771. Retired on pension, May, 1800.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), IX, 302.

## IV

## THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH

(1791-1806)

WHEN the newly-wedded Margrave and Margravine of Anspach returned to England from Lisbon at the end of 1791, they took possession of a mansion on the banks of the Thames which had played an important part in the history of Fulham ever since the commencement of the seventeenth century, when it was known as the Great or Crabtree House and belonged to Sir Nicholas Crispe, the ardent Royalist. Each succeeding owner did something to improve the building which John Bowack in his *Antiquities of Middlesex* describes as "lofty, regular and magnificent."<sup>1</sup> In 1684 the Great House became the property of Mrs. Hughes or Hews, the mistress of Prince Rupert, who eventually sold it to Timothy Lannoy, a wealthy London merchant, the widow of whose son married James Murray, second Duke of Athole. From the Duchess of Athole it passed in 1748 to George Lubbock Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe of Melcombe Regis, who rechristened it La Trappe and spent a fortune over it, modernising it throughout and adding a magnificent gallery. Dodington died there in 1762, leaving La Trappe

<sup>1</sup> For a full description of Prandenburg House, see *Fulham Old and New*, by C. J. Feret, Vol. III, pp. 60-81.

to his cousin and executor Thomas Wyndham. In 1789 it was occupied by Mr. Sturt, whose masquerades and other entertainments astonished London almost as much as those of the Margravine of Anspach did in the succeeding decades. In the assessment of August, 1792, La Trappe, henceforth to be known as Brandenburgh House, is rated to His Serene Highness Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburgh, Anspach, and Bayreuth, who had acquired it at a cost of £8500. The gallery, eighty-two feet long, thirty feet high and twenty feet wide, which had been lavishly decorated by "Sillybub," as Lord Melcombe was called by his satirists, was immediately converted by the Margravine into a ballroom, the marble pavement being replaced by an elastic boarded floor. The Margrave built a private chapel for his own use, the walls of which were painted with scriptural subjects. Close to the house was a small theatre, which clearly appears in some of the numerous aquatints and other views of Brandenburgh House.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Margravine of Anspach finally ceased to reside at Hammersmith in 1819, and during the following year Caroline of Brunswick, the ill-fated consort of George IV, became its tenant. It was here she received the deputations of sympathisers which Theodore Hook ridiculed in the effusion beginning:—

Have you been to Brandenburgh, Heigh, Ma'am, Ho, Ma'am?

You've been to Brandenburgh, Ho?

—Oh, yes, I have been, Ma'am,

To visit the Queen, Ma'am.

With the rest of the gallanty show—show,

With the rest of the gallanty show.

On August 7, 1821, Caroline died at Brandenburgh House. On May 15, 1822, the "materials of the noble mansion, the theatre and the pavilion" were sold by auction, and in the course of the next few months the whole were demolished. The site was for a time known as the Queen's Grounds. The position of the house itself is now, as far as possible, marked by the Hammersmith Distillery. The occupancy of Brandenburgh House by the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach has been commemorated by a Margrave Road and Margravine Mansions, though these are not in the immediate neighbourhood.

Brandenburgh House and its festivities soon became the talk of the town. "The Margravine is the happiest of women," Charles Pigott wrote, "for she is called H---n---ss, has *Gentlemen of the Bedchamber*, and Maids of Honour of her own; -is received everywhere, as a virtuous and chaste wife should be; and *keeps a sort of a kind of a Court*, and drives through the streets in a coach-and-six, to the admiration of all beholders."<sup>1</sup> The author of *The Jockey Club* clearly did not get his information at first hand. The Margravine had hoped that now her position was legalised, the world would be ready to forgive and forget her past transgressions. This, however, was exactly what the world was not prepared to do. "The Margrave of Anspach certainly settled in this Kingdom with his lately married lady, the *ci-divant* Lady Craven. But how matters are to be managed in respect to fashionable routs and the Court, is a mystery which we cannot develope. It is not probable that the lady will be introduced to her Majesty." Thus the *Bon Ton Magazine* for December, 1791; and this periodical in the following March proceeded to show that its surmise was not unfounded: "The Margravine of Anspach," it states, "is not visited by any of the leading Ladies of Fashion, although she had not been wanting in sending round her cards of invitation, and calling at their houses. At a ball given at her house a few nights since, to which there was a general invitation, only thirty people of both sexes were present." The Court declined to receive her, her eldest son and her daughters declined to countenance her, the greater part of society gave her the cold shoulder. In the issue of the same periodical for April, 1792, we

<sup>1</sup> *The Jockey Club* (3rd edition), 1792, Part III, p. 162.

are informed that "the Margravine of Anspach enjoys the privilege of driving *within* the ride of Hyde Park, where Royalty only enters. The Margravine of Anspach's very *early* airing in Hyde Park, after her late party, was merely to prove whether the *pleasures* of the *night* would bear the *reflection* of the morning." George III, however, sternly declined to acknowledge her as the Princess Berkeley, a title which, at the request of the Margrave, was conferred upon her by the Emperor of Germany in 1793; wherefore she had to content herself with the humbler designation of the Margravine of Anspach.

The lady was certainly mortified by these rebuffs, but she was not overcome. If she could not mingle in royal circles and if the best company would have nothing to do with her, she was content, or at least too proud to appear other than content, to receive those who would associate with her. For these she gave a grand masquerade as a housewarming; and afterwards Thursday evening concerts, occasional readings, and frequent theatrical performances. Brandenburgh House, her nephew, the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, has put it on record, "became the resort of the gay world of both sexes";<sup>1</sup> and the hostess apparently only drew the line at Mrs. Wilmot, a notorious *divorcée*, who was refused admittance, to the great amusement of a writer in a contemporary periodical, on account of her character!<sup>2</sup>

It was announced in the issue of *Bon Ton* for August that the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach had gone on a visit to the Earl of Fife at Duff House, Banffshire.

In the Hammersmith Library at Ravenscourt Park

<sup>1</sup> *My Life and Recollections*, IV, 160.

<sup>2</sup> *Bon Ton Magazine*, January, 1793, II, 443.

is preserved a curious collection of newspaper cuttings which throw a vivid light on the social achievements of the Margrave and Margravine in the late autumn of 1792, but it John Williams [Anthony Pasquin]<sup>1</sup> can be trusted they began in August of that year by the latter appearing at the great fête given at Wargrave in honour of the birthday of the Earl of Barrymore, which was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales and a large number of fashionable persons of both sexes. "The following witty, though severe composition," writes Williams, "was delivered to the company, by the fair hand of a celebrated lady—tho' her face and its enslaving lineaments were disguised by a vizard, her form was not rendered equivocal by the assumption of character. The Reader will not be amazed at the merit of the performance, when he understands, that the common suspicion gave it to the accomplished Margravine of Anspach." The *jeu d'esprit* runs as follows :—

A NEW MASQUERADE BALLAD

Come, jolly mortals, join the crowd,  
Be gay, ridiculous or loud,  
Be anything but dumb,  
Let dominoes be banished hence,  
For Fun and Fancy, wit and sense,  
In any Figure come.

Sweepers who know not how to sweep,  
And *Harlequins* who cannot leap,  
Old women scarcely Twenty,  
*Miss in her 'teens*, near 6 feet high,  
Law, physic and divinity,  
And nosegay girls in plenty.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of the late Earl of Barrymore, including a History of the Wargrave Theatricals and Original Anecdotes of Eminent Persons*, by Anthony Pasquin, Esqre. London: H. D. Symonds, No. 20, Paternoster-Row, 1793, p. 18.

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THE EARL OF BARRMORE, AT WHOSE MARGRAVE, THEATER AT  
THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH RECEIVED A SAUCER AT FRODOU  
IN AUGUST, 1792

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## INTRODUCTION

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Let such as these, this festive night,  
To form the motley group unite,  
And each with glee endeavour  
(And o'er them rays of fancy gleam)  
To be the character they seem,  
And if they can—be clever.

Beauties in vain their form disguise,  
Now to attract their lovers eyes,  
Now wishing to be seen,  
And while soft things the lover says,  
The listening fair no blush betrays  
Behind the pasteboard screen.

In search of new adventure here,  
Some foolish husbands too appear  
With eager palpitation ;  
Here contradict their usual lives,  
And very kindly, with their wives  
May make an assignation.

Love in such tricks as these delights  
Thus archly plagues poor married wits  
Or tortures love-sick swains ;  
His amplest field—a Masquerade.  
Here are his various gambols play'd  
His pleasures and his pains.

Let serious mortals, seeming wise  
The humours of this night disguise  
And jollity upbraid.  
What harm one night a masquerade wear ?  
Most wear a mask throughout the year—  
The world's a masquerade.

Could one but see the little great,  
And e'en the rulers of the State,  
Without a mask before them,  
Excluded crowds no more would bow,  
With open'd eyes, they wonder how,  
They could so long adore them.

At White's masked Ball let this famed set  
 Political chicane forget,  
 And leave their masks behind 'em ;  
 Each be himself, but lest they err,  
 Let me point out each character,  
 As Nature first assigned them.

First, then, let [Pitt] a juggler be,  
 With servile [Rose] as deputy,  
 To aid his master's cheat ;  
 Let him, a usual, then display,  
 His cap and bells in full array,  
 The engines of deceit.

Then let him on the table place  
 A surplus million, to your face,  
 To prove his wonder's done,  
 And whilst you look with longing eyes,  
 And traps all vanish from your eyes,  
 The fancied million's gone.

What shall we give to [Sawney's] lot  
 Since [Tommy Townshend's] name's forgot,  
 Nor Commons now confute him ?  
 He's changed his coat and broke his oaths,  
 Then let him come in Clincher's clothes,  
 "Tom Errand" sure will suit him.

Let active [Westmoreland] be here ;  
 An harlequin will suit the peer,  
 He'll caper at discretion ;  
 From Holyhead to Dublin now  
 A leap he takes, and you'll allow  
 That's leaping to perfection.

Since [Dorset's] Duke can vainly hope,  
 With youth and beauty still to cope,  
 Nor single, longer tarry,  
 ' *Sir Peter Teazle* ' be his due ;  
 Consider, he is fifty two,  
 And that's too old to marry.

Let [Belmore (?)] as an usher speak,  
 Quote common, hackneyed scraps of Greek,  
 To show his wondrous learning  
*Demosthenes* ne's studied o'er,  
 Thus dubbed him such an orator,  
 Thus made him so discerning.

Some have by time their natures changed,  
 Their former politics deranged,  
 Nor is the fact uncommon,  
 The name of *Whig* and *Tory* end.  
 Time has made Wilkes a monarch's friend,  
 And Camden an old woman!

But *Wargrave*, Muse can ne'er describe  
 The *Wargrave* of Pitt's submissive tribe,  
 Nor *Wargrave* I call for aid.  
 Oh! may they keep their proper sphere,  
 Ne'er may the servile crew appear  
 At *Wargrave's* masquerade.

The latest biographer<sup>1</sup> of the ill-starred Earl of Barrymore, who only lived seven months after his masquerade had caused so much commotion, adopts the view taken by "Pasquin." "The persons thus satirized," he says, "were members of 'the Pitt Administration,'<sup>2</sup> and appear,

<sup>1</sup> *The Last Earls of Barrymore, 1769-1824*, by John Robert Robinson, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. J. Holland Rose says that the political skit with which the Margravine of Anspach is credited hits off very happily Pitt's "Prosperity" Budget set forth on February 17, 1792 [see *Pitt*, Part II, p. 31]. Pitt is pictured as the juggler, and George Rose, who assisted him with his financial knowledge, as the "servile deputy." It is easy to recognise *Sawney* as *Sawney* or *Sandy* - Lord Melville; *Tommy* - Lord is *Thomas Townshend*; *Wargrave* is the Earl of Westmoreland; *Dorset*, the Duke of Dorset; and *Camden* - It is more difficult to identify *Beecher*. It may be Lord Belmore, an Irish peer, but he was not very prominent. The Whigs at this time never tired of carping at Pitt's Budget and the million paid of the National Debt by the Sinking Fund. The names have been supplied from Dr. Holland Rose's identification.

from an historical point of view (to have been) ably drawn. The Prince of Wales's presence made the allusions more appreciated (by the guests)."

Under the date of October 12, 1792, it is announced that "The first piece to be performed this winter at the private theatre of the Margravine of Anspach is fixed on to be *The Divorce*." On October 31 we hear that "Brandenburgh House was yesterday a scene of splendid conviviality to celebrate an event highly flattering to England—a Sovereign Prince entwined in the silken fetters of Hymen by British beauty—and receding from the fatigues and cares of Royalty, to enjoy the more desirable comforts attendant on peaceful retirement. The neighbourhood of Hammersmith, with many of their Highnesses' tradesmen, met in commemoration of a day which had been particularly fortunate to that vicinity. Messrs. Bannister, Shield etc. contributed many vocal delicacies to the entertainment of the evening, which passed with all the harmony the occasion demanded. Peter Pindar's Muse, assisted by the justly celebrated strains of Shield, produced the following song, which was sung by Mr. Wigstead,<sup>1</sup> House-painter to their Highnesses:—

Far hence let gloomy Care retire,  
Let Rapture only strike the lyre,  
And swell the lark-like voice :  
Let Anspach every praise command  
Who nobly left a happy land  
To bid our realms rejoice.

*Chorus—*

Then give to Fame, whom Beauty's smile  
And Freedom led to Britain's isle.

<sup>1</sup> Wigstead apparently designed, on a Bartolozzi model, the invitation cards to some of the Brandenburgh House festivities.



A BRANDENBURGH HOUSE THEATRE PROGRAMME

*Brandenburgh House Theatre.*  
1804

**POOR NODDLE,**  
A FARCE IN TWO ACTS, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

CAST

M. NEWTON	Mr. ...	M. HAMILTON	Mr. ...
ALBERT	Mr. ...	M. ...	Mr. ...
N. ...	Mr. ...	M. ...	Mr. ...
...	...	...	...

**THE RELEASE OF EBLIS;**  
A PASTORAL IN THREE ACTS

CAST

...	...	M. ...	...
...	...	M. ...	...
...	...	M. ...	...
...	...	M. ...	...

A BRANDENBURGH HOUSE  
THEATRICAL PROGRAMME OF 1804



Means were evidently found to conciliate the Editor of *Bon Ton*, for he soon became sympathetic to the Court at Hammersmith, for in September, 1792, he informs his readers that "The Margravine of Anspach is enlarging as well as improving her villa at Hammersmith, late Mr. Sturt's, with the addition of a chapel. This villa, which was bought of Mr. Martindale for 8000 guineas, will cost the Margrave ere it is completed £12,000. It is now one of the prettiest in town." Again, in October, he says: "The household and establishments of the Margrave of Anspach will be truly in the style of a Prince the ensuing winter. Brandenburg House at Hammersmith is to be entirely new furnished and in the most costly and magnificent manner that can be conceived. A new service of gilt plate has been likewise making for some months past. The house itself has been considerably enlarged. A Theatre and Ball-room have been added to it. French, Italian and English plays are to be acted there during the ensuing winter. If these gaities do not draw plenty of company to them, we know not what will."

One of the earliest and most constant habituées of Brandenburg House was the Hon. Mrs. Hobart, afterwards better known as Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire.<sup>1</sup> The issue of *Bon Ton* for January, 1793, proclaims the fact that "The Margrave of Anspach has a very excellent concert at Brandenburg House every Thursday evening and a supper afterwards. But it has hitherto been very thinly attended. Mrs. Wilmot was one evening refused on acct. of her character."

On January 2, 1793, the Margrave of Anspach wrote from Brandenburg House to a correspondent in Berlin

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, pp. lxxxix, xcii, etc.

begging that a copy of the *History of the Seven Years' War*, upon which his friend had been engaged for many years, might be sent him. He concluded his request by saying, "You will find an eager reader in one who admires your knowledge and great intelligence, and ever wishes to have an opportunity of being able to show the esteem in which he holds you." It seems that the husband of the pleasure-loving Margravine, after relinquishing the cares of State, found time for historical study, as well as for the junketings in which her soul delighted.

The following extracts, in the Hammersmith Library collection, under the uniform title of "Brandenburgh House," certainly tend to show that the Margravine in 1793 was quite alive to the power of the Press, and it looks as if she employed a "newsman" of her own.

January 15, 1793.—Maltori and Marinari are both working on the scenery of the theatre under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Ferryman. "The condescending affability evinced by their Highnesses to their visitors, and to the surrounding neighbourhood, must endear them to all ranks; and, while such is the case, the Demons of envy may toil and the arrows of calumny be levelled in vain."

February 16, 1793.—The scenic splendour of the Anspach theatricals, is superior to those which marked the voluptuous regency of Catherine de Medicis.

February 21, 1793. Le Texier, Mrs. Hobart and the Margravine are at the head of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the rehearsals of *les petites pièces Françaises*.

February 27, 1793.—An aviary is being added to Brandenburg House and the view improved.

March 11, 1793.—Maltori's Palace Scene for the

theatre is finished, but the first performances are delayed by an attack of measles from which Mr. Keppel Craven is suffering.

April 19, 1793.—The total annual income of the Margrave is not less than £100,000. He receives an annuity of £40,000 from the King of Prussia.

April 20, 1793. The Prince of Wales, who was present at the opening of the New Theatre on Thursday, April 18th, said he had never seen anything more splendid or handsomely conducted. The performance opened by a prelude after which a little piece was represented, entitled *Fantasia et Colas*, the characters by the Margravine, young Keppel Craven, Monsieur et Madame Texier and Count d'Alet, Lord High Chamberlain of the Household. The third *petite pièce* was a very humorous dialogue called *Le Poulet*, between Mrs. Hobart<sup>1</sup> as an English servant maid and Mons. Le Texier as a French valet. . . . The supper was spread on seven tables, all of them served up alike for the company, except that the Prince was served on gold. After the supper, there was a Masquerade and ball, which was quite unexpected by the company. The Margravine provided new dresses for all the company, and the Ladies and Gentlemen each dressed in separate rooms. The Duke of Clarence changed his dress seven times, and added greatly to the hilarity of the evening. The Prince was in a domino. The company consisted of about 100 persons, among whom we noticed the Duke of St. Albans

<sup>1</sup> Albinia, daughter and co-heiress of Lord Vere Bertie, born 1737. She married, in May, 1757, George Hobart, who on August 3, 1793, succeeded his half-brother John as third Earl of Buckinghamshire and Baron Hobart of Buckling. The breakfast-parties she gave at her town house, on the site of Hobart Place, are alluded to in the correspondence of Mrs. Montagu and others. She was intimately associated with high-play, concerts, and amateur theatricals. She is constantly alluded to in *Tan Tan* and similar publications. In middle life she grew very corpulent, and between 1792 and 1803 Gillray made her the central figure of a series of somewhat unkind caricatures, one of which is immediately connected with her appearance on the Brandenburgh House stage. The Countess of Buckinghamshire died March 22, 1816 (see *post*, p. xciv).

and his daughter, Lady Jersey and the Russell family, Lord Guildford's family and the Hobarts, Baron Nolcken and his lady, the Princess Castelcicala, the Duchess of Picque and Theodore, Mrs. Bouverie, Mrs. Sturt, Lord and Lady Dudley, Lord Clermont, etc. The company did not separate till 5 o'clock yesterday morning.

April 26, 1703.—The Margravine has now contributed an English prelude to the performances at the Brandenburg House Theatre "noticing the present state of political affairs here and on the Continent, and concluding with a just and well-applied compliment to the Margrave, who, allured by the fascinating powers of the milder virtues, retires from the pomp and fatigue of a Court, to repose on the verdant banks of the silver-gliding stream, ever conspicuously patronized by the *Yellow-hair'd Deity* and his sprightly companions."

May 3, 1703.—Performance of May 2. The Margravine sustained the rôle of a rustic boy, giving an exact imitation of his patois. Amongst the spectators Lords Hampden, W. Gordon, Rawdon and Valletort, Major North, Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mr. Conway, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Hampden, Hon<sup>ble</sup> Misses Courtenay and Mrs. Musters.<sup>1</sup>

May 1, 1703.—The Margrave and Margravine of Anspach breakfasted with the Prince of Wales at Carlton House on Monday afternoon. Strawberries were amongst the delicacies of the repast.

Certain complications must have arisen in the financial arrangements of the mistress of Brandenburg House

<sup>1</sup> *The Times* of May 8, 1703, contains the following advertisement:—

READINGS, Little-trect, Leicester Fields.

**T**HE Subscribers are desired to take Notice, that the Readings will finish toper this Season (that is, the 4th Reading will be on Friday, the 17th of May).

**THIS EVENING**, by permission of their Serene Highnesses the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach, will be read the Comedy acted with so much success at Brandenburg House, called

TANIAN et COLAS.

towards the end of 1793, for on Wednesday, November 27, in that year Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, makes the following entry in his journal :—<sup>1</sup>

“ This morning I received a letter from Count Benincasa to mention to me that the Margravine of Anspach (Lady Craven) wished to consult me about her affairs, and begged I would appoint some morning that I would call upon her. I met him afterwards in Piccadilly, and found that she had been endeavouring to procure a settlement of £600 a year for her life from the Margrave, that no settlement had been made upon her previous to their marriage at Lisbon, that he has no estate in this country on which such a jointure could be secured, the whole income of what he had bought in land not amounting to above £600 or £700 a year ; that he has no ready money in the Funds, as has been supposed ; that a deed has been prepared in which the Duke of Bedford, Lord Moira and Lord Thurlow are named Trustees, but that Lord Thurlow when it came to be executed declined having any concern in the business ; that she has since talked with the Chancellor on the subject, and that she wished to converse with me to see whether I could suggest any proper mode of securing this jointure, and avoiding all imputation of undue influence in obtaining it. I told Benincasa that I wished to decline the honour intended me. That I did not like to enter into the family concerns of the Margrave and Margravine.”

The entries in the Hammersmith Library Album for 1794 begin with July 21, when a fête was given in honour of the principal members of the Fishmongers' Company of which the Margrave was an Honorary Freeman. The Margravine sustained two parts in the theatricals. The

<sup>1</sup> *The Glenbervie Journals*, edited and abridged by Walter Sichel. Constable, 1916.

pieces were *The Yorkshire Ghost*, with a prologue written by Peter Pindar and an epilogue written and spoken by the Margravine, "whose own character (*tout à la Jordan*) was supported with a spirit never equalled in a private and rarely excelled in a public theatre," and a French play in three acts, *Les Poissardes Anglaises*, "founded on an incident highly honourable to the feelings of our Billingsgate beauties." In this the Margravine took the part of "Poll," into which she introduced a song of her own composition :—

I'm a Billingsgate girl—'tis an odd sort of name,  
 And my eyes are as black as a coal ;  
 My frankness of heart gives me looks that are game,  
 But you'll find I'm a good little soul.  
 Who'll buy ? Who'll buy ?  
 Who'll buy of this good little soul ?<sup>1</sup>

The two fine portraits by Romney before alluded to, and now reproduced by special permission of the Fish-mongers' Company, were given to commemorate the fête now described.

<sup>1</sup> The following entry occurs in the minutes of the Court of the Fish-mongers' Company for Feb. 14, 1793 :—

"His Serene Highness Christian Frederic Charles Alexander Margrave of Brandenburg Anspach and Bavieth, Duke of Prussia and Silesia Comte of Sayn &c., &c., &c., intending to honour this Court with his Company to dinner on this day a Motion was made and seconded That the freedom of this Company be presented to his Serene Highness the Margrave of Anspach which Motion being put was carried in the Affirmative. It is therefore ordered That the Order of Court of the 11th February 1790 directing the sum of Fifty Guineas to be paid upon every future Admission to the Freedom of this Company by redemption and also the order of Court of the 24th of May last directing that Notice be given at a previous Court as to proposing Persons to purchase the Freedom of this Company be in this instance suspended and This said Serene Highness attending this Court was accordingly admitted to such Freedom and took the Oath required to be taken by persons admitted to the Freedom of this Company."

The next note is two years later in point of date, but there were two notable dramatic performances in June, 1795. On the 10th of that month was played "*The Tamer Tamed* altered from Beaumont and Fletcher, with the Margravine as Maria and Mr. Keppel Craven, Colonel Arabin and Mrs. Le Texier as the chief *Dramatis Personæ*. Afterwards Malone's *Sleep Walker*. The Margravine wrote the prologue for *The Tamer Tamed*. On 11th June *The Agreeable Surprise* was produced with Lady Buckinghamshire as *Cowslip*,<sup>1</sup> Colonel Arabin as *Lingo* and the Margravine as *Laura*."

The Epilogue was the work of Miles Peter Andrews.

"The chief attraction of the evening (June 11) was Lady Buckinghamshire's *Cowslip* in O'Keefe's AGREEABLE SURPRISE, which though perhaps too *full blown*, was, in point of acting, very correct. The Margravine, in *Laura*, looked beautifully and sang sweetly. . . . *Mr. Cheshire's* representation was by no means sufficiently giggish."

<sup>1</sup> It was this performance which gave Gillray the idea for his caricature "*Cowslip at Brandenburg House*" which, only three days later, was to be seen in the shop-window of Mistress Humphrey in St. James's Street. It has for a sub-title the words "Enter Cowslip with a bowl of cream." *The Agreeable Surprise* was acted at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket as far back as 1781, when Edwin made a great hit as *Lingo*. The good acting of Bannister and Fawcett helped to make the piece a favourite. In the *Bon Ton* of 1792 occurs the following note: "*Cowslip* left her bowl of cream on the middle of the stage on a late evening, and *Lingo*, no doubt by mere accident, happening to set his foot in it, observed out-hand, 'Why, I have certainly got into the milky way.'"

The following lines in the handwriting of the Margravine of Auspach are in existence:—

Tho' her Ladyship's figure,  
Was some little bigger,  
Than Cowslips; yet all must allow  
That her fat Ladyship  
Might have cut on the ship  
And famously acted the cow.

Two days later was published an "Impromptu on the late Chilling Theatricals at Brandenburg House."

The House was thin, and much too cool  
*Dramatic flowers* to raise,  
 For plants so *sensitive* as these  
 Requir'd the warmest praise!  
 The *Dame of Bucks*, in *Cowslip* yet,  
 Expanded to our view!  
 The Margravine a *Violet* spring,  
 That look'd a little *blue*!  
 Full-blooming pair of *Flora's* train,  
 Whom *Art* alone can claim  
 That you a *Hot-house* should not have,  
 Appear'd a burning shame!

BOTANIAN.

There were more performances in July, 1795, and on January 6, 1796, it was announced that in the course of a fortnight the season would open with *Twelfth Night* "in which the Margravine will play *Viola* and her son *Sebastian*." Later on (January 21) a *communiqué* informed the public that "young Bannister would be *Malvolio*, Harry Angelo *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*; Mr. Grubb, the Drury Lane Patentee, *Sir Toby*, a married daughter of Palmer *Maria* and Captain Morris *the Clown*."

Many details on the subject of the Brandenburg House Theatre are to be found in Henry Angelo's *Reminiscences*. He assures us that the Margravine, "whether she represented the heroine or the soubrette," invariably succeeded in capturing all hearts. He adds that: "The excellent acting of the Hon. Keppel Craven, aided by his youth and elegant appearance, made both the French and English pieces go off with *éclat*. These pieces were written by the Margravine. Count Dallet, who was chamberlain to the Margrave (an elderly man),

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CALVA. THE DRESS OF MISS A. G. NIEL, OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,  
 AS SEEN AT THE TRADING FASHION HOUSE, THE ALBION,  
 BY JAMES GILFILLAN.



as a French comedian, was a great acquisition. Having seen Beville, the famous comic actor at Paris, he often reminded me of him. The Count generally played the father; the Margravine the daughter or pert chambermaid; Keppel Craven the lover, or the intriguing lackey.<sup>1</sup> Among those who occasionally took part in the performances were Lord Barrymore, Lord Blessington, Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Albina Cholmondeley, and Count Alexander de Tilly, a Royalist *émigré*.

Although Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe insists that the Margravine "never was a tolerable actress,"<sup>2</sup> yet she, like most actor-managers and actress-manageresses, always cast herself for the best part in the play, even though there were others in the company who were more suited to the *rôle*, and, not content with that, being unable to bear a sister near the throne, was given to the habit of reducing, so far as was practical, the share of the rest. Sometimes she had her way in this matter, at other times she had to yield. When in 1796 the performance of *The Provoked Husband* was in preparation, the Margravine cast herself as Lady Brute and secured the services of Mrs. Abingdon for Lady Fanciful. The comedy was reduced to three acts, and while great care was taken to preserve the importance of the part of Lady Brute, that assigned to the actress was whittled away to next to nothing. A re-arrangement of the play had hurriedly to be made, for Mrs. Abingdon declined to play unless the character of Lady Fanciful was restored to its original value. Mrs. Abingdon fell out of favour, of course; but her disgrace was as nothing to that which was incurred

<sup>1</sup> *Reminiscences* (ed. 1830), II, 32, and (ed. 1904), I, 223 S, II, 4 b.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters*, I, 31.

on another occasion by Henry Angelo, who was one of the amateurs in the company. The story is best told in his own words

“One of the characters (I may say a prominent one) allotted to me, was in a piece called *The Gauntlet*, written by the Margravine, adapted and taken from Schiller's *Robbers*, wherein I was captain of banditti, 'Wolfanga.' Having introduced something contrary to her Highness's intention, I got into disgrace, and was placed in rather an unpleasant situation.

“Previous to my intended plan of robbing the Bishop of Fulda (Joe Maddocks) of two hundred marks, I have to wait in a forest for him; I meet with a wood-cutter (a prince in disguise, Keppel Craven); this produces an encounter; we fight, and I am killed, and ought to fall immediately. This death, so very premature, was not pleasing to me. As the *grand voleur*, the chief of the banditti, I considered myself entitled to a better exit. At the rehearsal, however, I was entirely under the direction of the Margravine. I did not say a word of my disappointment at being obliged merely to tumble down and die. When I hinted my chagrin to my brother performers, they all agreed with me, and told me that I ought to die *game*, particularly the Bishop, who, in his droll, gruff manner, said—'Poh! don't mind her, make a speech of your own.'

“'Oh dear!' I replied, 'I shall be in disgrace—I know not what to say.' He then meditated a few minutes, and suggested a few sentences, one of which was, 'Curse on my fate; before I shall receive my just reward' (robbing the Bishop), 'and by the hand of the very man that I—ah, oh! ah! Up with your leg, and give 'm money again.'

“I was of course much pleased, having something to say; and the first night of the performance, no sooner

was I down, than, before my antagonist could speak, I gave them my dying speech, and, following my instructor, favoured the audience with sundry groans and struggles, which, to use a newspaper puff, received *unbounded applause*. I was not a little pleased with the stage effect I thought I had introduced; but instead of meeting with congratulations, as I expected, my good-natured friends, particularly my instructor, began to laugh at me.

“ ‘You’ll have it,’ said one of them; ‘the Margravine is in such a passion. How did you dare utter anything she has not written?’ Without waiting for the *grand souf*, I got away as soon as I was dressed, avoiding the reprimands, for that night at least.

“ ‘Soon after, the same play was to be performed again, when I received a note from her Highness, mentioning the evening. On my arrival to dinner, which was our accustomed meeting hour, previous to the performance, I had prepared myself for my reception. I took courage, and having another speech ready for my defense, I presented myself boldly before her Highness, who severely reprimanded me. She asked me, ‘How I dared to speak a word that was not in my part, and make her write a jumble of nonsense?’

“ ‘Indeed, your Highness,’ said I, ‘there is always a dying speech for every one on the stage that is killed, and it is very hard that I should be the only one to go without; besides, I was a hero.’

“ ‘A fool!— can’t tell me; while you are talking, is Keppel to stand all the time, and the House to be listening to your stuff? I insist upon you not uttering a single word.’ I apologised to her Highness, and promised to obey.

“ ‘After our great directress was gone, there was a general murmur among my fellow-amateurs, who asked me, ‘Why I did not say I had a right to expect to die on the Brandenburg stage, as well as actors on the London

ones.' Though they would have persuaded me to have vindicated myself, nevertheless, like many gentlemen who play to please themselves more than the audience, I was determined to have my fun out. Having that morning passed by Exeter Change, and recollecting the noises made by the beasts, I thought I could not do better than give the growl of the bear, as a sort of new reading. With a new stage effect, and with one of Grimaldi's expiring faces, I gave a few queer kicks, suiting the word to the action. 'Oh!' for I was to 'speak no more than is set down.' I took care, however, to give them my best 'Oh!' which was not a bad imitation of the bear himself, and from the laughs that followed, I had reason to believe that my comic attempt was well relished; however, I escaped getting into a third disgrace, and this was my last performance: nor am I impatient to smell the lamps again."<sup>1</sup>

At the end of five years the newspapers seem to have grown a little weary of the Margravine and her theatricals—a fact very clearly indicated by the following notes bristling with spiteful and significant italics:—

December 27, 1796.—The Margravine is about to renew her *theatricals*, but how she is to make up a warm audience will exceed even her ingenuity at this season to devise.

January 7, 1797.—The *Theatricals* at Hammersmith à la Margravine are suspended, on account of the House been so ill taken, *malgré* all the *puffing inflations* which have been so copiously vented to fill it!

There were, nevertheless, several performances both in 1797 and 1798, and in the following year Mrs. Abingdon must have been restored to favour, for the following

<sup>1</sup> Angelo: *Reminiscences* (ed. 1830), II, 33-4.

fashionable intelligence appeared on May 31 of that year:—

*The Provoked Husband*, reduced to three acts, was produced at Brandenburg House on Wednesday last with the following cast:

<i>Sir John Brute</i>	. . . . .	Sir W. James.
<i>Constance</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Wynn.
<i>Heartfree</i>	. . . . .	Hon. <sup>ble</sup> K. Craven.
<i>Justice</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Hamilton.
<i>Razor</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Taylor</i>	. . . . .	Mr. H. Angelo.
<i>Lady Brute</i>	. . . . .	The Margravine.
<i>Belinde</i>	. . . . .	Miss Berkley.
<i>Lady Fanciful</i>	. . . . .	Mrs. Abingdon.

The performance was repeated a day or two later, together with pantomime *Puss in Boots*. In the prologue the Margravine once more refers to the fact that she was the wife of a "citizen and fishmonger."

Can you prefer Dutch herrings to "John Dorey?"—  
 I never did—I, who was born & bred  
 In London's tasteful town, and ever led  
 Of taste the gay fantastic reins through life,  
 And proud to own I'm a Fishmongers wife.

In the last July of the eighteenth century (1800) a grand masquerade was given in the Brandenburg House Theatre; but about this time other ambitions must have occupied the attention of the versatile Margravine, for either before or after the signing of the Peace Preliminaries on October 1, 1801, she suddenly made her appearance in Paris, either going to or coming from Vienna. In the valuable diary of the Rev. Dawson Warren, who accompanied his brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson, the British Minister, to Paris in November of that year, we find the following entry under the date January 4, 1802:—

"Mr. Tyrwhitt was in Paris when the Margravine of Anspach passed through it. She gave a great deal of trouble which exposed her to some marks of rudeness from Bonaparte. She asked him if she might travel through the country and cross the water under the protection of the neutral flag. He replied: 'Pray go quietly; be satisfied that the people know nothing about you or your neutral flag.' At another time she was paying a visit to Madame Bonaparte. The Consul entered the room, spoke to two or three people, passed her by, and departed abruptly."<sup>1</sup>

It is thus clear that the Margravine of Anspach talked to the First Consul of France face to face.

In July of the following year the Margravine must have again visited Paris, although her presence is not mentioned either by Mary Berry or Madame D'Arblay, for on July 29 she addressed the following letter to Mr. Francis James Jackson, whose acquaintance she had made during her earlier travels,<sup>2</sup> and who had been transferred as Minister to Berlin on the termination of his mission to France, which lasted from November, 1801, till the end of April, 1802:—

PARIS, July 29.

As I believe this will be put into your hands by the person I deliver it to I shall depend on your taking the contents of this letter as a proof of my dependance on your friendship for me and my esteem for you. Last year when I went to Vienna Mr de Goertz and other Prussian Ministers ask'd me if I did not intend to go to Berlin. I could not, my dear Mr Jackson—and as an English gentleman you will feel that no Lady of your

<sup>1</sup> *The Journal of a British Chaplain in Paris during the Peace Negotiations of 1801-2.* Edited by A. M. Broadley. Chapman and Hall, 1913.  
- See *ante*, p. lxxviii.

Country, particularly after the manner in which you saw me rec<sup>d</sup> by the Royal family before I was the Margraves wife could go, unless it was perfectly ascertain'd to me *how* I was to be rec<sup>d</sup>. Despotie at the Prussian Cabinet is—it is enrag<sup>d</sup> first that I have not made the M. live at Berlin—2<sup>d</sup> that I should dare to be created a P<sup>s</sup> of the Empire in my own right without their *High-Permission*. The King neither ask<sup>s</sup> nor reflects for himself—or he should be pleas'd that his Cousins wife should receive on account of her own Descendancy and her marriage with him an honour which he himself *ought* to have ask<sup>d</sup> for her. I want I wish nothing of any Crownd head but the Margrave's Peace and Quiet as long as he lives—and you my Dear Mr Jackson may contribute to it by making me be seen in the light I deserve by the K— of P—.

