

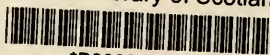
THE
GAY GORDONS



J. M. BULLOCH

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THE GAY GORDONS





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THE ABERDEENSHIRE CRADLE OF THE GORDONS

This picture, by Mr. W. F. Webster, shows the ruins of Huntly Castle, a most picturesque pile, which ceased to be inhabited by the family in the middle of the eighteenth century, when many of its stones were carried off to build dykes. It figures frequently in George MacDonald's novels.

Frontispiece

THE GAY GORDONS

SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF A FAMOUS SCOTS FAMILY
BY JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH



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PREFACE

THIS book, though really begun in boyhood and continued long after (and because) the scenes of its inspiration were left behind, does not pretend to be a history of the widely distributed family of Gordon. That encyclopædic task has been undertaken as a purely genealogical effort by the New Spalding Club of Aberdeen, under the editorship of the present writer; but with two big volumes to its credit, *The House of Gordon* is still "in progress," as the British Museum catalogue would say. The present is merely an attempt to illustrate some well-defined characteristics of the family in several centuries, different countries and under varying conditions, or, though the thread of actual descent is not always known, the identity of spirit is remarkable. The narratives have been arranged chronologically with the view of showing that these characteristics run through the history of the family as definitely as the "yellow thread of the Gordon plaid," uninterrupted by those imaginary selvages which limit Romance to Long Ago and Far Away. This continuity is indeed more marked than these pages bring out, for the difficulty has been to keep the immense amount of material at my disposal within reasonable shape. With that in view, I have omitted the careers of such well-known figures as

General Patrick Gordon of the Russian Army, Lord George Gordon, and Chinese Gordon, and I reserve the fascinating personality of Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, for another occasion. I have also carefully avoided the machinery of citing authorities, which in such a sketch presents a forbidding appearance. That may annoy the experts. But if I have amused some general readers and offended none—a difficult point in dealing truthfully with family history—I shall be well satisfied.

J. M. B.

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THE GAY GORDONS

THE "GUIDIN'" OF THE GORDONS

OUR surnames have long since become wholly empiric, but certain of them still carry the significance of descriptive adjectives. This is particularly true of the patronymics of some Scots families, probably because, though in no sense Highland themselves, they took on the colour of the clan. The fascination of the alliterative *cliché* which has given us such phrases as the "tu'penny tube" was well understood in Scotland long before halfpenny newspapers were dreamt of. Thus we have the "dirty Dalrymples," the "gallant Grahams," the "light Lindsays," the "manly Morisons," the "haughty Hamiltons," the "cappit Kers," the "gentle Johnstons," the "handsome Hays," the "muckle-mou'd Murrays," and the "gay Gordons."

None of them has stood the test of time like the last. In our day its vitality has been assured by the popularity of the famous regiment the Gordon Highlanders ; but the prevalent idea that they have any prescriptive right to it is wholly misleading. It is true that the regiment was raised by a Gordon,

but at no time in its history did it number among its ranks more than a fraction of men bearing the surname. Even in the very first muster, when the men were raised almost exclusively on the Duke of Gordon's estates, there were only 20 Gordons out of 772 recruits, while there were 198 whose names began with the prefix "Mac-," with 32 Camerons and 12 Frasers. But the average man, strengthened in his belief by a musical comedy of the moment, will probably go on considering the Gordon Highlanders as *the* Gay Gordons.

The phrase not only does not stand alone for the regiment, but it is only one of a series which indicates the same spirit. The dashing characteristics of the family long ago crystallized into a series of remarkable "frets." Thus—

The gool [darnel weed], the Gordon, and the hoodie craw
Are the three worst foes that Moray ever saw.

The notoriousness of the Gordons of Gight in Aberdeenshire, the maternal ancestors of Byron, was summed up in a series of strange "prophecies," as for example—

Twa men sat down by Ytham Brae :
The ane did to the ither say—
"And what sic men may the Gordons o' Gight hae been !"

A whole round of phrases bears on the same presumption that the Gordons were men of mark. The most familiar of them all—"the Gordons hae the guidin' o't"—is remarkably true of their masterful spirit, and the proverbs "Ne'er misca' a Gordon in the Raws o' Strathbogie" and "You're never allowed to speak ill of the Gordons on their ain Green" point in the same direction. Among a number of

funny stories in corroboration, the best is that which tells of the old lady named Gordon who sat listening to her son's reading from the Bible that Solomon had a vast number of camels, when she interrupted him with the protest—"The Cawmills [Campbells] are an ancient race, but look an' ye dinna see the Gordons."

The presumption is not of mere local import. Its acceptance is world wide. A very amusing instance has recently occurred in *Barry Gordon*, "a story of modern American life," in which the author, Mr. William Farquhar Payson, expatiates on the "Gordon fire"—"It is not a well-behaved plebeian little fire to cook your dinner on; it isn't a respectable middle-class blaze, useful in the furnaces of industry. No, it's the electric fluid called blue blood—haphazard and destructible as lightning."

Ridiculous as this and suchlike writing is, there remains a historical basis for the widespread idea that the family of Gordon possess an unusual share of the spirit of dash, chivalry, and all the other qualities that go to make up what is known as "romance"; and this, too, from the days when they were carrying out raids on the Border down to the tragic fate of Chinese Gordon at Khartoum. They have never been canny like other Scots.

The family appear authentically for the first time in the middle of the twelfth century, when they were a small struggling sept on the borderland between Scotland and England. The early historians attempted to take them back to France, and they have always displayed much of the spirit that we are pleased to consider French; but history goes not further afield than the twelfth century. Life on

the Marches, however, was quite proud enough for a start ; it was a tremendous test of character, for only the fittest could possibly survive. The training brought out the vitality of the laird of Gordon—for he took his name from his holding in Berwickshire, of which the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon is still the “superior”—because he had to have all his wits about him. Sometimes the Gordons were on the side of Scotland, and sometimes they favoured England in the great struggle for supremacy. This was particularly true of the Sir Adam Gordon who first emerges from obscurity in doing homage to Edward I at Elgin, on July 28, 1296. But many raids on his Border home made him decide to cast in his lot with Scotland, for the spirit of romance has much of the essence of opportunism which revolves on the will to live. It was a wise decision ; for Bruce won the day, and Sir Adam was duly rewarded in 1315 with a new charter on his Border holding, and shortly after he received a grant of the lands of Strathbogie in the far north, forfeited by the Earl of Athole, who had sided with Bruce's rival.

The senior line of the family migrated to the north, and the move meant a turning-point in the history of the house, for the struggle to exist had to begin all over again. The incomers, comparatively few in number, found themselves surrounded by antagonistic vassals. On the immediate east, in Aberdeenshire, they found Lowland families, notably the Forbeses, the Hays, and the Keiths, already secure in lands and titles, who regarded the Gordons as pure interlopers, with no local traditions, but imposed upon them by the exigencies of a remote

dynastic struggle. On the west, especially in Inverness-shire, they were dependent on several powerful Highland tribes, over whom the Earls of Athole had never had more than nominal sway, and who maintained the instincts of the clan down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Dukes of Gordon, powerful as they were, knew to their cost that these vassals had to be handled with the utmost delicacy and tact. Furthermore, the climate was far more rigorous than on the Borders, and the general character of the land made the raids on which they had laid the foundations of their fortunes infinitely more difficult and in some places quite impossible.

A people less vigorous than the Gordons would soon have been overwhelmed, even when backed by all the charters in the world. But the hardy Borderers adapted themselves to the situation in a remarkable way, and for centuries they really had the "guidin' o't." By force of arms, by sheer vitality, they practically drove everything before them. You feel this vividly amid the welter of dull charter data by noting the disappearance, or at least the decrease, of surnames that had prevailed before their advent. Wide as their original demesne was, they overran its limits. They percolated into territory that had been foreign even to the mighty Thanes of Fife, advancing, by the beginning of the sixteenth century, as far north as Sutherland, where they annexed the ancient earldom by right of marriage, and even obliterated the patronymic of Sutherland in favour of their own.

In Strathbogie itself the main line ran a narrow risk of extinction by resolving itself into a woman,

but when Elizabeth Gordon married Alexander Seton her issue took the name of Gordon, and the Seton family, which had previously had a strong local footing, shrank in importance. Seton was raised to the Earldom of Huntly about 1445, and his successors soon became "Cocks of the North" in every sense of the phrase. Time after time their masterfulness seemed to foreshadow their obliteration by the Crown, but they always survived, until they were advanced to a marquise in 1599, and to the Dukedom of Gordon in 1684, with possession of land from the North Sea to the Atlantic.

All this time, the descendants of the heiress Elizabeth's cousins, "Jock" Gordon of Scurdargue and "Tam" Gordon of Ruthven, had been multiplying. But for the "hand-fasting" of their father and mother, Jock and Tam would have succeeded to the main estates, but although the Church law, jealous of Celtic custom, set them aside, they did amazingly well for themselves, so that one son alone, the founder of the family of Lesmoir in the parish of Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, spread himself out in the course of three centuries over thirty estates in thirty parishes and five counties. Indeed, answering once again to the self-preserving value of having to struggle, the descendants of Jock and Tam completely outnumber those of the ducal line, and to-day are represented in the peerage by the Earl of Aberdeen and Baron Stanmore.