The Margrave this last spring took the pretext of the Peace to have an audience with the K. of England—and he told him he felt much concern that he should have brought me back into my own Country to have the appearance of having offend<sup>d</sup> all his Relations—that as he was so much older than me, and probably should die before me—he recommended me to His Ma<sup>s</sup> Protection—and talk'd more of what I deserv'd from my Conduct to him than other rights.

*I know* that it is the Prussian Cabinet alone that prevents the K. of E. behaving as he ought—and therefore it is there alone that must originate a different mode in E—to my dear and respectable husband. It hurts and grieves me for him—beside that you will easily feel I dont like that *any* set in my own Country should give any set a plea for being impertinent and ungracious to me—which *Envy Malice* and *uncharitableness* would continue *word without end*.

This has nothing to do with your Diplomatic Business—truth relative to individuals has nothing in common

with your line—'tis as the Margrave's friend—and my countryman, that I call on your honourable mind to serve my husband—the *truth* is that the house of Brandenburg owes me much obligation for if the M. had a son—the Margravate would not belong to the K.

I think likewise that the state of affairs I have arrang'd for the M. in E. is not a little obligation. When ever any *Battle* is to be fought for me; the arms I furnish are white as snow. I wish you health—and doubt not you will be as happy at Berlin as you can be in any German Court—as you are known there. I return to E. soon. My Principal affair here was to get Houdon to copy the Margrave's Profile done by me—and a bust of myself done by Houdon. I shall send you the first copy of the M. and I beg you'll place it well and keep it as a remembrance of the Esteem I bear you.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZ: M. ANSPACH—P. BERKELEY.

It seems that in 1709 Benham, the Berkshire seat of the Cravens, was purchased by the Margrave, and from that time the mentions of his London residence become a little less frequent. In the beautiful gardens at Benham the Margravine set up another playhouse, of which she thus writes in a letter dated from her country seat on November 27, 1803:—

“I highly approve that I should be named as little as possible in any *Publication* whatever.—The Theatre I alluded to here is within a circular *manège* I made for the Margrave—& as it is very pretty—I thought perhaps it would make a Curious drawing for your Book—'tis not the Theatre at Newbury, 'tis in my garden behind this house.”

There were theatricals at Brandenburgh House again in 1802, for the papers of June 14 announced that: “On

the previous Friday three pieces were acted with great success in *The Statue's Feast*, *The Two Officers* and *Imagination*. The amateur had once more the advantage of the assistance of Mr. Joseph Madocks and Miss Darville, a dancer." About 250 persons of distinction were present, amongst whom were Lord Cholmondeley, Lord and Lady Yarmouth,<sup>1</sup> and Lord Macdonald, and several foreigners of distinction. The band was led by Spagnioletti.

In the following February (1803) a paragraph appeared only a whit less inimical than those of 1796 and 1797. We are told in it that :—

The *Margravine* of Anspach has at length worked his *most Serene Highness*, her Consort, into a kind of silent consent to a new series of *Brandenburg Theatricals*, which commence this evening. Success to the *enactors* and a double portion of patience to those who compose the *auditory* of this *mental* entertainment.

In spite of adverse criticism theatricals did form part of the birthday festivities of 1803, which are thus described on February 23 of that year :—

The entertainment was one of the most magnificent ever given at Brandenburgh House. The service of plate displayed was valued at £18,000. The hock had once been in the cellar of Frederick the Great—Angelo was unwell, "but the Margravine sung charmingly, and so did the *Milles Mertellari* and Mrs. Martin (late Mrs. Cramer)." Amongst the guests were the Russian Ambassador, the American Minister, Lord and Lady Percival, Lord Keith, Sir Sidney Smith, Lord and Lady Jersey, Prince Belmonte, and many Russian officers.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, p. cxxv, for Lord Yarmouth, afterwards third Marquis of Hereford, the prototype of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne."

More theatricals took place in June, 1803,<sup>1</sup> June, 1804, and in July, 1805, we are informed that "the Duke of Sussex sat in the Margrave's box and remained with a select party to partake of a splendid banquet." There were no less than four performances during the season which preceded Trafalgar. At the last of them the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, as well as the Duc d'Orléans (thirty years later Louis Philippe, King of the French), were amongst the guests. In 1808, after the Margrave's death, the theatre was once more "restored and improved" under the directions of Mr. Wigstead. As then arranged, a row of boxes completely encircled the house, with that of the Margravine in front. The curtain was of pink silk, "with a Spread Eagle emblematical of the family arms encircled with laurel and oak" in the centre. It was not,

<sup>1</sup> In 1802-3 Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Salisbury, Lord Valletort, Lord Cholmondeley, and others were giving their countenance to the performances of the "Pommes." Henry Gillray's caricatures, "Blowing up the Pommes, or Herbequin Quixote attacking the Puppets" [April 2, 1802], "The Pomme Orchestra" [April 23, 1802], and "Cholmondeley Herbequin's" [February 18, 1802]. Gillray's finished original drawing of "The Pomme Orchestra" is in the possession of Mr. A. M. Brodley. Over the figure of the violinist the artist has written the words "Pomme Balestra." In the handwriting of the Margravine are some lines headed "An Answer to the first line of a Dilettante Epilogue—What is Pomme?"

What is Pomme, why don't you know  
 If you then, before you go  
 Make me a word of late creation  
 Born of ennui and affectation,  
 Look not in Johnson, or in B. d'y  
 Enquiry there would surely not ye,  
 Galants a few, renown'd and gay  
 True comme Hannès  
 Agreed ten times a year to meet  
 To Act, to Dance, to Chat, to Eat  
 Whatever else they were to do  
 That I must leave to them and you,  
 Nought now was wanting but a name  
 To grace the Club and mark its fame;  
 They were offer'd to their choice—  
 Pomme met the general voice.

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INDIAN CAMP  
BY J. W. WOOD



however, reopened until May, 1810. It was announced on May 17 that:—

Brandenburgh House Theatre was opened yesterday for the first time since the death of the Margrave. Miss Jane Cramer's performance was much admired. The Persian Ambassador was in the fashionable circle, and the Duke of Kent's Band attended.

And then the curtain falls on the annals of the once much-talked-of Brandenburgh House Theatricals.<sup>1</sup>

In 1703 the Margravine seems to have indulged in a mild flirtation with Comte Alexander de Tilly, to whom the Margrave entertained a strong dislike both as a Frenchman and an *émigré*. She appears to have written some indiscreet letters to de Tilly, and the only one of them which has escaped destruction can scarcely be reproduced in its entirety:—

Moi méchante! moi, pour toi, quant je ne puis l'être pour ceux que je hais! tu plaisante, mon cher ami. Mais tu ne penses que j'aie voulu t'empêcher de finir tes projets avec D.M.; mais te mettre sur tes gardes. Pour le M. (margrave), il est engagé contre votre nation, mais plus contre D.M. Il ne répondra d'aucune manière à ses lettres; le silence du ne puis le plus profond est ce qu'il rendra. Lord Thurlow dine ce dimanche. Crois que j'usurai de mon ascendant pour mon bonheur. Jamais je n'ai été aussi nécessaire au M. (Margrave); son âme timide se réfugie auprès de la mienne. . . .

<sup>1</sup> In taking leave of the Brandenburgh House and the Margravine of Ansbach as a dramatist and actress, it should be noted that she is credited with the authorship of the following plays: (1) *The Scaramouch, or Sleep-walker*, 1775, published in 12mo; (2) *The Mortuary Pantomime*, 1781, comedy, 8vo; (3) *The Silver Tambour*, Musical Farce, 8vo; (4) *The Arch in Pastoral*, Musical Piece, 1782 (not printed); (5) *The Statue's Feast*, 1782, Pantomime (not printed); (6) *The York-Street Ghost*, 1792, Comedy (not printed); (7) *Princess of Georgia*, 1790, Opera (not printed); (8) *Tom in Boots*, 1799, Pantomime; (9) *Nourjad*, 1803, Dramatic Poem (not printed); (10) *Love in a Convent*, 1805, Comedy (not printed).

Il eût voulu me le faire chercher pour finir l'acquisition de Colney Chapel. — Par commode la voiture, je me suis mise tout proprement et je l'ai accompagné. Je sais le flatter et le contredire. Le peuple me salue et dit : There she is ! Il est exhalant ! Quand je suis venue auprès du lit pour le faire lever, il redeussant au lieu de dormir. — Il ne parla que de la renommée de D. M. contre moi. . . . Vouloir lui ôter sa femme ! le brouiller avec sa femme ! Il ne peut digérer cela. — Et puis il dit : quand tu me quitte, rais, pense-t-il, lui, qu'il me consolera ? . . . Tu n'as rien à te reprocher et tu n'as rien à te voir pour quelques semaines. . . . Tu n'as rien à te reprocher au seul plaisir que j'aie. Mais dans l'état à tu te déesses, ton départ donnerait le dernier coup de mort aux droits que j'ai acquis sur le M. (mon mari). — Tu les autres ont tort, et toi tu es le seul qui dirais me te l'as pas trompé. Je t'en embrasse et te prie de m'envoyer ta dernière lettre me croix dans un coin que tu auras mesé avec ta bouche. . . . Je n'y porte mes lèvres. . . . Adieu, mon cher et unique amour. — Je me moribien. — En te voyant tant de corps et d'âme, tu peux me prouver si tu desires de me rendre la mense. . . .

Thurlow's friendship for the Margravine never varied, and as time went on her position in society improved, although George III, Queen Charlotte, and the "dear Princesses" never admitted her to their presence or darkened the doors of Brandenburg House. Anna Seward, who died in 1809, saw her at Buxton some time in the last decade of the eighteenth century, but no women ever gave fewer dates than the "Swan of Lichfield," who records the fact that the "fair and frail Margravina of Anspach" arrived at the already fashionable spa attended only by domestics:—

"The pride of virtue seemed prodigiously to alarm our ladies about the manner in which it would be proper to treat her; or whether they were to receive or decline her civilities should they be offered; but the consultations

proved needless—she has lived wholly in private. I have seen her only once: it was on the stairs. On my stopping to give her way, a radiant smile of conciliation beamed upon her eye and lip. I sighed to think that the heart, whose effulgence that engaging smile seemed to be, could ever have been libertine.<sup>1</sup>

This may possibly have occurred after the death of the Margrave, but the account already given of the Brandenburg House Theatricals abundantly shows that a good many smart ladies were willing to participate in the gaieties over which the Princess Berkeley presided with so much grace and such untiring energy.

Among her regular correspondents was Charles Knickerbocker Sharpe, who has left a description of her as she was some time after her return to England. "When I was first acquainted with her," he wrote, "she had the remains of much beauty, which she disfigured with an immense quantity of rouge and burnt cork as I think, on her eyebrows. She was very graceful, and could assume, when she pleased, the manners of the best times."<sup>2</sup> Beckford, too, was one of her circle, and addressed to her more than one of his quaint letters.

WILLIAM BECKFORD TO THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH

FONTHILL, 19th Jan., 1707.

I am as hoarse as a Frog and croak dismally. This wretched Climate whether on the Banks of the Thames or on these of the Lumble River Nadder which be-vapours Fonthill is equally abominable. Nothing short of your Star could enliven our soaking Country or render it in any degree tolerable. Commend me to K's joke

<sup>1</sup> E. V. Lucas: *A Saint and her Friends*, p. 225.

<sup>2</sup> Sharpe: *Letters*, i. 1.

about Lady Narcissa—I enjoy it prodigiously. Turbot did quite right in not epistolizing me—I hate Letters of application or remuneration or any other *ation*.

How do you like *Evelina*? I always thought some of the Chorusses, the Duett, etc., equal to Sacchini's finest juvenile performances; and yet he was almost besotted with *liqueurs* and Maccaroni pye when he composed this Opera. Too copious a dose of the good things just mentioned put him out just as he had got into the Third Act. Pray, if the rot should continue in the great family you know where, have you not a chance of becoming a Queen? I doubt much whether that forehead of yours does not teem with a Regal Diadem. I should not at all be surprized at its breaking out. Some Constitutions breed the small-pox without inoculation or infection and others Royalty. Yours is up to everything.

Have you heard of the roastings whole and the most monstrous punch-bowls and the ten thousand paunch-fillers and the other coarse grandeurs at Fonthill? Some of the papers are almost choaked up with descriptions of them, dull enough; but not in the least exaggerated, which is odd; but everything was so *huge* they could not magnify it. I wish you had seen the great *Tent* where seven hundred persons eat themselves 3 parts dead. It measured 85 by 70—Williams has an admirable Knack at these *sudden constructions*.

The Margrave whose serene goodness pardons all my nonsense will plead for me and not be offended at my taking the Liberty of assuring you that I am, with sincere bluntness,

Yr. affectionate friend,  
THE ARAB.<sup>1</sup>

When the Margrave and Margravine took possession of Benham, and settled down to the enjoyment of country life in one of the finest mansions in Berkshire, the threat-

<sup>1</sup> Melville: *Life and Letters of William Beckford, of Fonthill*, pp. 215-216.

ened invasion of these shores by the Army of England awoke an amount of military enthusiasm amongst all classes which the nation had not known since the stirring days of '45. The Margravine may in the days of her youth have shown a weakness for that handsome diplomatist the Duc de Guines and in later life for the Comte de Tilly, but when it came to be a question of patriotism her hatred of Bonaparte, who had not been too polite to her when she discussed with him the question of the neutral flag in 1801, and her detestation of the French were as whole-hearted as that of the Margrave—an Anti-Gallican from his youth upwards. In February, 1799, she presented in person a handsome standard to the Newbury Troop of Yeomanry, assembled for the occasion together with the members of the Armed Association in the picturesque market-place of that ancient town, which then retained all the quaintness which Rowlandson perpetuated a few years later. This interesting trophy is still in possession of Mr. Walter Money, of Shaw Dene, Donnington, by whose kindness it is now reproduced in this work. The scene must have reminded the Margravine of the sights she had so often witnessed during her travels in Germany and Russia. Having been solemnly blessed by the Rev. Horace Salisbury Cotton, curate of Newbury and presumably a kinsman of the venerable "Queen of the Blue-Stockings," who was then passing the last year of her long life at Sandleford Priory, the standard was mounted on a lance eight or nine feet high, carried by a cornet in the centre of the first rank of the squadron of Yeomanry. It was presented to Captain Townsend, an officer of the corps, and the colours (after receiving the benediction of Mr. Cotton) were

placed by the Margravine in the hands of Captain Shepherd. After doing this she made the following speech:—

“Gentlemen,—It is with the most sincere satisfaction I present the Colours to the Armed Association of Newbury, because this Association is form'd in a County which I have always preferr'd to ev'ry other, and compos'd of People whom I have looked upon for many years as my friends. I hope that this Association, like ev'ry other in this loyal Island, will never be call'd upon but to maintain and preserve the inestimable laws of this kingdom, the welfare and prosperity of which must and ever will be the dearest wishes of ev'ry English man and woman. It is with the most lively sentiments of joy and gratitude I reflect those wishes are best convey'd in that motto which it is now my Pride and Duty to wear, which I have the honour to unite with the arms of this Borough. A motto<sup>1</sup> the sense of which doubtless will be as indelibly engraved on your hearts as it is on mine.

“I beg, gentlemen, you will believe I shall never cease forming the most hearty wishes for the prosperity of this Borough and particularly for those who compose this Armed Association—and likewise to credit my solemn assurance that it is only in this Place and for the people of Newbury, that I would have thus ventured to speak in public on so public an occasion, but after so many proofs as I have given of my constant attachment to my country—and my partiality to this part of it, I should be wanting in that duty I owe my neighbours and myself if I had not taken this only opportunity I have ever had of proving that my words will always coincide with my actions.”

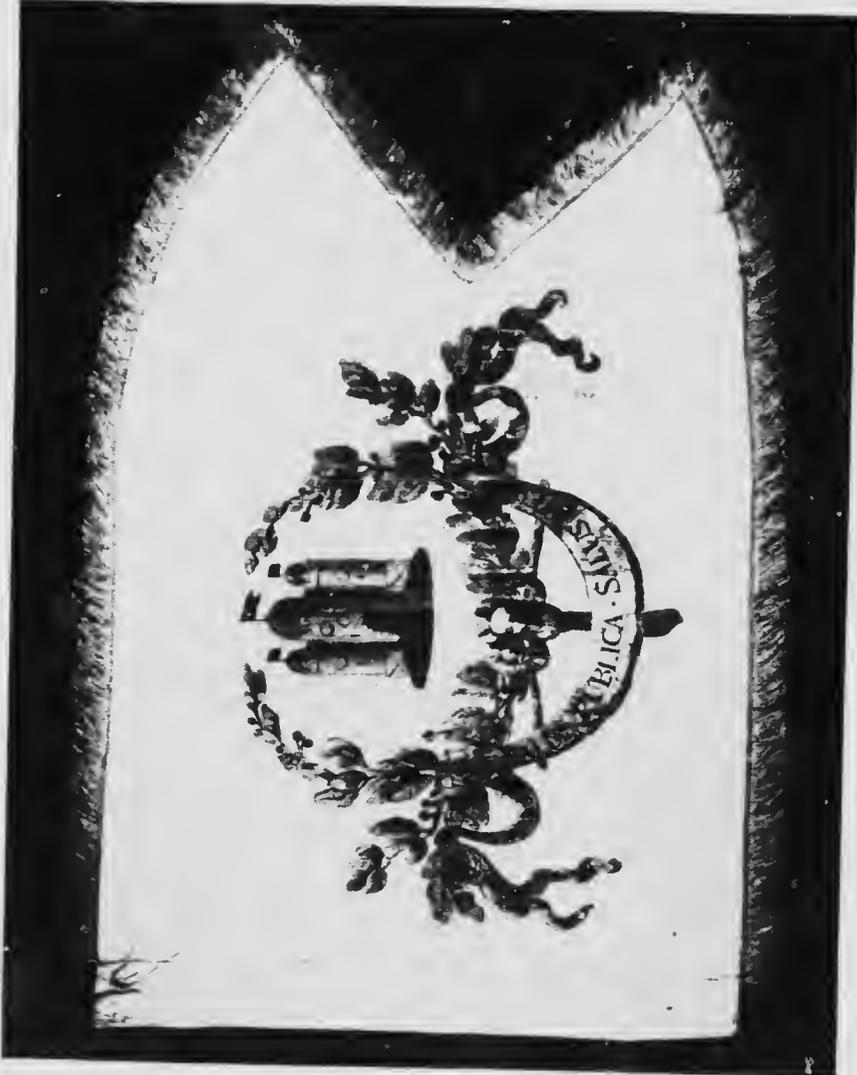
In the evening a public dinner took place at the Town Hall, which the Margravine attended, occupying the seat of

<sup>1</sup> *Salus Publica, Salus Mea.* The device displayed on the proposed Courrier de Brandenburgh is *Dieu avec nous.*

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STANDARD PRESENTED TO THE NEWBORN KING OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE BY THE MARSHALS OF SAXONY IN 1700



honour. The enthusiasm of the guests was stimulated by the singing by its composer of a song specially written for the occasion :—

Before blest Union join'd the hands  
Of Englishman and Scot,  
Invasion oft by Northern Bands  
Was England's hapless lot.

Then Winchcombe,<sup>1</sup> worthy wight of old,  
Whose name our annals grace,  
Call'd forth his Townsmen, brave and bold,  
The Fathers of our Race.

Around his Standard quick they throng'd,  
With martial ardour fir'd,  
And to avenge their Country's wrongs,  
With eager zeal aspir'd.

So now, should Gallia's hostile Swarm  
Our happy shores assail,  
Like them with equal zeal we'll arm,  
With equal zeal prevail.

And if a Winchcombe could excite  
Our gen'rous sires to arm,  
Much more shall Anspach now invite,  
Possess'd of every charm.

Her sacred banners then we'll swear  
For ever to defend,  
Protect our Country, guard our Fair,  
Our Monarch, and our Friend.

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to John Winchcombe, the hero of the town. Fuller calls him "the most considerable clothier (without fancy or fiction) England ever beheld. In the expedition to Flodden Field against James, King of Scotland, he marched with one hundred of his own men (as well armed and better clothed than any). He feasted King Henry VIII, and his first Queen Katherine, at his own house, extant at Newbury at this day. He built the Church of Newbury from the pulpit westward, and died about the year 1520."

The Margravine continued to take a deep interest in the affairs of the town<sup>1</sup> in which she was evidently held in high esteem. On May 3, 1800, she thus writes to the Earl of Liverpool:—<sup>2</sup>

I should think myself highly culpable to my king and country if I did not inform your Lordship that I am just come out of Berkshire, and can assure you that the farmers have plenty of Ricks of Corn besides their Banns full, but wickedly keep up the Price, and make great discontents about Oxford as from that part of the Country they have their Corn from the Newbury Market *now*, whereas before this pretended scarcity all about the Country from Ox<sup>d</sup> to Newbury the Corn was sent to the Newbury Wharf—If Government cannot extend their Power to oblige the Rich farmers to deal more humanely and justly to the Public I own I wish foreign grain was bought and given out so as to oblige them. Excuse haste, my Lord, and let me know if you have rec<sup>d</sup> this.

Some time between 1800 and 1805 Angelo found his way to Benham, having had a general invitation from the Margravine “to fish in her domains so famous for that sport.” He took with him “the son and partner of a wealthy hop factor,” to whom he gives the nickname of “Young Dashem.” It was in the month of June that the fencing-master and his friend arrived at Newbury by way of Salt Hill. At the inn (there were no hotels in those days) they enjoyed an excellent supper—“a roast fowl and one jorum after.” The next morning they repaired to Benham. The Margravine was away, and her husband taking his morning ride. “However,” says

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix F, Vol. II, p. 260.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool [1727-1808]. President of the Board of Trade and Foreign Plantations, August 23, 1786—June 7, 1804.

Angelo, "I left my card, at the same time desiring the servant to say I was gone to the river, about a quarter of a mile from the house, to fish. As it was not the first time, I was well acquainted where the best and largest fish were—trout, pike, and perch. . . . My friend suddenly called out 'Here's a queer old farmer coming, to call us away,' thinking we had got beyond where we were allowed to fish; 'Ay, and he will take away our rods.' Before we could put up our tackle he approached us. 'Mr. Angelo, I am glad to see you; have you had any sport?' Not a little to the surprise of my piscatorial *ami* I replied, 'famous, your Highness.' Such a meeting was so unexpected to the abashed citizen, who a moment before had sworn that 'he would push the old fellow into the water before he would allow his rod to be taken from him,' that he felt himself 'a fish out of water,' and seemed at a loss how to make his *obéissance*." The Margrave soon put the fishermen at their ease, for, Angelo says, the Margrave had the appearance, as well as the "ease and freedom," of a country gentleman, and they were cordially invited to dine at Benham. "Here," says Angelo, "was an excellent *répas* of two courses prepared specially for us, with champagne, hock, etc. (the last had long been the Brandenburg small beer to me). . . . Our dinner finished, we presented ourselves to the Margrave, who, with his visitors, several *émigré* French noblemen, were at cards. Some I was well known to at Brandenburg House, having seen me perform there—

<sup>1</sup> Henry Angelo's *Picnic*, edition 1830, pp. 76-84. Mr. Walter Money points out that the fishing referred to by Angelo must have been in the old River Kennet between Benham and Hampstead-Marshall. See Money's *Popular History of Newbury* (pp. 172-8). The trout of the Kennet have always been famous.

Counts Montalambert, Le Chasse, and D'Alet, the Margrave's chamberlain. About eleven, sandwiches were passed round; *bon soir* followed." Next morning Master Dashem and the Margrave were "Hail fellows! well met." The latter conducted his guest to the stables, and even mounted beside him in his gig to try the paces of the excellent trotter of which the "worthy cit" was pardonably proud. This "princely reception" lasted a week, and it absorbed the thoughts of Angelo's companion for some time to come; indeed, he could talk of nothing else than the "dinners, the wines and the notice the Prince took of him."

Like Philippe Égalité, the Duc de Lauzan, Comte de Laraguais, and a great many other foreigners who came over to this country during the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, Christian Frederick, Margrave of Anspach, occupied a prominent position in English Turf Circles. As he did not spend any considerable time in London before he took possession of the mansion henceforth to be known as Brandenburgh House in 1792, it is probable that he acquired a fondness for English sport from his second wife, who came of a well-known sporting family and moved in a somewhat fast sporting set before she set out on the travels which ultimately led to her changing the position of an English peeress for that of a Bavarian Margravine and a Princess of the Holy Roman Empire. Lord Craven, who was himself an active member of the Jockey Club and a well-known habitué of Newmarket, was the owner of some good race-horses, and within five or six years of her marriage we hear of Lady Craven running an excellent horse Pastime by the Corabe Arabian who won many plates in heats, and occasionally

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CARICATURE PORTRAIT OF THE MARGRAVE OF ANSBACH  
PUBLISHED IN 1793



ran in Lord Craven's name.<sup>1</sup> As we have already seen, the two last Earls of Barrymore James Gillray's "Hell-gate" and "Cripplegate," Sir John Lade and Mr. "Jockey" Vernea were amongst the guests at the Brandonburgh House Theatricals, and they doubtless influenced the resolution of the Margrave to go in for sport. A little later he had a breeding establishment at Benham, almost within sight of the present popular Newbury race-course. Mr. Dixon has ransacked every available source of information in search of reliable information as to what the Margrave actually achieved, but in those days "horses were run in anyone's name; no assumed name was registered, and there is practically no means of identifying horses and their owners, save such as have made a permanent mark in turf history." Mr. Dixon has succeeded in discovering that the Margrave was the owner of Augusta, Grey Gawkey, and the Woodpecker mare. The latter was bred by Lord Egremont, and was by Woodpecker, dam by Sweetbriar out of Buzzard's dam, and she was very nearly allied to that famous horse who was by Woodpecker. The only foal to which the Margrave's name is added as the breeder is a b. c. by Sir Peter Teazle, foaled in 1799, and named Young Sir Peter, this being the only mention made of him in the official publications. The mare apparently passed into the hands of Lord Egremont again, and then General McPherson, Mr. Spencer, and Lord Grosvenor appear as her owners. Curiously enough she seems always to have been related to Sir Peter Teazle. In 1800 she had a brown filly,

<sup>1</sup> In the issue of *The Field* for August 12, 1912, there is an excellent article on the Margrave of Anspach as a sportsman by Mr. William South Dixon, to whom the Editors are indebted for many interesting details in this particular connection.

which she eventually became the dam of Interloper, who was the first race-horse; her last foal being Chester, who won several races for Lord Grosvenor and other owners, and ran third in the Derby of 1808 to Pan and Vandyke.

Grey Gawkey was bred by Sir Charles Bumbury, and was bred by Young Uno out of Gawkey's dam. She passed through several hands before she came into the Margrave's hands, and for the first time bred a brown filly by Sir Peter Bunsell, but the name of the sire seems to be no record. Grey Gawkey bred the famous horse, Prisoner, a grey colt by Gould's Arabian, the ship, who won some races for the Duke of Devonshire. He also added that Grey Gawkey was in the stud of Worsley's stud. Augusta, the dam of Grey Gawkey, was by far the best, and she was a very fine bred one, being by Eclipse out of Hardwicke's dam, and her dam by Bajazet—Regulus—Lonsdale—Bajazet, and through Bay Bolton a direct lineal descendant of the Darley Arabian. Her sire, who was the first to come into the possession of the Prince of Wales, won the Derby Stakes for his royal owner, and was only beaten by Bolton, once in a match by Rockingham, who was a great horse. Augusta was bred by the Duke of Wales, and went into Mr. O'Kelly's stud. She was a year there, and then went to a Mr. Wilson's, whence after another year she returned to Mr. O'Kelly. After being three years with him she was sold to the Margrave, who had her to the end of her career with the exception of one year (1800), when she appears in the Stud Book as the property of the Duke of Gloucester. The first foal she bred for the Margrave was Young Augusta, by Young Eclipse, about whom nothing more

is heard. Then she had a chestnut colt to an Arab which history has nothing to say. Her next foal was Young Eclipse, by Young Eclipse, who appears in the Stud Book as bred by the Duke of Gloucester. This was a useful horse, and won a few races in the name of a Mr. Goddard. In the following year she had a filly to Young Eclipse, the Margrave being given as the breeder. These curious changes of ownership for just one year and back again make one inclined to think that there might be some partnership. The Margrave was very friendly with the English royal family—at any rate, with that part of it which found its way on to the race-course, and it is quite possible that there might have been some sort of arrangement amongst them. Young Eclipse, too, running in the name of Mr. Goddard, might have been owned by the Margrave and the Duke of Gloucester as partners or by one of them, but, of course, this is merely surmise, and there it had better be left.

Angusta's last foal was Hector by Highover, a son of Highflyer, and was foaled in 1803. He was a grey colt and a very promising one to boot, and the Margrave had the highest opinion of him. He was in failing health at this time, and took the precaution to enter the horse in another name than his own. So one reads under the nominations for the Derby of 1806, "Lord Spencer Chichester names the Margrave of Anspach's gr. c. by Highover out of Angusta," and that is the only time I can find the Margrave's name in the Calendar. Shortly before he died the Margrave impressed upon his wife the high opinion he had of Hector, and begged her not to part with the horse in any way, but to keep and run him in the Derby.

be sure to win. The Margravine promised, but though undoubtedly a good horse, Hector could only get third to Lord Foley's Paris and Lord Egremont's Trafalgar. He ran in the Margravine's name, and this is the last time her name appears in the Calendar. Hector next ran in the name of Lord Darlington and was beaten in the attempt to give Achilles, whom he had beaten cleverly in the Derby, 3 lb. over the Abingdon Mile. He won a match or two for Lord Darlington, but perhaps his Derby performance was his best. Some of these circumstances are alluded to vaguely by the Margravine in her *Memoirs*, which it must be remembered were written twenty years after her husband's death.

When Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bayreuth, surrendered his dominions to King Frederick William II with a view of living permanently in his wife's country, he was already fifty-six. Hopelessly overshadowed by the energy and brilliancy of the Margravine, who was fourteen years his junior, we hear little of his life in England, outside the few facts which are vouchsafed us mainly through the researches of Mr. Dixon concerning his fondness for horse-breeding and the race-course. Both at Benham and Brandenburg House it was the Margravine who assumed the supreme command—a fact which is abundantly demonstrated by the correspondence concerning a disputed right of way which appears to have taken place in 1798 between the imperious mistress of Benham and Colonel Dundas, who commanded the Berks Provisional Cavalry. The Margravine's answer to the Colonel's temperate letter of apology is a very curious document. It runs as follows:—

Upon enquiry the Mar<sup>ve</sup> finds the commanding officer is Col. Dundas, who should e'en now have done himself *the honor* of making himself known to the Margrave, by having waited on him with all the officers of the Corps to compliment so good, so great a man on his arrival in Berkshire. The Margravine is authorised to tell Mr. Dundas this, having in the whole empire of Germany as well as Russia received such and more civility, tho' she was only a passenger in those countries, because she was a peeress of England, and now she has informed him how gentlemen behave to princes and peers, she informs him that she had the happiness of living at Benham before Mr Dundas came into the country, and with L<sup>d</sup> Craven, her late husband, whose determination then, as well as her's is now, never to permit any one to make a passage thro' Benham Hoe, or any other Benham, the Margravine being now in possession of Hampstead, Benham and all her son's manorial rights, will preserve them to her son inviolable, always glad to fulfil her late lord's intentions, notwithstanding of doing anything she can do to oblige any resident near her, when they don't forget *what she is*, and the obligations the whole nation as well as Berkshire are under to the best of princes, and most excellent of men, her present husband.

This storm in a tea-cup must have blown over, or the imposing military ceremonial of the following year would never have taken place.<sup>1</sup> "The best of princes and most excellent of men" did not live long to enjoy the tranquillity of a rural life, and under the date of January 5, 1806, the *Gentleman's Magazine*<sup>2</sup> announced in pompous terms the demise, "at his seat at Benham, near Newbury, after an illness of only three days, his Serene Highness Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bayreuth, Duke of Prussia, Count of Sayn, etc., etc., born February 24,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, pp. cix-cxi, and *The History of Speen*, by W. Money, p. 97-101.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. LXXVI, Part I, p. 91.

1736." After setting forth his near relationship to "the present Royal Family," the writer of the obituary goes on to say that "having relinquished all his power, importance and rank, he came and spent the rest of his life in a country where he could have but a nominal title, without any one civil or political privilege. His goodness of heart and extreme affability endeared him to all ranks of people who knew him, either as a sovereign or an individual. His remains were interred in a sumptuous and splendid manner, the procession being very numerous and grand, in the church of Speen near Newbury." And then comes a good word for the disconsolate widow: "The Margravine, so well known and justly celebrated for her theatrical performances at her elegant theatre in Brandenburg House, acquires a personal property of near £150,000 sterling by the death of the Margrave. The funeral procession of the dead Margrave must have at once astonished and impressed the great concourse of people which assembled from the whole country-side to witness it, as well as the loyal Speen volunteers who 'attended to keep order, and also to pay respect to the late liberal patron of the corps.' After two mutes and 'a board of feathers dressed with pendants,' marched 'twenty-two gentlemen two and two, with silk scarves and hat-bands,' followed by 'the Groom of the Chamber, mounted on a horse dressed with black velvet and esencheons, carrying the Crown and Cushion.' The late Margrave's private horse, 'put in mourning,' was led immediately behind the gorgeous coffin covered with crimson velvet, and then came coaches-and-six occupied by Mr. Keppel Craven, apparently chief mourner, Lord Craven and Mr. Berkeley Craven. The children of the

Margravine of Anspach by her first marriage proved more forgiving than those of her contemporary Mrs. Piozzi, but then the second husband of one lady was of royal descent, while that of the widow of Henry Thrale was a mere musician. There is not a single word in the Speen registers to record the burial of the Margrave of Anspach. Possibly the Margravine considered that in the case of so illustrious a personage no such formality was needed. Be this as it may her principal preoccupation for some time to come was to do honour to his memory."

The splendid cenotaph<sup>1</sup> which she erected as a memorial was for many years a landmark for travelers on the Bath Road.<sup>2</sup> By the unfortunate use of the term "mausoleum" an erroneous idea got abroad that the Margrave had actually been buried there, but there can be no possible doubt as to his interment at Speen Church, of which there is abundant evidence. Possibly the error was fostered by the caretaker, who reaped a rich harvest by showing the building to the numerous passengers by the stage-coaches which then thronged the great highway. The whole structure was removed after the death of the Margravine, and the materials sold by auction, but its site can still be identified by the difference in the brickwork of the wall, where the opening leading to it has

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. II, p. 234.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Walter Money, F.S.A., informs us that the handsome iron gates leading to the cenotaph, erroneously called a mausoleum, now form the entrance to the "Firs," Furze Hill, near Benham. The pillars are ornamented at the top with bold battleaxe terminations, while the vertical bars are ornamented with massive spear-head points. The handsome armorial achievements still to be seen at the ledge entrances to Benham were removed by the Margravine of Anspach from the stately mansion erected by the first Lord Craven at Hampstead-Marshall after its destruction by fire.

been filled up. The white marble monument by Canova which was originally placed in the interior of the commemorative building at Benham was removed and erected near the place of burial, in the north wall of the Castellion aisle of Speen Church.<sup>1</sup> It comprises a medallion portrait of the Margrave and a representation of his widow weeping over an urn, above which is the motto *Salus Publica Salus Mea*. It bore originally an epitaph evidently written by the Margravine :—

“ Sacred to the Memory of the best of Sovereigns and men, the Margrave of Anspach, who died at Benham Valence, on the 5th January, 1806, aged sixty-nine years and eleven months.”

Subsequent to the removal of the monument to Speen this was changed to :—

“ In Memory of the Margrave of Anspach, who died at Benham, 5th January, 1806.”

In explanation of the alteration of the inscription it is stated that a former Vicar of Speen had grave doubts as to the Margrave's orthodoxy. Possibly he did not know that by his orders a private chapel had been added to the domestic arrangements of Brandenburg House. There was, however, still worse to come, for in 1869 the monu-

<sup>1</sup> On the death of the Margravine in 1828 Mr. Richard Keppel Craven inherited Benham Valence, which he subsequently sold to Mr. Frederick Reid Orme Villebois, by whose orders the cenotaph was demolished in the manner described. After his death it passed into the possession of the late Sir Richard Francis Sutton, whose son, Sir Richard Vincent Sutton, is the present owner. No trace remains to-day of the theatre which we know existed at Benham in 1803, but it has long been a tradition that the pale ghost of the Margrave's widow still haunts the house so closely associated with her last days in England. Possibly she resents the demolition of the costly cenotaph, which cost her £5000, or the scant courtesy with which Canova's monument has been treated by two of the late Vicars of Speen.





now was bodily removed and relegated to a position of undignified obscurity in the basement of the tower which commemorates the virtues of the Rev. H. W. Majendie, who was Vicar of Speen for half a century. It is unlikely that any memorial by Canova has ever been so unworthily treated, and it is hoped that the present Vicar of Speen, the Rev. Robert Bruce Dickson, will have the satisfaction of seeing it restored as nearly as possible to its original appropriate position.