That section of the family which remained on the Borders has shown far less vitality. Although originally the junior line they have become, it is true, (genealogically) heads of the house—for the ducal family really were Setons and are now Lennoxes,

while the Jock and Tam brood is admittedly illegitimate; but though the Lochinvar Gordons also crystallized into a peerage, the extinct Viscountcy of Kenmure, they were never so distinguished as the northern group. I am very well aware that I run considerable risks at their hands in saying so, but an excellent test of the contention is to be found in the fact that out of the seventy-two Gordons dealt with in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which may be considered as having no bias, and which indeed is painfully inadequate on the subject, fifty came from Aberdeenshire and the north, and only ten from the South; six are apparently English and two Irish, though probably originally of Scots origin, while the beginnings of four others do not transpire. In one other respect the two groups differ. The northern branch was strongly Catholic, while the southerners adopted Protestantism, and supplied some notable martyrs to the Covenant, as if they too must have the "guidin' o't."

With such forcefulness and restlessness behind them, it is not difficult to understand that Scotland became far too small a sphere of action for the Gordons. From a very early period they sought fame and fortune far beyond its shores, and found their way to every country in Europe, except, perhaps, the Balkan States, where the unrest of our own day would undoubtedly have attracted them if America and the colonies had not long since absorbed our emigrant energies. They flocked into France as soldiers and priests, and founded several families there. The armies of Gustavus Adolphus, and his antagonist, the Emperor, led them all over Scandinavia, Germany, and Austria. They traded

largely in Poland, where the fecklessness of the people stood out in striking contrast to their purposeful characteristics. Their appearance here is complicated by the fact that Gordon has become quite a common name among Polish and Russian Jews, but the Scots Gordons have always been deficient in all those qualities which distinguish Israel, especially its marvellous gift of patience. They made a great name for themselves in the service of Russia during several generations, and the diary of one of them, the laird of Auchleuchries in Aberdeenshire, is almost our only data in certain gaps in Muscovite history. Through the Russian service they fought on Turkish soil. In the last century Thomas Gordon, the laird of Buthlaw and Cairness, took a prominent part in the Greek War of Independence, in which Byron—whom he, curiously enough, never met—kept their flag flying. Their Catholicism led to many of them being educated in the Scots College at Rome; and Crollanza's *Dizionario Storico-Blasonico* treats of a Gordon family who settled in Messina, where, in the middle of the eighteenth century, one was a "governatore della pace" and another a senator. They planted themselves in Spain, where an Aberdeenshire laird of to-day is nearly numbered among the grandes; but I should not like to say that Juan Gordon, who, as captain of the *San Felipe* lost 108 seamen during the great Armada fight, was one of them. The Peninsular War led them to Portugal, and gave some of them Portuguese consorts, one of whom became the mother of the "gemini generals," Sir J. J. H. Gordon, G.C.B., and his brother, Sir Thomas Edward Gordon, K.C.B.

When service on the continent of Europe became neither necessary nor advisable, numbers of them found their way to America, and to our colonies all over the world. The American contingent, which in its earlier stages crossed mainly from Ireland, is bewildering in its complexity, but one may recall the Confederate brigadier-general, James Byron Gordon, for whom a descent from the Gight Gordons has been claimed, and his more distinguished kinsman, General John Brown Gordon, wounded eight times in the Civil War, of which he wrote a complete personal account. Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Bush poet, who belonged to the Hallhead family, and ended his life so tragically with a bullet on its account nearly forty years ago, will go down to history as the first real laureate of Australia ; and so on one might go through colonial history to find the Gordons in varying circumstances displaying a fine sense of dash.

Dash has, indeed, been the more distinctive quality of the Gordons from first to last. The immense accumulation of data which the patient researches of many workers during the last few years have given us, help us to make that generalization without much fear of contradiction. The Gordons have been men of action and rarely of contemplation. They have produced very little literature, and the bookish mood has been so little theirs that nearly all the work of setting forth their history has been done by students, who, like the present writer, have not a drop of Gordon blood in their veins. The first historian of the family was the Italian monk Giovanni Ferrerio (born in 1502), and the example which he set has rarely attracted the Gordons

themselves. They have done still less in the other arts, and their contribution to the Church has been comparatively undistinguished, notwithstanding John Gordon the famous Dean of Salisbury, and in our own time the Rev. Osborne Gordon, who was King Edward's tutor at Christ Church half a century ago. Far more in their line than parish parsoning and the writing of tragic trimeters has been the exercise of the missionary spirit, which the Duke of St. Olpherts regretted he lacked, for it gave them the opportunity for real adventure. One of them, the Rev. William Gordon, a Scoto-Spanish Jesuit, set out in 1734 to convert the Indian natives of California, and wrote a history of his work, which has never been printed. In the early years of last century Peter Gordon, a master mariner, encountered some striking adventures in scattering tracts over Persia. In our own day the Rev. George Maxwell Gordon, the "pilgrim missionary of the Punjab," insisted on following our troops to Afghanistan, only to be mortally wounded (1880) in attempting to bring in the wounded under fire. In 1861 the Rev. George Nicol Gordon and his wife were murdered by the savages of Erromanga in the New Hebrides; and his brother, the Rev. James D. Gordon, undeterred by his fate, was tomahawked by the same aborigines eleven years later. Both of them were the grandsons of an Inverness sergeant in the Black Watch, while Maxwell Gordon's father was a captain in the Navy.

That leads me to the most notable generalization of all; that soldiering is the greatest forte of the Gordons. This is obvious, but unlike many apparently obvious statements, exhaustive examin-



JANE (MAXWELL), DUCHESS OF GORDON

She was the daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Wigton, third baronet; married Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, in 1767, and died in 1812. She was the mother of George, fifth and last Duke of Gordon, for whom the Gordon Highlanders were raised; of Charlotte, Duchess of Richmond, who gave the Waterloo Ball; Susan, Duchess of Manchester; Louisa, Marchioness Cornwallis; Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford. Only one of her five daughters, Madelina, married a commoner. This portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To face p. 11

ation only goes to confirm it. Mrs. Skelton, who has made a profound study of the subject—not inappropriate for a woman when we remember Jane Maxwell, the Duchess of Gordon's, military enthusiasms—has traced the careers of nearly 1600 officers of the name of Gordon who have served in our Navy and Army since records began to be kept. The contribution of the family to continental armies supplies another 200, and the services of the United States easily bring up the total to 2000. It may be doubted whether any other surname, with the possible exception of Smith, can match this. But then the Smiths come from everywhere, while the great majority of these Gordons can be traced back to Scotland.

Their military achievements have gone far beyond personal service, for they have an extraordinary, if not a unique, record as raisers of regiments. To take only their contribution to the modern army—

- 1759-65—89th Regiment; raised nominally by the fourth Duke of Gordon, but really by his mother.
- 1775-83—A company to the Fraser Highlanders; raised by Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon.
- 1778-83—Northern Fencibles; raised by the fourth duke.
- 1790—Company for the Black Watch; raised by the Marquis of Huntly, afterwards fifth and last Duke of Gordon.
- 1793-96—Northern Fencibles; raised by the fourth duke.
- 1794—Gordon Highlanders; raised by the fourth duke.
- 1826—30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse) in the Indian Army; raised by Sir John Bury Gordon, fifth and last baronet of Park, Banffshire.
- 1846—15th Ludhiana Sikhs; raised by Major Patrick Gordon of the Cairnfield family.
- 1857—Gordon's Volunteers; raised for temporary purposes by Lieut. John Gordon, 19th Bombay Native Infantry.
- 1857—Bheel Police; raised by Col. W. G. Gordon-Cumming (1829-1908).

As a matter of fact, as I have attempted to show,

the Gordons had become a power by virtue of all the qualities that go to make a soldier. In some cases, indeed, they degenerated into a purely pugilistic race. This was strikingly illustrated by the Gight Gordons, a crazy crowd, who for centuries were a terror to their neighbours, long after other folk had turned their swords into ploughshares. Even at a time when lawlessness was a commonplace they astonished their contemporaries. "The insolence and misrewill committed be Geight," wrote Lord Dunfermline, the Chancellor, to Lord Binning in 1616, "can nather be vncouth to yow nor me that knaws the humouris of thase folkes, althocht wee might have hoped that the good ordour of all the rest of the countrie might have tempered thame sum better."

When that humour became amenable to discipline, of which the Gordons have always been intolerant down to the days of the Khartoum martyr, it proved invaluable. The spirit comes out to this day. On November 25, 1907, a daring, and fantastic, filibustering raid was made against the Government of Minas Geraes in the north of Rio, Brazil, under the leadership of Sebastian Magali, a native of the province of Rio Grande do Sul. One of the "officers" of his band, "Lieutenant" George Gordon (aged 24), was wounded and captured. The *Tribuna* described him as "inglez de Helgen, Scotland," and sure enough after much trouble I traced him to Elgin, which he had left two years before for Canada. He subsequently found his way down to New York, and took post under the adventurous Magali. It might be difficult to trace his descent from any of the landed families of the name

in Scotland, but he surely displays the spirit of the Gay—or shall I say Gey?—Gordons in a remarkably imitative manner, for his Border namesakes were at this very game 700 years ago.

The case of Magali's lieutenant is typical at once of the fascination of "Gordonology," as one enthusiast has called the subject, which makes it an obsession, and of the desirability of not being put off by an apparent coincidence. It is perfectly true that the difficulties of the subject have been increased by the wide adoption of the surname by Jews—every one recalls the case of the notorious money-lender Isaac Gordon—and also by the fact that people are constantly exchanging their original patronymic for that of Gordon. One, however, does not need the warning finger of Juliet to recognize the fallacy of a name. Of recent years alone we have had the surnames of Gattebois, Gorton, Lloyd, McCann, Matchett, and Straube transforming themselves into Gordon, and the compounded name, like Gordon-Duff, Gordon-Lennox, Wolrige-Gordon, Fellowes-Gordon, has become popular; but in nearly every case specific reasons of descent regulate the change, or else the spirit of environment, which counts for so much, is at work. In any case, the pride in the name has been noticeable since the days, in the fifteenth century, when Elizabeth Gordon impressed her surname on her children and descendants who were really Setons. A remarkable case in point occurred in 1682, when the first Duke of Gordon and the fifteenth Earl of Sutherland signed a bond by which they agreed not to change the earl's surname of Gordon back to that of Sutherland under a penalty £20,000 Scots. When the sixteenth earl, as if to

show his independence, did revert to Sutherland, the Duke of Gordon of the period wrote two fierce letters charging him with slighting the name of Gordon. Since that time many heiresses of the name have induced the men they have married to abandon their own patronymic or else incorporate it with the Gordon : all of which but shows that even in a time when the " Cock of the North " has become an effete sobriquet, the Gordons have tried to have the " guidin' o't," which has made them picturesque adventurers all the world over.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WHITE ROSE

By a remarkable coincidence three women bearing the name of Catherine Gordon married foreigners who came to a bad end. Catherine, the daughter of the second Earl of Huntly, married Perkin Warbeck, who was executed in 1499. Catherine, daughter of the second Marquis of Huntly, became the wife of Count Andreas Morsztyn, the Polish poet and statesman, who died in exile in 1693, and whose great-grandson, Stanislas Poniatowski, became the last King of Poland, to be ruined by Catherine of Russia. Catherine Gordon, the last laird of Gight, married Jack Byron—an Englishman of that date was regarded quite as a foreigner—who died (by his own hand?) at Valenciennes in 1791, leaving her with a very troublesome son, the future Lord Byron. A fourth Catherine, the widow of the third Duke of Gordon, married an American officer, Staats Long Morris, as her second husband, and, though he passed away in peace and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey for no particular reason, her son, Lord George Gordon, ended his short life in Newgate Prison.

The story of the first Lady Catherine was the saddest of all, because in her attempt to become a queen she had begun as a pawn played by hands which should have had more consideration for her life's happiness. Perhaps, however, she did not

take it so much amiss, because she had been born and bred in a hotbed of intrigue, which had raised the Gordons from insignificance to a high place in the state. Her great-grandfather, Sir Alexander Seton, the second son of a Border squire, had married the heiress Elizabeth Gordon, through whose fortune he had been raised to a peerage about 1437. Her grandfather, the first earl, had divorced his wife in order to marry the Chancellor of Scotland's daughter. Her own father had married three wives and divorced two, one of them Princess Annabella Stuart, the youngest daughter of James I. Her brother Adam married the heiress of Sutherland, in whose right he became Earl of Sutherland.

Lady Catherine's marriage was another move in her father's hands towards fame, though her appreciators—and she has had many, though her story is so far off—differ on the point. John Ford, who dramatized Perkin's career in a chronicle play in 1634, pictures Huntly as having been opposed to the match. He had intended her for Lord Dalziel (whom he advised to “runne away with her”), and was checkmated by the king's desire and the lady's predilection. The same view was elaborated by Mr. J. W. Aizlewood in his *Warbeck* (1892), which is based on Ford's drama. Huntly is made to lament that

My sweet Kate,
The kind, unselfish servant of my needs,
So loving and so tender in obedience,
Like sunshine in a dull and drear November,
The one cheer of my life that God has left me,
Is taken from me, given to a tramp,
And made the plaything of his knaveries.
I could disdain allegiance, and revenge
With traitorous dirk this robbery of my daughter.

Huntly is even dispatched (by Mr. Aizlewood) to King James with a bitter protest against the "heartless robbery" which "will break her heart." But historians are agreed that Catherine fell in love with Perkin, that Perkin was devoted to her, and that everybody, to start with, was satisfied. In any case, Huntly lived to see his house allied to the adventurous boy who was to make such a bold bid for the Crown of England.

The crisis which called Perkin's pretendership into existence occurred in 1483, when the Duke of Gloucester murdered the two princes in the Tower. At that date Lady Catherine, who was a daughter of Huntly's third wife, Lady Elizabeth Hay, of the Erroll family, was probably only five or six years old, and must have heard of the Cruel Uncle, as later she heard of his defeat and death on Bosworth Field, when the Plantagenets gave way to the Tudors. She had lived through the struggle in which Henry had to hold his own mainly against the intrigues of Margaret of Burgundy, the aunt of the murdered princes. The Scots Court must have laughed at the fate of Lambert Simnel, the Oxford carpenter's son, who came forward as the murdered princes' cousin, and was sent in 1487 to Henry's kitchen as a scullion for his trouble. The second imposture came nearer home, for in November 1495 Perkin Warbeck, who actually claimed to be one of the princes—Richard Duke of York—turned up at the Scots Court, to be received with open arms. Whether James IV really believed in Perkin or not, it was incumbent on him to espouse the youth's cause for the mere sake of harrying England, even although he was to marry Henry's daughter

within the next ten years. Any excuse to attack England was good enough, so that Perkin found an extravagant welcome waiting him in Scotland. As an earnest of his sincerity, James at once set about equipping the stranger with a wife from his own Court, and singled out Lady Catherine Gordon, who, though not really a blood relation of his own, was the daughter of his grand-uncle (Huntly) by marriage.

Apart from considerations of birth, Perkin was a possible enough husband for a lady of rank, for he had learned all the arts of courtiership under the interested tutelage of Margaret of Burgundy. He had seen a great deal of life before he appeared at the Court of the Duchess, his "aunt," in 1490 as a boy of sixteen. The son of the Comptroller of Tournay, he had begun his adventurous career in the useful capacity of a page. He saw service at Antwerp, Bergen-op-zoom, and Middleburg. He then took post in Portugal with Sir Edward Brampton, whose wife was an enthusiastic Yorkist, and he was further drawn into the mesh of majesty, which finally choked him, by attending a Breton aristocrat in Ireland, where the desire to harass England was even then a well-defined policy. After much persuading—for he had but little of the plotter in him—he decided to take up the *rôle* of the little murdered Prince Richard, whom he strongly resembled; and the people of Cork, headed by their mayor, John à Water—who swung with him at Tyburn eight years later—gave him a royal send-off. During the next three years, "His Royal Highness" toured the Courts of Europe in great style, thanks to the coaching of his "aunt," the Duchess of

Burgundy, and he made the great *coup* on July 3, 1495, by landing at Deal. He went over to Ireland, apparently to find courage for the great undertaking of playing for the Crown of England in the name of the Plantagenets; and in the month of November he duly appeared in Scotland as the honoured guest of James IV. Apart from the Royal command, the Scots were not particularly appreciative; but they had the privilege of keeping the "Prince" till July 1497, when he left their realm for ever.

Within a month or two of his arrival, Perkin married Lady Catherine Gordon, who was possibly his junior by a year or two. Whatever its political significance, it was quite a love match. Indeed, if we are to believe Mrs. Shelley, it was preordained. The author of *Frankenstein*, in her forgotten romance *Catherine Warbeck*, tells us solemnly that—

The seer of the house of Gordon had on the day of her birth seen Lady Catherine receive homage as Queen, and standing at the altar with one on whose young brow he perceived the dim and shadowy "likeness of a kingly crown." True, the elevation was succeeded by disasters. He had beheld her a fugitive; he saw her stand on the brink of a cliff that overlooked the sea, while the wild clouds careered over the pale moon—alone, deserted; he saw her a prisoner; he saw her stand desolate beside the corpse of him she wedded—the diadem was still there dimly seen amid the disarray of his golden curls.

Mrs. Shelley's fancy and style are strangely out of date. But how modern, apart from its archaic stateliness, is the love-letter which Perkin sent to Catherine in 1495, and which is still preserved in the Spanish State Papers—

MOST NOBLE LADY,

It is not without reason that all turn their eyes to you; that all admire, love, and obey you. For they see your twofold virtues by which you are so much distinguished above all other mortals.

Whilst on the one hand they admire your riches and immutable prosperity, which seem to secure to you the nobility of your lineage and the loftiness of your rank, they are, on the other hand, struck by your beauty, which is divine rather than human, and believe that you were not born in our days, but descended from heaven.

All look at your face so bright and serene that it gives splendour to the cloudy sky ; all look to your eyes, as brilliant as stars, which make all pain to be forgotten, and turn despair into delight ; all look at your neck, which outshines pearls ; all look at your fine forehead, your purple light of youth, your fair hair ; in one word, at the splendid perfection of your person—and, looking, they cannot choose but admire you ; admiring, they cannot choose but love you ; loving, they cannot choose but obey you.

I shall perhaps be the happiest of all your admirers and the happiest man on earth, since I have reason to hope that you will think me worthy of your love. If I represent to my mind all your perfections, I am not only compelled to love, to adore, and to worship you, but love makes me your slave. Whether waking or sleeping, I cannot find rest or happiness except in your affection. All my hopes rest in you, and in you alone. Most noble lady, my soul, look mercifully upon me, your slave, who has ever been devoted to you from the first hour he saw you. Love is not an earthly thing. It is heaven born. Do not think it below yourself to obey love's dictates. Not only kings, but gods and goddesses have bent their necks beneath its yoke. I beseech you, most noble lady, to accept for ever one who in all things will cheerfully do your will as long as his days shall last. Farewell, my soul and consolation. You, the highest ornament in Scotland.