## V

## THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH A WIDOW

(1806-1828)

**A**FTER the death of her husband the Margravine continued to divide her time between Berkshire and Hammersmith, but a series of disputes concerning rights of way and her inability to close the public pathway to Marsh Benham, which passed close to the mansion, created a prejudice in her mind against the place and her neighbours.

We know that in 1807 she was abroad, for on July 6, 1807, the *Morning Post* announced that "The Margravine of Anspach very unexpectedly appeared at Anspach on the 1st ult. to take possession of the immediate property of the late Marquis as his sole heiress." Two years later the energetic hand of the untiring Margravine is plainly discernible in the advertisement of a proposed *Courier de Brandenburgh* dated December 12, 1809, and surmounted by the crown and eagle with the motto *Dieu avec nous*. This curious document is reproduced as an illustration.

In 1811 the Margravine of Anspach issued a sort of public valedictory address couched in spirited language :—

"I take this method of assuring the people of Newbury and all the worthy yeomanry of the county of Berks, that I only

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LIBERTY AND JUSTICE UNDER THE GREAT CHARTER  
OF 1215. THE GREAT CHARTER OF 1215.



wish that I had ten times as much landed property as I have, to have ten times the means and opportunities of proving my attachment to it."

On July 28, 1812, the *London Gazette* announced the appointment of Francis Charles Seymour (1777-1842), then styled Earl of Yarmouth, and who, ten years later, became Marquis of Hertford, to the post of Lord of the Stanneries. Amongst the Margravine's MSS., and in her handwriting, are the following satirical verses, which are very interesting in view of the fact that the subject of them was the prototype of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne." It is evident that he was at this time no favourite of the writer, and it looks as if the Prince Regent of 1812 must have forgotten his Hammersmith hostess of twenty years before.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM HORACE

- 1 Come, Yarmouth, my boy, never trouble your brains  
About what your old croney  
The Emperor Boney,  
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;
- 2 Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;  
Should there come famine,  
Still plenty to cram in,  
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stanneries!
- 3 Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;  
For the gay bloom of fitty soon passes away,  
And then people get fat,  
And intum, and—all that,
- 4 And a Wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,  
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits

CXXVI THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN

- 5 Thy whiskers, too, Yarmouth, 't'ale even t'is,  
 Tho' so rosy they burn  
 Too quickly must turn,  
 (With a heart-breaking change for thy whisk — ) to Grey.
- 6 Then why, my Lord Warrenton, why should you fidget  
 Your mind about matters you don't understand  
 Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,  
 Because 'you,' 'ker-sooth, " *have the pen in your hand.*"  
 Think, think how much better,  
 Than scribbling a letter  
 (Which both you and I  
 Should avoid by the by).
- 7 How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust  
 Or old Cheney, my friend here, and drink like a new one;  
 While Cheney look sulky and frowns at me, just  
 As the *Giac* in the *Pantomime* frowns on *Don Juan!*
- 8 To crown us, Lord Warrenton,  
 In Cumberland's garden  
 Grows plenty of *sun-dew's* in verdurous sprigs;  
 While *Cheney's* *Roses*  
 Refreshing — they  
 Shall sweetly cool us from our whiskers and wine.
- 9 What you, of your household will cool our *Souls*,  
 In that streamlet delicious,  
 That down midst the dishes,  
 All full of gold fishes  
 Romantic doth flow?
- 10 Or who will repair  
 Unto *Manchester* to *see*  
 And see if the gentle *Marchioness* be there

<sup>1</sup> The *Peer* of *Warrenton* was then in the enjoyment of the *Marchioness* of *Hertford*, facetiously called the "*Marchioness*" by his satirists.

- 11 Go bid her haste Luther  
And let her bring with her  
The newest No Popery Pamphlet that's going—
- 12 Oh! Let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,  
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay  
In the manner of Acker mann's Dresse for May

It is evident, however, that twelve months later the Margravine was again in Berkshire and still preoccupied about her husband's memory and place of burial, for on November 9, 1813, she penned at Devizes the following letter addressed to Prebendary Randolph,<sup>1</sup> now preserved in the archives of the Dean and Chapter of Bristol:—

DEVIZES, 9 of Nov., 1813.

Sir, — Owing to the indisposition of a young lady that was with me, I could not stay to express to you my Satisfaction in finding that the remains of the Pious Magnificence of my ancestors is likely to be preserved, and that you Sir, will feel some Satisfaction in knowing that one of their Descendants will Contribute (in) to them in a manner that will add to your own amusement—

This is the second time I have paced the noble Gothic arches of our Cathedral to chuse a spot where my Beloved and Excellent Margrave should be placed— I think I

<sup>1</sup> *Francis Randolph, D.D.*, was born at Bristol in 1752, and was made a Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral until his death (at Bristol) in 1831. He held the Chapter living of Banwell in Somerset, and was also Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. He was very intimate with the Prince Regent, and fully counted on being made a Bishop or at the least a Dean, neither of which dignities was conferred on him. When the Prince became George IV., Dr. Randolph preached the Coronation sermon at Bristol Cathedral, and the disappointed courtier took an ample revenge. Slowly and significantly (for you may remember that the Coronation was accompanied by a great banquet in Westminster Hall) he gave out the text "Belshazzar the King made a great Feast," etc., drawing a parallel between the two great feasts. The daring d. course earned for Dr. Randolph the name of "Old Belshazzar," which he retained up to the time of his death.

have found it—but I have much to observe about it—and I hope you will do me the Pleasure to come to Brandenburg house & while you stay there—at the same time that I can arrange matters about what I have most at heart.

You will be gratified to see that Brandenburg house can Entertain you for some days

I beg Sir, you will not think this is Compliment—I *wish* you to come & form an acquaintance with one who can have no real pleasure on Earth now but to prove herself worthy of the name she wears

ELIZABETH M. OF B. ANSPACH, PRINCESS BERKELEY.

The Abbey of St. Augustine (now the Cathedral) at Bristol was founded by Robert Fitzhardinge and many members of the Berkeley family are buried within its walls. These facts may possibly account for the Margravine's idea of removing the remains of "the best of Sovereigns and men" from Speen Church to the more stately tomb-house of the Berkeleys in the cathedral which owed its existence to their piety and generosity.<sup>1</sup> Although Newbury formed a sort of half-way house on the great highway between London and Bath, and the numerous coaches, which during the opening years of the nineteenth century plied daily between the metropolis and the "City of Fashion," passed by the very gates of Benham, we find no trace of the presence of the Margravine of Anspach either as a patient of the Pump Room or a participator in the gaieties for which Bath was still

<sup>1</sup> The language of the letter addressed by the Margravine to the divine she erroneously styles Dean of Bristol is curiously involved and obscure. Mr. E. T. Morgan, Senior Lay Clerk, to whom the Editors are indebted for a knowledge of it, points out that she was by extraction a Gloucestershire woman, and that in that county the word "amusement" is often employed as the equivalent of gratification, satisfaction, or pleasure.

celebrated. Very possibly the feelings which Anna Seward describes when writing of her encounter with the Margravine at Buxton, account for the unwillingness of the mistress of Benham to risk the possibility of social rebuffs at Bath. The story of her life during the twenty years which elapsed between the death of the Margrave in 1806 and the publication of the *Memoirs* in 1826 is briefly summed up in her pages, from which dates are almost wholly omitted. It is clear that the business pilgrimage to Anspach took place in the summer of 1807.

The fateful year 1814 witnessed many changes in the history of Europe. On March 31 Paris surrendered to the Allies. A week later Napoleon signed his first abdication, and accepted the conditions which involved his exile to Elba, where he arrived on May 4. The day before Louis XVIII, at whose suggestion the Margravine asserts she wrote her *Memoirs*, entered Paris in triumph. In the course of this year Caroline Maria of Naples, at once the friend of Elizabeth Craven and Emma Hamilton, died at Vienna, but the overthrow of Napoleon did not at once enable her husband Ferdinand I to return to his beloved lazzaroni. Joachim Murat had trimmed his political sails so successfully that he and Napoleon's sister still reigned when the Princess of Wales and her suite arrived there in the November which followed the downfall of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbons. Amongst those who accompanied the "royal wanderer" were Mr. Keppel Craven and his inseparable friend Sir William Gell, upon whom Byron bestowed the epithets of "rapid" and "classic." They had accepted for a brief period the somewhat difficult post of Chamberlains to the eccentric lady who, not infelicitously, has

been called a "Queen of Indiscretions." Of the festivities which went on in Naples during the visit of the Princess, one might have hoped for some account from the pen of the Margravine, but she is discreetly silent, making only a brief allusion to Lady Elizabeth Forbes, a daughter of the fifth Earl of Granard by Lady Georgiana Berkeley, his second wife, one of the ladies in attendance on the wife of the Prince Regent—an honoured guest at Hammersmith, if not at Benham.<sup>1</sup>

In a letter of 1814 the Princess of Wales writes:—

"The Ossulstons have followed Louis XVIII. Mr. Craven is gone in the same packet, commanded by Sir J. Beresford. His mother sends him to the King of Prussia for the pensions as Dowager Margravine to be paid, and even the arrears. His stay will be six weeks, but I am afraid unsuccessful with regard to the commission."

We next hear of the presence of the Margravine at Ghent, where she doubtless helped to amuse her corpulent friend Louis XVIII during the tedium of the second reign of Napoleon, which came to an end with his defeat at Waterloo. The intrigues of Joachim Murat ended in

<sup>1</sup> A full account of the visit of the Princess of Wales in 1814-1815 will be found in *A Queen of Indiscretions*, by G. P. Clerici (John Lane, 1907), pp. 12-77, and *An Injured Queen*, by Lewis Melville (Hutchinson and Co., 1912, Vol. II, pp. 333-336). On February 22, 1815, the Princess wrote to Mr. Hooper that she desired her letters to be addressed to the care of her bankers, "as Mr. Craven and Sir W. Gell had left her." In another letter written in execrable French about this time the Princess says: "Monsieur Craven j'espère aussi sera loin chez sa mère qui se trouve à Marseille, enfin cette cour grecque et philosophie sont dans l'intérieur des vraies Tyran [*sic*] et des hommes fort peu fait pour faire les honneurs d'une cour Anglaise" (Lady Charlotte Bury's *Diary of a Lady in Waiting*—John Lane, 1908, Vol. I, p. 308). On the receipt of the news that Napoleon had landed in France, the Princess left Naples for Rome, where she was on March 12. A verbatim report of the important evidence given by Mr. Craven at the trial of the Queen in 1820 will be found in the official Minutes, Vol. II, pp. 531-543.

the tragedy of October 13, 1815, which occurred just two days before his brother-in-law, whom he had so grossly betrayed, arrived at St. Helena. The Treaty of Vienna restored Ferdinand I to his dominions, but he returned to Naples a widower. Was it possible that the Margravine contemplated the possibility of becoming Queen of the Two Sicilies when she returned to the scene of her social triumphs of 1789? On the subject of her final return to the beautiful Italian city of which she had written with so much enthusiasm she is absolutely silent, but we know that *il vecchio Narone* was not unmindful of his former friendship, and a warm welcome was accorded to the well-dowered widow of the dead Margrave, who had decided to turn her back on an ungrateful and unappreciative country and make Naples her home.

Ferdinand IV (as he was now styled), sometime in the year 1819, is credited with having presented the Margravine with a tract of land at Posillipo upon which she built a villa bearing a very close resemblance to Brandenburg House, which, for many years, was known as the Villa Craven.<sup>1</sup> The historian Francesco Alvino<sup>2</sup> gives a full description of the classical building, embosomed in trees and commanding a magnificent view of the Bay of Naples. The columns were modelled on those of the Temple of Pæstum, and in the gardens leading down to the shore was a grotto used as a bathing-house. A path

<sup>1</sup> "Alla Margravia di Anspach (per prodigalità nuova infino allora nella storia dei Re) fece dono Ferdinando IV. di una vasta piazza dell' amenissima strada di Posillipo—e colei, per farla più privata, la cinse di muri, l'adornò di giardini e di fabbricò la sua casa."—*Storia del Regno di Napoli*, anno 1819, lib. VIII, cap. II.

<sup>2</sup> (Francesco Alvino: *Il Regno di Napoli e di Licolia: (La collina di Posillipo) con di legni di Achille gigante—Napoli, tipografia di Giuseppe Colavita, 1845. Pagina 100-101.*)

winding amongst the trees led to the tomb of a favourite dog, on which were inscribed some verses by the Margravine in praise of its fidelity. The porter's lodge at the entrance was constructed in the shape of a small temple.<sup>1</sup> The Villa Craven, now called the Villa Marie, is the property of Signor Roberto de Sanna, and retains many of the features which characterised it at the time when Signor Alvino described it.

It is possible that the Villa Craven was not completed

<sup>1</sup> Considerable light has been thrown on the final sojourn of the Margravine of Anspach in Italy by the researches of Signor Salvatore di Giacomo, the erudite librarian of the Biblioteca Luchesi Palli, and Mrs. Constance Hutton. Signor di Giacomo has published in French a pen-picture of Ferdinand IV at Naples and Caserta in 1789, written by the Margravine at the time when she asserts she was constantly in the company of the King and Queen. [*Mostra somma Napoletana. Documenti Inediti a cura di S. di Giacomo.*] He has also contributed to the *Giornale d'Italia* of December 12, 1912, an exceedingly interesting and important article entitled *Re Nasone di proprio*, which contains a very full description of the romantic Villa Craven with its gardens, groves, and grotto. He again asserts that it was the gift of Ferdinand IV. Signor di Giacomo is also the author of a third article on the subject of the Margravine of Anspach in the *Italian Review*, *Neri e il mondo*. It is to Mrs. Hutton that we owe the discovery that the town house of the Margravine is now known as No. 6 bis Chiattamone. It stood formerly close to the sea, but much of the foreshore having been reclaimed it is now further inland. It was here that the family portraits of Reynolds were preserved for many years. Augustus Craven sold the house to the Marchese d'Azzia, whose only daughter married the Marchese Bonelli. Since 1828 another floor has been added to the original building.

From an abstract of the title-deeds furnished by the late proprietor, it appears that on September 4, 1817, Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach (her other titles are also set forth), purchased the site "with the view of erecting a garden and villa," and that certain vineyards, with a tank and other accessories, were acquired on March 27, 1819, by Richard Keppel Craven. Portions of the estate were sold by Mr. Craven in 1832 and 1834. By his will, proved after his death on July 26, 1851, the villa passed to Adelaide and Costilde Caprice Minutolo, daughters of the legatee, the Marchesa d'Ala Sonoro, who had predeceased Mr. Craven. The villa was sold in 1870 to Signor Traversi, during whose ownership it was known as the Villa Traversi. The next owner was the diplomatist Antonio Hutton. It was finally acquired in 1907 by Signor Roberto de Sanna who has purchased. It is curious that in the abstract of title no mention is made of Ferdinand IV. Possibly he only authorised the Margravine as a foreigner to acquire land in Naples.

in 1821, when the following curious letter was written by the Margravine to the Earl of Huntingdon on his arrival in Naples :—

PALLAZO ROCELLI,<sup>1</sup> STRADA ROCELLI, NAPLES,  
March 30, 1821.

The Margravine of Anspach, Princess Berkeley hearing that Lord Huntingdon is arrived; begs to claim relationship with him—and wishes him to come without ceremony to dine with her to-day, or let her know at what o'clock he will call on her to-morrow and wishes she may have an opportunity of repaying in his person the civilities in kindness she experienced from his Predecessor the late Earl.

The Earl of Huntingdon.<sup>2</sup>

The Villa Craven, however, was evidently finished in 1823, when Lady Blessington visited Naples.<sup>3</sup> Her biographer, Madden, speaks with enthusiasm of the “beautifully situated villa, hanging over the bay and

<sup>1</sup> This mansion, in the Via dei Mile, still belongs to the family of the Prince Rocelli. We know it was let in 1824 to Mary, Countess of Coventry, who occupied the *palazzo* until 1840. It is possible that three years previously the Margravine of Anspach may have been the guest of the owner, or have rented a portion of it before taking possession of her new home.

<sup>2</sup> In the possession of Mr. A. M. Broudley. Hans Francis Hastings (1770–1828) was allowed the Earldom of Huntingdon on January 19, 1799, in succession to his remote kinsman Francis, tenth Earl (1729–1770).

<sup>3</sup> During her residence at Naples chimney continued to pursue the widowed Margravine. Lady Charlotte Bury was responsible for more than one unfounded rumour, of which the following is an example:—

“Captain Healey is reported to be a natural son of the Duke of York. He served as one of Wellington’s aides de camp, but a flirtation with the Princess Charlotte ruined him. He went abroad and lived at Naples until he became the lover, under the auspices of the Margravine of Anspach, of the Queen, and was exiled from thence” (*History of the Peninsular War*, Vol. I, p. 155).

There does not seem to be the remotest foundation for this assertion. As a matter of fact, some point out, the second and probably more correct wife of the now aged Ferdinand, Donna Lucia Partanna, Duchess of Calabria, once a French noblewoman, attempted to attract

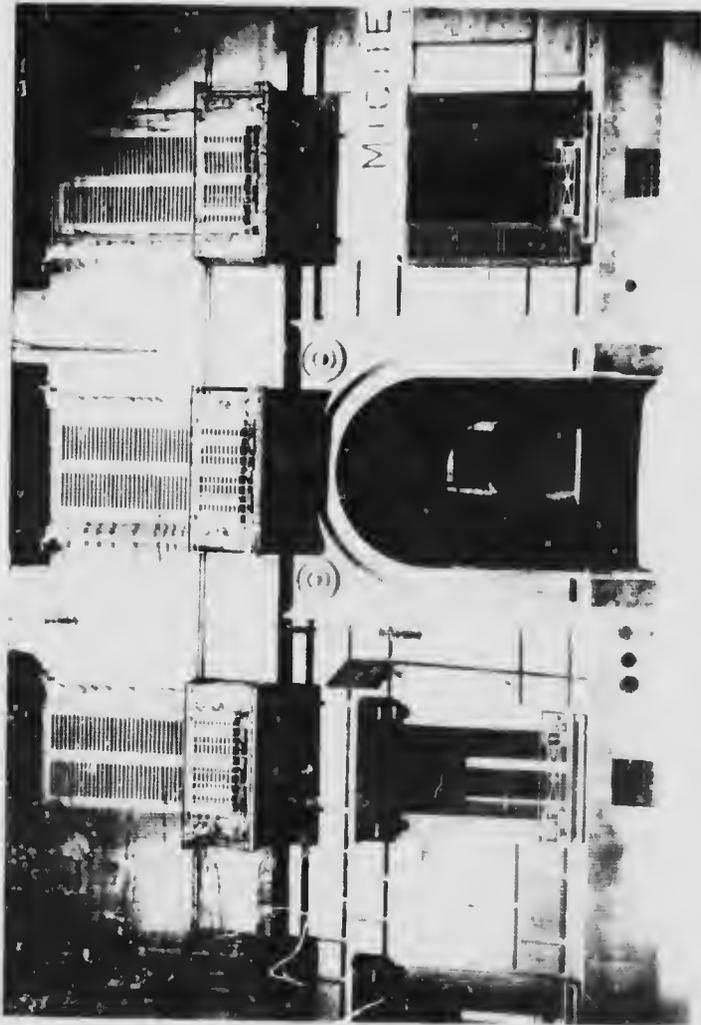
commanding views of Nicida and part of Baia." The mistress of the house had now lost all traces of the beauty still reflected in the canvases of Gainsborough, Romney, and Reynolds and the sculpture of Houdon. In his biography of Lady Blessington, in many ways the counterpart of the Margravine of Anspach, and who, like her, died in a foreign country, having to a great extent outlived her fame, Madden also writes after visiting the Villa Craven: "The grounds were laid out with great care, under the immediate direction of the Margravine," he has recorded. "I have seen her, a few years before her death, working in her garden, spade in hand, in very coarse and singular attire, a desiccated, antiquated piece of mortality, remarkable for vivacity, realising the idea of a galvanised Egyptian mummy."<sup>1</sup>

It was at Naples that the Margravine of Anspach wrote the *Memoirs* given to the world in 1826, when the writer was in her seventy-sixth year. Possibly she received some aid from her son, or his friend Sir William Gell, but we know that up to the last she made good use of her pen, although much that she then wrote has now lost all interest. The sensation caused by the appearance of the *Memoirs* has already been spoken of. How much the Margravine might have told us of the English visitors she delighted to welcome to the Villa Craven or *Novella Via Chiatamone*! One might have expected some account of the uprising of 1820, which once more drove King Ferdinand from his throne, only to be brought back by the force of Austrian bayonets. Her passion for horticulture seems to have outlived her literary activity, for her death may be traced to her persistence in digging

<sup>1</sup> Madden, *Lady Blessington*, II, 121.

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on a wet day until she was wet through. The result was a chill, succeeded by a fever, which she had not strength to throw off.<sup>1</sup> She passed away in her seventy-eighth year in January, 1828, and was interred in the old British cemetery at Naples.<sup>2</sup> The entry on the official register is: "Elizabeth Marg: Brand. Anspach was buried in the old British Cemetery Jan. 13, 1828, aged 77." To the funds of this burial-ground she and her son had, three years before, liberally contributed. In the same tomb (still carefully looked after) Sir William Gell found a last resting-place only eight years later, and her son (the "pupil" of the *Memoirs*) in June, 1851.<sup>3</sup> The tomb, which is an exceedingly handsome one, was restored in 1897 by Henry Chandos-Pole Gell of Hopton, Derbyshire, and Philip Lyttelton Gell, of Balliol College, Oxford.

Elizabeth, Baroness Craven, Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth, and in her own right Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire, was neither a great writer nor, possibly, what the world calls a good woman, but she exercised for a lengthy period power of fascination, which many of her contemporaries doubtless envied. Gifted with a ready wit, and wielding a fluent pen, she was probably more feared than loved. Her beauty was of a very high order, although it had greatly faded when

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Buckingham and Chandos: *Private Diary*, I, 244.

<sup>2</sup> The old Protestant cemetery at Naples is situated to the north of the Central Railway Station, to the west of the Piazza Francese, and between the Via Murgola and the Via Martiri d'Otranto.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Kennel Craven also owned the Castello di Punta, near Salerno. He had a quarrelled English faithful secretary, Andrea Pasquini. The town-house, *to his Christian name*, passed to Augustus and Pauline Craven (see *ante*, p. 15). They, to a great extent, form the subject of the book *Principi e principi di una famiglia*, by Teresa Ravaschieri, published by Cav. Saturno Morano at Naples in 1902.

she returned to England at the mature age of forty-two to preside over the cosmopolitan entertainments of Brandenburgh House, and, a little later, the county gatherings at Buntingham. As an actress she was at least equal to Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, and the other noble actors and actresses immortalised by Gilray in the somewhat cruel caricatures already referred to. In her relations to Lord Craven she was possibly more sinned against than sinning, and it must not be forgotten that she retained the sympathy and affection not only of her favourite son, but of nearly all the other children of her first marriage. She was hospitable to a fault, loyal to her friends, and capable of true patriotic feeling, as shown in the days of storm and stress when Napoleon threatened England with invasion. Having legally married the Margrave of Anspach, the dream of her life was to be received at the English Court — not only as the consort of the great-nephew of Caroline, sometimes styled the Magnificent, but as Princess Berkeley in her own right. Queen Charlotte, who, if strictly virtuous, was never broad-minded, willed it otherwise, but this bitter disappointment did not prevent the ostracised Margravine proving herself, at an emergency, worthy of the traditions of the race from which she sprang. The Editors venture to think that her personal reminiscences in their present shape will throw some light both on the social and political history of an exceptionally interesting, if exceptionally troublous, epoch.

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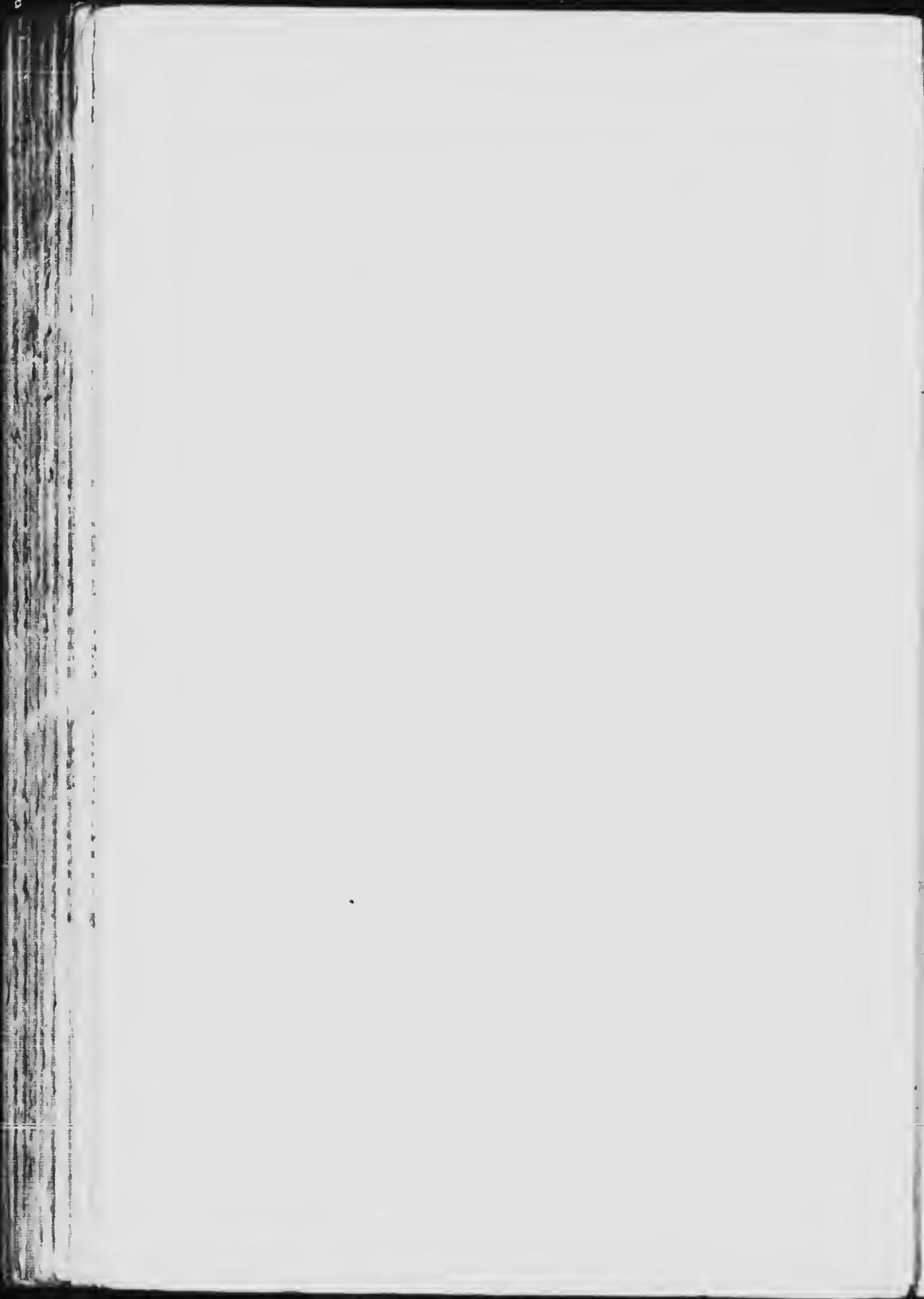
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A LIST OF PORTRAITS OF  
ELIZABETH BERKELEY  
AFTERWARDS LADY CRAVEN AND THE  
MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH

1. At Berkeley Castle there is a group in oils by Ozias Humphrey, which includes portraits of the following :—

Earl Berkeley.  
Captain Berkeley.  
Countess of Granard.  
Lady Craves.  
Lady Craven.  
Lord Craven.  
Hon. Berkeley Craven.  
Hon. Keppel Craven.

This was reproduced in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for January, 1880, in an article entitled "Glimpses of Old English Homes," page 291, No. 6. Berkeley Castle.

2. Elizabeth Lady Craven, in the possession of T. Floyd, Esq., of Hermitage, Newbury. Artist unknown.
3. Elizabeth Margravine of Anspach. Attributed to Thomas Gainsborough. Reproduced in *The Connoisseur*, March, 1912. The original is in the possession of Mrs. Lacy Lacy.
4. Lady Craven. Crayon drawing, by Hugh Douglas Hamilton. Exhibited Society of Artists, 1775.
5. Elizabeth Lady Craven, by Thomas Beach. Exhibited Society of Artists, 1776, as portrait of a Lady with a harp.
6. The Margravine of Anspach, by Ozias Humphrey. Vol. I of Foster's *Miniatures*. Facing page 72, plate 40.
7. Her Serene Highness the Margravine of Anspach and Child, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom she sat in March, 1781. This picture was engraved by H. Meyer. The original unfinished painting is now in the possession of Lord Leconfield. Exhibited R.A., 1781.

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8. Elizabeth, Countess of Craven, by Romney, 1778. Formerly in the collection of Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill; now in the National Gallery. This was reproduced in *The Magazine of Art*, page 192, 1899.
9. The Margravine of Anspach, the original of which is in the Fishmongers' Hall. Painted 1793; a copy or replica of this was published in *The Connoisseur*, October, 1904, together with the Margrave. An engraving of this by Ridley was published in *The Monthly Mirror*, March, 1801, as being after Reynolds.
10. Lady Craven, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; sold at Greenwoods, April 16, 1796, for eleven guineas, to Downman.
11. The Margravine of Anspach, by George Place. Exhibited R.A., 1797.
12. The Margravine of Anspach. A miniature engraved by Ridley, 1801.
13. From *The Town and Country Magazine*. The Literary Traveller (The Margravine), The German Correspondent (The Margrave).
14. Lord Sefton has a portrait of the Margravine.
15. The Dowager Lady Craven also has a miniature of Lady Craven, which I have not been able to see, nor have I any description of it.
16. There are two caricatures of the Margravine, neither of which I have been able to trace, but I shall be greatly obliged if any correspondent can supply me with copies or descriptions of them.

THE BODLEY HEAD,  
VICO STREET, W.

JOHN LANE.

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ORIGINAL DEDICATION

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUKE OF YORK<sup>1</sup>

Sir,

From the many instances I have seen of the kindness you have bestowed, and do bestow, on all those who request kindness or protection from you, I am induced to address your Royal Highness as the only person to whom I could, with propriety, dedicate the following pages ; and may you find, in perusing them, that your excellent father was not quite mistaken when he used, at his levees, to tell his lords that he would ask Lady Craven about such things as were told him in various contrary ways, "for," said he, "she always tells the truth."

Believe in that truth, Sir, when I assure you that it is with the sincerest attachment and respect I subscribe myself your Royal Highness's grateful, affectionate and devoted

Elizabeth, M. B. A. B.

Princess Berkeley.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of York was a frequent guest at Brandenburg House. He died 5 January, 1827, less than a year after the publication of the Memoirs.



# THE BEAUTIFUL : LADY CRAVEN :

## CHAPTER I

My Birth and Family Comexions—A Governess selected for me—Her Character and Disinterestedness—Lord Nugent, my Mother's second Husband—Lady Berkeley's Conduct to me—We make our first Excursion to Paris—Duke of Richmond Ambassador there—We keep open house—My Brother, the Earl of Berkeley, joins us from Turin—Lord Bottetourt—Lord Forbes—Strange Occurrence at a Bal Masqué—Our return to England—Lord Forbes proposes to my Sister Lady Georgiana, who is presented at Court, and concludes the day by running away with him.

I AM the youngest daughter of Augustus fourth Earl of Berkeley, K.T., by his Countess Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, of Charborough in the county of Dorset, Esq. and was born in December in the year 1750. His Lordship had eight children, three of whom died infants.<sup>1</sup> After the death of the Earl, the Countess married Earl Nugent.<sup>2</sup> Lord Berkeley died when the subject of the present *Memoirs* was only five years old. His disposition was gentle, generous, and affectionate; and from the goodness

<sup>1</sup> For a list of the children who lived to maturity, see *ante*, Introduction, p. xiii.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Berkeley died in 1755. On January 2, 1757, his widow became the third wife of Robert, after Earl, Nugent (1702-1788). Lady Nugent survived until June 29, 1792.

of his heart he was universally regretted. The second son having died when only eleven months old, Lady Berkeley became pregnant again, and produced at one birth three children, females, who were born at Berkeley Castle, but who lived only a few hours after being christened. The next female born was Georgiana Augusta, afterwards married to the Earl of Granard.<sup>1</sup> Two years after this event Lady Berkeley became again pregnant; and as she and all her family had persuaded themselves that the child was to be a boy, the godfather and godmother were actually bespoken: the latter was the amiable and gentle Countess of Suffolk,<sup>2</sup> a widow, whose second husband was George Berkeley, a brother of the late Earl's father. It was proposed that this child should be named George.

At this period a circumstance occurred which seemed to be the forerunner of all the remarkable events of my life; for whenever misfortunes happened to me, they, in a most singular manner, were productive of beneficial consequences.

Lady Berkeley was taken in labour in the month of December, although she did not calculate that she should produce a second boy till the February following. Her alarm and disappointment may be conceived when the child appeared, a most miserable object, scarcely breathing, and scarcely alive, at the end of seven months.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> George Forbes, fifth Earl of Granard, known as Lord Forbes until he succeeded to the title.

<sup>2</sup> Henrietta (1681-1767), eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, Bart., of Blicking, Norfolk, married (i) Charles Howard, third son of Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk. She was sometime mistress of George II. Howard succeeded to the Earldom 1731. After his death she married (ii) the Hon. George Berkeley (1735).

<sup>3</sup> Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, the writer of these *Memoirs*, was born in 1750.

Being wrapped up in a piece of flannel, and without much attention laid down in the great elbow-chair which was placed at her ladyship's bedside, with neither clothes nor wet-nurse provided, she was left in despair for a while to my fate. At that time no attentions were observed, which are now neglected and omitted; and the first person who came to Lady Berkeley, a few hours after she was delivered, was her aunt, the Countess of Albemarle.<sup>1</sup> Coming up to the bed-side, and after the usual remarks on such an occasion, perceiving the chair by the bed-side, and imagining that which occupied it to be only a piece of flannel, her Ladyship was on the very point of seating herself upon it, when she was prevented, by the screams of the attendant, from putting an end to the existence of the forlorn babe. As Lady Albemarle supposed the infant to be in the bed with the Countess, she was surprised at the narrow escape; and her curiosity being more roused from this circumstance, she directed her attention to the object of it, and requested that it should be brought to the window, in order that she might judge of the probability of its existence. Lady Berkeley exclaimed peevishly, "It is a miserable thing, and cannot live." The infant's face being uncovered, the helpless little being opened its eyes, as if to hail the light of day; and as they appeared very bright, Lady Albemarle conceived that a child who possessed that power had a good chance to live. She, therefore, immediately sent into the neighbouring streets to find out a wet-nurse; nor did she retire till she had seen the child enjoy its borrowed nourishment from a healthy

<sup>1</sup> Anne Lennox, daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond, married William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle (1702-1754)

woman who was procured. Had it not been that an accident had so nearly happened, this circumstance would have been omitted; and, from despair of the mother, I most probably should not have survived. This scene took place at the house of the Earl of Berkeley in Spring Gardens.

Lady Anne Marle was sister to the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Berkeley's mother was the other sister. The Countess of Suffolk, although extremely amiable, does not appear to have been a favourite with Lord Orford,<sup>1</sup> who seems in his letters to have taken a dislike to her, although I was ever regarded by him with esteem, notwithstanding that I had made her a pattern for my manners. This, probably, arose from the reluctance which I always shewed to display my natural love for the Muses; yet the press at Strawberry Hill has produced some of my poetry. Lord Orford was extremely witty, in his writings, on the subject of the three children which the Countess of Berkeley produced at one birth—an event which certainly was not a theme for a man of learning and of taste.

The next visitor of Lady Berkeley was the Countess of Suffolk, who told her that she would be godmother to the child, and promised that if she had another its name should be called George. Admiral Berkeley was christened George after Lady Suffolk's husband, but she never took any notice of him, and at her death left me five hundred pounds.

A dislike, both unjust and premature, in my mother for me, excited in the breast of Lady Suffolk, even at that

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole (1717-1797), letter-writer, succeeded his nephew as fourth Earl of Orford, 1791.

period, the lively interest which she preserved for me to the latest moments of her existence.

Two years after this the Countess had . . . ; and the following year the Earl died of a lingering complaint fixed in his chest by the imprudent use of a quack medicine which he took against the gout, to which disorder he and all his family were martyrs. On his death-bed the sole object of his thoughts appeared to be the welfare of his two daughters.

The Countess of Berkeley was lively and handsome ; she was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales ; she had no love for children. It was probably on this account that Lord Berkeley sent for a person, a native of Switzerland, who was the wife of a German tutor of my uncle on the mother's side. They were both placed in a house at one end of the Earl's park at Cranford, where they lived on a small yearly income of their own. Lord Berkeley requested her to take charge of Lady Georgiana and myself, and never to leave us till we were married ; and his repetitions of this request were made in so impressive a manner, that the kind-hearted woman fainted away from her too great sensibility, and most solemnly promised she would punctually execute his injunctions, which she did in so disinterested and dignified a manner as reflected on her character the highest praise. She never received the slightest emolument for her care of us children, nor interfered in any thing but what concerned our morals and manners. I could never speak of her memory without considerable emotion, and my feelings were always alive at the recollection of her virtues and kindness. I well imagined that few women were ever born like her.

But to leave her perfections, and return to the miseries of the little infant : I was so very diminutive, so weak, and so delicate, that nothing but the utmost care and attention of so worthy a woman could have reared me. Lady Georgiana, who was only two years older, used frequently to carry me about in her arms. To give strength, cold baths were ordered, which produced an ague, from which I with difficulty recovered.

A passion for reading soon discovered itself, so that little exercise was taken, and a reluctance generally shewn on all occasions where sedentary employment was not engaged. This, however, turned out to an advantage, for whenever lively music was heard I would leave every thing to dance. I was taught so young and so early, that although I had not the recollection at what period I commenced to learn, I have frequently since been told that I was taught upon a table, because the dancing-master could not stoop to place my arms and feet upon the ground ; and by the time I was ten years old, I made the fortunes of my dancing-master and my milliners, by the interest I took in them, and the credit they gained from their attention to my manner and my figure.

Lady Berkeley, as has been before observed, married Mr. Nugent, afterwards created Lord Nugent, by whom she had two daughters : he was much older than her Ladyship, and had been the *enfant chéri* of two wives older than himself. Lady Berkeley being indulged by the late Earl, and both their tempers being extremely impatient, they disagreed so much, that they separated after they had been married two years. Lord Nugent, however, conceived such a partiality for me, that he was my constant friend, and never neglected me during his life.

Among the many reflections that occurred to a mind of such a thinking turn as that of mine, none afforded me greater pleasure than the recollection that the great approbation which I ensured, was owing to the excellent advice prescribed to me by my governess ; for my natural disposition was one of the most difficult to manage—extremely meek, yet very lively ; extremely humble, yet when roused, it produced a sensation of pride which for ever sealed my lips, and ears, to those who offended me. Generous feelings constantly were awakened on every occasion, and a liberal way of thinking accompanied all the actions of my life.

As I began to attain my tenth year I grew tall ; and though several opportunities might have presented themselves of shewing me that my appearance was by no means of an ordinary kind, yet from my mother's admiration of my sister's beauty, and her indifference to the younger one, not to say dislike, I was persuaded to think myself by no means of a prepossessing form or countenance ; but, on the contrary, was induced to imagine myself rather disagreeable. There was not the slightest similarity between my sister and myself ; as the former had light hair, while I had auburn

The impressions which I received from my mother's conduct produced that look of modesty and timidity, which, contrasted with my natural vivacity and love for all that was gay and cheerful, fascinated every one in so powerful a degree.

It is a matter of regret to me, that there is no picture of me which has done me justice, nor is even like me. The figure, in all the whole lengths, is spoiled ; and even Madame Le Brun, who painted a three-quarters' length

### 3 THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN

of me, has made an arm and hand out of all proportion to the chest and shoulders. The picture of me by Romney,<sup>1</sup> which was at Brandenburg House, and is now, with that of my two sons Berkeley and Keppel, removed to Benham, has by no means given a just idea of either my face or figure; the former is too severe, and the latter much too large. He deserves, however, great praise for that in which my two sons are painted, the eldest leaning on the youngest's shoulder, when about the ages of seventeen or eighteen, and in which both the likenesses and figures are well preserved. These two elegant young men were models for an artist; but I shall not dwell upon them now, as I shall have to speak of them hereafter.

At the age of thirteen years, the Countess of Berkeley obtained permission of the Princess of Wales to pass six months at Paris. Lady Georgiana and myself accompanied her; and at that period only she began to take an amusement in her youngest daughter. Previous to that time she saw but little of me. The governess regulated every thing by the clock; and as soon as the young people were awake we were accustomed to kneel down, having arisen from the bed, and to say a morning prayer. The maid-servant was then introduced, and I was instructed how to make a bed, as the governess paid attention even to the smallest minutiae. I was then left to myself to dress in the best manner I could. After the ablutions and the toilette were finished, every thing was explained to me, and advice given as to cleanliness and order. When these duties were gone through, which

<sup>1</sup> The portrait of the Margravine of Anspach, as well as that of her husband, now in Fishmongers' Hall, and reproduced by permission of the Fishmongers' Company, is by Romney (see *ante*, Introduction, pp. xxvii, xciii).

I did as hastily as I could, I left my apartment, leaving my sister to the admiration of her own person, and to the ideas which the reflection of her looking-glass produced in her youthful mind.

In the early part of the morning I repeated to my governess a translation of some short phrase she had given me the night before, of French into English ; and another of English into French. I then partook of a breakfast, which was of milk-porridge ; and if I was unwell, of water-gruel ; never being permitted to take tea, coffee, or butter, as she considered them prejudicial to the health of young persons like myself. After breakfast I was allowed to take exercise in the garden, if the weather permitted ; and if it rained, I was suffered to sweep the room, and arrange the furniture, and then again pursue my studies. A walk before dinner was always allowed ; and that dinner consisted only of a pudding or broth, and one kind of meat, dressed in the plainest manner. It was to this diet that I attribute the excellent health I have always enjoyed ; having never experienced bile, nor any disagreeable sensations of the stomach, but merely what might arise from hunger.

When the family were in London, I was sent for by my godmother, Lady Suffolk, and my great aunt, Lady Betty Germaine,<sup>1</sup> to pass the whole day with them every week ; and it was the custom of my female relations to beg also that I might come to them.

My docile temper made learning easy to me ; and the best methods of instruction were always sought and practised. With a natural inclination and taste for all

<sup>1</sup> Lady Betty Germaine (1680-1769), daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, and second wife of Sir John Germaine.

fire works, I danced, sung, and embroidered ; and being obliged to read aloud, I acquired the habit of speaking clearly and articulately. My disinclination to plain work, and all subjects that required plodding, prevented me from acquiring arithmetic ; and those things which did not engage the imagination, or delight the eye, were abandoned and neglected.

The severity of my mother was attended with personal chastisement for my *étourderies* ; but the kind governess, when she had the entire charge of me, laid aside these harsh measures, imagining very naturally, that I should either become a fool or a fury, from the strange mixture of vivacity and meekness with which I was composed.

If my occupations and the clearness of my ideas produced delight in all who knew me, and became the cause of the comfort of both my husbands, and the primitive source of my common sense ; I also considered that to these circumstances, the method in which I was nursed contributed in a great measure to produce these original causes. It is customary in England for nurses to toss infants in the air, and to shake their tender frames, before they are able to bear it ; and this is called good nursing, and keeping the children alive.

One day, when the late Père Elisée, surgeon to the King of France, was talking to me, he said, "*Dieu, comme vos idées sont claires et nettes !*"—"Because," I replied, "I was too weak to be tossed about when an infant, and knocked upon nurses' knees."—"Vous croyez plaisanter, Madame," he said, "*mais sachez que le nombre des enfans qui sont malades en Angleterre, ou qui meurent de water on the brain, doivent cela à l'infame coutume que les Anglais ont de remuer et de sauter les*

*enfants, avant que la tête peut être soutenue perpendiculairement par les fibres du col."*

If this account of the early and infantine years of myself may be considered as too prolix, it is done with a view that it may be useful to the English, who, even in my time, have greatly altered their mode of dressing, rearing, and educating children. Thus, although I was always complimented with phrases of being quite superior, and otherwise gifted by nature, to the generality of my sex, I always attributed such accomplishments or gifts to the effect of my education. Instead of skipping over a rope, I was taught to pay and receive visits with children, and to suppose myself a lady who received company; and my sister and myself had a set of young ladies who visited us in London.

I was never permitted to see a play till twelve years old, when I took a most decided passion for acting, which afterwards proved one of the Margrave's<sup>1</sup> greatest pleasures.

During a whole summer at Berkeley Castle, I was instructed in another kind of knowledge, namely, that of housewifery. Once in the week I went into the kitchen, and into the laundry, and to the different cheese-farms, by which I gained the means of learning the different ways of making confectionery and every thing of that kind. My governess told me, that the reason why she made me attend to those humble lessons was, that when servants were found fault with, their general reply was, "If your Ladyship will tell me *how*, I will do better. I do as well as I can."

On the subject of religion I began to be very inquisitive;

<sup>1</sup> Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Anspach, Lady Elizabeth Craven's second husband.

the questions which I put to my governess were such as perplexed me. We always attended divine service twice every Sunday at the church at Berkeley, and morning prayers every Wednesday and Friday, and on Thursday private service in the chapel of the Castle. The service I soon knew by heart; but I read the Prayer-book, and there seemed to me to be contradictions which I could not reconcile. I tormented my governess, her husband, the rector, and my brother's tutor, for explanations; and she had the good sense, instead of endeavouring to be as clear on the subject as the clearness of her thoughts required, to tell me I was not old enough to reflect reasonably on so awful a subject; that the Almighty saw and read my most inmost thoughts, and would reward and punish as I deserved; and that it was arrogance in me to ask those questions. After this I ceased to tease my friends.

My brother, Lord Berkeley, was sent, at sixteen, from Eton to the academy at Turin; and it was to meet him, and pass the winter with him, four years afterwards, that I went to Paris.

Accompanied by my mother, my sister, an English maid, and a courier, I proceeded from Dover in a gale which had blown direct for Calais for five preceding days; and when we passed, which we did in two hours and ten minutes, the sea ran so high, that Lady Berkeley's fears terrified her extremely, and Lady Georgiana fainted senseless on the deck, and the maid was carried down to the cabin, too sick to be of any use. I was left alone, who had never sailed before, to take care of my mother and sister,—the former constantly calling out that we should all be drowned.

As I thought mariners knew better than myself if there was any danger, I immediately went and addressed the captain; and, with one of my best curtsies, asked him if there was any danger: he told me, none. I then began to feel sick, and asked him if he could give me anything to stop the sickness: he desired to know if I had ever drunk any brandy; and on my replying, "Oh, no!" he gave me some, which soon allayed the complaint. I then nursed my sister, and endeavoured to soothe my mother's fears. Soon after, we arrived in safety in France, the novelty of which scene amused me beyond measure, as my speaking French amused and amazed the French.

It is easy to imagine that a young mind should be highly gratified with the scenes of Paris. I was greatly pleased, though I went out but little; and my sister, who was almost old, and quite handsome enough, to attract the attentions of all the young Englishmen that swarmed about us, received those gratifications with great indifference. The Duke of Richmond<sup>1</sup> being ambassador, Lady Berkeley's house was the general rendezvous, and she received them all as on a public day, every Tuesday. While Lady Georgiana appeared quite indifferent, and I regular in my conduct, notwithstanding the flattery and homage which I received, our manners excited considerable surprise to men who were accustomed to meet with welcome assurances of their devotions. But this well-regulated manner may be entirely ascribed to the mode in which we had been brought up; for the young nobility in England, of our age, were accustomed to visit us during our holidays,

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lennox, third Duke of Richmond (1705-1800), Ambassador at Paris from August, 1765, until May, 1766.

when we had children's balls and other amusements, which prepared our minds for general society

Lords Egremont,<sup>1</sup> Tyrconnel,<sup>2</sup> Cholmondeley,<sup>3</sup> and his cousin Brand, Lord Carlisle,<sup>4</sup> and many others, were the constant visitors of the family, while boys. It is very natural to suppose how intimately acquainted we must have been. Those boys whose conduct were too boisterous, were sent to Coventry by the girls. This youthful society was of essential service to all parties, as it prepared our minds, and in some degree formed our manners, for the great theatre of the world, and taught us to receive those attentions we were entitled to, with a calmness which others who have been more secluded cannot easily attain. Such an education also took from the young females that foolish delight, and over-strained civility, with which young English ladies treat themselves when they are what is called brought out into society, seemingly, indeed, only to be disposed of.

Lady Georgiana and myself were as opposite in dispositions as we were in our persons,—the former very indolent, and naturally obstinate, while, on the other hand, I was very active and obedient. Lady Georgiana had blue eyes, with handsome eye-brows and eye-lashes; but her whiteness, which was that of a baster, never changed. Sorrow, ill-health, sun, wind—never had any effect on her skin. My blue eyes and hair were admired: this last was one of my greatest beauties, as it was soft as silk, and at Paris was so long

<sup>1</sup> George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont (1751-1837).

<sup>2</sup> George Carpenter, Earl of Tyrconnel in Ireland, married Lady Frances Manners July 9, 1772, but they were divorced in 1777.

<sup>3</sup> George, fourth Earl of Cholmondeley (1749-1827).

<sup>4</sup> Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle (1748-1825).

that it reached below my knees ; and my skin, which was also white, was suffused with colour, and when exposed to the sun, covered with freckles.

It might have been imagined, that the difference of treatment which I received from my mother might have caused a mutual disagreement ; but, on the contrary, my sister doated on me, and I was grateful. We never had a quarrel : Would to heaven, (have I often said,) that my sister had ever had the same confidence and trust in me, that I had placed in her at that time !

When Lord Berkeley arrived from Turin, he did not collect his youngest sister. His surprisè and delight overwhelmed him. " Is that the miserable thing I left ? " he exclaimed. His joy at finding me what I was may be easily conceived.

Lord Berkeley loved music ; he played the violoncello, and had learned thorough bass only. He soon, with his companions Captain Fraser and Mr. Young, brother to the Admiral, who lived in the house with them, and a clerk of the peace in the county of Gloucester, became a man of wit and learning, and was as partial to me as my godfather had been.

This godfather was Narbonne Berkeley, brother to the Duchess of Beaufort, afterwards created Lord Bottetourt ; he died governor of Virginia. He was a man of so generous a disposition, that with all the King's partiality to him as lord of the bedchamber, and his other advantages, he ruined himself by his unbounded generosity although he neither played nor drank ; but he gave away all he had. He frequently has given me, when a child, two guineas at a time to buy playthings with, and one wax doll every year : but finding out that

I gave his guineas to the poor about Berkeley, he told me I must make out a list, and he would give. When I was ten years old, he had a doll made and dressed like a lady in a court dress, having previously given a description of the young lady to the maker; and when it arrived at Berkeley Castle, Lady Berkeley took the doll away, it was so delicately and beautifully made, and placed it on a pedestal on the chimney-piece. But the most ridiculous part of it was, that he had made the head to be placed averted, as it were ashamed; a trick which I had, and which made Lord Nugent call me by the nickname of his little Swan; as he pretended swans, pursued, while swimming in the water, turned their heads and throats precisely in the way that I did. Lord Bottetourt had taken care to have the dreadful blushes on the cheeks which I had; and which tormented me frequently till I cried, when stared at, which some people were accustomed to do.

The French who visited at the house, particularly the Princess Guiménée, our next-door neighbour, were surprised to hear an English child talk French; and although nothing could excite vanity in me, I thought my friends were excessively kind, but attributed my being sought after to the cold and inaccessible manners of my sister. Lady Georgiana had learned nothing well, from her natural indolence; and the French she seemed particularly to disdain, imagining that she disliked every thing French. Her admiration was chiefly bestowed upon herself. From the contrast between the two sisters, I soon became endeared to the whole house, and all the servants called me *La Petite*, as a term of affection, although I was rather tall of my age.

At Paris I learned to paint and embroider on silk, and the tambour, which was just imported from Turkey. I had also a dancing-master, and, as in England, my masters were delighted with me; for, although hardly to a great degree, the instant I was to learn any thing a deep silence and an application to my pursuits seized me, and I generally concluded all my lessons with a nervous head-ache, arising from my too great attention.

Among the English who frequented my mother's house, Lord Forbes was one; and on every Tuesday he played at loo with Lady Berkeley, never addressing himself to either Lady Georgiana or myself. There was a lottery-ticket table for the young people, at which Lady Georgiana presided. Towards the end of the winter, Lady Georgiana told me that she liked to look on at the loo-table, and left me to manage the lottery-ticket table, and the noisy young set who played.

Some time after this, one night when my mother was asleep, Lady Georgiana came to my bed-side, having stolen silently from her own and whispered, "My Bessy, I am in love."

I was silent for some time, struck with the sudden manner and peculiar way of this disclosure, while Lady Georgiana continued in her whisper to tell me that she loved Lord Forbes. If my astonishment could be increased, it was at that time; for he was very ugly, and the person who had presented him to our mother was a very grave Englishman. Lord Forbes had a very foolish sort of low Irish humour, which, though it might occasionally excite laughter, was extremely disgusting. When I recovered myself sufficiently to speak, I said, "I hope you will tell our mother." She answered, "Not

yet ; my mother means to take us to the *bal masqué* to-morrow night, and then you will know more."

Lady Berkeley sat in a box at the ball, and permitted Lady Georgiana and me to take a walk with some other young ladies. Each of us had a cavalier, who were to take care of and bring us back soon ; but Lord Forbes insisted on walking between us. While proceeding along we were joined by a tall man in a black domino, who took the advantage of a crowd which impeded us, and who dropped on his knees before me, and said, " Lady Elizabeth, I die if you do not hear me ! "

He then said that to see me, and to love and to be miserable, were one and the same thing. My surprise and terror cannot be described ; but Lord Forbes held me, and he and my sister laughed. I now began to imagine that this was masquerade wit ; but my astonishment increased, when the mask continued his language and pulled off his mask ; when I beheld the handsome Mr. —, universally allowed to be so by every one, and perhaps one of the handsomest men to be seen in any country.

Not one word escaped my lips till Lord Forbes said, " I have been his confidant a long time ; " and he shook my arm, but in vain, for the language of love was only terror to me ; and on finding I could not speak, he said, " Ten thousand pardons I ask ; permit me to speak to Lady Berkeley. " To which Lord Forbes answered, " Oh, yes ; it is a dumb chicken, but I will roast her for this ; " and Mr. — walked away. I hurried back to my mother, and calmed my terrors by saying to myself, Poor man, he is certainly mad !

A few days afterwards Lord Forbes proposed himself

to Lady Berkeley as a *prétendant* to Lady Georgiana's hand. On this occasion Lord Berkeley and the Duke of Richmond were consulted ; and the reply Lord Forbes received was, that no answer could be given till the guardians were consulted, and that he must wait till their return to England. Any man but himself would have desisted from his addresses, as he might easily have perceived that he was not approved ; but to him this was, what he called, fun.

Lady Georgiana's inclinations were increased by the fear of losing a man's attentions, to whom, as she told me, she had spoken first, piqued at his never having taken notice of her.

Mr. — then came to Lady Berkeley, and most seriously offered to settle his whole fortune *out of his power*, and every thing the Lady might have, if inheritances came to her, on condition that she would allow him the permission of paying his addresses to her. Lady Berkeley told me afterwards that his grave and manly earnestness and beauty made her listen without laughing ; but this event was a matter of much amusement to the family, who refused all the offers Mr. — made, and turned me into ridicule, till my terrified and miserable looks put an end to their pastime.

Lady Berkeley returned to England with Lady Georgiana and me in the spring ; but Lord Berkeley did not come till the beginning of June, when we were to go to Berkeley Castle, to make a fête for his coming of age. Lord Forbes soon followed ; but before they quitted Paris, Lady Georgiana terrified me almost into an illness, by confiding to me her intention of running away with Lord Forbes. I cried, knelt down to her ; but find-

ing all entreaties fruitless, I calmly told her, that if she did not promise me to give up the horrid scheme, I would inform my mother; and pledged myself never again, as long as I lived, to speak to Lord Forbes.

The strange contrast between my gentleness and firmness, when forced into remonstrance, had the effect on Lady Georgiana that it has often produced on others: she gave up the idea then, and promised me to wait in England for the answer of the guardians to Lord Forbes, before she took any new resolution.

In the month of April, Lord Boston and Lord Vere,<sup>1</sup> the guardians, positively refused to give their consent to the match. Lord Forbes was a widower, and had a son by his first wife, Miss Bayley, aunt to the present Marquis of Anglesea.<sup>2</sup> Lady Georgiana cried, and told Lady Berkeley she would never marry any other man; but Lady Berkeley informed her she would present her next week at Court; "And then," she added, "so many men will be in love with you, that you will not think any more of him." She was presented; and, to conclude the day, went off in the evening with Lord Forbes. This took place in April, 1766.

<sup>1</sup> The guardians of his children appointed by Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley.

<sup>2</sup> Field Marshal Henry William, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H., second Earl of Uxbridge: cr. Marquis of Anglesey 1815 (*ibid.* 1854).

## CHAPTER II

The sensations produced by this event on our family and guardians, Lord Boston and Lord Vere—Music Meeting at Gloucester—Mr. Howard, Marquis de Fitz-James—I am presented at Court—Lord Wenman—Mr., afterwards Lord Craven—His proposal of marriage, and settlements—My marriage—Presented to my husband by the Duke of Richmond—Birth of two daughters—Mr. Craven succeeds to the title—His conduct and character—Earl of Warwick—Countess of Denbigh—Rev. Mr. Jenner—My reception at Coventry—Duke and Duchess of Marlborough—Illness occasioned by the hurry of the christening of my son Keppel—Lady Albemarle his godmother—Admiral Keppel godfather—My life preserved by the celebrated Jenner.

**L**ORD BOSTON and Lord Vere, with the Duke of Richmond and Lady Berkeley, were highly incensed at the conduct pursued by Lady Georgiana. They overwhelmed me with questions about that of which I was entirely ignorant; and, in the midst of such a melancholy scene as their concern and Lady Berkeley's incredible sorrow created, Lord Boston exclaimed, "Surely I am the most unfortunate person existing! I never had but two wards, Miss Bayley<sup>1</sup> and Lady Georgiana, and one man runs away with both." This ridiculous and simple exclamation could not fail even then to excite a smile.

I was compelled that night to sleep in the same bed with Lady Berkeley, and from that time ever after in

<sup>1</sup> The first wife of George, fifth Earl of Granard, was Dorothy, second daughter of Sir Nicholas Borley (*not Bayley*), Bart., of the Isle of Anglesea.

the same room, till I was married. That night, instead of speaking to me, my mother spoke to herself, and repeated in different phrases the same thing, that she had lost her only child—her favourite.

Not being able to support this state of torment, after three hours' duration I gently slid out of the bed, and went and sat down as a petrified statue in a chair. When my mother missed me, looking out of the bed, she saw her daughter; and on her asking why I was there, I replied firmly but gently, that it was that I might not hear her—forget that I was her child. The Countess was really ashamed.

In the summer after the grand fête at Berkeley, there was a Music-meeting at Gloucester,<sup>1</sup> to which I went with Lady Berkeley. An unexpected summons came to me, to request that I would leave the pew where I was, and hold one of the plates for the money collected for the poor, at one of the doors of the Cathedral. This requisition was made by desire of the Bishop of Gloucester, and to this door all the gentlemen of the three counties rushed to get a sight at the young novelty. As I naturally must have felt abashed at such a situation, where I was so very conspicuous, the consequence was, that I averted my face when I curried for the guineas that were given, and they all fell sliding from the plate, to the entire dismay of the two beadles who attended. So great was my confusion at this unlucky circumstance, that on my

<sup>1</sup> It was at the Gloucester Festival of 1766 that Dr. Arne's oratorio of *Judith* was produced. Another item in the programme was the pastoral of *Daphnis and Amaryllis*, "written by the learned James Harris, Esq." The principal vocalists were Miss Brent, Norris, Corte, Price, Matthews, and Master Parry. The *Messiah* was performed in the Boothall. The Festival of the Three Choirs in the present year (1913) takes place at Gloucester.

return to the Bishop's palace, where I was staying, I was obliged to retire to my bed-room, where I remained, to cry and sob at my misfortune. It was only Lord Berkeley who could rouse me, by telling me peremptorily that I must go to the ball; where I was again mortified, because he scolded me for refusing to dance with an odious Baronet, whom he liked, and I hated because he had ventured to tell me that he was in love with me; and as there were others who talked love to me, I disliked them all.

I, however, made an exception to one, and only one, who sighed and tormented me, and that was Mr. Howard; and I imagined the reason why I did not dislike him was, that his father would not permit him to propose to me, because I was a Protestant.

Since age and experience have explained to me the sensations of the human heart, I was convinced that I had been in love without knowing it, and that was with the Marquis de Fitz-James,<sup>1</sup> who came to England to pass six months, fell violently in love with Lady Isabella Stanhope,<sup>2</sup> met with the most flattering encouragement, and, when he obtained his father the Duke's consent to marry her, she refused him, and he came every day to tell *sa petite cousine*, for so he called me, all his sorrows; and he used to cry and repeat over his sad story to me every day. What I then thought was pity, I have been since convinced was love. At fourteen years of age, how pure, how innocent is love! At that period I never suspected that I had imbibed that fatal passion, nor for

<sup>1</sup> Duc de Fitz-James, grandson of the Duke of Berwick.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Isabella Stanhope (d. 1819), second daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington. She married in 1798 Charles William, first Earl of Serton.

many years after ; for it was a soft, melancholy reflection on his misery which made all my suitors appear odious to me, from the violence with which they spoke of their love.

On their return to London in the month of October, 1766, Lady Berkeley informed me that it was her intention to present me at Court ; on which I dropped on my knees, and implored her not to do so, but in vain. In November I was presented ; and from that time till April, had I been vain, I ought to have been happy, for I was received by the world, cherished by my relations, and courted by the men, in a manner which might have turned the head of any young creature ; but this I attributed partly to the great goodness of some, and to the great folly of others ; so that all the caresses and homage I received made me more diffident and humble than ever, and it was just that look which no one else had, that made me to be endeared by every one.

Lord Berkeley, who thought my timidity to be the effect of cowardice, made me ride, shoot, and row a boat—things which my beloved governess thought horrors ; but I considered myself indebted to my brother for his fancy, and it caused me to understand myself. I found I was afraid of getting into danger, but calmly courageous when placed in such a situation.

At all times my disposition was such, that I was all obedience, unless desired to do a thing which the morality of my governess had taught me was wrong ; and then all the powers on earth could not have forced me into a measure which my conscience condemned.

The Duke of Cumberland, the King's brother, was very partial to me, and his partiality in time extended to

love.<sup>1</sup> The King and Queen were highly pleased with me, and always shewed me marked attention. The Princess of Wales complimented Lady Berkeley on the effect which her daughter produced in the world, and the sensations which she excited; in short, I had but one great grievance in the midst of all these pleasures, and balls, which were endless; and that was, my mother's eternal reproaches, on account of my not encouraging the particular addresses of any man. One day she remarked, "I fancy you are very proud:" at which I started. "Can you think me proud?" I said. "Yes," was her reply, "I think you imagine no man great or good enough for you." Struck with astonishment at such a remark, next morning, after having passed a sleepless night, I wrote a note to my mother's youngest brother, to come to speak to me when my mother was out. He came, and I saluted him. "Uncle," I said, "I create you an ambassador;" and then fairly told him, that it was my dread lest my mother should compel me to marry a person whom I did not like, and that he should make a treaty between us; which was this: that on condition my mother would cease for ever to tease me to marry a man I might dislike, I would marry any one my mother chose whom I myself might not dislike. "Is this a fair treaty?" I inquired. He answered that it was; and the treaty was concluded between us, without my speaking to my mother on the subject. I now felt that I enjoyed securely perfect liberty, and danced and sung, and wrote poetry, and laughed with my young friends with my accustomed hilarity, without restraint or fear; *comme le Chevalier*

<sup>1</sup> Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, 1745-1790.

*Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche.* But, *hélas!* this peaceful state was not of long duration.

One of our most frequent visitors at Paris had been Lord Wenman: he was one of the gravest young men of our acquaintance; nor did I suspect the high opinion which he had of me, and which was thoroughly developed to his friend Mr. Craven;<sup>1</sup> when the latter, who had seen me at a new play at Covent Garden, the first night of its being acted, had told him that he had fallen most violently in love with me, and desired him to present him to my mother. This Lord Wenman positively refused to do, for the period of five months, telling him at the same time that he was not worthy of the delicacy of my manners and education.

Subsequently, at a great dinner of Newmarket men at Hockeril, when the party was breaking up and all their carriages at the door, one of them proposed to fill a bumper-toast to a lady, which he said was the last time such a thing could be done, as that lady was on the point of being married; and he named me. When Lord Wenman got into the carriage with his friend, he said to him, "I hope now, Craven, you will give up the foolish fancy you have had."—"On the contrary," Craven replied, "I will at least have the satisfaction of being refused by her own lips."

Next day Lord Wenman came to Lady Berkeley, and informed her that his friend Mr. Craven was violently bent on obtaining the hand of her daughter.

It is hardly possible to conceive my indignation at the idea of any man's daring to propose for me without

<sup>1</sup> William Craven, afterward sixth Baron Craven (1738-1791), married Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, the writer of these *Memoirs*, May 30, 1767.

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THE MARGRAVE OF ANSBACH  
*from a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1727. (L. 100. 10. 111)*



first asking my permission. Lady Forbes was at the time in the room, when Lady Berkeley gave me the information ; and, as she told me afterwards, she never laughed so much at her mother's astonishment, when I calmly but resolutely said, " He must never know I was told this ; and pray, what is his name ? " Lady Berkeley had forgotten the name ; but some days after, the state of the Craven family being explained, I figured to myself that Mr. Craven's three old uncles were most anxious he should marry, and had fixed upon Lady Elizabeth Berkeley as the person most proper for his choice, on account of her health and age. I was, however, soon after, sadly disappointed, for Mr. Craven waited upon Lady Berkeley and explained every thing.

Lady Berkeley told him that her daughter would be excessively shocked if she knew that he wished to marry without a previous acquaintance with the lady, and a meeting must be contrived as if by chance. Lady Berkeley and her daughter, Lady Forbes, planned a dinner at Richmond ; to which Mr. Craven was brought by his friend Lord Wenman. As I conceived that he had never seen me, I muffled myself under my hat, which at that time was very large, which with my handkerchief and cloak concealed my face ; and I was amusing my gay mind with the idea of seeing him mistake my sister for the young unmarried person, and begin to pay her his devoirs. But my hopes soon vanished when he was announced ; for he looked round the room, and walked up to me immediately. This threw me into a state of confusion which all his honest confessions could hardly remove. My guardians, and the Duke of Richmond and my brother, had no objections to make, to the

proposal. Mr. Craven was the third in the entail of the estates belonging to his uncle Lord Craven; but all the property was so firmly settled, that Lord Craven could only make a settlement of eight hundred pounds a-year; and it was his uncle Admiral Craven who gave out of his private fortune an addition which made it fifteen hundred. But while this matter continued in agitation, I nearly lost my suitor. Mr. Craven, who was the second son's brother, impatient at any delay, immediately proposed to run away with me. Having on this point received a decided negative, as I told him positively I would never consent to such a measure, he declared then that I never loved him. To this I replied, that I never knew what love was. If I were to judge of the effects, said I, which I had seen in him and other men, I must acknowledge that I felt for him that regard and gratitude which his honest and warm heart deserved. He said that he would go and live abroad till the death of his uncle Lord Craven, for he should certainly die if he continued in the same country with me, without being my husband. He insisted earnestly that I would give him a promise of marriage, which he would likewise give to me, signed with his own blood; with which I refused to comply. "If I were to agree to such an arrangement," I said, "if you should see any one whom you might prefer to me, or even like as well, or if I should *fall in love*, there might be four people made miserable; and I did not wish to marry till I was twenty or twenty-one years of age; and that I had always said so both to my mother, my brother, and my guardians, and that I repeated it to him.

Every sentiment that gratitude could dictate, and no

dishke to him, made me fix this resolution, which, I said, nothing should induce me to break. Mr. Craven was much grieved, and Lady Berkeley, when he was gone, asked me what I had said to him, which, when I told her, she greatly approved.

Through the urgency of friends and the intercessions of relatives, combined with the perseverance of Mr. Craven, I permitted the settlements to be made; and Admiral Craven added to the jointure twenty thousand pounds for younger children. Lord Craven made an offer of a house in Berkshire or Leicestershire to live in; and when Mr. Craven informed me of it, and gave me the choice of which county, I asked him in which of the two counties the family interest lay. As he said it was in Berkshire, I replied, that as it was only a temporary residence, that ought to be the place. When matters of serious moment were ever placed before me, my natural genius led me to reflection; and although in trifles, at that time, I appeared the most gay and thoughtless person in the world, from the extreme playfulness of my disposition yet, perhaps, this extraordinary contrast was not only the most amusing, but the most useful thing possible, to those with whom I lived. Gay wit rarely detracts from our moral conduct, whilst pedantry and ostentation repel.

As Lady Berkeley was prevented from attending in public for some weeks, occasioned by two family mournings, before I was promised to Mr. Craven, and as no one would excuse me from going to the balls, I attended them with my cousin Lady Tavistock, or her guardian's wife, Lady Boston, who were both as much delighted with my dancing as if I were their own daughter.

At one of these balls I saw my father-in-law, and told him I had named my two bridesmaids for the wedding; and those were my young sisters. He asked me what I meant, "as," he said, "you must know that I have sworn that Mary should never see her mother, or ever enter into her house." I replied, that I never believed one word that a man said in ill-humour; and that if he did not permit my dear Mary to be one of the bridesmaids, I would never speak to him again, or suffer Mary ever to enter into any house of mine. "Are you in earnest?" he said.—"Yes, upon my honour," I answered: when, after staring at me some time, he took my hand, and said, "My dear little Swan, have it all your own way!" This afforded me greater pleasure, in having obtained such a satisfaction for my mother, than in having prevailed on my brother and mother to forgive and receive my sister, Lady Forbes, and her husband; which they had declared positively they never would do, till, worn out by my entreaties and tears, they yielded.

Without dwelling long on the wedding, suffice it to say that my governess shut herself up in her room, and would see no one. All the house was sobbing, except Lady Berkeley. I stood at the ceremony between the Duke of Richmond and Lord Berkeley, who, it was intended, was to have given me away; but, petrified with grief at the thoughts of losing me, the Duke was obliged to take my hand and present it to Mr. Craven.

The next winter, and the following one, were passed at Ashdown Park, where I had two daughters in two years. Mr. Craven's attachment to me seemed to increase daily: my manners were such a novelty to him, that he has often told me he was as much alarmed at the delicacy

of my mind, as at that of my person. His uncles, his mother, and his unmarried sister, were excessively fond of me; and he was one of the kindest and most generous sons to his mother. This affection endeared him to me.

At the birth of my second daughter, Lord Craven died. My husband, who now inherited the title and estate, seemed to have no other delight than in procuring for me all the luxuries and enjoyments within his power, and it was an eternal dispute (how amiable a dispute!) between us; *he* always offering presents, and *I* refusing whenever *I* could.

I asked him one day, after we had been married about a year, why he was so much afraid least any thing should hurt me. He told me, that it was because my mother had mentioned something respecting me about a fortnight before we were married. When he came to inform Lady Berkeley that his uncle, Admiral Craven, had come to put an end to all difficulties, she burst into tears, and said, "I do not know *you*, Mr. Craven, but Elizabeth is such a meek-tempered child, that you would break her heart if your manners were rough." It must be remembered that I was married at the early age of little more than sixteen.

When Lord Craven informed me of this, my surprise kept me silent a long time, (for surprise invariably threw me into reflection,) for I had never discovered that my mother thought me amiable. To the gracious gifts which Providence had bestowed upon me, to my application to do good, and to excel in what I was taught, I was obliged to acknowledge to my governess and relations my great obligations. My mother's thoughts appeared to be fixed on the handsome face of my sister; and this mortifica-

tion rendered me more humble and more happy, while, at the same time, this partiality prevented my sister from thinking any improvement to be necessary.

Lord Craven was left by his uncles, at Oxford, till he was one-and-thirty, with an allowance of eighty pounds a year, to live as he could, or as he pleased. His heart was naturally good; he had received what was called a polished education, though, perhaps, he had not cultivated his mind to the extent that the opportunities which he had might have afforded. His life was one continued ramble: to hunt in Leicestershire—to drive the Oxford stage-coach—to see a new play in London—to visit Lord Craven at Coombe Abbey,<sup>1</sup> or Admiral Craven at Benham,<sup>2</sup> were his continual occupations. He had a dislike to remain longer than three weeks at a time at any place: which when I had observed, he kissed my hand, and replied, "Till I lived with you, my love, I never stayed three *days* in one place."

His uncles, it appears, wished him earnestly to marry ten years before he did; which, he protested, he never would, till he saw that woman he should like enough to make his wife.

It is much to be lamented, that a man destined to be a rich peer of England should have neglected the talents with which nature had gifted him, and had not taken pains to form his mind or manners to that elevated situation. He was possessed of sound judgment and a clear understanding, but had neither taste for music nor the fine arts. He disliked reading any thing but newspapers; and yet he never had a dispute with his wife.

<sup>1</sup> Still the seat of the Earls of Craven.

<sup>2</sup> Now the property of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart

He hated trouble, and constantly applied to me when he was puzzled or perplexed ; and I was too happy to weigh and consider a subject with him, and to teach him, if possible, to do so himself.

I was, undoubtedly, a great resource to him ; and in my talents he found the greatest use, for he had no patience—a virtue which I had been well taught. If a servant offended him, he turned him away that instant. This was fortunate for me ; for the servants, knowing I would not have done so, and that the forgiveness of a first fault might prevent the occurrence of another, thought that my entreaties for mercy might prevail ; and therefore my mercy was implored.