Farewell ! Farewell !

Perkin, you see, had thoroughly mastered the art of Romeo, and had not spent his time at the gayest Courts of Europe in vain. And posterity—historians and romancers alike—has probably not been wrong in recognizing the note of genuine sincerity in his love-making. So long as 1618, the romancers began picturing the courtship, for in that year Thomas Gainsford, in his *True and Wonderful History* of Perkin, puts a long speech into the mouth of the Pretender which only a stenographer could have transcribed : and to which Lady Catherine replies rhetorically in giving her reason for following King James's wishes—

Such wardes as myselfe may well be resembled to delicate plants in rich grounds, which either grow to rancke and out of order for want of prunery and looking to; or thrive not in their situation for lack of refreshing and manuring, all of which is reformed by the discretion of a skilful gardner and advised overseer.

As against this attitude of humility (in which Lady Catherine, according to the same veracious chronicler, offers herself as a flower of her suitor's own choosing), some of the romancers have followed Perkin's cue in his florid love-letter and presented him as her constant suppliant. For instance, Ford makes the Pretender say—

Your heart, fayre Princess and the hand of Providence
Shall crown you Queen of me and my best fortunes.

Mr. Aizlewood goes further, and makes Catherine the real loadstar of the youth—

When Catherine Gordon is fair England's Queen,
Sweet Empress of the west, no man will dare
To say that Richard is a counterfeit.

The real character of the wooing will never be known. Did Catherine, for instance, believe in Perkin's claim? Or did she care for him as the mere man, impostor or not? Apart, however, from any cynical appreciation of her worth, Perkin could scarcely have failed to be impressed by the charm which ultimately made her a *persona grata* at the Court of his rival and of Henry VIII, and which brought her three husbands after his death. Bacon pictured her as "a young virgin of excellent beauty and virtue," who loved her Pretender in "all fortune, adding the virtues of a wife to the virtues of her sex," and she has long been upheld as a model for good young women to follow. A typical example of the fiction written round her will be

found in Miss Emily Sarah Holt's story, *A Tangled Web* (1885).

Beyond the vague impression, handed down through four centuries, of a certain curious and somewhat indefinable charm of character, Lady Catherine's career is rather negative for want of data. As a matter of fact, very little is known even of her husband's life in Scotland during the twenty months he spent there. On his arrival he had been received royally at Stirling by the great nobles, the Barons of Strathearn, Athole, and Angus. A personal allowance of £1200 was granted to the "Prince," to provide for which a special contribution was levied, while the maintenance of his servants and retinue was apportioned among the burghs. Besides that, the Treasury paid considerable sums to his confidential agent, Rolland Robyson; and in view of the hostilities which James intended to undertake on his behalf, wapinschaws were held throughout the country. It is probable that Perkin and his young bride followed the Court—now to Perth, now to Falkland, and now to Edinburgh. Little, however, was done for his cause, for the raid of Ellam, undertaken in September in 1496, was foolish and ineffective. His domestic life was varied by the appearance of two (or more) children. They are not mentioned in Lady Catherine's will, so that they may have died before her. Bacon says there was no heir, and the genealogists ignore any issue, though the *Venetian Calendar* is clear on the point that they sailed with her from Scotland.

Certain it is that Perkin's cause did not gain strength by his continued stay in Scotland, for his final expedition against England, his last grand *coup*,

reduced itself to a force of a hundred followers, borne in three vessels, one of which, with a certain ironic appropriateness, had been christened the *Cuckoo*. Perkin himself sailed in a Breton ship specially chartered by James, and he was accompanied by the famous brothers Barton, the Nelsons of their day, who escorted him in their own vessels. The fleet left Ayr in July 1497, and its equipment is set forth with clerkly minuteness in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer. For instance, there were shipped seventeen carcasses of beef and twenty-three of mutton, four tuns of wine, ten pipes and a third of a tun of ale, besides quantities of oatmeal, cheese, peats, and coals, the entire cost being borne by the Treasury. Lady Catherine was equipped at the public expense with a "see gown of Rowane tanee" (Rouen tawny), while she got two and a half ells of "Ristles blak," which was made at Lille, at the cost of £4 15s.

From the first the luck was against Perkin. When he landed at Cork on July 26, it was only to find that the Irish, formerly friendly, had deserted his cause. He reached Whitesand, near Penzance, with the utmost difficulty in September, and proclaimed himself King at Bodmin, amid the cheers of his hundred followers. Having left Lady Catherine at St. Michael's Mount, he immediately set out to play the *rôle* of conquering hero, and regain his kingdom. The whole farce is familiar history. He laid "siege" to Exeter on September 17, but the town defied him and was presented by Henry with a sword of honour, which you may still see hanging in its Guildhall. At the end of four days he bolted to Taunton, where he was captured on October 8.

and having confessed his imposture he was safe and sound in London by November 28.

Meantime Lady Catherine had been taken to Henry's Court, possibly at Richmond, for on October 16 the King wrote to one of his servants—

We wol and charge you for the diete of Catrine, daughter to therl of Huntlye from Bodman to our dearest wife the queene [Elizabeth the sister of the murdered princes] wherever she bee, ye deliver to our trusty servant Thomas Englishe, sergeaunt, of our pulterie, the sum of £20 sterling upon a prest and rekenyng by him to be declared.

As the guest of Henry, Lady Catherine was much nearer the conditions of queenship than ever she had been with Perkin. She was at least in a palace, while he languished in a prison. After lying in the Tower seven months, he escaped (June 9, 1498), but was recaptured. Just a year later he was placed in the stocks at Cheapside and Westminster, and compelled to repeat his confession of imposture. Mr. Aizlewood supplies us with a meeting between Lady Catherine and her husband in his sorry plight at Cheapside, but that is fanciful. On November 16, 1499, he was tried at Westminster, and, of course, condemned. Exactly a week later, November 23, he was hanged as a scurril knave at Tyburn. Here again, however, the novelists have intervened, for in an anonymous story of 1832, entitled *Richard of York, or The White Rose of England*—apparently the work of an emotional lady—Perkin is rescued from the scaffold, but is stabbed in his attempts to escape, and dies in the arms of his faithful Catherine. One Scots chronicler even states that Perkin escaped to Scotland, and was buried like his father-in-law at Cambuskenneth.

Certain it is that he did die, and that Lady Catherine was left alone to fight the battle of life. Her father's death in 1500 left her lonelier than ever, and yet she found a snug haven at the Court of Henry VII, where her charm made her a great favourite. Many State documents remain to attest this. Bacon assures us she was received by Henry not only with compassion but with affection, "pity giving more expression to her excellent beauty." He gave her a good allowance, and she established herself as a favourite. Her position may be gauged from the fact that she took rank after the Royal Family at the solemn "fyancels" of the Princess Margaret to James IV, which were celebrated with High Mass on St. Paul's Day (January 24, 1503) at the royal manor of Richmond. And she was dressed at the expense of the Privy purse. One of the printed calendars of State documents reproduces several of the warrants to the Keeper of the Royal Wardrobe to supply Lady Catherine with clothes. Some of these sixteenth-century milliners' bills are so curious that I venture to give one of them. On April 23, 1502, the Wardrobe Keeper served her with—

6 yards of "blak" velvet for a "purfle" to a gown.

3½ yards of chalk cloth for a gown.

An eln of "crymsyn" velvet for the same gown.

As much black "cockram" as would trim the same.

8 yards of "tauny chamlet" for a kirtle, with linen and black cotton for lining it.

A black velvet bonnet.

A frontlet of crimson velvet, and another of black velvet.

An ell of "sarcenet" for a tippet.

A piece of "sypres" for neckerchiefs.

2 ells of "sarcenet" of black kersey for "hosyn."

As much money as shall suffice for making the "stuf afore-said."

That was how Lady Catherine greeted the spring and the summer. She passed the following winter in this attire, served out to her on November 12, 1502—

11 yards of black satin for a gown to be “furred with minks of her own store.”

3½ yards of black cloth for a gown to be “furred with lettewys poudred and pure mynevere within.”

6 yards of black damask for a kirtle and lining.

9 yards of black chamlet for a cloak and an ell of velvet for bordering it.

A bonnet of crimson velvet [it cost 21s.].

A frontlet of black velvet.

A frontlet of dark tawny satin.

Half-an-ell of sarcenet for a tippet.

Half-an-ell of dark tawny for another tippet.

A partlett of black satin.

A piece of “cipres.”

8 ells of linen for “smokks” at 20d. an ell.

6 ells of linen for a “raglys” at 16d. an ell.

5 ells of cloth for kerchiefs at 20d. an ell.

4 ells of linen for “past kerchers.”

12 ells of linen for a pair of “body shetes” at 14d. an ell.

Lady Catherine employed the same dressmakers as the Royal Princesses, and in all things she took rank as the daughter of a great nobleman, and as a personal friend of the King of England; never as the wife of the foolish young lad who had lost his stakes for sovereignty. And she continued to be called the White Rose, not on account of her unfortunate alliance with the sham Yorkist, but, as Bacon puts it, by reason of her “rare beauty.”