The tie which bound me in eternal gratitude to him, was, that on coming to his title he went to my governess, and told her, that till then, their house was not large enough for her to reside in comfortably ; but that now, as he had ample room, and as his wife loved her, and preferred her society to that of all others, as her happiness was his study, he entreated her to come and reside with them.

It is impossible to say whether the governess or the pupil was most gratified at this pleasing intelligence ; but I threw myself into the arms of my friend, and was lost in tears, overpowered by my feelings.

Lord Craven was at the same time generous and extravagant, and chose to settle all his accounts once a year. As I had been taught that once a week was the safest method, and having no allowance of what is called pin-money, conceiving that his bills would be at the mercy of those who made them, or might alter them, I told my husband that I did not approve that his steward should

pay for my dress ; and that any allowance he chose to make me, should secure him and his agents from ever seeing a bill of mine. He gave me 400*l.* a year, out of which I contrived to establish a school at Newbury for destitute orphan girls.

The Earl of Warwick,<sup>1</sup> who had known me as a child, and had watched the progress of my journey through life, was delighted to have me as his neighbour ; and his son, Lord Greville,<sup>2</sup> having married Miss Peachey, who was exactly of my age, and a most unaffected and amiable woman, rendered Warwick Castle, and Coombe Abbey, scenes of friendship and good manners, which are rarely to be met with. Alas ! like all the things which gratified the warm and steady affections of the heart, I was destined to lose this amiable young friend. She died of a fever three weeks after she was brought to bed of a son.

The Countess of Denbigh<sup>3</sup> was a near neighbour, of whom I stood greatly in awe. I had been informed that Lady Denbigh was a perfect Greek and Latin scholar, and despised the society of the unlearned. Her face and manners were forbidding. I had seen her on her first visit to her Lord's uncle, and I then discovered that either she would not speak at all, or spoke with great *hauteur* to those whom she disliked ; and she disliked Lord Craven's wife, and Lord Craven himself, and her

<sup>1</sup> Francis, first Earl of Warwick, K. T. (1719-1773), married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton.

<sup>2</sup> George Greville (1740-1816) succeeded as (second) Earl of Warwick on the death of his father in 1773. He married, April 1, 1771, Georgiana, only daughter of Sir James Peachey, Bart., first Lord Selby.

<sup>3</sup> Mary (*d.* 1782), third daughter of Sir John Bruce Cotton, Bart., of Connington, co. Huntingdon, married, April 12, 1757, Basil, sixth Earl of Denbigh (1719-1783).

own husband, and scarcely deigned to say "Yes" or "No" to either of them.

My extreme youth and modesty, however, gained her heart, and my blushes and court manners reconciled her coldness. When I came to live at Coombe Abbey, great was my surprise to find that the learned Lady Denbigh offered to come and stay a few days with me, during the absence of my husband Lord Craven! That surprise was greatly increased when I discovered in Lady Denbigh a perfect musician, a good-humoured and entertaining person, liking every species of wit, and charmed with talents wherever she found them. I felt myself much honoured, and more flattered, by her giving me her company when she could.

It was to Lady Denbigh that I owed the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Jenner, Rector of Claybrook,<sup>1</sup> a man in whom was united the first talents, cheerful wit, and the steadiest virtues both of heart and mind. Never did any human being that I have seen, before or since, make such an impression on my recollection; nor did any human being ever rise to such a height in my opinion and estimation! Alas! he died the victim of his attentions to his wife, who lingered two years under a consumption.

Charles Jenner, to whose memory I afterwards placed a monument, with an epitaph of my own writing, in the church-yard of Claybrook, where he was buried, was a perfect musician, and played equally well, both on the violin, the violoncello, and the flute; but his wife unfortunately had no ear for music, and when she began to lose her health, he sent out of his house the instruments of

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A, Vol. II, pp. 245-248.

every kind, fearful lest he should torment her. The physicians informed me that he fell a martyr to his close attendance on his sick partner. His works are printed. He twice obtained the medal for his compositions in music. Never was a man gifted with so many talents, so humble and unaffected as Jenner was, nor any one more pleasant in society : he was never seen to oppress by the superiority of his powers, nor had he the apparent vanity of a desire to shine.<sup>1</sup>

The Earl and Countess of Aylesford<sup>2</sup> likewise took me under their protection. Lady Aylesford had thirteen children, some of them growing up. She wished me to come to her whenever Lord Craven absented himself, but I disliked leaving my children for a day.

The people of the city of Coventry also took a great prepossession in my favour. In most of the visits that

<sup>1</sup> *To the Memory of the Rev. CHARLES JENNER.*

Here, in the Earth's cold bosom,  
Lies entomb'd

A Man

Whose sense by every virtue grac'd,  
Made each harmonious Muse obey like lyre,  
Nor shall the erasing hand of powerful Time  
Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful breast,  
And dearer still to soft Humanity;  
For oft the sympathetic tear would start  
Unbidden from his eye;  
Another's woe he read, and felt it as his own.

Reader,

It is not flattery or pride  
That raised to his remains this modest stone;  
Nor yet did partial fondness trace these humble lines;  
But weeping Friendship, taught by Truth alone,  
To give, if possible, in future days,  
A faint idea to the race to come  
That here repositeth all the mortal part  
Of one

Who only lived to make his friends  
And all the world regret he e'er should die.

<sup>2</sup> Henrice Finch, third Earl of Aylesford (1715-1777), married, 1750, Charlotte, daughter of Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset. She survived until 1805.

I paid, I was obliged to pass through the city of Coventry ; and the people used to run by the sides of the coach, and say, " God bless your sweet face ! " and offer cakes, &c. At the end of a riot of three days in the town, owing to a contested election, the Mayor of Coventry and four aldermen came to Lord Craven, to entreat that I might go into the city with blue ribbons, as the yellow and green had thrown it into confusion : I was much averse to this proposition, but Lord Craven insisted, and I accordingly went in a low chaise, which generally was used only in the Park. On my arrival at Coventry, I was treated with the greatest respect by the people ; so much was I beloved. Lord Craven next day named a friend of his, through the Mayor.

On my return to England, many years after, as wife of the Margrave of Anspach, I was not a little surprised to receive an offer from Coventry to name a member in Parliament. My second son, Berkeley Craven, was then only fifteen years old, and my son Keppel Craven only thirteen ; and as I had then no son old enough to represent that city in Parliament, I answered that I was precluded from availing myself of their obliging offer, but for which I was as much obliged as if I had accepted it.

A county, likewise, did me the honour to request me to recommend a member ; but far from availing myself of such extreme attention, I declined to interfere, as I ever had done in politics ; added to which, as wife of the Margrave, I had as much upon my mind almost as mental efforts could support ; concealing on the one hand, from his delicate feelings, the shafts of envy and

malice which were directed against me, and with the other endeavouring to strew paths of flowers—a task by no means easy to be accomplished.

In London, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough<sup>1</sup> shewed their partiality to me, and Mr. Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and his friend Colman, were among my numerous admirers; and Sir Joshua Reynolds did not conceal his high opinion of me. Charles Fox almost quarrelled with me, because I was unwilling to interfere with politics—a thing which I always said I detested, and considered as being out of the province of a woman.

Blenheim was on the road between Benham and Coombe Abbey, and I was constantly in the habit of calling there, and on one occasion stayed there ten days. I there learned from some of the intimates of the Duchess, what it was that induced her to give me such a preference as she appeared to do. It was the perfect conviction that her Grace had, that I had not the slightest desire to attempt to please or govern; as she was particularly apprehensive that any one but herself should have any influence on the Duke. It was here again that my negative virtue came to my assistance.

One day, a little child of the Duchess's, only two years old, threw herself screaming on the carpet on my entrance, and terrified the Duchess. I threw myself instantly on the carpet and imitated the child's cries; which soon pacified the child, and the Duchess was diverted beyond measure.

This kind of conduct, and these manners, made Lord

<sup>1</sup> George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, K.G. (1739–1817), married, 1762, Caroline, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford.

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CARLOTTA, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH  
*Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1705*



Craven extremely fond of me, and he was highly gratified in finding me so universal a favourite. If the homage of the world was some satisfaction, the generosity and confidence of my husband was another source of the greatest pleasure.

But I had heavy deductions to make from my portion of happiness and content. My mother, Lady Berkeley, and Lord Craven, were constantly disagreeing, and carried their quarrel to a considerable height: I was the general subject of these disputes. Lady Berkeley pretended that Lord Craven spoiled me, as she called it; and it appeared to excite her envy, when he told her, that nothing was great or good enough for my mind and person.

But the subject of the greatest uneasiness to me, was the idea that Lord Craven might dissipate his fine fortune, as he had it all in his own power, being the third in the entail; and when I represented to my husband the danger of living beyond his income, he offered to give me half his estates, and let me be the manager of the whole, allowing him a yearly stipend to throw away as he pleased.

Could I have seen or imagined that Lord Craven was as wilful and regardless of consequences as he really was, strange as such an arrangement may appear, I would willingly have consented to it; although I constantly refused to participate in any such plan.

The hurry which the christening of my youngest son occasioned, was the cause of an illness, which I experienced, so as to produce a sort of fit in the night, which rendered me totally speechless for some hours; and I was repeatedly attacked in this way, till the merciless

physicians sent me to Bristol to die, as the opinion of six of them sanctioned.

Lady Albemarle was godmother to this child, who was named Richard Keppel Craven, after Lady Craven's cousin Admiral Keppel<sup>1</sup> this occurred just after the trial which he insisted on having; the result of which was a general illumination throughout London, for three successive nights. The gallant admiral stood godfather in person to the infant. Lady Albemarle, my great aunt, and her son General Keppel,<sup>2</sup> dined with Lord Craven; and from half-past seven, till half-past eleven, the porter could never close the street-door, from the numerous visits of the nobility on the occasion, who were anxious to pay their respects to me; yet not for me alone, as they were desirous of shewing their respect to the Admiral, whose trial, like the American war, had roused every honest heart.

Bristol was only nineteen miles from Berkeley Castle. Jenner, since so famed, and whose illustrious services<sup>3</sup> to mankind ought to be immortalized, was at that time there, and came to pay his last respects to one, as he imagined, at the point of death, and for whom he had the sincerest regard. He had the courage to inform Lord Craven that my case was totally mistaken, and that it was owing to such a mistake that all the singular disorders which I had, had followed. He declared that the physicians had given me bark when they ought to

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Keppel, first Viscount Keppel (1725-1786), admiral, court-martialled for conduct in the operations off Brest, 1779, but the charge was dismissed as "malicious and ill-founded."

<sup>2</sup> George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle (1724-1772), general.  
<sup>3</sup> Edward Jenner (1749-1823), the famous discoverer of vaccination. Jenner first practised at Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

have administered opening medicines; that the complication of complaints which had come upon me, arose from the milk having fixed about the regions of the stomach and lungs. He ordered me to be sent to Benham, where he came himself and attended me, till by his proper management I was in a fair way of recovery.

### CHAPTER III

A change in Lord Craven's conduct discovered : represented to me by Lord Macartney—My remonstrances—Lord Craven goes over to the Continent—He declares to me his resolution to separate from me—My conduct and remarks on that occasion—Mr. Johnson, Lord Craven's brother-in-law, sent to advise—Lord Craven's departure, and the cessation of all future intercourse—Lord Berkeley advises me to consult my friends—I apply to Lords Thurlow and Loughborough—Leave England for France—Duke and Duchess d'Harcourt—I quit France for Italy.

**T**HAT winter I was much surprised to find that often, when Lord Craven told me he was going to hunt in Hampshire or Wiltshire, he had been in neither places ; but in London, and not residing in our own house. I of course began to grow very uneasy ; and soon discovered that he had formed another attachment to a person whom he had found at the Crown Inn, by chance, at Reading ; left there for debt by a gay colonel, whose mistress she was ; till, tired by her extravagance, he had left her and her charms in pledge to pay her reckoning.

Consideration for an excellent family prevents her being named here ; but originally she had run away with a worthy man, and married him. She soon left him for a gay captain, who, disgusted with her profuseness, deserted her, and she came upon the town. Her many admirers soon forsook her, when Lord Craven unfortunately became acquainted with her. He took

excursions with her, and she drank at table with him, and then gained an ascendancy over him—a melancholy proof that they who never read nor reflect are always at the mercy of those who will flatter the whim of the moment.

This connexion necessarily prevented me from seeing much of my husband, and he appeared not so happy or amused at the sight of his children as usual: all doubts were, however, removed, had there been any; when one day Lord Macartney<sup>1</sup> came to me and entreated me to prevent Lord Craven from travelling in one of my coaches, with a woman who called herself Lady Craven, and conducted herself at inns in such a manner as to reflect upon and tarnish my character: "And," added Lord Macartney, "if Lord Berkeley knows this he will certainly call Lord Craven out." Lord Macartney had passed through Dunchurch, where Lord Craven and the lady had slept.

When Lord Craven arrived in London, in Charles Street, after he had seen me and the children, I sent them out of the room, and told him that I had a favour to ask of him, which was, that he would not permit his mistress to call herself Lady Craven. He looked much confused, rose from where he was sitting, and walked about the room some time. He then asked how long it was, that I had known that he had a mistress? To this I replied, "Above a twelvemonth." He then took some more walks across the room; when, suddenly stopping and clasping his hands together, he threw his eyes up to heaven and exclaimed, "By G——, you are the best-

<sup>1</sup> George Macartney, first Earl Macartney (1737-1806); Governor of Madras, 1780-6; Ambassador Extraordinary to China, 1792.

tempered creature in the world ; for I have never suspected that you knew this !” I then told him that he must remember the spotless young creature he had married, and who had borne him seven children ; and that there was one thing I must insist on, which was, that if he continued to live with that woman, I would order a bed in the next room to his ; for her conduct was such that my health might suffer. He said that she was a very good sort of woman, and asked, rather peremptorily, who had informed me otherwise ? I then told him fairly, that I had obtained an interview with the lady’s husband, who had acquainted me exactly with the character of the person with whom he had formed a connexion, and that the looseness of her conduct was such, that it was only to be equalled by her extravagance ; and that he had concluded all his account of her by pitying my unfortunate situation.

Lord Craven began to feel indignant, and his appearance indicated resentment ; but I continued to entreat him to consider his children, and seriously to reflect on the fatal consequences of his conduct.

In all probability, when he left me, he returned to the lady, and informed her of all that had passed, as she soon after took him over to the Continent, intending, most likely, to keep him out of the way of his wife, by quitting England. His stay there, however, was but of short duration, as he could speak no other language but English ; and his patience being exhausted, he returned at the end of a six weeks’ excursion.

I could never persuade his Lordship, that, although he had made a will entailing his property on his three sons, he might spend it all before he died. At the time

that my second son, Berkeley Craven, was born, Lord Craven made his will ; at which time Lord Berkeley declared that he should never marry : and, as his brother was surrounded by dangers in his profession as a naval officer, he was determined that Lady Granard's children should never inherit one farthing of the Berkeley property. My second son was his Lordship's heir ; and it was on that declaration that Lord Craven made his will, making my jointure £3000 a-year, and giving me Benham and the house in Charles Street for my life, which subsequently he took away from me : and Lord Berkeley, notwithstanding his resolution, married.

When Keppel Craven was about three years old, just before the Christmas holidays, which Lord Craven always spent with his wife, children, and friends, at one of his beautiful seats, his Lordship one day sent for me into his dressing-room, and, with much embarrassment, said, " I am going to London ; I shall not pass the Christmas here ; and when I go, I shall never see your face again." I named to him the people I expected to come, and represented to him how extraordinary it would appear to some of them if he were absent ; but he said that he was determined never to see me more. To this I answered, " That is, to part with me ? " He replied, " Yes." I then proceeded as far as the door, and, turning round, said, with the greatest calmness I could collect, " The parting of a husband and wife, who have lived together for thirteen years, and have had seven children, and the fortunes of those children at the mercy of a father misled, is a thing of too great consequence to those children, for me not to take the best advice upon such an event ; " and I retired to my own sitting-room.

I had not long been there before Lord Craven's brother-in-law, Mr. Johnson, came in, and, in an officious manner, said, "Lady Craven, my Lord has desired me to talk to you on the subject you have just been made acquainted with; and I would advise——" I here instantly interrupted him, and observed, "That subject is the most improper one for you to interfere with, and I shall be happy to converse with you on any other; but, as a father of a family yourself, you may advise Lord Craven: but with you I shall not, on this point, speak one syllable." He looked abashed, made a bow, and retired.

Mr. Johnson was a mild and good man, but entirely governed by his wife, Lord Craven's second sister, who had been married first to a Mr. Taylor, who died, and she then married Mr. Johnson. This circumstance so enraged Lord Craven, (as Johnson was a younger brother, and had nothing but a lieutenant's pay to live on,) that Lord Craven declared he would never see—never speak to her. His mother's entreaties, and the thoughts of the children's starving, had no effect upon him; and nothing altered his resolutions but my repeated and earnest prayers to him for a reconciliation. This act of kindness Mrs. Johnson returned by another of the most worthless ingratitude; for she was the only intimate of Lord Craven's who did not deprecate his new mode of life, and when she saw him hesitating between his esteem for me, and the wish of parting with his woman, which sometimes his mistress's conduct suggested, Mrs. Johnson advised him to leave his wife. She thought, if Lord Craven separated from his wife, that he would want somebody to do the honours of his table; and she paid her court to her brother, by every species of the basest

flattery, in hopes ultimately of obtaining an ascendancy over him, in ridding herself of an obstacle to her desires.

Her visits had been less frequent than usual, and she continually sent poor Johnson to see how things went on. She was a sensible woman, and very entertaining, but generally engrossed all the conversation to herself. Neither words nor deeds were spared to bring about the scheme which she had projected.

My suspicions were roused at her conduct ; but how were those suspicions verified, when one day Lady Berkeley, taking up a letter which enclosed another, (in fact, there were two under that cover,) and thinking, by the handwriting, that it was for herself, she read a part ! Her curiosity was raised by what she saw. It was from Mrs. Johnson to her husband ; in which, among other things, she said, " I suppose the old devil is at B— ; I dare say the young one will be just like her soon." I could not refrain from laughing. I had seen many ridiculous things happen, from Lord Craven's custom of permitting every one in the house to have their letters enclosed to him ; but Lady Berkeley's surprise would have excited the ridicule of any one, for she knew but little of Mrs. Johnson. I have since heard that Mrs. Johnson's disappointment was not to be concealed, after I went to the Continent ; and she failed in that hope which made her forget all her obligations to me, and my conduct to Lord Craven's mother and sisters, whom I always treated as my own.

My Lord set off next day for London, and, as he predicted, I never saw him again. I made the best excuses in my power to my children and company for his absence at Christmas, and I went to town, as usual, in January.

I had previously written to my brother, Lord Berkeley, describing the strange situation in which I was placed ; and he waited on my husband, and told him I had informed him of what had passed, and wished to know what measures were to be adopted. Lord Berkeley declined giving me his advice till he had known from Lord Craven himself his resolution of parting with me, and also the motives of such conduct ; and although he could not suppose that it arose from any justifiable grounds on my part, yet he should consider it his duty to examine into the business. He then asked me if Lord Craven had any complaint to make against me, and I answered, None : I had never done any thing which could give him cause of uneasiness, nor could he have reason to find fault with any part of my conduct. After this, Lord Berkeley turned his back and walked out of the room.

Upon my arrival in London, I was informed by Lord Berkeley, that the best step to be adopted was to consult some eminent lawyer.

Lord Thurlow,<sup>1</sup> who had been Lord Chancellor, and to whom I was perfectly well known, had always shewn me the greatest partiality. His visits to me were frequent, and his conversation to me always very agreeable. I turned my thoughts towards his Lordship, as a proper person to whom I might apply.

Lord Loughborough,<sup>2</sup> at this time, (whose kindness I had also equally experienced,) being Lord Chancellor, reminded me of the French proverb, "*Qu'il ne faut*

<sup>1</sup> Edward Thurlow, first Baron Thurlow (1731-1806) ; Lord Chancellor from 1778—except during the Coalition Ministry of 1783—until 1792.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Wedderburn (1733-1805) ; created Baron Loughborough, 1780 ; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1780-93 ; Lord Chancellor, 1793-1801 ; created Earl of Rosslyn upon his retirement.

*pas s'adresser aux Saints quand on peut s'adresser à Dieu.*" I thereupon determined to send for Lord Loughborough, who flew into the most violent passion with Lord Craven, and exclaimed that he must certainly be mad! His advice was, that I should prosecute Lord Craven for his conduct with that woman; that his words to my brother exculpated me from all blame; that the law could part us, and allow me a provision of four or five thousand a-year, and the society of my daughters.

Lord Loughborough's indignation cannot easily be conceived. After he left me, I said within myself—Prosecute my husband! the father of my children—a man fallen from a precipice, or infected by a scarlet fever! for I looked upon his being governed by such a woman as a sickness or a misfortune,—a calamity unaccountable,—as she excelled neither in mind nor person, and had only a good set of teeth to recommend her.

After ruminating a considerable time on this subject, I sent for Lord Thurlow. Never shall I forget that dark brow, that stern countenance, when I informed him of what I had to say! His astonishment kept him silent: he appeared then extremely concerned; but his silence lasted so long, that I thought it proper to say something to put an end to it.

"My Lord," I said, "I am told, that if I prosecute Lord Craven I shall find redress." "Redress!" he said instantly; "for what? The man does an injury to himself: but tell me, is it true that Lord Craven has all his large fortune to himself, and at his own disposal?" I replied that he had. His Lordship then, in the most impressive manner, asked me if I should ever forgive

myself, if I did not make every effort to preserve that fortune for my seven children, as I had none to give them myself ; and that, as Lord Craven had placed himself entirely in my power by the folly he was guilty of, he must give me at least my marriage-settlement. That the best thing I could do, according to his ideas, was, that I should go where I pleased, and take any children I might think proper : " But," added he, " leave your daughters with your Lord ; without which obstacle, that woman will go and live in all your fine places, enjoy all the elegancies you have created for the Craven family, and gain the entire and unlimited ascendancy over Lord Craven's mind."

I shall never forget Lord Thurlow's manner of telling me this—nor how near I saw tears starting from those eyes which were supposed never to have wept.

I now told Lady Berkeley and my brother that my resolutions were fixed. I should go to France, and take my child with me who most wanted my care.

At that time, my eldest son and Berkeley Craven were at Eton, lodging with their tutor, Mr. Foster, who, like most pedants, was remiss in his instillments of these moral and religious principles which were to guide them through the paths of life, where fixed principles only can steer mankind through those errors, by which even the most amiable qualities may be misled. I recollect the Italian proverb, as well applicable to this subject : *Mal va la barca senza reme*. My son Berkeley Craven, notwithstanding these disadvantages, has displayed all those fine manly feelings which dignify the Englishman ; and my third son, Keppel, is an ornament to mankind.

Lord Berkeley obtained a promise from Lord Craven

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WILLIAM PAULI, 1767-1791



that my daughters should write to me every fortnight ; and that, whenever I returned to England, as I should not like to go to any of his houses, I should send for my children when and where I pleased.

Lord Craven having promised every thing, I set out on my journey.

My mother's surprise at my extreme tranquillity I shall never forget. " You do not even name Benham ! " she said. I then consulted my feelings, and found my governess was quite right, when, one day, I was telling her that I neither knew the sensations of envy nor hatred—we were talking French—and she said, "*Vous ne haïssez pas, mais vous faites pis, vous méprisez,*" and then, and then only, I felt really that it was contempt which shut out my heart at that moment from every regret, and that my mind was too lofty to descend to things personal to myself, where the fate of many was concerned.

What could I hope for the children of a man, who for thirteen years had been declaring to the world, that no one, as a friend or companion, could be equal to me, besides my charms as a woman and my conduct as a mother ? That man left all those perfections, as he called them, for a woman with whom no one could live who had known her, and who had been rejected by every one but my husband. What, after this, could I expect for my children ?

General Dalrymple,<sup>1</sup> uncle to the late Earl of Stair, belonged to a club of which Lord Craven was a member ; and in the autumn of that Christmas which Lord Craven's mistress had insisted on his not passing with his family,

<sup>1</sup> General Sir Hew Whitefoord Dalrymple (1750-1830).

they were left together *à table* after the club dinner was ended. Lord Craven had taken too much wine, and he suddenly asked the General what was his opinion of me. General Dalrymple answered that he only knew me personally, and bowed to me when he saw me ; but that if he was to form any judgment of me, by what he had heard, and from what Lord Craven himself had said of me, he should imagine that I was a most lovely person. Lord Craven told him that I was so ; but that he was determined to leave me, and that without giving me a shilling : and added, at the same time, that he had bribed every servant in the house to watch me ; that, beautiful and lovely as I was, I most likely should have a lover in the winter ; and that, though he would never divorce me, he then could turn me off as he pleased.

General Dalrymple desired him to recollect that I was the Earl of Berkeley's sister ; that no one had desired him to think of me : and asked him, whether he had no regard to the rank and youth of his wife, and to his own professions about her excellencies. When the General found all he said avail nothing, he discontinued speaking, and took an opportunity to let me know all the conversation.

I must confess, that contempt—cool-rooted contempt—was all I felt for Lord Craven's folly ; still determined to serve him, in order that I might serve my children.

When I took my lovely child Keppel away with me, my brother, Lord Berkeley, who, I found by his conduct afterwards, had his plan for making Lord Craven and myself live together again, told me that I must promise my husband to return the boy to his father when he was eight years old. To this I consented on the condition

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GENERAL



that my children left with Lord Craven should write constantly to me.

I immediately set out for Paris, (1783), where the old Duchess of Berwick<sup>1</sup> was, who had known me, when I, at thirteen years old, was there. She became quite enraged when she heard of Lord Craven's conduct, but she was more pleased at that of my brother Lord Craven or his mistress, or both, filled the newspapers with the most unfounded falsehoods respecting me; and she very properly said, that my brother should not only contradict those reports, but that he should punish the printers, and, if possible, the authors of them; and she appeared to be quite angry at my indifference about them.

At the time of my separation from Lord Craven, it was suggested to me that I ought to have communicated to the Queen all the circumstances of that unfortunate business; but I had reasons which prevented me from taking such a step. In the first place, I did not consider that the Peers and Peeresses of England were treated at Court in the manner which they were accustomed to, in the days of Queen Caroline, consort of George the Second. The late King's brothers themselves were not permitted to dine with their Majesties. The Duke of Cumberland, the youngest, was not old enough, certainly; but the Dukes of York and Gloucester were not allowed that privilege, although the Queen's brothers, when they came to England, were admitted to their table, daily.

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Berwick was a sister of the Duke of Aloa. Both the Duke and the Duchess, who were more generally known as the Duke and Duchess of Lina, visited Horace Walpole in 1764. He says that the Duke resembled a cook, but that his wife was a "rational civil being, not at all handsome, but cosy and genteel." See *Journals and Correspondence of Mary Berry*, Vol. II, p. 29.

The Countess of Suffolk, my godmother, often spoke to me in commendation of the rules prescribed by Queen Caroline: there was no Peeress or Peeress's daughter, who was ill-treated by either father or husband, who did not seek redress and protection at her hands. When I quitted England, my mind was so dejected on account of my daughters, that I never gave a thought concerning myself; and even if I had, I should never have incurred the risk of a refusal from the Queen of England: I was a Plantagenet, and my proud spirit could not stoop to an explanation.

I will relate an anecdote, soon after I was married, which caused much conversation.—Her Majesty expressed a desire to see a certain painting done by Lady Bolingbroke. As a Peeress of the realm, her Ladyship thought it proper to attend herself with the picture; and although a lady of the bedchamber, but not in waiting, she sent a page to say that she was solicitous to present the picture in person. Lord Bute, who was present with their Majesties at the time, came out and said, in a peremptory manner, that Lady Bolingbroke must deliver it to the lady in waiting.

When I was presented to Her Majesty by my mother, before my marriage, the Queen appeared to be highly pleased with a beautiful fan which I held in my hand, and requested to see it. As I understood the court etiquette, I gave it to the lady in waiting, in order that she might present it to her Majesty, who seemed greatly pleased at my behaviour, at the same time giving me her fan to hold, which was beautifully studded with diamonds.

Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, always

retained the surname of Queen Caroline the Good, and well deserved so distinguished an appellation; for she not only listened with sympathy to the sorrows of her own sex, but always comforted them during their affliction. Her Majesty did not even wait for a complaint, when she could repair a grievance. Lady Caroline Stanhope, who afterwards married the Earl of Harrington,<sup>1</sup> had been one day closetted with the Queen. When the audience was over, Lady Caroline was descending the stairs of the palace of St. James's as the Duke of Cumberland was going up. Pretending to bow at the feet of her Ladyship, he suddenly seized a part of her dress in such a manner as to produce from the hand of the indignant fair a violent slap on the face. In a rage at the treatment he had experienced, he hastened to the apartment of the Queen, and represented to her what had happened: Her Majesty immediately sent for Lady Caroline; upon whose return, instead of reprimanding, she graciously thanked her for punishing one, however high his rank, who could lose sight of his dignity in want of respect for a female.

At the time that this illustrious personage was the wife of George the Second as only hereditary Prince of Hanover, my godmother was warmly attached to her. Long afterwards, when her own husband became Earl of Suffolk, she was a lady of the bedchamber. In this post of honour she continued till her widowhood; in deed, until she married my great-uncle George Berkeley, which induced her to retire from court. The Earl and Countess had not lived together for years, and the Queen's protec-

<sup>1</sup> William Stanhope, second Earl of Harrington (1719-1779); married in 1749 Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton.

tion alone preserved her from his ill-treatment. In proportion as the dislike of Lord Suffolk for his wife increased, and his calumnies diffused, that persecuted lady was noticed and caressed.

In the spring of that winter I went over to England to see my daughters, and to inquire into the cause of their writing to me so seldom. I was assured by them, that their father had forbidden them to write at all, and I contented myself with assuring them that he had promised to permit them to write to me every fortnight, and that he had broken the engagement which he had entered into.

Left to chance, and that just Providence which I always firmly relied on then, as I do now, to protect me, and to teach me to bear with fortitude and patience any new grief that I might have to encounter, I confess it, the contempt which I felt for my husband's conduct rose, like oil on the surface of water, uppermost in my mind, and steeled my heart while it sealed my lips.

My youngest brother, then a captain in the navy, told me that he would return with me to France, if I would go into Normandy, which province he wished to see. I consented to this, and we hired a vessel at Southampton, when we arrived there, in order to go over to Cherbourg; but the night previous to the morning that we were to sail, an express came from Lord Berkeley to his brother, to stand for the county of Gloucester, as one of the members was dead. This disappointment grieved me exceedingly, and I sailed, with my child and a very beautiful horse, for Cherbourg.<sup>1</sup> From thence I went to

<sup>1</sup> General Fumieuz, at this time Military Commandant of Cherbourg, was busily engaged in fortifying the place and drawing up plans for the invasion of the Isle of Wight. He had frequent difficulties with the Duke of Harcourt, who was his immediate chief and a man of considerable capacity.

Caen, and from thence to Harcourt, where I stayed some days with the Duke and Duchess. They treated me with great kindness, and, I may say, respect.

There were about thirty visitors in the chateau, and the time passed very agreeably. The Duke was an uncommonly sensible man, extremely pleasant, and highly accomplished: he was Governor of Normandy, and had been in England, at Lord Harcourt's in Oxfordshire.<sup>1</sup> Pleased with the English plan of laying out their gardens, he had, with great taste, laid out his own at Harcourt in Normandy. There was a theatre, also, in the chateau, for which he wrote some very pleasing *petite pièces*.

I never was acquainted with any French person with whom I was more delighted than with the Duke d'Harcourt. He possessed all the *gaieté* of the French, without their levity; and had all the understanding of an Englishman, without his austerity. The founder of this family was a Monsieur Riquet, who planned the Canal de Languedoc, the finest of the kind ever seen: it connects France with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Lewis the Fourteenth ennobled Riquet, and his descendant was lately ambassador from Lewis the Eighteenth to the Court of Vienna. With his nephew, the Marquis de Sommery, I have been acquainted from his infancy; and was lately with Monsieur de Blacas, the French ambassador to Rome.

From Harcourt I proceeded to St. Germain-en-laye, where I took the Pavillon de la Joucherre. Here I had several friends. This chateau was two leagues from Paris. When in the interior of the Abbaye Royale,

<sup>1</sup> Simon, first Earl Harcourt (1727-1777). His son George Simon, who succeeded him, lived until 1809.

the abbess, the Princesse de Beauveau, allowed me an apartment in the interior of the convent, because I did not wish to go to an *hotel garni*, in Paris, when business called me there.

It was here that I became acquainted with the Carman family, all of whom were most interesting, and the females of it an ornament to society. When people on business wanted to speak to me, they spoke through the grate of the abbess's parlour.

On my first arrival at Paris, Madame Elizabeth's milliner was recommended to me. She was a lady of noble birth; her brother was a bishop. Her family had pressed her to take the veil, on account of her want of beauty; but she was a sensible, determined woman, and she told her brother she would change her name and provide for herself, having before thrown herself on the goodness of Madame Elizabeth, whose protection she sought. Having hired a house in an unfashionable part of Paris, she procured a comfortable living by the work of her hands.

This woman was employed by the Queen of France and Madame Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> to watch my conduct, which for some months appeared to me very extraordinary; for she frequently stayed some hours with my child while I was visiting, or at the Abbaye Royale of St. Antoine, and seemed more engaged with my child than in wishing to sell me millinery. I was so fond of my beloved boy, that for some time I was blind to her intrigues; till one day she asked me if it was the Prince de S—— who came so often to see me. I blushed with anger and surprise: she thought me angry only; and then informed me that

<sup>1</sup> Marie Antoinette and her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth.

not only the police, but that she herself, gave an account to the Queen of my whole conduct ; but said, "*Vous êtes si aimable que je ne fie à vous !*" and then told me that the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, knowing my partiality for France, wished me to take a house at Versailles—that my situation in life made me the only person they could have, as an unsuspected friend, to come to, and to forget, in the charms of my society, the forms and falsehoods of courtiers.

I was still more surprised to find, that the Queen had not made Madame de Polignac invite me to her Friday evening parties.<sup>1</sup> Her Majesty had made her an allowance for the purpose of inviting foreigners to her house, and there the Queen went without pomp, to form acquaintance, particularly with the English, to whom unfortunately she shewed too much predilection.

I told this milliner that I never had permitted the Prince de S—— to be presented to me, because he had a very bad character ; and that it was the Margrave of Anspach who so frequently visited me : that he had known me from my childhood and had conceived for me the same partiality that all who had known me from my infancy retained for me.

Some time after, the Duke of Dorset<sup>2</sup> asked me, why Madame de Polignac tormented him with so many questions about me. I asked him what questions. He replied, "*Such as these : Est-elle aussi jolie ? A-t-elle autant d'esprit que le monde dit ?*"—"And what did you

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess de Polignac was the mother of Jules de Polignac (b. 1782), the Prime Minister of Charles X, who was mainly responsible for the Revolution of 1830. Madame de Polignac was a very intimate friend of Marie Antoinette.

<sup>2</sup> John Frederick, third Duke (1715-1799) ; Ambassador at Paris, 1753-1789.

answer?" said I to the Duke.—"I told her," said he, "that we had twenty women at Court more handsome than you; *mais, pour les graces et l'esprit, pas une.*"

I then clearly perceived that the Queen had raised uneasiness in the mind of Madame de Polignac by her inquiries about me; and supposed, that if the Duke had told her that I was very handsome, but a fool, she was to have invited and have turned me to her purposes.

To add to the Queen's *gaucheries* about me, one day, when, with some English and my child, I was in the Gallery at Versailles, to see the Royal Family pass into the chapel, the Queen saw the child, and clasping her hands said, "*Dieu! le joli enfant!*" and sent a captain of the guards to inquire who the child belonged to. I answered, that it was Lord Craven's youngest son. Most other women but myself would have answered, "*C'est mon enfant;*" but the captain surveying me, said, "*A qui, Madame, ai-je l'honneur de parler?*" and I replied, "*A sa mère.*" The child, flattered by this, entreated me to stay and see the Queen pass again. Upon her Majesty's return, she and Madame Elizabeth stopped and curtsied repeatedly to me, and said, "*Restez avec nous, Madame!*" while Madame Elizabeth, with a voice as sweet as her angelic countenance, repeated this phrase.

The people in the Gallery immediately made every inquiry to learn who I was: and, indeed, the manner in which the Queen and Madame Elizabeth curtsied to me, bespoke something extraordinary; for had I been a sovereign in disguise, more regard and respect could not have been shown. I hurried away as fast as I could, filled with many reflections.

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JOHN FREDERICK SACKVILLE, DUKE OF DORSET  
*Portrait by Sir J. Hayman, 1750*



My mother at this time earnestly recommended me to go to Brunswick, assuring me that the Duke<sup>1</sup> would be very glad to see me. Why she had this wish I did not know at the time; but I afterwards discovered, that the Duchess of Brunswick was anxious that one of her daughters should become a princess of Great Britain; for which reason she was civil in the extreme to the people of our nation. As I had an utter aversion to all kinds of matrimonial speculations, and that I might have nothing hereafter that my conscience might upbraid me with, I positively declined the remotest interference, either by word or action, which might deprive a female of her liberty. Having never in my life been the means of persuasion with any lady to accept a partner for life, I took particular care not to have an opportunity of reproaching myself, by becoming a confidante or confederate in such an undertaking.