Nor did her day cease when her patron, Henry VII, died (1509). On the contrary, she was even better off under his son, Henry VIII, whom she had known since he was a little boy of six or seven, for in 1510 she became a naturalized Englishwoman, and during the next seven years she was created a

squires on a large scale by receiving several estates—Longwillenham, Filbert, Fyfield, Eton, Frylsham, and Garford, in the county of Berks, as forfeited by John Earl of Lincoln. Her luck was all the greater when you remember that the earl had lost his lands and his life in fighting the Yorkist's cause, for he was slain at the Battle of Stokes, which ended Lambert Simnel's career. And yet but for the fact that she had been associated with the second Pretender, Perkin Warbeck, Lady Catherine might never have entered England at all, and much less have become a *protégée* of the Tudors. That she should have taken any favours from her husband's executioners seems so full of faithlessness to his memory that Mrs. Shelley has actually gone the length of devoting a whole chapter in her defence. Lady Catherine (in an impossibly long speech) ingenuously asserts that Warbeck confided her to the care of his "sister" Elizabeth, the Queen of Henry VII (and sister of the murdered princes) and argues that in befriending the Tudors she was carrying out Perkin's affection for his kinsfolk. Furthermore—and this is a more tenable position—she declares that it was absolutely essential for her to love those around her.

Certain it is she was beloved at the Court and was much sought after in marriage, for she made three alliances after Warbeck's death. The only wonder is that she did not contract more important marriages, for she had beauty, youth, fortune, and a heart. As it was, all her husbands were commoners. Between 1510 and 1512, that is to say, after ten or twelve years of widowhood, she married James Strangeways, a Gentleman Usher of the Chamber.

About 1515 she was again a widow, and some time in 1517 she married Sir Matthew Cradock, a Glamorganshire squire with a grown-up daughter, who became ancestress of the Earls of Pembroke. Her life with Cradock seems to have been peculiarly happy. She speaks of him in her will—where, by the way, she never refers to Perkin—as “my dear and well-beloved husband”; while Sir Matthew, who died in the summer of 1531, appointed her his sole executor. He committed the saving of his soul to her, and bequeathed her “all such jewels as she had of her own on the day that she and I were married,” these including diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, and garnets, besides his gold and silver plate. Cradock was buried in the old church of Swansea, where you can still see the beautiful monument which he had erected (somewhat too previously) with the following inscription—

Here lieth Sir Mathie Cradok, Knight, sometime Depute unto the Right Honourable Charles Earle of Worcet in the Countie of Glamorgan and Morgan[wg], Chancellor of the same, Steward of Gower and Kelvie : and mi Ladi Caterin his wiffe.

The arms of Gordon and Hay (her mother) are impaled with those of Cradock, and there is an effigy of her on the tomb, though, as a matter of fact, she was really buried at Fyfield, in Berks, near the village of Abingdon.

Lady Catherine's stay in Wales is given as the origin of the family of Gordon or Gorton of Gower in Glamorganshire. The story goes that the first Gower Gordon followed a woodcock from Scotland. The Rev. J. D. Davies, rector of Llandmadoc and Cheriton, who wrote a little book about this family some years ago, regards this tradition “as a sort

of allegory, describing in figurative language the advent of the first of the family in the train" of Lady Catherine. The family has certainly long been in the district, for documentary evidence goes to show that it was at Weobley Castle and Llwyn-y-bwch as early as 1652. It was represented in our own time by the Rev. Henry D. Gordon, vicar and historian of Harting in Sussex, who married Elizabeth, the daughter and biographer of Dean Buckland.

In burying her "dear and well-beloved" Sir Matthew, Lady Catherine's matrimonial ventures were not over. It says much for her fascination that at the age of fifty, or perhaps more, she should have been asked in marriage a fourth time, for she died apparently in October 1537 as the wife of Christopher Ashton of Fyfield, in her beloved Berks. Her will, which is dated October 12, 1537, and was printed by Rev. J. M. Traherne at Llandovery in 1840, opens thus—

First, I bequethe my soule to almighty Jhu, my Redemer and Maker, and to his swete mother our Ladye Saint Mary and to all the hollie company of Hevin.

Then she provides that—

Whereas I in my life and my said husband James Strangwys in the Monasterye of Saint Mary Over in Southuerke by London founded, constituted and ordenyd in the same monasterye a perpetual chaunterye, with one preest therein dayly to syng masse for the soules of my father, the Erle of Huntley and Gordon, my lady and mother his wife, my soule, my said husband's soule and James Strangwys, his father and mother, and all xten soules ; I desire my saide husband and my executor to have the oversight of the same chaunterye, so that all masses and other oraysyns may be sung and said according to the very true Fundacion thereof.

She also bequeathed 500 pence for 500 of the

"impotents and poorest," that can be found in Berks, so that through their prayers it may please God to mitigate "my paines that my soule the sooner may atteigne to the fruicion of His Godhede." Protestantism, you see, left her unmoved in the faith of her fathers. Here are some of the other bequests—

To my cosyn Margaret Keymes such of my apparell as shal be thought mete for her by the descretion of my husband.

To my trusty and belovyd friende Robert Woodleff, sollicitour, in all my matters, actiones, and sewts, as well in England as in Wales, my white gelding which I hadd of the gift of my husband [Christopher Ashton].

To Phillippa Hulls, my diligent s[er]unte some clothes.

To every one of my household, yomen, servants, one and all, their wage 8s. 7d. stg.

I give unto Thomas Smythe my servant all my interest and terme yett to come my lands called Lannody [near Cardiff].

Also I give to my sister [in law] Alice Smyth, a best gowne, lyned wt veluet and a kertle of blacke worstede.

In accordance with her wish, she was buried in Fyfield Church, where her tomb is still to be seen (despite a fire that occurred in 1893) in the north side of the chancel, close to the altar. It consists of a hollow square cut out in the wall, arched at the top. In the middle there is a ledge of stone. The pillars on each side and the arch are wrought with ancient tabernacle work, and have been painted a deep blue colour and gilded.

It is a quiet resting-place for such a great lady who had begun life amid such ambitions. And yet the old church of Fyfield was a fitting haven for her, for her career had been unusually serene after its first stress, and even though she lived in a time when the world as we know it was forging itself into something like its modern shape.

No Gordon has fascinated the writer of romantic

fiction more than Lady Catherine. She even figured in a comic opera, *The Gay Pretenders*, produced at the Globe Theatre on November 10, 1900. The Globe is no more : but Lady Catherine's story is as green as ever it was.

THE FAMOUS ASSASSINATION OF WALLENSTEIN

IF Byron had been versed in the history of his mother's family, and if Schiller had not anticipated him, he would have found a particularly congenial opportunity of glorifying his sense of revolt by writing a poetic drama round the assassination of Wallenstein in the town of Eger in 1634, in which a member of his line, Colonel John Gordon, played a prominent part. Byron probably knew nothing of his remote relationship with the hero, for his mother was at once proud, and intensely ignorant, of her family history ; so much so that she poured scorn on the "Seton Gordons," though she was actually descended from them ; and until recent years nothing has been done to elucidate the career of the colonel, who is rarely even mentioned in our dictionaries of biography.

The family of Gight, of whom Byron's mother was the last, were the craziest people of the name in the history of the house. The colonel's great-grandfather, Sir William Gordon, the first laird of Gight, was the son of the second Earl of Huntly, and the brother, or half-brother, of the fair Catherine who married Perkin Warbeck. He fell at Flodden, and that seemed to set the pace, for few of the men immediately descended from him died, like other

people, in their beds. His grandson, John Gordon, of Milton of Noth (whose brother William was drowned), like many younger sons of the Scots in those days, went abroad to seek his fortune, and fell in the "Battle of Flanders," apparently before Antwerp in 1584. This officer, by his wife, Margaret Caldwell (who subsequently married John Nairn and Lieutenant Weache, a Dutchman), left a son, John, who stopped the downward career of Wallenstein.

Very little is known of his early years, because he was probably born abroad, and ended by having a brood of Dutch relations. He began life in the French Army, and Schiller, taking poetical licence, says he and Wallenstein were pages together at the "Court of Burgau," while a German biographer of Gustavus Adolphus tells us that the Austrian generalissimo "raised him from a private soldier." At any rate, he had attained the rank of a colonel when he emerges into the light of real fact.

Although he fought for the Emperor he was really a Protestant, so much so that one of Wallenstein's correspondents complains about his "Calvinische Geist," and doubts the possibility of his staunchness to the Empire. Efforts seem to have been made to convert him; but he stood out even after his great deed, for Father John Seton, writing in 1638, laments that "Colonel Gordon is not yet a Catholic." The fact was an incomprehensible worry to the priest, for the soldier's kinsmen on the ancestral estate were inveterate "Papists," and at this very time were giving immense trouble to the Scots Kirk by their defiant exhibitions of adherence to the ancient faith. Of course Gordon was not out on a religious crusade. He was firstly and lastly a professional soldier, and

so we find him fighting without a qualm against the Protestant protagonist, Gustavus Adolphus, and it was to defeat the great Swede's end and aim that he helped to assassinate Wallenstein. The irony of the situation came out strongly when Wallenstein and Gustavus faced each other at Nuremberg in the summer of 1632. Regiment after regiment of the Empire went down before the Swede, and only the thousand Scots and Irish stood the shock, though their leaders, Gordon and his fellow-countryman, Major Walter Leslie of the Balquhain family, which is strongly Catholic to this day, were captured. The Swedes kept Gordon prisoner for six weeks, and then, as his contemporary, Sir Robert Gordon, the historian of the Earls of Sutherland tells us, "for his valour released him without ransom." But the two captives were not permitted to return at once to their own lines, for the army of Gustavus was full of brother Scots, notably Sir John Hepburn and Munro. So they all made merry together, and it was not until five weeks had been devoted to junketing that Gordon and Leslie returned to the tents of the Emperor.