I had, during my appearance in the world, since I had been settled in life, thoroughly established my character for veracity; and this character had been strongly impressed on the mind of our Sovereign. His Majesty used to say to Lord Denbigh or Lord Warwick, when various reports were spread about persons or events in the distant countries, "What does Lady Craven say of it?" The Dukes of York and Gloucester, his brothers, and the Princess of Wales, who all questioned me about things, when I came to London, knew when matters were wrong; because, when I could not speak favourably, I would not speak at all. In the most ordinary and common matters, I am sorry to observe that the generality of people think detraction is both pleasing and amusing to

<sup>1</sup> Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick (*d.* 1806).

the ears of those whose rank gives them a right to ask questions ; but I always thought the reverse, and I am confident that the Duchess of Brunswick imagined that I should write favorably of her family to England, if I was treated with kindness by her.

I thought at first that the Duchess mistook me for my eldest sister, to whom she had stood godmother in person ; but a nobleman subsequently informed me that it was her intention to have promoted an union between the Prince of Wales and her daughter :<sup>1</sup> and it seems now as if the issue of her wishes had been a fated presentiment to me of all that has happened in consequence of the completion of her object.

Lord Berkeley had ever given but one reason for his refusing to marry, to all those who pressed him on the subject : he said he would never marry till he could find a woman like me in temper and in talents. Unfortunately the woman he did marry was unlike me in every respect. His resolutions, like those of most other men, were made only to be broken.

To return to the Queen of France. Dining one day at the table of a Frenchman of distinction, the conversation, as was usual, turned chiefly on abuse of the Queen. I had hitherto sat silent, when a lady addressed me : "*Miladi, vous ne dites rien.*" I made no reply ; but after a pause, I said, "*Je dirai bientôt.*" I afterwards observed to the ladies, when we had withdrawn to take coffee, that there were three topics on which I never discoursed, unless *tête-à-tête* with a friend,—love, royalty, and religion : and since it was the custom in France for the servants in livery to wait till the company had

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Caroline, Princess of Wales.

retired from the table, the practice of making her Majesty the constant theme of censure would teach their footmen, when left to themselves, to take the same liberties with their own characters. I conceived that a sovereign and the nobility were reciprocally bound to defend and support each other; and if they observed any thing which was wrong, they had better make their communications to the Queen herself.

Detraction never reached Madame Elizabeth. It was universally agreed that she was a model of perfection; and how could she be so attached to her Majesty, if she was faulty as they represented her? But her soul was pure and celestial: besides her graces and attractions, she was adorned with generosity and goodness: she was a good daughter, a good sister, and a good friend.

It is an injustice to the Queen, to imagine that a relaxed system was introduced at Court by her Majesty. At the period when she first arrived in France, Madame du Barry was installed as society for the King and the noblesse. Blame was thrown upon the Queen for that which existed before her arrival: but Marie Antoinette abhorred flatterers, and selected for her friends chiefly those females whose virtues excelled. Courtezans might have been ungrateful to her, but her friends were truly sincere amidst all her adversity. The Princess de Lamballe, who quitted France, returned to share the dangers of her Queen, and she paid the forfeit of her fidelity with her life. That very Madame de Polignac, who was banished for the Queen, bore with her in her exile, sentiments of the dangers that surrounded her friend, while she could not partake of them: she died at length, falling under the weight of the grief which she suffered in deploring her loss.

The devotion of the Duke de Polignac to the whole Royal Family was not greater than that of his Duchess. Madame la Marquise d'Ossun, lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, and her last favourite, perished on the scaffold. The Duchess de Fitzjames, with whom I was particularly acquainted, the Princess de Chimois,<sup>1</sup> the Princess of Tarentum, and the Duchess de Maillé, with many others, escaped by a mere miracle.

In the dreadful winter which preceded that in which I was at Paris, the Queen gave proofs of her goodness and beneficence: she caused to be distributed from her private purse five hundred Louis to the poor. In presenting this sum to the lieutenant of police, she said to him, "Hasten to dispose of this money to the unhappy; never did I part with a sum which was so gratifying to my feelings!" At this period she was honoured with the good opinion of the people, who did justice to her humanity. They raised a pyramid of snow to her honour at the extremity of the street of Coq St. Honoré, with these verses inscribed upon it,—

Reine, dont la bonté surpasse les appas,  
 Pres du Roi bienfaisant occupe ici ta place;  
 Si ce monument frêle est de neige et de glace,  
 Nos cœurs pour toi ne le sont pas.

The solicitude of Marie Antoinette was directed without distinction to the miserable. Paris and Versailles were not the only cities where her benefits were felt. Her enemies pretended that she bore in her heart a preference for the interests of her brother, the Emperor Joseph II, to the welfare of the French nation. The

<sup>1</sup> Probably de Chimay.

alliance which the ministry of the Duke de Choiseul<sup>1</sup> had contracted between the courts of Austria and France might have ensured the tranquillity of Europe for a considerable length of time; but the French character was an enemy to repose, and tranquillity could not suit a nation whose impetuosity would admit of no equal.

One day, as the Queen was amusing herself in the Bois de Boulogne, she met the old Marshal Biren,<sup>2</sup> colonel of the regiment of French guards, who was just recovered from a long illness, and was taking gentle exercise on horseback, in order to prepare himself for a review before the King some days after, at the head of his regiment. The Queen addressed him, and told him that she should be glad to see him at the review. The old warrior, who did not recognize her Majesty, from the veil which covered her, replied, with that affability which always distinguished him with the ladies, that he would take care to place her there in such a situation that she should have a perfect view of all that was going on; and requested to know her name, that he might take it down, to recommend her to the officer of the police who that day was to preside. Judge of the surprise of the venerable Marshal, when he learned from the mouth of the lady, that it was his sovereign to whom he had offered the assurance of his protection!

The Duke of Orleans,<sup>3</sup> who was at the head of the faction which subsequently overthrew the unfortunate Queen,

<sup>1</sup> Etienne François, Duc de Choiseul (1719-1785), French Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1764. He was exiled in 1770, but was recalled on the accession of Louis XVI.

<sup>2</sup> Louis Antoine de Contaut Biren (1676-1788) served with distinction in Italy, Bohemia, and Flanders. He was Marhal of Flanders, and Governor of Languedoc.

<sup>3</sup> Louis Philippe Joseph, Duc d'Orleans (1717-1793), who took the name "Egante."

was a man who had received from nature the most happy dispositions, and a form of beauty rarely to be met with. In his early life having given himself up to dissipation, and being lost both to manners and reputation, he bade defiance to the opinions of the world: his palace was the scene of every species of voluptuousness and intemperance. Married to the virtuous and incomparable daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre,<sup>1</sup> he quitted her chaste society for the pollutions of orgies which would not be credited, were they not witnessed by too many. His physiognomy soon underwent a change, and suffered the impressions of his excesses.

He seduced into the same views his brother-in-law, the young Prince de Lamballe, who one day was to inherit the name and the immense fortune of the Duke de Penthièvre. This young prince had just contracted a marriage with a princess of the house of Savoy, under the most happy auspices, when a malady tore him in the flower of his age from the arms of his amiable wife. As this premature death assured the Duke of Orleans of immense wealth, it was a difficult matter to persuade the public that he had not at least provoked it by his counsels and his example.

From the immorality which he displayed, the Queen refused to admit him into her circles of Trianon or Versailles; and from this rejection he became her decided enemy, and aided in the aspersions that were thrown out against her. This exclusion by her Majesty ought to have been a proof to the contrary of those indirect insinuations which were thrown out against her.

<sup>1</sup> Louise Marie Adelaide de Bourbon, born in 1754. She married "Egalité" in 1768, and survived him for more than a quarter of a century, dying in 1824.

Many other circumstances contributed to nourish this animosity. The Duke of Orleans had conceived the project of an union between one of his sons and the daughter of the French King. This scheme met with the direct opposition of Marie Antoinette, and tended to inflame those passions which were never after to subside.

The Duke of Orleans had frequently been over to England, and not only had returned to France with the fashions and follies of our nation — our horses, our jockeys, our games and our racings; but he had also adopted most of our false notions of politics, which he had industriously circulated at home.

I ought here to do justice to the talents of Madame Genlis,<sup>1</sup> to whose first impressions of education the Duke and the other Princes were highly indebted. In the early part of their lives they imbibed from her the first rudiments of their taste; and though they subsequently deviated from her instructions, when left to themselves, it could be no disparagement to her exertions.

The favour which Madame de Polignac enjoyed with the King and Queen excited the jealousy of many of the noble families of France. She had a daughter, for whom the Queen proposed as a husband the Count de Grammont, and in favour of this marriage he was permitted by his Sovereign to take the title of Duke de Guiche, and he was made captain of the guards. He proved himself worthy of his master's favours, by his fidelity and attachment. The sublime devotion of the two sons of Madame de Polignac, in the flower of their age, and under the most critical circumstances of the

<sup>1</sup> Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest de Saint-Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis (1747-1839), the author of many works.

Revolution, was shown by their conduct to the object of their affections.

The world will recollect the emigration of Count Armand and Count Jules de Polignac, who, when they could no longer serve their mistress, shed their blood for her descendants.

The Princesse de Rohan Guimenée,<sup>1</sup> to whom I was tenderly attached having quitted her charge as *gouvernante* to the children of France, the care of them was entrusted to Madame de Polignac. The delicate health of the Dauphin rendered the task the more difficult. Three years after her appointment, the birth of a second prince, and after that, of a princess, added to her fatigues.

The Princesse de Guimenée had experienced a reverse of fortune which no longer permitted her to remain in France. Her Majesty had ever been extremely attached to this princess, who performed her duties with fidelity and exactness. Although this separation was unavoidable, as it arose from the distressed state of M. de Guimenée's finances, which the Princess could neither foresee nor prevent, yet she received from the Queen every testimony of affection and tenderness. The Countess de Marsan, *née* Rohan, on this occasion, shewed a greatness of soul rarely to be met with. She was formerly the governess of Louis the Sixteenth and the other princes: on hearing of the distresses of her nephew, she abandoned a great portion of her immense fortune to the creditors, and retired into a convent.

The Prince de Guimenée died in 1802, exercising a mechanical profession in a village in Switzerland, as he

<sup>1</sup> This name should be Guiméné. The Princess de Guiméné was governess to the Children of France, and is frequently mentioned in the *Mémoires of the Countess de B.*

would not be longer a charge to his family. His two sons signalized themselves in the bravest manner during the war, in the Austrian service.

When Maria Theresa was pregnant with Marie Antoinette, she one day put this question to one of her confidential attendants:—"Shall I give to the world a son or a daughter?"—"A prince," was the reply. "Well," said the Empress, "I will lay a wager of two ducats that I shall produce a daughter." The courtier was obliged to accept the wager. At the expiration of the time, her Majesty having brought forth a princess, he found that he had lost, and sought the means of discharging his debt. The celebrated Abbé Metastasio,<sup>1</sup> who was with him, observing him to be in a reverie on the occasion, demanded of him the cause. "Judge of my embarrassment," he said; "I have wagered with the Empress that she would give us a prince, and she has disappointed us by giving us a princess!"—"Well!" said the Abbé; "you have lost, and you must pay."—"Pay!" replied the courtier; "but how shall I dare to offer two ducats to the Empress?"—"If that be all," said Metastasio, "I will extricate you from your embarrassment:" he then took from his pocket a pencil, and wrote the four following lines:—

Ho perduto; l'augusta figlia  
A pagar m'ha condannato;  
Ma s'è vero ch'a voi smiglia,  
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato.

"Put these ducats into an envelope," added the Abbé, "and present them to the Empress boldly." His advice

<sup>1</sup> Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782), author of twenty-eight grand operas and many dramas and poems. The ecclesiastical title given him by Lady Craven is probably an error.

was followed; and the Empress smiled at the ingenious manner in which the debt was acquitted.

The Queen of France, at the birth of the Duchess d'Angoulême,<sup>1</sup> had also earnestly desired that the infant about to be born should be a male. Her views were disappointed; this made no alteration, however, in the mind or temper of the Queen. But this child had nearly cost her her life: The accouchement was long and laborious, and attended with the greatest danger. The Abbé de Vermont had a brother, very skilful in the practice of midwifery, and who was held in high estimation among the members of the colleges of surgery and medicine at Paris. The Abbé presented him to the Queen, who accepted his services; and he justified the choice by his devotion and perseverance. In the dangerous situation in which the Queen was placed, he proposed to bleed her Majesty in the foot. This proposition appeared, to the physicians and surgeons present, to be the most formidable operation; De Vermont persisted notwithstanding. They told him that he would be responsible to all France for his attempt: he braved the menace, bled the Queen, and restored her to life.

After my amiable sister-in-law and her husband had left me, I found much pleasure in my rural amusements at my pavilion. I had cows and a fine dairy: the dairy was situated on the side of the court opposite the entrance-gate. One day, while I was standing there, I perceived a Capuchin Friar approaching—who, looking round, soon observed me, and advancing, addressed me, saying: "Lady Craven, I presume?" On my answering that I

<sup>1</sup> Marie-Therese Charlotte, b. December 19, 1757. Married her cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, June 1, 1799.

was Lady Craven, he put his hand into his bosom, and shewing me a letter, "This I have brought," he said, "from your friend the Duchess de Villahermosa. She has confided it to me, and I have brought it from Madrid, walking all the way, in order to deliver it into your own hands." I begged him to refresh himself, and inquired how he could guess that I was Lady Craven? He replied "From the description which the Duchess gave me of your person, and still more so from your employment." In the course of our conversation, I asked him why the wines in general were better in the Abbayes than in other places. He then told me the process, which was, that, after the juice of the grape was pressed out, it was closed up hermetically, instead of being allowed to ferment in the open vat.

To prevent, during the fermentation, the spirit from evaporating, much care is necessary; and the noise during the operation is terrible. The spirit is forced to return into the liquor while the wine is working, and it must be watched closely. To make one barrel of wine, it is proper to have three barrels, and those not slightly hooped with wood, but strongly hooped with iron. These barrels are to be filled up one third, and to be stopped quite close. Thus, during the fermentation, the spirit is concentrated; and when this has ceased, the contents of the three barrels are deposited in one. "*Nous sommes riches,*" he said, "*et par conséquent nous pouvons faire du vin étouffé.*" The good man was much pleased to find me answer the description given to him by the Duchess, and that he had seen "*une très-grande dame qui ne dédaignait pas les détails du ménage.*"

His father of the Duchess was the Comte de Fuentes,

ambassador at the Court of France from Spain. The Marquis de Kroran her brother, was a very estimable man. I regularly kept up a correspondence with the Duchess, although she has not been in England for many years.

During my residence in France, it was a great amusement to the higher ranks to enjoy themselves, in private, at their country-houses. All had these places of retirement, except Madame Elizabeth, who did not wish to acquire one. One day that she came to Montreuil by accident, to the country-house of the Princess de Guimenée, the King, who was there, said to her, "You are quite at home!" The object of his Majesty was, in fact, to purchase this place to give to her. She afterwards passed there some of the most pleasant hours of her life, among country fêtes, amidst her own beneficence and the sweet harmony which she enjoyed in others. In order to form a dairy, she had purchased from Switzerland four beautiful cows, (as I had afterwards at Naples, from Devonshire,) and she had a young milk-maid, from the Valais, to take care of them. She was called Marie. Pretty, active, but always melancholy, her new place could not make her forget her mountains, and more particularly Jacques, to whom she had promised marriage.

She confided her troubles to Madame Thêvenot, who immediately composed the words and the music of that pretty song which begins, "*Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étois près de toi,*" &c. Marie learnt it; and one day, as Madame Elizabeth was passing, sung it. Struck with the flexibility of the voice which the young creature possessed, the Princess interested herself in her fate; and, finding that the song contained the history of herself,

and displayed her own situation, she caused Jacques to be procured from Switzerland, and united them together.

While I was in France, the Queen ordered twelve cottages to be built at Trianon, in which she placed twelve poor families, and charged herself with their entire support,—another contradiction to the base calumnies which were uttered against her.

The young Duke d'Angoulême,<sup>1</sup> who at this period was not more than nine years old, was one day occupied in reading in his apartment, when M. de Suffrein<sup>2</sup> was announced to him. "Sir," said the young prince, "I was reading the lives of illustrious men, and I lay aside my book with pleasure, to be gratified with the sight of one of them."

One day, in the course of her promenades, the Queen met with an old woman, very infirm, seated at the foot of a tree, surrounded with many little children. This picture, which presented to her Majesty the two extremes of life, moved the gentle heart of Marie Antoinette: she approached the old woman, and, with her peculiar mildness, inquired and learnt that they were all of one family, but that the intermediate generation had disappeared; that the poor little creatures had lost their father and mother, and had no other protection but that which was afforded them by this good old grandmother, who was groaning under the weight of years and indigence. The Queen immediately caused assistance to be rendered to them; and, with eyes melting at the scene, turning towards the youngest of them, said,

<sup>1</sup> Louis Antoine, son of Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois, *l.* August 6, 1775.

<sup>2</sup> This name probably denotes the Admiral Suffren, who took part in many naval actions against the British under Boscawen and Rodney.

"I take particular charge of this one, and will have it reared under my own peculiar care." From that time the happy child was kept in the apartment of its royal benefactress: she played with it, and loaded it with caresses. I mention this anecdote, as it was related to me by an eye-witness of the scene, which took place before the Queen had become a mother.

She was certainly indebted to her mother, the great Maria Theresa, for the excellent instructions which she had received in her early youth, and from the brilliant example which was set before her. That august personage had divided her time as Empress and instructress: she watched over the education of her children with all the attention of a mother; and her lessons, without doubt, augmented that predilection which Marie Antoinette displayed for France at an early period. Questioning her daughter once, over what country she would wish to reign, if she were ever called to govern, Marie Antoinette replied without hesitation, "Over the French; for they had Henry IV and Louis XIV, to whom one gave the idea of a good king, and the other that of a great one."

This summer I had the pleasure of receiving my brother and his wife, now Lady Emily Berkeley, and her mother Lady Louisa Lennox. They were proceeding to the south of France, for the benefit of the health of my sister-in-law, who had been much affected by the anxiety consequent on the protraction of her marriage, as she preferred her cousin, my brother, to all the great and rich who sought her hand. I had endeavoured, two years before, to make my eldest brother, but in vain, settle the difficulties which had arisen; he would not interest himself about them. What were my feelings when I

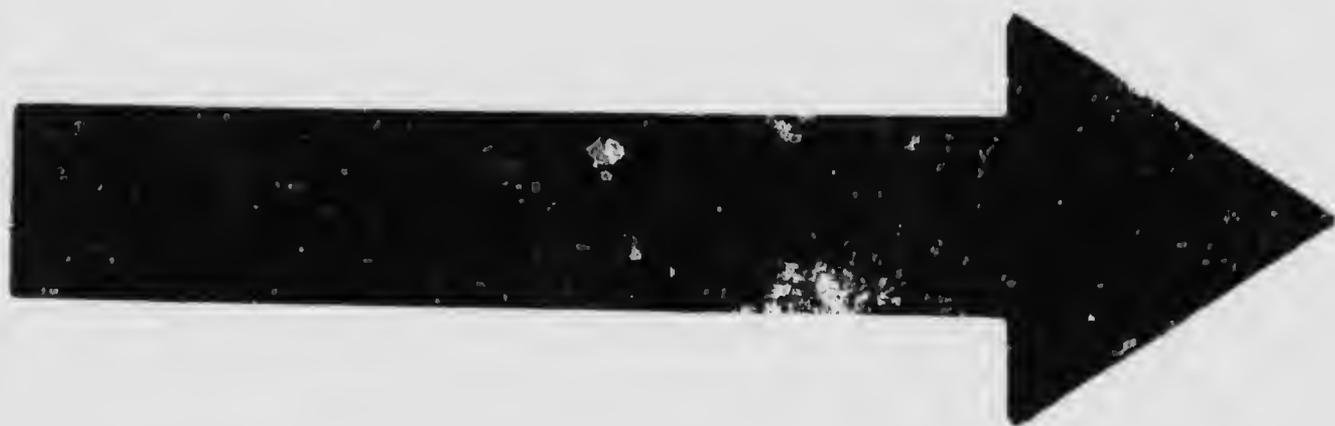
lost this beloved brother, whose life was a pattern of domestic happiness scarcely to be equalled!

In the autumn of that summer, Lord Berkeley wrote me word that he had had a slight attack of the gout, and that if I would meet him at Florence, about the beginning of November, he would pass the winter with me in Italy.

Although I admired France, and was highly gratified with French society, I had other reasons, besides the proud satisfaction I felt at the certainty of my brother's affection being still retained, to leave France: I, however, soon after received an excuse from Lord Berkeley, that he was unable to attend me; and I placed my son Keppel,<sup>1</sup> whom I was fearful of spoiling by remaining with me, under the care of a Mr. Gadoll, who had a few pupils. My brother's excuse was fortunate in every respect, and I immediately set out for Italy, after having had a picture taken of my son by an artist of the Queen of France.

I passed through Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, to Hières: the atmosphere of the latter place is remarkably clear, and preferable either to Nice or Montpellier. From hence I proceeded to Genoa, and then to Pisa, where I took a commodious house by the week. The baths of Pisa were built by the Roman emperors, and are kept in good repair: they are highly esteemed for paralytic disorders, gout, and scrofulous complaints. Lucca is contiguous to Pisa, and, as the Grand Duke and Duchess were at the latter place, I received much pleasure during my residence there. I cannot pass over the Leaning

<sup>1</sup> Keppel Craven was afterwards sent to Harrow. The circumstances under which he was placed there are fully explained in the Introduction (see *ante*, p. lxxiv).



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Tower, which proves that fancy is often mistaken for taste. The variety of the orders of architecture give it an appearance of patchwork. The idea that this tower was built leaning always struck me as perfectly ridiculous, for the first row of pillars is more than half buried in the earth.

As I rode on horseback on a side-saddle, I excited the astonishment of every body: the peasants, in particular, who passed me on the right side, used to exclaim, "*Ah! povera una Gam!*"

On my road to Florence I met with a ridiculous occurrence.—I was proceeding on horseback, having sent forward my coach and some of my servants, when I passed a gentleman in an English phaeton, whose curiosity was excited by the horse and side-saddle. From going very slowly, he came after me very rapidly; and, being informed of it by my servant, I had just time to turn my horse into a gateway. The gentleman could not stop his horses immediately; but, as he was determined on seeing me, he stopped as soon as he could. As I considered his behaviour extremely impertinent, I was resolved he should not see me, and therefore I desired those who accompanied me to follow, and I passed by the left side of his phaeton as fast as possible, with my hat over my eyes. As my horse was an excellent one, I kept him on till my pursuer gave up the chase; and when out of his sight, I turned into a farm-yard, where I concealed myself till I saw him pass again, and literally gained my carriage before he got up to me to gratify his curiosity.

The brilliancy of the moon, which I observed when going to Florence, reminded me of what M. de Carrioli said,—"*Que la lune de Naples valait bien le soleil d'*

*Angleterre.*" I was most highly gratified at seeing the beautiful Venus de' Medici: it corresponded with the ideas I had formed of it; but the Niobe family far exceeded any thing I ever imagined. I was pleased with the Apollo, but thought it had not altogether the commanding look of the God of Day.

Here I met with Sir Horace Mann,<sup>1</sup> Lord Cowper,<sup>2</sup> the Comte d'Albany,<sup>3</sup> the Prince Corsini, and the minister of Lucca, Comte Santini, who all gave entertainments in the highest style, particularly dinners to all foreigners of distinction; although the Florentine nobility never invite any one to dine or sup at their palaces. When they give an entertainment, it is to any, even to those who have the least pretensions to rank, and therefore might be called a general assembly.

All the handsome Florentine women bear a great resemblance to the English: they are very good humoured, and have great natural politeness to strangers. A ridiculous question was put to me here by a Frenchman of distinction, who asked me if Sir Joshua Reynolds did not build St. Paul's Cathedral. I regretted much to find that the Titian Venus, and the child by Titian in the Strozzi Palace, are both much injured by time.

I was much surprised one morning, when my servant informed me that my brother Lord Berkeley<sup>4</sup> would arrive in a few days, as he had reached Venice, he said, and shewed me a letter from him to prove his assertion.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Horace Mann, Bart. (1701-1780); British Minister at Florence, 1740-1780; the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> George Nassau Cowper, third Earl Cowper (1738-1789).

<sup>3</sup> Charles Edward, the Young Pretender (1720-1788), known in Italy, where he resided, as Comte d'Albany.

<sup>4</sup> Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley. Succeeded his father in 1755, and died in 1810. His marriage with Mary Cole occasioned the famous Peerage Case.

As I conceived it he had written, he would have sent his letter to me, I was not likely to believe the intelligence.

I found my health greatly improved since I quitted the environs of Paris, which induced me to suppose that the climate of that part of France did not agree with me : I had lost a pain in my chest, and those symptoms of pulmonary affections, which, after my severe illness, were much to be apprehended. The frequent change of air wh'ch I experienced strengthened my system.

On my arrival at Venice, when passing by the great canal, I called to mind the words of the Abbé Coyer, who says, that "*Rome est bâtie par les hommes, mais Venise par les dieux.*" Having formed my own ideas of it from the different pictures I had seen, I expected to have found a cheerful city, but was greatly disappointed. The innumerable gondolas floating on the water like so many coffins, and the dismal appearance of the outside of the houses, (the fine palaces having most of their windows closed half-way by dirty shutters not painted,) did not form so lively a scene as is generally described.

Here I met my friend, the Comte Justiniani, who was delighted to see me again : he accompanied me to see the Arsenal, the Doge's Palace, and the Church in the Piazza San Marco, which are both of the Gothic order.

I was much amused by hearing in a Court of Justice the celebrated advocate Stephano. I was not deceived in my expectations of deriving some entertainment from the grimaces which I expected to see. His manner of pleading was that of scolding ; and he held his two thumbs upright, which he moved rapidly to and from his breast, with the most ridiculous action imaginable.

I found it difficult to refrain from laughter ; nor could I conceive how the Judges could keep their countenances.

A ridiculous circumstance happened here to two English travellers, neither of whom could speak the language. They were in great haste to arrive at Venice from Vienna ; and having left one morning a large town where they had slept the preceding night, after having travelled two days post they found themselves driven into the same place they had quitted forty-eight hours before.

## CHAPTER IV

I leave Italy for Vienna—My reception there by the Emperor—Prince Kaunitz—I quit Vienna, and proceed to Cracow—I reach Warsaw, and am presented to the King of Poland—Princess Czartowska—Princess de Radzivil—From Warsaw I set out for St. Petersburg—My arrival there—I am presented to the Empress Catherine—Princess Dashkoff—The Grand Duchess—Prince Potemkin—Prince Repnin and Prince Kourakin—Moscow—Arrival at Constantinople—M. de Choiseul—The Sultan—Sir Richard Worsley—Leave Constantinople for Athens, and return to London.

**F**ROM Venice I went to Vienna, where I was received at Court in the most flattering manner. I was attended there by Madame Granieri, the wife of the Sardinian minister. The variety of the officers' dresses in the antechamber of the Emperor particularly struck me: the Polish and Hungarian uniforms are very beautiful.

The Emperor<sup>1</sup> gave a private audience to ladies who were presented. Madame Granieri and myself were the only persons who went into his apartment together: we met the Princess Esterhazy coming out. The Emperor received us with the greatest attention. His Majesty was close to the door, and, after politely bowing, he made us sit upon a sofa, while he stood himself the whole time. We remained there three-quarters of an hour. When his Majesty is particularly engaged, and wishes to terminate the interview, he civilly says he will detain you

<sup>1</sup> Joseph II (1765-1790).

no longer. He then goes towards the door, which he opens himself; you rise and quit the apartment, and thus ends the presentation. I prefer this method to a public drawing-room, where you are obliged to answer publicly every question that may be put to you.

It was unfortunate for me that the Emperor quitted Vienna two days after I had seen him; but he ordered Prince Kaunitz,<sup>1</sup> his first minister, to prepare me one of his houses to reside in, and wished me to pass the whole of the winter in Vienna, which I had no thoughts of doing, and to go in the spring to the Court of Anspach, to be presented to the Margravine by the Margrave. Had I remained much longer at Vienna I should not have got away during the whole winter, as the hard weather was beginning to set in. When Prince Kaunitz delivered the Emperor's message to me, and added to it, "The Emperor says, he never saw any woman with the modest and dignified deportment of Lady Craven," I immediately replied, that it was not in my power to stay; and I set off in ten days to perform the extraordinary journey to St. Petersburg, where the Empress of Russia, and by her orders all who commanded under her authority, treated me with the most unexampled attention.

The Emperor had no wife, and the opinion which he had formed of me, and which was repeated over all Germany, terrified me; and, fearful lest injurious reports should be spread of me, which was what I could not bear,—at the risk of being thought ungrateful to the Emperor, I fled like a frightened bird from a net. The

<sup>1</sup> Wenceslas Anton, Prince of Kaunitz (1711-1794), one of the most famous Austrian statesmen; called by the Vatican "the Heretic Minister," and more generally known as "the Coachman of Europe."

Emperor, instead of being angry, wrote to Mons. D'Herbert, his envoy at Constantinople, when he knew from his minister at St. Petersburg that I was gone there, to take care of me, and to obtain from the Porte every thing I might desire. M. D'Herbert shewed me the letter, and obeyed his master most strictly, while M. de Choiseul, the French minister, seemed only to vie with him who should most excel in attentions.

Prince Kuntz was a very extraordinary character: he was a statesman, and a good patriot: he possessed simplicity and frankness, which are ever the attendants of a great mind. The nation's welfare was his delight. He asked me my opinion of Vienna. I told him, I had but little time to make observations, but that it appeared to me that even the *Vendeuses de pommes ont l'air aisé*. A smile of pleasure illumined his countenance, which must have proceeded from the goodness of his heart. He with much condescension informed me of several particulars highly interesting, and from his conversations I gained great information.

I frequently dined with him; and nothing flattered me more than to see a man of his age and experience forget for a time the distance which was between us.

The Emperor was a prince who mixed with his subjects with an ease and affability that are very uncommon in persons of his rank. He loved the conversation of ingenious men, and appeared solicitous to cultivate knowledge. He abolished the use of torture in his hereditary dominions, and removed many of the grievances under which the peasants and common people laboured. He was a great friend to religious toleration; and regulated the exorbitant fees of the lawyers. He visited Rome and

the principal Courts of Italy incognito, and with few attendants, and had a personal interview with the King of Prussia. This, however, did not prevent hostilities between the two powers, on account of the succession to Bavaria. During the contest the Emperor displayed considerable military skill.

At Prince Galitzin's<sup>1</sup> every Sunday night, and at Prince Par's every Monday, we had elegant suppers. The former was Russian minister, and did great honour to his Court by his sense and politeness.

As the Germans are by nature good musicians, the English here had an opportunity of passing their time in the most agreeable manner, and in a circle of beautiful and accomplished women of the first rank. Sir Robert Keith<sup>2</sup> assured me that he had presented upwards of four hundred of our nobility and gentry here from England.

It is ridiculous to hear the questions that are asked by the guards at the frontier towns: What is your name and quality? Are you married or single? Do you travel for pleasure or business?—It reminds me of a story related to me by the Russian minister at Venice, of a traveller, who being asked his name, replied, Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! "Pray, Sir," says the guard, "how do you write it?" "That," replied the stranger, "is your concern: I have given you my name."—It is impossible to answer such absurd questions with gravity.

There was an order at every frontier-town in Germany,

<sup>1</sup> Prince Dmitri Galitzin, son of Prince Michael Galitzin, the constant companion of the Czar Peter. A distinguished diplomatist and Russian Ambassador in Vienna during the reign of the Emperor Joseph II.

<sup>2</sup> See Introduction, pp. xxxvi, xxxix.

not to permit strangers who travel with at post-horses to leave the town before staying in it two hours. I was not aware of this order, and the post-master did not make me acquainted with it. I was much surprised at the delay, although he did not absolutely refuse me horses and another *traincau*, or sledge. His reply to me at all times, on my urging him to hasten, was "*Pazienza!*" Some time after, an officer came up, who, staring at me, said: "*Parlez-vous François, Madame?*" — "*Mon Dieu! oui!*" I replied. I found from him that the post-master's stupidity arose from his not being able to talk Italian well, and French not at all: he therefore conceived that I was very impatient, and paid me no attention; but when the officer had called me "*Miladi,*" he bustled about, and with his people procured me every thing. He had mistaken me for a young peasant, as I had, tired of the crawling pace we had been travelling, hired a *traincau* of a countryman, and proceeded on before my carriage. When he discovered that I was a female, I had a *traincau* immediately, with six horses for my coach.

From Vienna I now proceeded towards Cracow, through a fine open country, varied with woods and gentle hills. Although I had letters of introduction to several ladies here, I did not take advantage of them. Prince Galitzin, at Vienna, had recommended me to use my own carriage, but I placed it on the sledge, and even then found it difficult to get along, from the badness and narrowness of the roads. At length I was obliged to take it off, and then it sometimes hung upon the fir-trees, which we were obliged to pass. I was one night detained two hours; one of the wheels being so entangled with a fir-tree, that six men could not disengage it; and

peants were obliged to be sent for, to cut down the tree, before I could proceed.

On my arrival at Warsaw, I found my apartments well aired and prepared for me. The Comte de Stackelberg had bespoken them, by order of Prince Galitzin. The Russian minister, Count de S---, waited on me immediately. He was very sensible, and had wit.

On the evening of the day after I arrived, I was by him presented to the King,<sup>1</sup> who received us in his study. The Grand Marshal's wife, who was the King's niece, accompanied me. That amiable sovereign spoke excellent French, and very good English. He was the second person that I have seen, whom I could have wished not to have been a sovereign; for it was impossible that the many disagreeable persons and circumstances which surround royalty, should not deprive it of the society of those who are valuable.

His Majesty informed me that he had not been in England for thirty years; and inquired if Mr. Walpole were alive. "Not only living, Sire," I replied, "but in good spirits; and I have in my pocket a letter from him." He said, "If there is nothing in my request improper, I should like to be favoured with a sight of it." Mr. Walpole's style, His Majesty observed, must be uncommon. I then gave him the letter, which having read, he put into his pocket, and told me that he should translate it into French to his sister, the Princess of Cracovia, who did not understand the English language; and asked me to dine with him two days after, when he would read me his translation,--and which, indeed, surprised me.

<sup>1</sup> Stanislaus II, succeeded to the throne in 1764, deposed 1795, and died a State prisoner at St. Petersburg, 1798.

He must have been an elegant writer in any language which he understood, but I did not like to solicit a copy.

The King in his face was very like the Duke of Marlborough: there was an elegance in his language, with a softness of tone in his voice, which was highly pleasing to the ear. At His Majesty's dinner, there were only fourteen persons present, and we were as pleasant and cheerful as if we had been in private society.

It is impossible to see the King of Poland, and not to regret that he was a king where the monarchy rests on absurdity—an elected sovereign from among a numerous and proud nobility, every individual of whom thinks he has a better right to sit on the throne than the one elected. From such a basis springs every thing which can make mankind unhappy; their lives are passed, their minds employed, only in caballing or regretting.

This amiable and accomplished prince lost his friends and pleasures when he became King of Poland.

There appeared to be no subject on which the King could not converse with taste and sense: the constitution of England, the manners of the French, modern authors, theatres, and gardens, were topics with which he was well acquainted. He did not affect to display a conversation of pedantry, like some of our English with whom I have been associated, who glory in dazzling our understandings with learned quotations. The only thing the King appeared to be ignorant of, was the high fashion of our cookery. As if to pay a compliment to me, the fish and meat at table were covered with *melted butter*, a thing only to be met with in England. I was informed by his chamberlain, that every thing was ordered to be dressed perfectly *à l'Anglaise*. I did not tell his Majesty



Stanislaus Augustus Poloniae Rex.

*Nat. 17 Jan. 1732 Elect. 7 Sept. 1764*

*N. in praedam in et episc. Geloniam*

STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, KING OF POLAND



that I never partook of melted butter, nor that a good table in England was always prepared by a French cook ; and it excited a smile when I saw all that melted butter, which, like the fogs in our country, was only fit to be swept away, when it concealed and spoiled every thing that was good.

My old acquaintance, the Princess Czartoriska,<sup>1</sup> was in the country, as she was of an opposite party and did not come to Court ; but, with my usual frankness, I told the King that I intended to visit her, and we had some conversation respecting her.

I visited here in great style, making use of the Court de Stackelberg's coach and six, accompanied by two equerries at the coach-side on horseback. The Princess de Radzivil was here : I was truly fascinated with her, and had I been a man I should have been devoted to her. If I could have laid aside maternal duties, and those of friendship, I could have remained here perfectly happy.