Could anything have been more clannish than these hardy exiles of opposing camps fêting one another, quite indifferent to the principles for which they were fighting? Thus we may be sure that when Gustavus fell at Lutzen three months later no one lamented him more than Gordon and Leslie, who had tested the fine qualities of his heart and mind.

But there was little time to mourn, for Wallenstein was soon to give great anxiety to his own side. His victories, won in spite of the jealousies of the here-

ditary princes of the Emperor, had turned his head, and he plunged into a series of intrigues, by which he hoped to gain still higher power if not to found a dynasty.

His treasonable enterprise had reached such a point that on January 24, 1634, the Emperor signed a secret patent removing him from his command. But Wallenstein was not to be baulked; so he resolved to deliver the town of Eger, which is about twenty-five miles from Karlsbad—into the hands of the Protestant enemy. On February 23 Wallenstein arrived in the little town with his friends and an army of a thousand men. Leslie discovered the plot, and reported it at once to Gordon, who was the commandant of the town. What was to be done? There in the neighbourhood lay the Protestant army. Here within the town was Wallenstein, waiting to open the gates any time the Protestant soldiers cared to knock. No time was to be lost to save the Emperor. Before a courier could reach Ferdinand the Swedes might be hammering at the gates. Only one alternative to surrender remained. Wallenstein must be removed at once by the assassin's hand. That was Leslie's prompt solution of the problem.

Gordon was loath to countenance the stroke. He had fought side by side with the generalissimo on many a field, and had found him a great tactician and an inspiring leader. Gordon listened doubtfully to the advice of his staff. Leslie was all for immediate action; indeed, he is the heavy villain of that *Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein*, by Henry Glapthorne, which was "acted with good allowance at the Globe on the Bank-side by His Majesty's

servants," in London in 1639. In the first act Leslie tells Gordon—

This Wallenstein, like a good easie mule,
Have I led on by th' nose to this rebellion ;
Forc'd with such venom as will spread
Like swift infection through his soul.

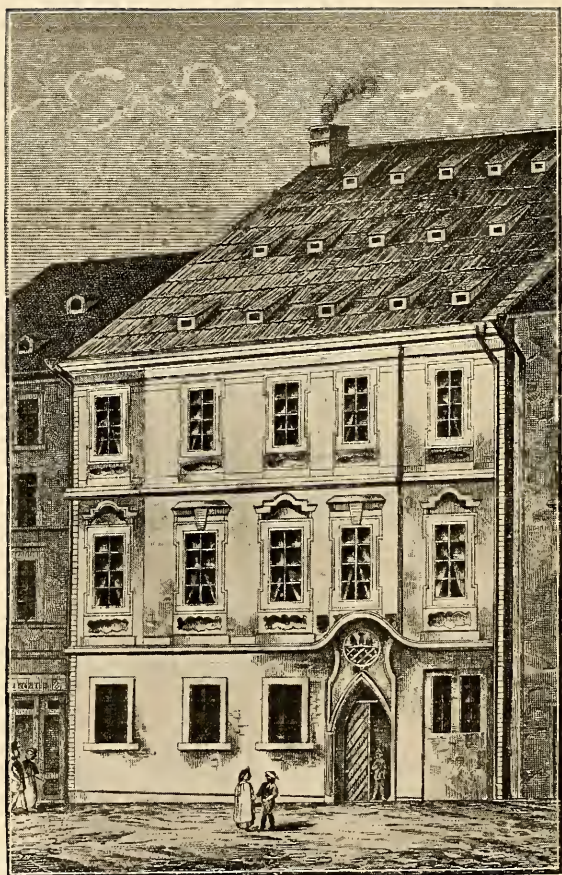
There is no evidence that the tragedian's view is historical, but the play must have its villain, and even Glapthorne was unable to turn Gordon to such account. Colonel Butler, a fiery Irishman who commanded Count Tertzky's regiment, supported Leslie; the generalissimo must be dispatched at once. "Think of his greatness," says Gordon in Schiller's play (in a passage which is a paraphrase of the speech in Glapthorne); "he's himself so mighty: he seems above his part." Gordon still hesitates, and Butler scouts him (in Schiller) as "poor weak Gordon" who—

Prizes above all his fealty.
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing
In opposition to his own soft heart.

In the end Leslie and Butler triumphed, and a scheme was laid to nip the traitor's design in the bud.

Wallenstein was staying at a house (which is still standing) on the tiny market-place. The chief officers of his staff, Count Tertzky, Count Kinsky, Colonel Illo, and Colonel Neumann were invited by Gordon on Saturday evening, February 25, to a banquet in the Citadel. All went merry as a marriage-bell for a time. Everybody was in the highest spirits, when, at a given signal, the room was filled with dragoons, who had been placed in





THE HOUSE WHERE WALLENSTEIN WAS ASSASSINATED

In the market-place of the town of Eger, in 1634, by Colonel John Gordon and other officers of the Empire.

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the adjoining apartments. "Vivat Ferdinandus!" they shouted, as with drawn swords they rushed on the guests. Before such forces the counts and the colonels had no chance. Illo and Kinsky were dispatched on the spot. Neumann tried to scramble to the kitchen to summon his servant, but was slain in the attempt. Tertzky managed to get his orderly, but the two were overpowered and fell. Thus in a twinkling five men fell to save Ferdinand and the Empire; though, if he had been guided by his religious creed, Gordon should have opened the gates to the Protestant troops.

But the arch-traitor of all remained. Wallenstein's lodging had already been surrounded by loyal troops, and thither Gordon and his fellow-officers marched. To the very last Gordon protested, and was left to watch the door, while the two Irishmen, Colonel Butler and Captain Devereux, accompanied by six Dutch soldiers, mounted the staircase to Wallenstein's room, which looked out on the street (as described in a minute plan of the building in Richard Wapler's pamphlet, *Wallenstein's letzte Tage*). He had just taken a bath, and was standing in his shirt at the windows listening to the tumult. Two of the generalissimo's bodyguard and a servant had had to be slain before an entry was effected. But what of that? Murder was abroad that night; and a man or two more was of no moment. Without a word, Devereux ran Wallenstein through the heart with his halbert, and the traitor sank without a sigh. The Empire had been saved.

That is the true account of the affair, which thrilled all Europe. At first it was rumoured that Gordon himself had done the deed, but this is not

so, though the dramatists must needs change history. The ingenious Mr. Glapthorne makes Gordon say—"Come softly, and if my stroke miss, second me." Gordon is then made to stab Wallenstein. Schiller even makes Wallenstein harangue Gordon—

How the old time returns upon me. I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were pages at the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed. My intention
Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play
The moralist and preacher ; and would rail at me
That I strove after things too high for me.

Wallenstein then goes over his career, as a drowning man might do ; while Gordon bids him remember the "good old proverb"—

Let the night come before we praise the day.
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope ; for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the heads of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of Fate.

To which Wallenstein replies with a criticism of the Scot's leaning towards sententiousness—

I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching.

Gordon sent Leslie at once to the Emperor with the news, and Ferdinand rewarded his saviours handsomely. Leslie was created a count, and made a great marriage by wedding Princess Anna de Dietrichstein, the daughter of the Prime Minister. He left no children, however, his title and lands going to his nephew James, who married the Princess de Lichtenstein. The name still lingers in the family, for Count Albert Mensdorff, the present Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at the Court of St.

James's, is the grandson of the Count of Proskau Leslie. Gordon, for his share in the great *coup*, was created a marquis, and was made Bearer of the Gold Key, as High Chamberlain to the Emperor.

In 1644 he visited his old friend John Innes at Leuchars. Innes, whose mother was one of the Gight Gordons, had begun his career in 1612 by taking a thoroughly characteristic part in a riot by which the boys of the Aberdeen Grammar, Song, and Writing Schools had terrorized the citizens, breaking into their houses, and "maisterfullie tacking of thair fouillis, pultrie, breid, and vivaris," for which the lads were imprisoned in the tolbooth. If Gordon was not at the school, he probably met Innes in the French Army. At any rate, he visited him with the intention of buying an estate, but "the intesten trouble of Scotland diverted him." This trouble touched him very nearly, for, in this very year of his visit, his kinsman at Gight was particularly active, harrying the Covenanters, so that the colonel, so far from getting free from the religious struggles in which he had spent his life, was plunged in the very thick of them. The laird of Gight himself had been one of a party which rode into Aberdeen on March 19 and kidnapped the Provost and two of the magistrates. In April he raided the little town of Banff, entering the tolbooth and taking all the arms—"buffill cotis, pikis, pistolles, suordis, carabines, yea and money also," and he "keepit all the moneyis, about 2500 merkis." The gang which accompanied him then rode to the estate of Muiresk and captured the laird. Meantime Gight's heir had been equally busy. In February he was one of a band that defeated the Covenanters at Tarty in

Aberdeenshire, and in April he had raided the town of Montrose, "dang the toun's people fra the calsay to thair houssis," and tried to carry off the town's cannon. Failing in that, the band plundered the shops, and ended up a twelve hours' raid by broaching a pipe of Spanish wine, which they drank "hartfullie." But on May 9 old Gight surrendered his fortress and was carried off prisoner with Lord Aberdeen's ancestor, the laird of Haddo, to Edinburgh. So it was a sad home-coming for the colonel, and the experience made such a deep impression on him that he not only returned to the Continent, but left instructions in his will that his two nephews were to inherit certain sums "on condition always that they do not live in Scotland, but in the country of Holland, Brabant, or Friesland."

The fact was that the colonel had become a foreigner. He still had a "Scottis" servant (named Sanders), but his interests all lay forth of his native land, from which he had been so long absent. He seems to have spent his last years in Germany and Holland, where his three half-sisters lived. He died at Danzig on December 19, 1649, and was buried in the Nieuve Kerk at Delft on January 1, 1649, being described in the burial register as "Scotus eques auratus, dominus in Smidars et Scrivam," and as "gubernator Ægræ."

He never married, so that at his death there were a good many bawbees to divide among his relations, including 72,500 rix dollars, 7000 florins which he had lent to Count Walter Leslie, 1000 florins which he had lent to Piccolomini, and 1000 ducats borrowed by Baron d'Eugenfort. He had also lent money to the towns of Liegnitz and Niss (? Neisse, in Silesia), and

he was out of pocket several thousand rix dollars for victual to "the regiment in their quarters at Lasare." Besides this, he had landed property scattered over Holland, Germany, and Bohemia—symbolic of the gipsy sort of life he had led as a soldier. He owned the estates of Smidars and Schrivam, which he had got from the Emperors Ferdinand II and III. He had some holdings at Bremen and at Hamburg, where the minister of the English congregation had charge of one of his trunks, and he owned a mysterious garden somewhere, valued at 36,500 rix dollars. He even had something to show for himself in Vienna, for he had various securities in a "little black round coffer" which he had left in the house of one John Cruickshank there—

In which coffer there is also the confirmation of this Emperor with other memorials which I made to the late Emperor, and likewise to him, and I hereby intreat the present Emperor to permit my heirs to put my estate in such a condition as they may not be forced to sell it for a morsell of bread, and after, when they have made it up, then they may sell it. I hope the Emperor will not deny me this lawful sute for the service which I have heretofore done for the house of Austria. I intreat Count Lesly to take my heirs into his protection, and to speak to the Emperor that none may be suffered to do them wrong, and for his pains I acquit him of what he owes me; and if the Count promise to protect them (that is to say my heirs), they shall cause restore to him his bond of 7000 florins, which is to be found at Vienne in Cruickshank's house with the other bonds.

In fact, he had so many odds and ends that he wrote his will (at Lubeck) in a "little book of memorandums, showing where anything may be found that God hath bestowed upon me; to Whose name be glory, amen." After giving some minor legacies to the poor, and mourning suits to his smith, his valet, his brewer, his butler, and his gardener, he left the bulk of his fortune to his three half-sisters,

Judith Nairn (whose husband had fallen at the Battle of Kilsyth), Anna Weach, and Margaret Weach, whose husband, Alexander Petrie, his executor, gave two silver communion cups (still in existence) to the Scots Kirk at Rotterdam in memory of the old colonel. Gordon left his estates to his nephews, the Nairns, and 10,000 florins of Holland to his four nieces, for he was very anxious that the "lasses," as he called them, should "marry gentlemen or gentlemen's children or other persons of credit for maintaining them in their rights: to the end that they may not become miserable, as it often falls out with many honest people." He also left a small legacy to his old comrade (and debtor), Count Leslie, and bequeathed his own soul to God and his body "to the earth from whence it came."

Gordon had lived fighting, and he left his heirs fighting, for Sir William Binning, Provost of Edinburgh, was quarrelling with Lady Hope of Kerse over it at Lubeck and in the Court of Session as late as the year 1687.

THE LAST KING OF POLAND

IN the cafés of Warsaw a lonely and cadaverous man with a silk hat is a familiar object. Warsaw is frequently a place of unrest. Every now and again we hear of some revolutionary move against Russia and of the stern measures to suppress it, but the man in the silk hat remains unmoved, dreaming of the days when Poland was a power, and when he had acres of his own. Two or three years ago, when there was a waiters' strike, the comic paper *Mucha* represented him as the sole occupant of a deserted restaurant, seated in a resigned attitude at a table all by himself. But if you entered into conversation with him, he might give you his visiting-card, which bears upon it the legend—

Le Marquis Huntly Gordon

and the owner would point you to Zychlinski's *Złota Księga Szlachty Polskiej*, published at Posno in 1879, to show that he has got a good right to the title, even although he has lost his estate at Ojcow, near Olkusz, in the government of Kielce. It is not easy to prove his descent from Lord Henry Gordon; but it is a fact that Lord Henry's sister, Lady Catherine Gordon, was the great-grandmother of poor Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski, the last king Poland knew.

Lady Catherine and her brother Henry were the twin children of the second Marquis of Huntly. The Marquis had a tortuous career. He had started life with the intention of being friends all round; and with the object of ending the family feud with the Campbells, he married, in 1607, Anne, the thirteen-year-old daughter of the seventh Earl of Argyll. But he took the losing side in the great religious struggle of his day, and the fates went all against him. His father-in-law baited him; his kinsman, the Earl of Sutherland, with Lord Reay and the Master of Berriedale, out-manceuvred him in the name of the Covenant. He lost his wife in 1638; his eldest son, George, was killed in a fierce charge at the Battle of Alford; his king was beheaded in January 1649; and his second son, James, died shortly after of grief in exile in Paris. The marquis himself lost his handsome head in the following March, and within the next seven years three of his seven daughters died. It is a holocaust of a story, but the marvellous luck of his race did not desert the house, for his fourth son was raised to an earldom (that of Aboyne); his grandson was created a duke; and his youngest child, Lady Catherine, became the great-grandmother of a king.

Lady Catherine and her twin brother were to all intents foreigners. When the sky darkened in 1632, Huntly betook himself for safety to France, where he had gained distinction exactly ten years before as commander of the Scots Men at Arms. He was followed by his wife, "who was brought to bed at Paris of two twins." The family remained abroad till the death of his father, when they returned, June 22, 1637, to Strathbogie in "royall manner"

leaving the twins behind them. The children were to all intents and purposes French, both by training and by taste. Somehow or other they migrated into Poland, which was then under the influence of France. It is not quite clear how they went there. According to an old (and lost) manuscript, they had been left in charge of Dr. William Davidson, a graduate of Marischal College, Aberdeen, who practised in Paris on the lines of Paracelsus, and wrote some curious books on alchemy. He went to Poland to be physician to Field-Marshal Lubomirski, ultimately attaching himself to the King of Poland, John Kasimir, who succeeded his brother Ladislav VII. The latter had married, in 1645, the Mantuan princess, Mary of Gonzaga, who was living at the French Court at the time. She was a handsome woman, and when the story of her beauty reached the ears of Ladislav (who was a widower) he sent a gorgeous embassy to Paris to sue for her hand. The mission was successful, the marriage was celebrated by proxy, and the Queen set out for Poland with a train of French maids of honour, among whom Lady Catherine may have been one. In any case, she was a maid of honour to the new Queen, and in this capacity met Count Andreas Morsztyn, the Grand Treasurer of Poland, who had been one of the embassy sent to fetch her Majesty, and whom she married in 1659.

Poland must have seemed quite homely to Lady Catherine, for it was overrun in the army and in business by those delightful adventurers who were Scots by birth and internationalists by training, and among them were a great many men of her own name. Our "Agents to the King of Poland" during

the early years of the seventeenth century, were two Aberdeenshire Scots, Patrick Gordon and his nephew Sir Francis, who died just before the Mantuan princess's entry. Sir Francis was of such importance that between 1631 and 1636 he was employed by Princess Elizabeth, the "Queen of Hearts," to arrange a marriage between her daughter Elizabeth and the Polish king, and Gordon wrote many letters, still lying unpublished at the Record Office, on the whole transaction, which came to nothing. Among the soldiers who had served in Poland was the famous Patrick Gordon of Auchleuchries, who afterwards joined the service of Peter the Great; while his kinsman Patrick, who was known by the picturesque sobriquet of "Steel Hand," figured to some purpose in the Polish cavalry. Of the traders of the name a whole book might be written, for on starting for "Poll" they usually equipped themselves with a birth brieve, which was a document issued by the authorities of their native Scots towns, stating their origins precisely. As these registers of birth briefs are for the most part still intact, the material for a history of the Scot in Poland is ample.

The Scot became so successful as a trader that he roused the intense jealousy of the Poles, and in 1613 a certain Stercovius wrote a book about him—little known to bibliographers—which the Scots Privy Council, to whose notice it was brought, described as "ane infamous libel." From a curious pasquil, entitled *A Counterbuffe to Lysimachus, Junior*, which was printed in 1640, we learn that Stercovius had appeared in Scotland in his national costume, and that the Scots children—even at that

time not over careful of courtesy—had ridiculed him—

Hither he came, clad all in antique sort,
 When seen in streets the subject of a sport,
 He soon became to childish gazers, who
 With skrieche and clamours hiss him to and fro,
 Till forced he was with shame and speed to back him
 And to his feet and loathsome cabin pack him ;
 Where in a furious chollerick mood
 He nothing breathed but fire, revenge and blood,
 And fondly swore our nation's overthrow
 He would adventure with a sudden blow
 Of both his pregnant and pernicious pen,
 Like to a fierce and fearfull powder traine.
 Thus fraught with furies home to Pole he goes
 To wreck his spleen on his imagined foes.
 And there his pen he loos'd, and with more spite
 Nor hell had taught him thoughts, he did indite
 A legend of reproaches, stufft with lies,
 Was bold to print and vent those calumnies
 Against the Scots, their manners and their fame
 In all that eastern clyme and tract of ground,
 Where squadrons of our nation did abound.