I found here a French maid whom I had recommended to the Princess Czartoriska : nine years' service had obtained for her a hundred pounds a-year, with a farm of sixty acres of land, for the remainder of her life, by which means she was one of the happiest creatures existing. To the credit of the Polish nobility, there are few servants who, having proved their attachment for eight or ten years, are not dismissed with a pension for life.

I have seen several dwarfs,<sup>2</sup> who, with the equerries,

<sup>1</sup> Miss Berry, in 1830, speaks of "the famous Czartoriska who died three years ago at the age of ninety-four." She gives many interesting details of her life at her château in Pultovic (see *Berry Journals*, Vol. III, p. 462).

<sup>2</sup> The tomb of Bébé, the famous dwarf of King Stanislaus II, may still be seen in the Church of the Minimes at Lunéville. He also accorded a gracious reception to Boruwlaski, another Polish dwarf, who died half a century later at Durham (see Introduction p. liii).

stand in the drawing-rooms of great houses, and must necessarily hear all the conversation that passes. In any other country it might be dangerous, but here servants and dependants are the property of their masters; and in general their fidelity is equal to their subjection.

The King has a manner of saying things flattering and obliging peculiar to himself. He tells me that every thing produced in England is more perfect than the produce of any other country. His Majesty's partiality to England would have prejudiced me in favour of my own country, were it possible that I could have loved it better than I did.

I passed two days in the most agreeable manner with the Princess Czartoriska, at a country-house of her sister-in-law, the Princess Lubomirska. I did not remain long at Warsaw after my visit to the Princess, although I received every civility from His Majesty.

The Princess Czartoriska had, some years before, passed a summer and winter in London; and I was so much attached to her, and so delighted with her society, that I contrived to dine alone with her at my house in Charles Street, as frequently as I could; and we have passed many hours together *tête-à-tête*. She was one of the few women whose talents and manners suited me: her talents were very superior, and her manners without affectation. She was a perfect musician, and a fine painter; danced inimitably; had knowledge without pedantry. I never displayed her learning with ostentation.

I was much younger than she, and I had a very great respect for her sentiments, for, like myself, she was grave and gay by turns; and, when serious conversation em-

ployed our time, she would confide to me anecdotes of her early days, which she certainly did not intend should serve as a guard to the tenderness of heart and the unsuspecting mind which she discovered in me.

Of course, when I saw her, she was looking older than when we were together in England. She received some visits while I was with her, and I found it was the custom for both men and women to kiss the hand of a princess who receives them.

She inquired of me if I had been at Berlin ; and when I answered in the negative, she said she wished me joy : " For what would *he* have done to *you*," she said, " since *he* so much embarrassed *me* ?"—" And pray," said I, " who is *he* who could venture to do any thing to embarrass you ?"—" *Le Grand Frédéric*," was her reply. She then informed me that his Majesty had her invited to dinner by the Queen ; and every body being assembled before he came, when he arrived, he made one bow, at the door, to the circle, and then walked up to her, took her by the hand, and led her up to a window ; where he stood to examine her countenance, with a look so scrutinizing, with eyes so piercing, that she was embarrassed in the highest degree ; particularly as he never spoke till he had examined all he wished to look at ; and when this was done, he said, " I had a great desire to see you, I have heard so much of you ;" and began an account of what that was, in language so civil, but with a *raillerie la plus fine, que c'était presque une persiflage*. " When he had done," she added, " I did not know whether I was to feel humbled or elevated, or whether it was a good or bad impression he had received of me, or whether it was satire or compliment he meant to convey."

*“Quel homme ! ne le voyez jamais, chère Miladi ; vous rougissez pour rien ; il vous ferait pleurer.”* I felt internally that I should like to see him ; and that, as the adopted sister of the Margrave, under that protection, I should not fear even the Great Frederic.

The moments we passed together fled rapidly away ; and though it is delightful to enjoy the society of persons of superior endowments, how sad it is to part with them ! and part with the reflection, that we may never meet again. In this case, too, how improbable that we ever should !

Warsaw lies on the Vistula, and is almost in the centre of Poland. There are many magnificent buildings, besides the palaces, and churches, and convents. The streets are very ill paved, and the greatest part of the houses, particularly the suburbs, very mean hovels of wood. It is much to be regretted that the nobility in general shew but little taste for learning or the fine arts. The different universities have not been celebrated for their productions. Copernicus, the great restorer of the true astronomical system, was probably their greatest man.

The dresses of the Poles are rather singular ; and, were it not for our partiality to short dresses, we must acknowledge that of the Poles to be both majestic and picturesque. Our Charles II thought of introducing the Polish dresses into his Court ; and, after his restoration, wore them for two years.

The Polish ladies are very vigilant over the conduct of their daughters, and intrigues are not so easily carried on here as in England ; and in some districts (which is perfectly ridiculous !) they are forced to wear little bells,

both before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are and what they are doing.

I left Warsaw for my journey, M. de Stackelberg having sent me a supply of *liqueurs*, and I proceeded to St. Petersburg.

On my arrival at this city I was presented to the Empress Catherine,<sup>1</sup> who graciously sent me word, that she would receive me at the Hermitage previously to the day which had been fixed for my reception at Court. Nothing could be more dignified than the Empress upon her entrance into the drawing-room: her countenance was expressive of good humour, and her politeness and attention to me very great. One of her first inquiries was, if I were not a Scotchwoman: this question arose from some one having informed her that I was not English.

At this Hermitage the Empress had her evening concerts and her Court, with alternately a French play or an Italian opera. Why this building, which she has added to the palace, is called the Hermitage, I cannot conceive. It consists of a long suite of rooms, filled with the finest pictures. Her Majesty has purchased from many of the best collections; and, among the rest, she had the choice of the Houghton collection from Lord Orford,<sup>2</sup> which reflects disgrace upon our country for having permitted them to be lost to us for ever. When I was there, these pictures were not well arranged; but no doubt their royal possessor intended to dispose them better.

<sup>1</sup> Catherine II, often spoken of as the Great Consort of Peter I, she assumed supreme power in 1762, and died in 1796.

<sup>2</sup> George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, succeeded his father in 1751 (*i. e.* December 5, 1791).

The Empress and her favourite, the Princess Dashkoff,<sup>1</sup> were the only persons who wore the Russian dress. They were very handsome dresses, and highly becoming.

I was presented to the Grand Duchess<sup>2</sup> the same evening that I was presented to the Empress. Prince Potemkin<sup>3</sup> was of every party; but his reserved manners, and restraint before ladies, prevented our having much of his conversation. He invited me to dine with him at an immense palace which he was then building. I sat by his side during dinner, but never heard the sound of his voice, except when he asked me what I would eat or drink; I was therefore unable to judge of his intellectual powers, or of that genius which raised him to the dignities and fortune which he enjoyed. He was generally allowed to be a man of talents.

With Prince Repnin and his nephew, Prince Kourakin, whom I had well known when in England, I resumed my acquaintance: I had not seen them before for thirteen years. As the Grand Duchess was brought to bed five days after my arrival, I had not an opportunity of seeing her, except on the first night of my presentation. Her affability to strangers was very great; and that evening, after the representation, she sent for me. On my return, a ridiculous thing happened.—Although no less than three carriages were waiting for me, I could not get one of them for more than an hour: this was owing to the great distance of the Grand Duchess's apartments from the theatre; and the gentleman who attended

<sup>1</sup> See *Memoirs of the Princess Daschkoff*, by Mrs. Bradford (1840).

<sup>2</sup> Marie Feodorovna, wife of Paul I. See *Paul the First of Russia, the Son of Catherine the Great*, by K. Waliszewski (1913).

<sup>3</sup> Commanded the Russian expedition against Turkey. See *Memoirs of the Comte de Damas* (1913).

me saying he should wait for me at the Hermitage, I went three different times through the whole palace, and while I was at one door, two of the carriages were at the other. Prince Kourakin, who had conducted me back from the Grand Duchess, and who was engaged to sup with the Grand Duke, was much embarrassed; for the doors which admitted the company were shut, and I was obliged to sit in the guard-room till the Prince's servants could find one of the carriages belonging to me or my party.

The Prince went in to sup, and the Grand Duchess hearing of this circumstance, sent me a very fine pelisse, which I told the Prince I did not want, but which he insisted on my putting on; and in a few minutes I had a carriage. The most ridiculous thing was, that the Saxon minister's wife, whom I had accompanied to Court, thought that I was gone home in my own carriage, whilst my friends, on the other hand, who were in my carriage, imagined that I had returned with her; and after parading the outside of the palace from door to door, as I had done within, they gave me up and set off without me. My servants took it for granted that I was gone to sup at the palace, where they naturally imagined me to be invited.

The Grand Duchess was tall and fair. The Duchess of Wirtemberg, who was daughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, was very pretty, and extremely like our Royal Family.<sup>1</sup> I received great attentions from her: she had a fine family of healthy children.

<sup>1</sup> The first wife of Frederick William Charles, Duke (afterwards Elector and King) of Würtemberg (1754-1816). She was the niece of George III. After her death he married, 18 May, 1797, Charlotte, Princess Royal of England. The first Duchess of Würtemberg was the mother of three children—Prince Frederick William, his successor (b. 1781), Princess Frederica (b. 1783), and Prince Paul (b. 1785).

The Empress was at the expense of many entertainments. At M. D'Osterman's, there was a ball every Sunday night; at the Dowager Princess Galitzin's, a supper every Sunday night; besides which, Count D'Osterman, who was Vice-Chancellor, had a table for sixty foreigners every Wednesday: all these were paid for by the Empress, whose royal mind suggested the magnificent idea of providing houses for the reception of foreigners of distinction.

Many of the Russian princes have a public day when they expect persons, with whom they leave a card, to dine with them.

The Empress did all in her power to promote the sciences and the fine arts; but the coldness of the climate prevents foreigners from being desirous of settling there. There are buildings and museums for the reception of rarities.

The French ambassador was a man of wit: I was much delighted with his conversation, as I was with that of the Comte Sergé de Romanzow. Mr. Fitzherbert<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Ellis<sup>2</sup> also added to our societies. M. de Ségur<sup>3</sup> and the Duke de Serra Capriola, the Neapolitan minister, gave us some magnificent entertainments. Prince

<sup>1</sup> Alleyne Fitzherbert (1753-1830), created Lord St. Helens in 1801. He was Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Russia, 1783-1787.

<sup>2</sup> Probably George Ellis (1753-1813), author, traveller, and diplomatist. He was a "favourite" at Versailles, and in 1789 he was attached to Sir James Harris's embassy to the Hague, where he collected materials for a history of the Dutch revolution which he published in 1789. He was one of the founders of the *Anti-Jacobin* in connection with Canning. Later in life he became a friend of Sir Walter Scott.

<sup>3</sup> Louis Philippe Comte de Ségur (1752-1830), writer and diplomatist. Accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg, 1784, on his return from taking part in the American War of Independence. A great favourite with the Empress Catherine II.

Mousken Pousken, who spoke very good English, told me that his partiality for my country was so great, that he could form no greater idea of human happiness than that of returning to England as a private individual.

The Princess Dashkoff's son was supposed to be gaining the favour of the Empress, and by that means raised the jealousy of Prince Potemkin.<sup>1</sup> Being considerably elevated with wine, he went to a ball at Court, and embraced his partner, which is a very customary thing there with the nobility who are engaged to marry a lady ; but this circumstance was then the cause of great offence, and he was in consequence banished for it, next day, to his regiment at Riga.

The nobility appeared to vie with each other in every foreign luxury. Their palaces are magnificent. At Prince Potemkin's I heard some very extraordinary music performed by men and boys, each blowing a straight horn adapted to his size. Sixty-five of these musicians produce a very harmonious melody, something like an immense organ. The music, the room, the cold - all was gigantic. In one of this Prince's palaces there is a room 300 feet in length ; and on the side opposite to the windows there are two rows of stone pillars, whose height and breadth are proportioned to the size of this immense room, which is an oblong. In the centre, on the side of the windows, is formed a semicircle, which bow forms another large space, independent, though in the room. This space was laid out by his English gardener into a shrubbery, with borders of flowers : hyacinths and nar-

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated lover of the Empress Catherine (1739-1791). Many interesting particulars about him will be found in the Diary of the first Earl of Malmesbury, which was edited by his grandson, the third Earl, in 1849.

cissuses, myrtles, orange-trees, &c. were also in plenty. Immense stoves, concealed by the pillars, were heated for the purpose of warming this hall.

The large houses are decorated with the most sumptuous furniture. But in passing through a drawing-room where the floor is of the finest inlaid wood, you next enter, probably, a staircase made of the coarsest materials, and covered with dirt.

There were many ladies at this place for whom I have the greatest esteem, who possess many talents, and who form a delightful society. Italian and English music, with the pedal harp, are perfectly understood by them: the English poets are also read. I have frequently thought that I could trace Grecian features among the females of this country; and the acute wit of the Greeks in the men,—that pliability of genius which induces them to speak so many languages well, and to adopt the arts and inventions of other more cultivated countries.

The Empress's countenance had a fine expression of this kind, and we have had no good likenesses of her in this country; for her nose was aquiline, whereas it is always represented as being rather turned up; at least in all the portraits I have seen of her: her forehead was open, and her mouth well made: her chin was somewhat long, though not so as to have a disagreeable effect. She was of middle stature, well proportioned, and, as she carried her head very erect, she appeared to be taller than she really was.

When I went to take my leave of the Empress, which I did on the morning previous to the performance of the opera, her Majesty told me that my intention of going was already known to her, but that, as we wish always

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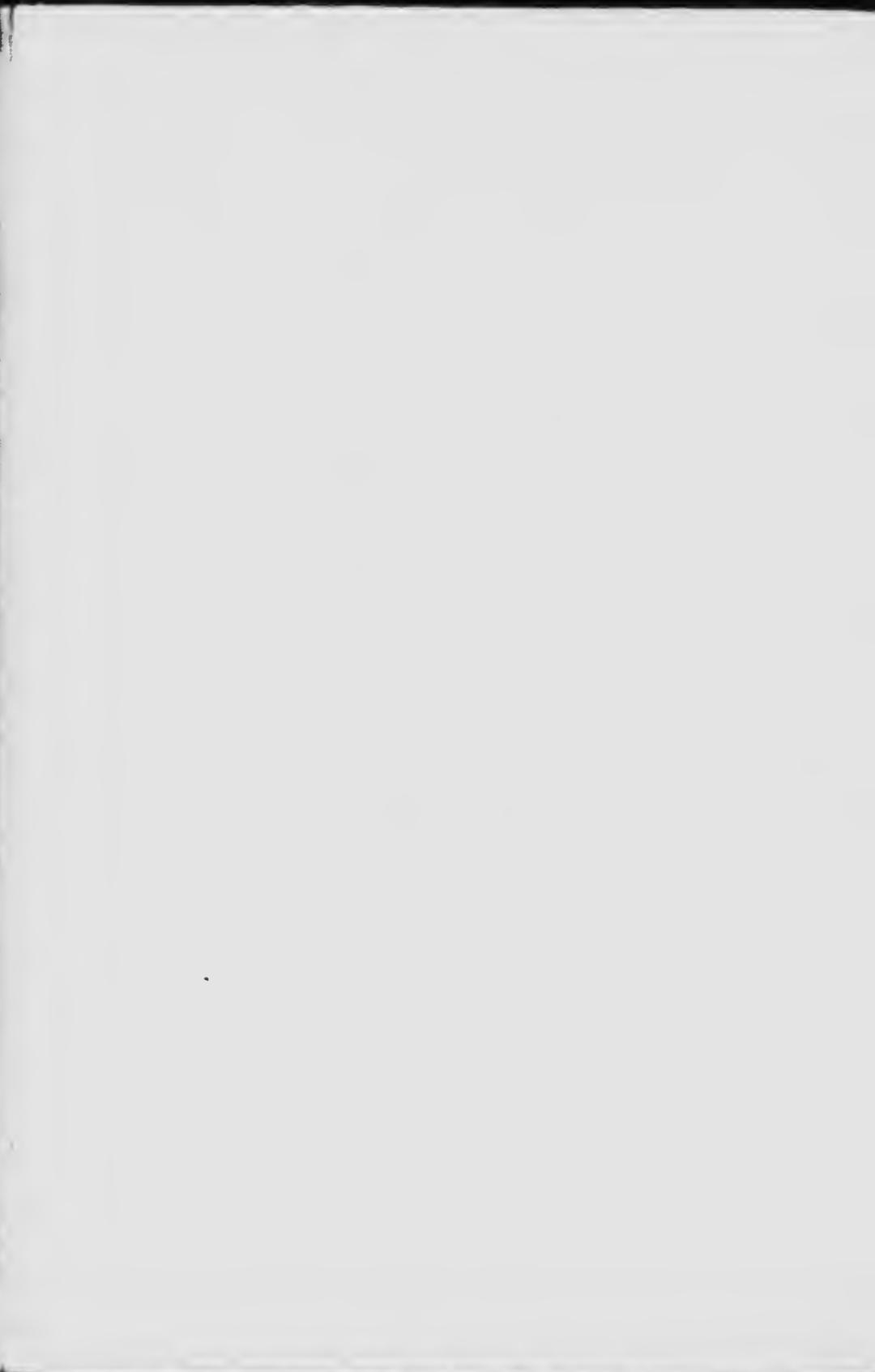
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CATHERINE II, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA  
1762-1796



to defer disagreeable things as long as possible, she insisted that I should not take leave till after the spectacle. These words she pronounced with the most gracious smile, and inquired of me at the same time, if I was satisfied with the amusements and treatment I had received. I told her Majesty that I must be both stupid and ungrateful, not to regret infinitely that I could make no longer stay, to shew how sensible I was of the hospitality and magnificence which I had experienced.

I had an account of the celebrated large diamond which is set in the imperial sceptre of Russia, from a nobleman, who indulged me with a sight of it; and as it is a stone of such inestimable value and magnitude, I requested him to give me a written history of it. It originally was in the possession of Nadir Shah, in whose throne were two large Indian diamonds, one of which was called the Sun of the Sea, and the other had the appellation of the Moon of the Mountain. Nadir Shah was assassinated; and at that time many precious ornaments belonging to the crown were plundered, and afterwards secretly disposed of by the soldiers who partook of the booty.

A man named Shafrass, commonly known at Astracan under the title of the Man of Millions, then resided at Balsora, with his two brothers. One day a chief of the Anganians applied to him, and proposed to sell to him privately, for a very moderate sum, the above diamond, which was most probably that called the Moon of the Mountain, together with a very large emerald, a ruby of very considerable size, and other precious stones of less value.

Shafrass was astonished at the proposal, and under the pretence that he had not a sum sufficient for the

purchase of these jewels, demanded time to consult with his brothers on the subject ; but the person who had them for sale, possibly from motives of suspicion, did not make his appearance again.

Shafrass immediately, with the approbation of his brothers, went in search of the stranger with the jewels, but he had quitted Balsora. The Armenian, however, met him in Bagdad by accident, and concluded the bargain by paying him 50,000 piastres for all the jewels in his possession. Shafrass, being conscious that it was necessary to observe the most profound secrecy respecting his purchase, resolved with his brothers, on account of their commercial connexions, to remain at Balsora.

After a period of twelve years had elapsed, the eldest brother, with the consent of the others, set off with the largest of the diamonds, which he had concealed till that time. He directed his journey through Cham and Constantinople, and afterwards through Hungary and Silesia, to Amsterdam, where he publicly offered his jewels for sale.

The English Government were amongst the highest bidders. The Court of Russia sent for the diamond, with a proposal to reimburse all reasonable expenses, if the price could not be agreed upon. When the diamond arrived, the Russian minister, Count Panin,<sup>1</sup> made the following offer to Shafrass, whose negotiator, M. Lasaref, was then jeweller to the Count.

A patent of hereditary nobility was to be granted, with an annual pension of 6000 roubles during his life, and 500,000 roubles in cash, one-fifth part of which was

<sup>1</sup> Nikita Ivanovitch Count Panin (1718-1783), tutor to Grand Duke Paul, and a supporter of Catherine in the plot against her husband, Peter III.

to be paid on demand, and the remainder in the space of ten years, by regular instalments.

Shafrass also demanded the honour of nobility for his brothers, and various other advantages and immunities; and persisted so obstinately in his demand, that the diamond was returned. He was now in great perplexity: he had involved himself in expenses, was obliged to pay interest for large sums which he had borrowed, and there appeared no prospect of selling the jewel to advantage. He was left in this perplexity by his negotiators, that they might profit by his management.

In order to elude his creditors, he was obliged to abscond to Astræan. At length the negotiation with Russia was renewed by Count Gregory Orloff,<sup>1</sup> (who was afterwards created a Peer of the Empire,) and the diamond was purchased for 450,000 roubles, ready money, and a grant of Russian nobility. Of that sum, it is said, 170,000 roubles fell to the share of the negotiators, for commission, interest, and similar expenses. Shafrass settled at Astræan, and his riches, which by inheritance devolved to his daughters, have, by the extravagance of his sons-in-law, been in a great measure dissipated.

Having left my coach at Petersburg, I proceeded to Moscow with my suite, in the carriages of the country, called *kibitkas*. I was twice overturned; and I believe that the postilions are accustomed to such accidents, for they quietly get off their horses, set up the carriage again, and never inquire if the traveller is hurt.

I arrived at Moscow without any other particular accident; and as I had resolved not to remain at this city,

<sup>1</sup> Gregory Prince Orloff (1717-1783), Catherine's first lover and principal accomplice in the plot of 1762. He died insane.

I proceeded on to Pultawa,<sup>1</sup> famous for the battle which proved a severe check to the wild spirit of Charles XII. At Soumi I was indebted to Mr. Lanskoj and a brother of Prince Kourakin, who were both quartered there, for a lodging, as they obliged a Jew to give me up a new house which he was on the point of inhabiting. Mr. Lanskoj had something of that beauty and sweetness of countenance which his cousin possessed who died. She had been the favourite of the Empress, and was very beautiful.

At Pultawa there was no gentleman's house, and I stopped at that of my banker. At Chrementchouk, the General who commanded received me with great politeness. An Englishwoman who was married to a Russian, and was amongst the company at dinner, looking earnestly at me, said, "Are you an English lady?" Upon my smiling and answering that I was, she flung her arms around my neck and nearly overwhelmed me with kisses. "Forgive me," said she: "I too was born in England, and have never had the happiness of seeing a country-woman since I left it. I am married, have children here, and shall probably never see England again."

At Cherson I remonstrated in vain against the sentinels who were placed before my doors, and the guard which turned out as I passed the gates. I disliked all ceremony, particularly such as I was not accustomed to. The Emperor's Consul's wife wore a Greek dress, which I did not think very becoming. Captain Mordwinoff prepared a frigate to convey me to Constantinople; and the Comte de Wynovitch, who commanded at Sevastople,

<sup>1</sup> At Pultawa, Charles XII of Sweden was defeated by Peter the Great, July 8, 1709.

had directions to accommodate me in the best manner possible.

On my arrival at Constantinople, my surprise was great at the kind reception I met with. M. de Bulakow had hardly opened my letters, and read my name, when M. de Choiseul's<sup>1</sup> people came and claimed me: he had been prepared for three weeks before my reaching this place, by M. de Ségur, at St. Petersburg; and from the character which I heard of him, I was not displeased that he had claimed me as his *droit*.

I was received at the Palais de France. M. de Choiseul had been ill for six months, and confined to his room. M. de Choiseul is a fine scholar, and a very polite man; and has none of that odious kind of attention which Frenchmen display, when they think to say fine things to, or admire ladies, upon the slightest acquaintance. He possessed the dignity of the *vieille cour*, with the ease of modern manners. Had I been the Empress of Russia, he could not have treated me with greater respect; nor, had I been his sister, with more regard.

His house had the appearance of a fine French hotel, built with good stone and wood, which are rare materials there. From my windows I saw the Sultan<sup>2</sup> sitting on a silver sofa, while his boats, and many who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden, — a most magnificent sight. We saw the Ottoman splendour very distinctly with our telescope. The Sultan's beard was dyed black, to give himself the appearance of youth, and he might be known by that at a considerable distance:

<sup>1</sup> Marie Gabriel Florent, Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier (1752-1817); author of *Voyage Pittoresque en Grèce*. Ambassador of France to the Sublime Porte before the Revolution.

<sup>2</sup> Abdul Ahmed I (1714-1788).

this formed a singular contrast with his face, which was extremely pale and livid. The kiosk which contained him and his silver sofa was not very large, and was like many others which were to be seen.

The women, who were very numerous, were like walking mummies. A large loose robe of dark green cloth covered them from the neck to the ground; over that was a large piece of muslin, which wrapped the shoulders and arms, and another which went over the head and eyes. All these coverings confound the shape and air so much that any rank may be concealed under them. I never saw a country where the women may enjoy so much freedom and liberty as here, free from all reproach. A Turkish husband who sees a pair of slippers at the door of his harem, must not enter: his respect for the sex prevents him from intruding when a stranger is there on a visit: how easy, then, it is for men to pass and visit as women! If I had been inclined to walk about the streets, I should certainly have worn the same dress; for the Turkish women never address each other by their own names.

When I went out I had always the Ambassador's chairs, carried by six Turks, like our English sedans, but highly gilt and varnished. Two Janissaries walked before with high fur caps,—the ambassadors all having Janissaries allowed them by the Porte. I was fearful every moment that the Turks would fling me down, they were so very awkward.

We frequently went out in the Ambassador's boats; and boats are hired at Constantinople as in London. The shape of them was light and beautiful; and the Turks

row well, which might appear incompatible with their idleness.

Places are all obtained at Court by intrigue. The Vizier was water-carrier to Hassan Bey, the Capitan Pacha, or high admiral; and Hassan himself was only a servant at Algiers. Each Sultanness has her creatures. The low intrigues of the ministers cannot be imagined. The Sultan had the highest opinion of the Capitan Pacha, and when he left the capital intrusted it to his care; but this he never did, unless he considered it in danger. At a fire four Janissaries were thrown into it for not doing their duty properly, "*pour encourager les autres,*" as Voltaire observed on another occasion. The Capitan Pacha had a singular attachment to a lion, which accompanied him like a dog: and one day he permitted this lion to attend him to the Divan, where the ministers were so frightened that they dispersed in terror, some jumping out of the windows, while one nearly broke his neck in flying down stairs; leaving the high Admiral and his companion to settle the affairs of the nation as they pleased.

A rebellious Pacha may raise troops and live in defiance of his Sovereign. One, of the name of Malmoud, who was about thirty years of age, placed himself at the head of 40,000 men in Albania, and bid defiance to the Porte. Whilst I was at Constantinople an instance occurred, shewing that the confidence of the Sultan was not a safeguard against a sudden and unexpected death. —A Greek, named Petraki, who acted as a kind of banker to the Court, by his frequent access to the Sultan raised a jealousy on the part of the ministers, who in council

one day, on various pretences, desired that his head might be taken off.

The Sultan, who anxiously wished to keep it on, for reasons with which the ministers were unacquainted, strenuously opposed such a desire. The Capitan Pacha and his friends insisted boldly that they would not stir from the Council till Achmet had signed the order, which he was compelled to do with tears rolling down his cheeks. On these occasions, a person is always sent to examine the papers of the unfortunate being who is put to death, to see if he has had any dealings with the Cabinet. Some of these were found, which he sealed up with four large seals, and desired that they might be delivered into the hands of the Sultan, being much alarmed at having seen them; for Petraki was the private agent of the Sultan, who received the money, which Petraki seemed only to obtain for places which his interest procured; and Petraki's accounts were regularly kept, that the money he delivered, with the dates and the places, were registered.

It is not to be wondered at that Constantine chose this place as the seat of his Empire. Nature has made it all that is grand. Constantinople, at the entrance of the Bosphorus by the sea of Marmora, is the most majestic, magnificent, and lively scene, which the most luxuriant imagination can devise.

Here I met with Sir Richard Worsley,<sup>1</sup> who had a person with him to take views. He showed me a coloured drawing of the Castle of Otranto which he proposed as a

<sup>1</sup> Seventh baronet (1751-1805); sometime British Resident at Venice. Worsley travelled in the Levant, and made a collection of stones and gems, of which he published an account.

present to Horace Walpole. I then asked him, whether he were an acquaintance of his. Upon his replying in the negative, I did not hesitate to ask him for it, that I might, as a friend of Mr. Walpole's, have the pleasure of giving it to him. He then entreated me to accept of some Egyptian pebbles, as knife-handles; and I, in return, obtained for him the permission of going in the frigate to the Crimea, which had brought me to Constantinople.

All the ambassadors, after my arrival, gave parties and balls. The Dutch Ambassador's wife was a very worthy woman; and Madame D'Herbert, the wife of the Imperial minister, was very lively, and I was frequently with her. I was much pleased with the kindness I received from every one, and with their readiness to answer every question I put: but to one person only I never applied, as I observed a stifled smile upon the countenance of every person whenever he opened his lips.

There was an English merchant who was extremely offended at my lodging in the Palais de France, and who said, if Sir Robert Ainslie's<sup>1</sup> house was not good enough for me, he had a new one, which he would have emptied, and I should have had it all to myself. "It is an affront," he said, "to the nation, for a Princess of England to lodge at the French Ambassador's!" The English merchants were very kind to me; they knew, I suppose, the respect I had for them.

After remaining some time at Constantinople, and seeing all the things which were objects of curiosity, and

<sup>1</sup> In the original text this name is given as Sir Richard. Sir Robert Ainslie (1739-1812) was British Ambassador at Constantinople from 1779-92.

with which I was highly delighted, I set out for Athens with M. de Choiseul, a great part of his household, and some officers, on board a frigate prepared for us.

Having examined all the wonderful remains of antiquity there, I passed through Smyrna, Terrapin, Varna, Buccorest, and Hermanstadt, to Vienna.

From Vienna I proceeded to Helvoetsluys, and from thence to London, which place I reached in safety after an absence of nearly two years.

## CHAPTER V

My arrival in England—Lady Berkeley approves my plan of passing some time at Anspach with the Margrave and Margravine—I write to Lord Craven—My arrival at Anspach—History of the Margrave and Margravine—Court of Anspach.

**A**FTER my long and gratifying journey to Vienna, Warsaw, Petersburg, Constantinople, and a short excursion into Greece, where, at each place I stopped, I was protected by sovereigns and ministers, and treated with respect, and care, and generosity, which will ever remain gratefully impressed upon my heart, I found myself again in England,<sup>1</sup> for the purpose of seeing my children; and from hence went to Paris, to take measures for my stay at Anspach with the Margrave and Margravine.

Having received my mother's approbation of my intention to pass some time at Anspach with the Margrave and the Margravine, I prevailed upon the Margrave to return thither early in the spring, although in general he did not reach Franconia till the month of June. My eldest son had been in a bad state of health, and I was happy to find that he was recovering fast. I refrained from making any remarks to the tutor, for his neglect in not permitting my son to write to me as he had been

<sup>1</sup> Autumn of 1786. Lady Craven had been abroad about three years.

promised; but wrote to Lord Craven to inform him, that he had for ever lost my good opinion, in having broken his promise that my children should write to me every fortnight: and as he had not complied with his engagement, I resolved to break mine, in not allowing my youngest son to return to England when he was eight years old. I informed Lord Craven that I was invited to pass some time at Anspach, where I was to be treated as the Margrave's sister; and peremptorily told him, that if he attempted any thing by force with regard to my child, I should immediately go to Benham or to my house in Charles Street, and throw myself upon the laws of my country, to obtain redress for all my sufferings as a mother. This was the only instance in which I disobliged my Lord's commands; and I was certain that he would do nothing which could make me change my resolution.

On my arrival at Anspach, the joy of the Margravine at seeing me was very great, as she knew it was by my desire that the Margrave had returned earlier than usual; for she loved and esteemed him as much as he deserved, notwithstanding her general coldness.

As this period formed a new epoch in my life, I shall begin it now with a history of that high and illustrious character.

Christian-Frederick-Charles-Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith,<sup>1</sup> Duke of Prussia, Count of Sayn, was born at Anspach, in the month of February 1736. His mother<sup>2</sup> was an elder sister of the

<sup>1</sup> The spelling of this word constantly varies. The Editors have thought it best in their Introduction to follow the more modern rendering—Bayreuth. It is so given in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

<sup>2</sup> Frederica Louisa.

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THE LAST MARGRAVE OF ANSBACH AS A BOY.  
*An engraving by J. C. Neumeier after the original by A. A.*



great Frederic King of Prussia, whose partiality to his nephew (for he esteemed him more than any other relative) stamp'd on the minds of men some idea of his merit. In his early youth, and in the decline of life, it was that esteem of which he was accustomed to speak to me; and which seem'd to gratify his feelings, and was his chief pride. Soon after the Margrave's birth, his father's conduct to the house of Brandenburg, and particularly to his wife, was grievous in the extreme. Alexander was the second son of his father, but his elder brother dying in 1737, he became the heir-apparent.

As the two Margraviates were placed in the centre of Germany, it is natural to suppose that there would be mutual animosities created, by those evil-disposed persons, some of whom were willing to pay their court to the Emperor, while others were solicitous to gain the favour of the King of Prussia.

Incessant fermentations and constant confusion were thus created, and matters of business were represented as affairs of a political nature: some imagin'd that any mischief which happen'd to the circles of Franconia would please the Emperor, who (as well as his brother Leopold<sup>1</sup> afterwards) was as much pleas'd with the Margrave's care of his country, and welfare of his subjects, as old Prince Kaunitz was, who, after asking me once if I knew the Margrave, said, "Then you know the best sovereign in Germany."

The constant object of the Margrave's heart was the consideration of his country; and even in all his political matters, he shew'd his own disinterestedness by pre-

<sup>1</sup> Leopold II (1790-1792), brother of Joseph II (1765-1790), and son of the Emperor Francis I and Maria Theresa.

ferring his attentions to Austria, instead of Prussia ; to which latter he was allied by the ties of blood.

Queen Caroline, wife of George II, King of England, was the only sister to the Margrave's father : she has passed to posterity in my country as the good Queen Caroline ; and not without reason, for she truly deserved the character. The concern which her Majesty felt for her infant nephew, who was a delicate child, left alone to the care of a negligent father, made her apply to the King, to ask permission of her brother to direct the education and care of her nephew. I have been informed that the King gave orders to the Duke of Newcastle<sup>1</sup> to write to the Margrave of Anspach, and inform him of Queen Caroline's desire ; and at the same time that the Duke of Newcastle was allowed by his Majesty the sum of 7000*l.* per annum to be employed in the various expenses of the young Prince's education, which the Queen was to regulate.

A French lady, who first became the governess of the young Margrave, was the person to whom he was much indebted, as his original nature was violent, and his temper impatient of control. She not only soon taught him to speak French perfectly, but impressed on his infant mind the first of all duties—not to do wrong. English servants, attending on his person, soon taught him to speak English well.

At the age of seven years, he was brought to the Hague, that George II, who passed through every two years on his way to Hanover, might see the child. He was turned full-dressed into a large room one evening,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Pelham Holles, first Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyme (1693-1768).

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KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH, K. G., MARGRAVE OF ANSBACH, D. 1757.  
PAINTER OF THE HE-BRAND OF LALY, LALIN  
*Portrait of Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, Margrave of Ansbach, by M. Brossier.*

*[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a vertical column of characters along the left edge of the page.]*

when the King came into it, at the opposite end to where he stood, and approaching him with a candle in his hand, said, "Let me see if you are like the family." In the year 1741 he was consigned to the care of different masters, to whom the manner of his education was prescribed. The care of his mind was entrusted to M. Bobenhausen, a member of the Cabinet Council, and president of the Ecclesiastical Senate. By those masters he was well instructed in all the liberal arts and sciences suitable to a youth of his age and rank, for the better regulation of his future life, according to the dictates of honour and humanity. Bobenhausen seems to have been well calculated for so arduous a task as that of being at the head of preceptors. He instilled into his mind the principles of duty to God and his parents, with a strict observance of the laws, both human and divine: he gave him a desire of instruction, and formed his demeanour with affability and mildness, so that the young Prince never lost sight of his views to benefit mankind or to protect the arts and sciences. He bound those who were connected with him by his humanity, his indulgence, and the popularity of his manners. When he became a sovereign, he cultivated and encouraged all the arts, and was particularly partial to the Latin language. In every action of his life he evinced the happy effects of his good education; but most particularly in the government of his principalities, and the administration of his own private affairs. His maxims were well digested; designed, not for ostentation, but for the regulation of life. It may here be remarked, that however liberal Nature may be in her gifts, though she grant profusely good qualities to a man, unless a wise and diligent education

direct them, and the spark of virtue be fanned by the breath of wisdom into a flame, good precepts may be extinguished, or do more harm than good, by causing base actions.

His young mind received great stimulus to improvement in the year 1748, when he travelled into Holland, with M. Bobenhausen, and Bebra, his gentleman of the bedchamber, where he remained till the year 1750.

His mother, in her letters, often declares that the reason why he so loved this seat of learning was, that he there acquired his desire of universal knowledge. He probably imbibed it filtered through maxims infused by the academicians of Erlangen, for I never could learn that he resided there very long, although it was thus generally supposed.

In his different journeys through Holland, he prosecuted his studies while he visited all the cities, citadels, and places of the United Provinces. He quitted them with his tutors, and his friend Fosterimus, and went through Switzerland to Venice and Rome, and then returned to Anspach, after having been expected by his parents and subjects, who received him with the greatest joy. As he had passed his time in visiting new objects, he retained during the rest of his life the love of travelling, without regard to the trouble or inconvenience attending it.

In the beginning of the year 1754 his life was in great danger. From not having been inoculated, he was attacked by the small-pox: the fear of his death filled the minds of his parents and his countrymen with terror; and his speedy recovery, with unfeigned joy.

When the Margrave had attained his fifteenth year, he

was destined to be married to a Princess of Saxe Cobourg,<sup>1</sup> whose family was devoted to Austria; and for this reason the house of Brandenburg did not approve the match. It was for this reason that the young Margrave was sent by his father to Saxe Cobourg, to see the young Princess; thinking that he would admire her, and take her as his choice: but in this he was disappointed, for the young prince declared to his father that he did not like her, and begged leave to decline the proposal.

His father tried for some time, by reasoning and persuasions, to overcome the resolution which his son had expressed; but finding all his eloquence lost upon him, he contrived to have it insinuated to him by a tool of the Court, that, if he persisted in his determination, he should be confined in a state prison till he should be brought to comply with his father's wishes.

The young prince, accustomed to all the pleasures which a Court creates for the rising sun, and to every kind of exercise in which he so much excelled—to frequent journeys, undertaken either for his health, amusement, or instruction—to the smiles of beauty which were the objects of his wishes, and to that obedience which those wishes enforced—in short, to every recreation which gratified him,—conceived so great a repugnance to confinement, that, in order to secure momentary freedom, he consented to eternal bondage.

In this instance, the strongest and most striking proof of his virtues and morality will appear; so firmly were they imprinted in the mind of this good man.

The Margravine, his wife, was born with an inward defect of bodily constitution; which made her so un-

<sup>1</sup> See Pedigree Vol. II.

healthy, that at thirteen years old she became subject to fits. Mental or corporeal enjoyments of any kind she never could have possessed ; she was in a continual state of bodily pain. Naturally fair, sickness gave her the appearance of a faded lily when it begins to assume a yellow hue. With the best intentions, she had not the power, even of countenance, to give expression to a feeling. Such was the person given to the most lively, the most ardent, and the most active young man ; and although his own passions, the allurements of every beautiful woman to please him, the many concerted schemes of politicians to persuade him to a divorce after his marriage, that he might marry a young and healthy Princess who might produce an heir to his principalities, would have been motives sufficient for the generality of men ; yet nothing could seduce the Margrave from what he imagined to be a duty. Reasons of every kind were adopted ; some of which were plausible, nay, even justifiable : the facility of divorces in the Protestant countries of Germany, the duties he owed to posterity, his own private interest that his sovereignty might not pass from his family at his death—all these were used in vain. " I am her husband," he replied to all these persuasions ; " therefore, as long as she lives, as her husband I am bound to protect her." The cold and dignified manner in which he spoke this negative, put an end to all the hopes, and all the plots which were eternally forming around him, to urge him to shake off the bonds into which he had been forced.

In 1757, three years after his marriage, his father died ; and in the year 1769 he inherited the Margraviate of Bareith from his cousin. These two principalities were

at least 500 miles from Berlin, and at the death of the Margrave would become the inheritance of the King of Prussia—a subject which was a great source of sorrow to its inhabitants; as was the circumstance of the Margrave's marriage with a person from whom there was not the slightest probability of his having an heir.

The vile projectors of Court favour to themselves, imagined that they should please the Imperial Court by fomenting divisions in Franconia, in order to lower its consequence by diminishing its prosperity in the Empire.

Some of the courtiers of Anspach, who were of the immediate nobility, were unconcerned how affairs proceeded, acknowledging no other legal authority than Austria; but the friends of Prussia observed with a jealous eye proceedings which might be injurious to their interests, and therefore, on all occasions, took care to inform the Margrave of what passed.

These circumstances, with the unshaken cold indifference of the Margravine, shewn to every person in her service, and even to her husband himself, created much uneasiness in the mind of a man who was alive to every feeling. In a woman whom nothing seemed to please, to amuse, or to excite, no sensations of interest could be raised; and plans were laid down of what was to be done in case of her death before the Margrave, which kept the Germans in a state of constant suspense and anxiety, and gave them a cast of dullness and discontent.

Our life was generally regulated by the clock. The Court assembled before dinner. We dined at three. At six the company retired till eight; when cards or conversation engaged the time till supper was announced, which was generally at ten.

The Margravine, though her health did not suffer her to take any exercise, and prevented her from enjoying amusements, yet always dressed for dinner; but was frequently obliged to retire to her apartment, when she would send me word that she could not appear any more that day.

The first objects of the Margrave's private delights were his magnificent studs of horses. He had himself seventy-five brood mares; and in the country separate studs, of several hundred mares in each. The stallions were draught horses for the Court carriages, and were regularly sent every year for the purpose of breeding, without expense, to those of the peasantry who were rich enough to have mares. All that was required of the proprietors of the mares and colts was to give the equerries of the Margrave a preference of the colts to be sold, at a regulated price. If these colts were not approved of, which was generally the case, or if they were not handsome enough for the Margrave's stables, the proprietor was at liberty to sell them when and where he pleased, at his own price. As numerous persons from all parts of Germany were desirous of purchasing a breed of horses to be found in no other place, this arrangement was an eternal source of profit to people of all classes, subjects of the Margrave, who kept as many or as few mares as they chose.

The Margrave's father had purchased, I know not whence, a breed of cows, the most extraordinary in size and beauty I ever saw. There were fifty of them; and as no person there understood the art of making cheese or butter, they were deprived of these comforts. An old Swiss attended these cows, and he understood nothing

of the kind. When he died, at the request of the Margrave I sent over to England to obtain recipes for the making of cheese of every sort ; but the plan was much neglected, as the better kind of people did not approve what they imagined to be an innovation. The only advantage that was derived from it was, that the Margrave had at his table good cream, and Stilton, or Berkeley hundred, made under my direction.

I never suggested any thing to the Margrave, but did voluntarily every thing which I thought would cheer the hours of my kind and princely adopted brother. I was often seconded by his real friends, of whom there were a few at Court ; and I perceived that they wished to turn his ideas aside from business, which the contradictions he received from party spirit had rendered grave and anxious.

The theatre, for which amusement I had always a great taste, would, I thought, if properly arranged, be a source of continual relaxation for the Margrave's mind. There was an old and useless *manège* at Anspach, which could easily be converted to this object. I immediately set about it ; and with the Court orchestra, the performers of which were the best I ever heard, and the young nobility I selected to act, to sing, and to dance, with the assistance of the best machinist in Europe, our representations became the most lively and magnificent, and afforded such pleasure to the Margravine that she never missed a performance.

Every Thursday I went into the theatre at ten o'clock, and at two the Margrave came to take me away, to return to Triesdorf to dine. I was chief manager ; and with M. Azimon, who was sub-governor to the pages, and my

troop, we always contrived to keep the most profound secrecy as to what we intended to represent. The chamberlains were all in league with us, and two sentinels were placed at the door of entrance, to give a signal when the Margrave was coming, and the actors and actresses left off rehearsing, to be grouped with me near the place where he entered, to receive him. Thus every new piece was an agreeable surprise.

M. Mercier, the brother of the author of the *Tableau de Paris*, was a man from whom I had received considerable civilities, during my residence there. He then kept the *Hôtel de l'Empereur, Rue Tournon*, whither by accident I went to take up my abode. He had a wife and five children. As he had acquiesced in a proposal of mine rather unreasonable, I must confess, I had formed a great esteem for him. —I had told him that I would only reside at his hotel on one condition, which was, that he should bring me the names of the new arrivals, and that he should dismiss all those whom I did not choose to allow to live under his roof with me: to this, however, he consented. His wife, who by her merit and modesty, and every domestic duty, had soon raised my attention, was also an object of my regard; and I presented them both to the Margrave, who always found a pleasure in esteeming merit wherever he discovered it.

These persons I fixed upon as proper subjects for a purpose which I had long in view.

A society for the encouragement of arts and sciences of every kind was an object most desirable; and as nothing of this nature had been established, the Margrave and myself proposed to form one. M. Mercier immediately occurred to us as a very proper person to

take upon himself the office of secretary, and for that purpose I wrote to him to come to Anspach. He complied with our wishes, and brought his wife with him. The society was formed, and met every Thursday. It proved a great source of amusement to the Margrave, and became a real and satisfactory recreation; for, however brilliant a man's talents may be in any Court, as rank can only give access to the Sovereign, and that Sovereign must be necessarily deprived of the delights of conversation beyond his circle, so this establishment was an invitation from the Sovereign to men of superior abilities, who might mix in literary society, and have the satisfaction of reading their own works, or extracts from those of any persons of genius.

I have passed many happy hours at those meetings. I have listened to instructive and amusing details, without being obliged to speak myself. The astronomer, the metaphysician, or improver of any arts, took care to collect the best materials; and the society never parted, which it was obliged to do after a given time, but that some one was too late with his Paper, which could not be read at the time; and whenever that occurred, I always made a point of addressing myself to that person, and of informing him that at the next meeting that Paper should be read.

The Margrave would insist that I should give something of my own at these meetings, and desired me always to have some subject ready; but as I always contrived to be the last, I did not suffer my vanity to produce my compositions. I must acknowledge that the happiness which the Margrave felt at these meetings, and his pleasure at the gratification of others, produced

such tranquil sensations, that, I am confident, had all his laudable intentions been repaid with the gratitude they merited, he would never have resigned his sway during his life. Heaven probably spared him the anguish he must have experienced, had he been in Franconia, instead of England, when the French Revolution commenced.

The next year after the formation of this Society, the Margrave, who was delighted with the calm and modest virtues of Mercier's wife, whose care of her children and domestic economy likewise gratified him, proposed to me to establish a seminary and place of refuge for children of all classes, and to place her at the head.

A fine place called Davendorf, belonging to the Margrave, was fixed upon as the spot intended for this purpose. The house and gardens were adequate to his views, and this was the fatherly gift he proposed to make to his nobles and vassals. It had been left to the Margrave by a Colonel Demar, who owed his fortune, as many others did in his service, to the parental care of his Sovereign. I told the Margrave that this estate should be for ever given for this purpose; and that if it were ever converted to any other use, then it should revert to the Sovereign. The Margrave was pleased to say, that the manner in which I employed my time proved to him, that females of every class, to whom I should prescribe the mode of education, must make good wives and mothers. The women had been so revolutionized in Germany, and so much equalized, that, unless I had searched the establishment of St. Cyr, I could not have found one to superintend, or that suited my ideas of education; and if found there, what could have

seduced a Catholic to remain among Protestants, and exchange the luxuries of France for those of Germany?—and of English seminaries, I had seen quite enough to make it impossible to suit the Margrave's ideas out of any of them.

Mercier and his wife were delighted at the idea that she was to be the acting machine of this source of good to human nature; and she clearly knew that both men and women must be taught principle and order, before they arrive at learning from books and study.

The Margrave's real friends, to whom he communicated the design confidentially, were highly pleased with it, and intreated me, as the only person who dared to speak freely to the Margravine, to request her sanction and support to the measure. I ventured to tell her, that, whereas she gave *par an* by half-crowns, about 300*l.* a-year to unworthy wretches who by false pretences asked her charity, if she gave but half that sum to this establishment which the Margrave had in view, it would be a blessing to orphans in want, and a pleasure to her husband. I did this unknown to the Margrave, and painted, in all the pleasing colours my heart was capable of suggesting, the satisfaction she would have in contributing to the welfare of distressed innocence, instead of encouraging hypocrisy and falsehood. The Margravine listened with apparent satisfaction; but when I had ended my proposal, she gave me a tap with her fan under my cheek, and said, with a look of scorn, "You are too good, to trouble your head about these people." I then saw the end of all my hopes with her; and never told the Margrave what I had attempted, nor did he ever inform her that he had any thoughts of such a plan.

Some part of her speech to me shewed that she knew some people well ; for when the intention of this establishment was known, not one person offered or recommended a child, or even asked to be informed of the plan or rules of it.

This strange folly so incensed the Margrave, that he said the Mercier family should not stay to be looked upon with jealousy by his *entourage* ; and Mercier, still retaining the place of Secretary to the Literary Society of Triesdorf, retired with his family, kindly and generously treated by the Margrave, and protected ever since by me.

He died in 1823, in the month of April, at Chaillot, having enjoyed the small pension allowed by the Margrave, which I regularly paid him since the Margrave's death.

What we thought ingratitude or stupidity, or both, at that time, was only the effect of a credulity which tempts men to believe any thing strange, in any country where strangers reside. The poison of equality and democracy from France, which had been extensively circulated publicly, had begun to establish itself in all the Courts of Germany, more or less, under various forms. Since that period, the Baron de Dieskaw has told me that he was informed, and literally believed, that it was my intention to fill the Court of Anspach with English people ; and, as suspicion always defeats itself, and poisons every thing around it, every thing amiable which I did or said was supposed to be the cover to some design. My noble refusals repeated refusals, of gifts and favours from the Emperor, the King of Prussia,<sup>1</sup> and the Margrave,

<sup>1</sup> Frederick William II, nephew of Frederick the Great. He reigned from 1786-97.

were supposed to be only profound dissimulation, and not a mother's heroism. Many are yet alive, who now regret their fatal credulity, which was, I am convinced, with the effects of it, the real cause why the Father of his people left them to the care of themselves.

Triesdorf was situated three leagues from Anspach, and here the Margrave generally passed the winter months, preferring it to his palace at Anspach; but I persuaded him to remain this winter here, and took the band of music under my protection. I likewise made an English garden at Triesdorf, and joined it to the garden there by a lake in the park. I never failed to dine with the Margravine, and to play with her, her favourite game of cribbage. I followed the stag-hounds with the Margrave, a thing I much disliked, in order to please him.

I took every precaution in my power to spare trouble and expense, as I had only one maid and a boy to wait upon my son. I was desirous to prevent the possibility of any person having it in his power to say, that, under any pretence whatever, I had attempted to create dissatisfaction between the Margrave and the Margravine.

I wrote two *petites pièces* for the Court Theatre. One was called "*La Folie du Jour*;" the other, "*Abdoul et Nourjad*," which I had previously written to please M. Choiseul Gouffier,<sup>1</sup> was acted by my company with such success, that many people took drawings of the first scene, and the sentinels and boys in the street sung the favourite airs. I also translated from the English into French the comedy of "*She would and She would not*;" and as I always gave the Margravine the choice of what was to be acted, she generally chose that: and

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. cv.

as I was obliged to curtail the dialogue, it was much animated in the French.

Yet, notwithstanding all my endeavours to please, I could not satisfy the suspicious temper of the Germans, and all the good I wished to do was frequently opposed. When I reflect on the position in which I was placed, I find that it has been a *negative*, which has given me the consideration in which I have been held. I have been, like other women, flattered with the brilliancy of my talents, my figure, and all those things, to which my successes in the world are attributed; but these only raised malice and envy against me: the real causes are negatives. I never utter a falsehood—I never detract—I talk as little as I can—I never suffer sorrow or wrong to approach me without a negative: that is, without endeavouring to oppose them—I get out of the way, and let others alone to do as they please.

Germans are civil if you pass through their countries; but if you reside in them, they imagine you have a plan—a scheme—and nothing can divest them of the idea. My income, though only 1500*l.* a-year, made me appear a rich person in Germany. I constantly refused presents and grants of land, and never would permit either Austrians, Prussians, or Franconians, to enter into politics with me. I never permitted any one to ask me to interfere with the Margrave or the Margravine, and would never try to obtain a favour. But the stubborn stupidity of some, far from being quieted by my conduct, attributed this to the perfection of art.—My mother's seal was counterfeited; and that in so coarse and clumsy a manner, that I soon detected it, and found that every letter had been opened and read.

To the foolish questions which were asked me at Court, I always made answer that I knew nothing about those things. I amused myself innocently, and educated my child ; and as there was not one half hour in the day when every body might not have had access to me— if unkindness and ingratitude to the Margrave had not aided and abetted the natural propensity to suspicion which infested the Germans, I should have erased all these base feelings by my conduct. I invariably said, that if the father of my children desired my return for their sakes, my first duty was to go back to England. I never informed the Margrave, not even after I became his wife, that my mother's seal had been counterfeited, and I trusted to that Providence which protects innocence, to guard me.

## CHAPTER VI

Mademoiselle Clairon—Her conduct to the Margrave during her residence at Anspach—Her letters to him—Singular story relating to her.

**A**CCIDENT had led the Margrave to an acquaintance with Mademoiselle Clairon,<sup>1</sup> the celebrated French actress, who shone at Paris as the first female tragedian of her time. As Mademoiselle Clairon perfectly well knew how to appreciate the value of such a man, she formed the design of ingratiating herself into his favour by every means that the fertility of her powers produced. Well aware of the candour of this prince, of his noble and unaffected simplicity, of the tender and constant interest which her society must excite if her plans were well arranged, she determined at once to effect a superiority over his heart, which she knew must, from his unfortunate situation, be vacant. She resolved, therefore, on visiting Anspach, and on sacrificing herself, as she averred, for the happiness of a sovereign, and for the glory of a nation. Under the pretence of disinterested affection, she therefore quitted Paris, to extend her sensibility over a soul which she well knew was capable of the utmost refinement.

In accomplishing this purpose, she had many obstacles to combat ; the most formidable of which was, perhaps,

<sup>1</sup> 1723-1803. See Introduction, p. liii, etc.

the aversion that she must necessarily excite in the mind of the Margravine. The Duchess of Wirtemberg, daughter of the Margrave of Bareith, was also another impediment in the path of her wishes. By her utmost endeavours, Mademoiselle Clairon could never obtain an interview with her, nor would the Duchess permit her by any means to be seen. It is unnecessary to say by what ingenious plans she devised the execution of her purpose : suffice it to say, that she gained her point with the Margrave ; and from the superiority of her talents, and the assiduity of her attentions, she so far gained the regard and esteem of that prince, that he always called her *sa Maman* : and as she was willing to assume a much greater authority than belonged to a mother, she concealed her views under the specious appearance of friendship.

By no means intimidated by any opposition which she received, she at length found herself firmly fixed, and, according to some accounts, began to exert that authority which she had so anxiously endeavoured to obtain. She ventured even so far, if it is to be credited, as to assert that her arrival at Anspach was caused by the immediate request of the Margravine, or at least by her consent ; and was bold enough publicly to declare, that she was established there at the earnest solicitations of those who would most have avoided her.

After two years' residence, she assumed importance sufficient to say, that she had employed her time in destroying a cabal which threatened to overthrow the ministry, in correcting abuses, in diminishing expenses, and in rendering services to the country by an exact and scrupulous attention to its interests. She pretended

that she was the means of procuring respect for the Margravine, by restoring an affection which she had forfeited, and by calming the mind of her august husband, who, by her endeavours, had been rendered docile and content. Thus she attempted to display the purity of her intentions, and of her conduct : but, as she really found that the Margravine diminished instead of increasing her feelings towards her, she ventured to expostulate with her by every method in her power, and to represent the value of her attachment. Although she informed the Margravine, in her own letters, that she was received by her at table, and even that she spoke of her in honourable terms, yet she admitted that, from fatal experience, she discovered that her presence was displeasing, and that in receiving her, she did so only from the fear of incurring the anger of the Margrave. This change, as she called it, had such an influence on her destiny, that she even demanded of her the cause.

She then informed the Margravine, that, among other things, the Margravine of Bareith had been very desirous that the Margrave should procure a divorce, but that, owing to her persuasions, she had checked in its progress so formidable a measure. She had the insolence to inform her that, after passing a life of twenty years with the Margrave, and even permitting his infidelities, she had denied that regard to a person like herself, who had only their mutual interests at heart, and who would never allow him either to go out or to come home, without first paying her those respects which were due to her as a wife ; and who procured for her those attentions, of which she must inevitably have been deprived had it not been for the indulgence of a disinterested woman ;

"And to whom, without extreme injustice," she added, "you could never have refused your kindness and indulgence." She then recommended to her to support with courage a privation dictated by prudence, and to bless her intentions instead of blaming them.

During this time, Mademoiselle Clairon was living at the Margrave's expense, with four French servants in livery—Madame Senay her *femme-de-chambre*, a *valet-de-chambre*, and a lacquey, besides a French cook. The Margrave supplied her table with the best wines from his cellar; and, as she gave *petits soupers* to the Margrave and his friends, her people, of course, consumed more than could be properly furnished. Her expenses were enormous, and all paid from the Chamber of Finances at Anspach. These facts I had from the Maréchaux of the Court.

It was at this period of her grandeur that I made my appearance at Anspach. As it was impossible for her to be blind to the sincere regard which the Margrave had for me, it was of course to be expected that my presence would rouse her feelings, and prompt her to attempt to work upon the Margrave by every means in her power.

One of her first endeavours was to impress upon the mind of the Margrave an unfavourable opinion of the person whom he had admitted into his confidence. She, therefore, addressed him in writing.

"Your unbridled passion," she says, "for a woman whom, unfortunately, you alone do not know—the overthrow of your plans and my destiny—your entire disregard for the public opinion—the licentiousness of your morals—your want of respect for your own age and dignity,—have obliged me to discover in you either a

vicious soul, which ceases to be restrained, or a head misguided, which ought to be pitied. The habit of cherishing you, of confiding in your virtues, has hitherto made me reject every thing which could degrade you. In consequence I have supported all ; your inhumanity, your outrages, your ingratitude, have not caused a change in the line of conduct I have prescribed. By my silence, particularly on the subject of your mistress, and by leaving my house, I have at least prevented the completion of my injuries ; and, as much as has been in my power, I have concealed, under a countenance always calm, and sometimes smiling, the griefs which have torn my soul. I have permitted myself to believe that I did not disapprove you, and that I regarded you as my best friend. But the fallacy is at an end : you are arrived in your States, and, whatever you may henceforward do, I no longer fear to be accountable for your actions ; and yourself will, in time, allow that you have rejected the protestations of true friendship.

“ The veil is fallen ; I find that I have ever been the miserable victim of your egotism and your various fancies : had you been my real friend, you would not have dismissed me for Madame de Ca—, Madame Ku—, and many others ; you would not have sacrificed my letters, every word of which described my tenderness and my devotion ; you would have continued to me the confidence which I have not ceased to merit ; you would not have abused the prerogatives of your sex and of your rank, to oppress and to revile me ; you would (whatever might have been the object of your new affection) have respected the sentiments and the conduct of one known to you for seventeen years ; you would have pitied my infirmities, you would have considered my disinterestedness, and the advantages of my advice : convinced by experience of my condescension to your tastes, your fancies, and your passions, you would not have

withdrawn yourself from a woman who had no other pretensions, no other sentiments, but those of the most tender of mothers and of the most devoted of friends. It is impossible for me to conceive how you have not blushed to appear before my eyes as a tyrant wishing to assassinate me by torments. Just Heaven! are you the man whom I have held up as the model of virtue?

"I must confess, that, during the last five weeks of your abode in Paris, you have shewn yourself less dishonourable; you took care to restrain yourself: you obliged me to think that my esteem and my friendship had some weight in the scale of your happiness; but your return into the world, and the publicity which you there excited, have destroyed that moment of illusion.

"I know, not without astonishment, all that you have done for seven or eight years; but your profound and concealed dissimulation is at present known to me. I see that I have now no more to pretend to, and that our bonds are to be dissolved for ever. You applaud yourself for such conduct, without doubt; while I am left without consolation. My soul, as tender as it is unchangeable, will carry to the grave the sentiments which I have dictated to you. I pity, I compassionate, I pardon you, and I wish you the same portion of happiness and of glory as I experience of grief and regret.

"It is with infinite pain, that I restore at your feet the remembrances which I have from you. I cannot dissemble, that this step may wound your dignity, though it is far from my intention to wish such an outrage; but alas! your proceedings have compelled me to this duty. Recall to mind, that I have desired nothing for myself, nor thought of adding to my fortune, but to increase your enjoyments. Remember you are not *my* Sovereign; and that, to obtain the title of my benefactor, you must always preserve that of my friend. I am nothing, Monseigneur: I have always admitted that

without shame and without regret. But my soul is always something ; and to my last sigh I will compel you at least to esteem me. Adieu ! Adieu for ever !”

This letter was written five weeks after the departure of the Margrave from Paris, the exact period when I wrote to the Margravine to say that I consented to remain at Anspach, and the Margrave received it a short time after his arrival at Anspach.

It is necessary to go back to the first sentence of Mademoiselle Clairon's letter, in which she says that the Margrave's unbounded passion for a woman whom he alone unfortunately did not know, had been the cause of her discovery of his vicious soul. This woman was supposed by Clairon to be a young and poor adventurer from England, who had come to seek an asylum in the Margrave's territories ; and upon her first inquiries of him who it was that he admired so much, and had so frequently about him, he replied, that it was a person whom she could never see or know, even if he were to name her ; but that he loved her as his child. Piqued by the firm and cold tone with which he answered her, (because he generally began to smile when she questioned him concerning his *courses cachées*.) and struck with the serious air, which he could assume with ease when he wished to silence a remark, she made no further observation ; but sent a confidential person to watch at the door of the *Hôtel de l'Empereur*, in order to obtain a sight of this English female when she should be ready to leave it at the dinner-hour. As I was in full dress and probably had an appearance which might strike this observer, he reported to Mademoiselle Clairon that the young Englishwoman was fair and handsome. She immediately conjectured that it must be a mistress of the

Margrave's; and this letter was written in the first transports of her fury: nor was she undeceived until some time after, when she discovered that this woman was of high birth, and not, as she supposed, *une chercheuse d'aventures à Paris*.

Mademoiselle Clairon had long been celebrated for the variety of her attachments. Her intrigues were universally known, but her affectation of virtue was truly ridiculous. Her talents were great as an actress. I remember, when I was thirteen years old, I was taken to the *Théâtre François* at Paris, to see the performance of *Semiramis*. This character so much excited my laughter, that my mother ordered me to be taken home to the *Hotel Beaureau* before the piece was finished, because my noise offended the *parterre*. I did not know that it was Mademoiselle Clairon who performed the part of *Semiramis*; but twenty years afterwards, when I was playing the part of the Sultan in *Almenorade*, my foolish memory recalled to mind *Semiramis*, and I imitated that declamation, which I then recollected. There were only twenty-five persons who composed the audience, all friends of the Margrave, who burst out into exclamations at my performance; and after the play was over, they declared that I must have seen Mademoiselle Clairon, whom, they said, I had so closely imitated. I protested that, to the best of my recollection, I had never seen her. They insisted that it was herself, and that I must have seen her repeatedly to have followed her manner so exactly. Declamation on the French stage was quite in fashion, and I had been so particularly struck with this kind of acting, that it had lain dormant in my mind till the occasion brought it forth.

One evening, when Claron was performing at Paris the part of *Ariadne*, being extremely unwell, and knowing she should not be able to act through the character, she had ordered a coach to be hired, and she started for her in case she should be overcome with fatigue. Towards the conclusion of the first act, her strength failed where she expresses her despair at the flight of Phœdrius and Theon, and she fell on the floor. The quick perception of Mademoiselle Grand, who was playing the character of the *confidante*, suggested to her the idea of occupying the scene with a *jeu de théâtre* the most affecting. She fell on her feet, took one of her rings, which she bathed with her tears; her words, slow and artful, interrupted by sighs, gave Claron time to reanimate; her looks, her motions, penetrated her audience, and she threw herself into the arms of her confidante. The public, it is said, acknowledged this mutual tenderness by the greatest applause. An ordinary actress would have caused an apology, and the piece would have been concluded.

Mademoiselle Claron lived to the great amusement of the public, according to her own account she considered herself the martyr of her sensibility. She was extremely fond of planning of her suffering, and her great delicacy of her health. She contrived, however, to make a very profitable use of her life, to have three husbands, and to be married to her first one whom she deceived *à la dérobée*, and to her second, who she deceived in the same manner, and to her third, who she deceived in the same manner. She died in Paris at the time, and was buried in the same place.

In her suite, among her friends, and

[This is an error. Claron died in 1805, at the age of 40.]

was a merchant of Bretagne, who was about the middle of age, of a good exterior, having received an excellent education, but whose reserve and timidity prevented him from explaining what his desires dictated. He was however, distinguished by Clairon among the young men, and allowed the honour of her friendship, according to her own phrase; whilst, by patience and assiduity, he hoped and languished for a more tender sentiment.

But whilst he was thus engaged, his affairs became involved and melancholy dislike towards the world increased. He sought, by every possible means, to abstain from society, in order to possess himself in solitude. Such a vain hope, under such circumstances, was soon extinguished; Clairon saw the consequence of her conduct, and destroying the only consolation which she had rendered life desirable to him. In consequence of this he fell ill: her refusal increased his malady. At length, however, he recovered some property; but soon lost it again, after his letters and his visits had been rejected. His sole request in his dying moments was, that his mistress would indulge him once more in the pleasure of seeing her. Her engagements, however, prevented her, and he died in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, leaving with him a few servants, and an old woman who had attended him during his long illness.

Clairon was at that time living in the *Rue de Bussy*, near the *Rue de Seine* and the *Abbaye St. Germain*. On the evening of that day, the mother of Clairon and many friends were at supper with her. She had just finished a song, when, as the clock struck eleven, the most piercing cry succeeded. Its dreadful modulation and its length astonished every one present. She lanted away, and

remained in that state a considerable time. Some endeavoured to joke with her when she recovered, by saying that the signals of her rendezvous were rather too loud : but the palid hue of her countenance, and the tremor which remained, put an end to these remarks, and proved that she was ignorant of what it might be. She entreated some one of the party to remain with her during the night. Her friends reasoned with her on the nature of this cry ; and it was agreed for some of them to watch in the street, in order to ascertain, if it should be heard again, what was the cause and who the author or it.

Her friends, her neighbours, and even the police, heard the same cry, at the same hour, always underneath her windows, and appearing always to proceed from the air. She was convinced that it was made only for herself. She rarely supped in town ; but when she did, it was generally heard, and sometimes even in the streets, when she was returning home from any party. All Paris was acquainted with this history, and it was a subject of general conversation. After various scenes of this kind, it ceased for some months, and she imagined that she had got rid of it ; but she was mistaken.

Having proposed to accompany Madame Grandval to Versailles, to see a spectacle which was to be exhibited there, she found a difficulty in obtaining lodgings. At three o'clock in the morning, she offered that lady to partake of her bed-room, which contained two beds, that had been prepared for her in the Avenue of St. Cloud. She accepted her proposal ; and when she got into bed, Ciaron prepared to enter hers. Whilst her *femme-de-chambre* was undressing her, she said pleasantly to her, " We are now at the end of the world : it is dreadful

weather ; the cry would find a difficulty in reaching us here." It instantly pierced their ears. Madame Grandval imagined that the region below had thrown out all its terrors : she ran *en chemise* from the top to the bottom of the house ; and none in the house dared to close their eyes the remainder of the night.

Seven or eight days after, whilst in conversation with the society which generally surrounded her, when the clock had struck eleven, it was followed by the firing of a gun as it were directly into her windows. Every one heard the report, every one saw the fire, but the window received no injury ; and all concluded that some person had made an attempt upon her life, that he had failed, and that it would be necessary to take precautions for the future. One of her friends flew to M. de Marville, who was lieutenant of police, and his particular friend. They came immediately, and inspected the houses opposite to Clairon's. The street was filled with spies of all kinds, but all their vigilance was ineffectual. Her own house was thoroughly examined ; and yet, notwithstanding every precaution, this noise was heard for three months, the light from the explosion was seen, striking always at the same hour, on the same pane of glass, and no one was ever able to discover whence it proceeded. This fact has been marked down in the registers of the police.

She now began to be accustomed to this extraordinary phenomenon, when one evening, it being very hot, she opened the window, and, with a gentleman then present, went out upon the balcony. The clock struck eleven ; the report went off, and they were both, from the shock, thrown into the apartment, where they were taken up

for dead. The day following, being requested by Madame Dumesnil to be one of a party to a nocturnal feast, which was to be given at her house at the Barrière Blanche, she took a *fiacre* at eleven o'clock, with her *femme-de-chambre*. It was a bright moonlight night, and they arrived at the Boulevards, when her *femme-de-chambre* asked it was not here that M. de S—— died. After all the hints that they had given her, she said it ought to be (pointing with her forefinger) in one of those two houses directly opposite to us. From one of them, at that very instant, came the report of a gun similar to that which had pursued them: it passed across their coach, while the coachman, imagining they were attacked by thieves, drove on as fast as he could. They arrived at the place appointed, hardly possessing their senses, and overwhelmed with terror. This was the last time of the fire-arms.

After these explosions there succeeded a most violent clapping of hands, given with a certain degree of time, and then redoubled. These applauses, to which she had been accustomed from the public, did not induce her at first to think much of them; but her friends did for her. One evening they imagined they were watched: it was eleven o'clock; the noise was made under her apartment. It was heard, but no one was to be seen; it could be nothing but a consequence of what had been experienced. To this succeeded melodious sounds; and it appeared as if a celestial voice accompanied her, which it frequently did, from the Crossway of Bussy, and finished at her own door. At length every thing of the kind ceased, after a period of two years and a half.

The house which she occupied at Paris being too noisy,

and desirous to be where she could repose in greater calmness, she took a house in the Rue des Marais, which, though small, had been inhabited by Racine<sup>1</sup> for forty years, with his whole family, and where he had composed his immortal works, and in which he had died: it had also been occupied by Lecouvreur.<sup>2</sup>

When she had resided there some time, a servant informed her that an elderly lady desired to see her apartments, and what they contained. As she had always a great respect for age, she immediately admitted her. An emotion so powerful at the sight of this lady, as she had seldom experienced, made her regard her with considerable attention; and this was the more excited when she perceived that she herself was equally the object of attention. Clairon requested her to be seated: a silence ensued--but their eyes explained a mutual curiosity. The lady knew who Clairon was, but Clairon did not know her. She felt it necessary to break the silence, and addressing Clairon, said that she had for a long time had the most earnest desire of seeing her; and as she never went to the theatres, nor knew any one of her acquaintances, nor wished to explain by writing, fearing lest a letter might leave doubts upon her motives, and thereby meet with a refusal, she had taken the means of a personal interview, for which she begged to apologize. After various compliments, she said that she wished to know whether the apartments which she inhabited were really

<sup>1</sup> Jean Racine (1639-1666).

<sup>2</sup> Adrienne Lecouvreur (1692-1729) went on the stage at the age of fourteen. She became in turn the mistress of Voltare, the Earl of Peterborough, the Chevalier de Rohan, and Maurice de Saxe. Her death upon insufficient grounds was ascribed to poison alleged to have been administered by, or at the instigation of, the Duchesse de Bouillon.

such as had been described to her, that she might, from place to place, follow her unhappy friend in all his hopes and despair. "It seems, Madame," said Clairon, "that the agitation in which I appear before you, and which each of your remarks increases, makes it my duty to inquire who you are, and of whom you speak; in short, to know what it is you want of me: for my character cannot consent that I should continue any longer to be the dupe or the martyr of whoever you may be. Speak, therefore, or I must leave you."

"I was, Madame," she replied, "the only particular friend of M. de S—, and the sole person by whom he would be seen for the last year of his life. We counted the days and the hours in speaking of you; sometimes painting you in the most angelic form, at others under the most hideous. I continually urged him to forget you, while he protested that he would love you beyond the grave. Your eyes, which I see full of tears, allow me to inquire, why you have rendered him so miserable? and why, with a soul of such sensibility, you have refused him the consolation of speaking to or of seeing you only once more?"

"We cannot command our affections," replied Clairon: "M. de S— had merit and inestimable qualities; but his sombre character, and his despotic temper, made me dread his society, his friendship, and his love. The friendship which he inspired made me attempt to bring him to sentiments more tranquil and more moderate; but I was unable to succeed, and I remained firm in my resolution, persuaded that his folly proceeded less from the excess of his passion, than from the violence of his character. I refused to see him in his last moments,

because the sight would have torn my bosom : because I feared to appear too barbarous in refusing what he required, and that I should be too unhappy if I granted it. These, Madame, were the motives of my conduct ; and I flatter myself that I shall not incur blame for what I have done."

"To blame you," the lady replied, "would be an injustice : a sacrifice could only be expected from oaths, from ties of blood, or from obligations ; and on this latter point it is not you, I know, who stand in this situation. I can assure you that his soul was penetrated with what he owed to you ; but his passion consumed him, and your last refusal hastened his death. He counted every minute, when, at half-past ten, his servant came to announce decidedly that you would not come. After a few moments' silence, he took my hand, and, with a force of despair which terrified me, 'The barbarian !' he exclaimed, 'she shall gain nothing by her cruelty ; I will pursue her even after my death, as I have persecuted her during my life !' I attempted to calm him ;—but he was no more."

After Mademoiselle Clairon had found that all her endeavours to undermine me in the affections of the Margrave were ineffectual, and that her object had been totally defeated, she determined to make a merit of necessity,—to arm herself, as she said, with reason, and to console herself for her sufferings by calling to her mind those comforts which she still possessed.