Patrick Gordon was employed to prosecute him, and spent £600 on the task, which was refunded him by the Treasury at the expense of the Scots burghs. Stercovius after a "lauchful tryal, most justlie and worthilie sufferit death [at Rastenburg], and his infamous book was suppressit to the credit of this kingdom [Scotland]." The anti-Scots feeling was not confined to Stercovius, for in 1617 a poll-tax was imposed on every Scot. As nobody else except the Jews was similarly penalized, the imposition roused great indignation among the Scots traders, and every effort was made to have the tax removed.

Even, however, if Lady Catherine had forgot all about the Scots, Poland would have been a friendly shore, for its leaders were strongly pro-French. Her husband, Morsztyn, had indeed been bred there, and

he was French to his finger-tips, especially interested in the literature of France, some of which he translated into Polish, and absolutely intent on French domination. Handsome, clever, unscrupulous, and dilettante, the count had a keen sense of letters, and wrote much excellent verse, which Poland in these days of its renaissance does not forget; and Lady Catherine probably had the same literary tastes as her brother, the Earl of Aboyne, who has left us some charming love lyrics characteristic of his period.

At any rate, the hot-bed of intrigue, on which she had been reared and which had made her to all intents and purposes an exile, proved an excellent training in her career as the count's consort, for politically he lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere of plots. His great idea was to make Poland an appanage of France, and to that end he carried on an intimate correspondence with M. de Vitry, the French Ambassador to the Polish Court. The countess also took part in the plot, which has been cunningly unravelled by M. Waliszewski in his *Marysienka*, for she kept the Archbishop of Toulouse, who had been the previous ambassador, posted up in the whole situation, as you will find in her letters, which are now preserved in the archives of the Quai d'Orsai. In one of them she states her resolve to live in future far from the world, and spend her time "in playing cards and saying her prayers when cards weary her." But Marysienka's alertness anticipated that frivolous wish, for she discovered the plot and Morsztyn fell on the instant.

He did not, however, take his dismissal to heart;

on the contrary, it suited his lifelong desire to become French. As Grand Treasurer of Poland he had had complete charge of the public finance, and if he had not sent all the riches of the Treasury into France, as Bernard Connor, the ingenious Irish physician of Sobieski, assures us, he had spent at least a million livres on buying the estates of Château Villain, D'Arques, and Montrouge, a transaction which had a close bearing on his political intrigue with the Ambassador, for the lands had belonged to the de Vitry family. He passed quite a happy exile, which began in 1683 and lasted for ten years, during which he lived in splendour as "Monsieur de Martis, Comte de Château-Villain, Baron de Montrouge," and after much pleasurable plotting on safe ground, he departed this life at the age of eighty on January 8, 1693.

Not only did the Count become French, but he lost his only son, Michael Adalbert, a colonel of one of King Louis's infantry regiments, in the service of his adopted country at the siege of Namur in 1692. As the young count, who married a daughter of the Duke of Luynes and Chevreuse, left only two daughters, and as his three sisters were all settled in life, the estates were sold in 1703 to the Count of Toulouse (Louis Alexander of Bourbon).

The eldest of the three Morsztyn girls became a nun, and died in Paris. The second, Ludwika, probably named after the Countess's brother, the third Marquis of Huntly, married Casimir Louis Bielinski, Great Marshal of the Crown of Poland, and their daughter, who married Prince George Ignatuis Lubomirski, the Great Standard Bearer, is represented to-day by the main line of the Lubomir-

ski family. The younger of Morsztyn's daughters, Isabella, married Prince Casimir Czartoryski, the Chancellor of Lithuania. It was a great match, and that was probably the reason why the Princess applied in 1700 to the Scots Privy Council for a birth brieve on the lines of one granted to her mother in 1687, "to the end that the nobility of the said Isabella, Countess of Morstein, may appear in foreign countreys whear she is placed"—which shows that their Scots origin was of vital importance to the family.

The Princess had several sons, and at least one daughter, Constance, who married rather beneath her when she became the wife of the Count Poniatowski. She had ten children. One of them became the father of Joseph Poniatowski, Napoleon's favourite general, who was drowned in the Elster after the Battle of Leipsic in a moment of heroism which Beranger has made immortal. It was another of the Countess Poniatowski's sons, Stanislas Augustus (1732-98), who became the last King of Poland.

The story of the puppet king reads like a romance of Ruritania. But though there is much diverting gossip about him, especially in the amusing pages of Wraxall's forgotten *Memoirs* of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna, his life as a connected whole remains to be written. However unfitted to be a king, especially of such a difficult kingdom as Poland, Stanislas was a man of much attraction. John Hobart, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who knew him well, tells us that he was of "remarkable personal beauty, and of almost regal beauty." In Paris, where he began his career as an attaché, he "learned the art of *savoir vivre*, and

that triple talent of the French courtier, the art of winning women, of carrying off an affair of honour with *éclat*, and contracting debts which he could not pay." It was for this last talent that he soon found himself in prison, from which he was rescued by the generosity of a glass manufacturer's wife, whose heart he had apparently captured.

When Paris became too warm, he crossed the Channel in the spring of 1754 to visit the country of his great-grandmothers' sires. He was two-and-twenty, and his handsome face proved a ready passport and made him the object of what Horace Walpole described as the "most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made." By a remarkable coincidence it was a Gordon whom he inspired, namely, Catherine, whom the third Duke of Gordon had left a widow two years before with a brood of six young children. Walpole compares her to a "raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water," but her heart was young. She met him at a drawing-room, and was so much attracted by him that, though she did not know him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite him to dinner with her next day. Pleased perhaps to meet a relation, even one so distant as her grace, Poniatowski accepted and duly appeared at her house. Walpole tells the rest with his usual caustic touch—

The moment the door opened, her two little sons [possibly the fourth Duke and his brother, Lord William], attired like cupids with bows and arrows, shot at him; and one of them literally hit his hair and was very near putting his eye out and hindering his casting it to the couch where she, another sea-born Venus, lay. The only company besides the Highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any

language but their own Erse ; and to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table—a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profession of kindness by his great-grandmother being a Gordon, but I believe it to be accounted for by . . .

Curiously enough, it was this very visit to England which threw him into the arms of another Catherine, the Empress of Russia, who proved his complete undoing, for he was carried off to Russia in the train of our ambassador, Sir Hanbury Williams. Catherine was not long in casting the glad eye on the comely lad, and, as Mr. Meredith would say, the pair played Rizzio and Mary together in a delirious duet, which was rudely interrupted by the jealousy of her consort. After some hairbreadth escapes, Poniatowski fled ignominiously ; but Catherine was not done with him. Although by the time she became empress by herself she had supplanted him with other fascinations, she still kept him in hand as a political pawn in her great scheme for absorbing his country ; for when Augustus III died in 1763, she manœuvred Poniatowski on to the throne of Poland.

His career as monarch was one long burlesque of sovereignty from the day of his coronation, amusingly described by the entertaining dwarf, Joseph Boruwlaski, whom he pensioned, to his extraordinary junketings and his being grotesquely kidnapped by some of his own subjects. "An accomplished cavalier and an amiable rake," as the Duc de Broglie called him, Stanislas was precisely the man Catherine wanted. The dismemberment of his kingdom stared him warningly in the face ; but he was the last to maintain the balance





THE LAST KING OF POLAND

Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski (1732-98), who became King of Poland in 1764, was the great-grandson of Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the second Marquis of Huntly, and owed his downfall largely to the Empress Catherine of Russia. Lady Catherine is represented to-day by many Polish families, notably those of Lubomirski and Czartoryski.

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of power. His kinsman, Prince Adam Czartoryski, might have done that, and Catherine for a time thought of him for the throne. But she thought twice, and ended by putting up the Man of Straw. For a time his uncles, Prince Frederick and Prince Augustus Czartoryski, helped to avert the big crash; indeed, by their passionate patriotism they more than compensated their country for the wrongs inflicted on her by their grandfather, Count Andreas Morsztyn. They effected several important reforms, but when they died, Stanislas was left to fool away his heritage, which was precisely what Russia wanted and encouraged him to do. His schemes for squandering the resources of the state were endless. One of his most amazing caprices, which Wraxall describes with great zest, was a banquet on the Vistula. Embarking a number of guests on barges, he led a comic attack on an island which had been garrisoned by women dressed as Amazons. After a burlesque battle the ladies surrendered, laying their spears "at the feet of the royal Theseus," who then entertained them to a ball on the island, amid the reflection of fireworks and illuminations on some other islands in the stream.

His joyousness, however, had largely disappeared when Wraxall met him at his pill-box villa, "Les Bains," near Warsaw, in 1778; and he was a shadow of his former happy self, when his old friend Catherine declared war on his country, and proceeded to parcel it out. Stanislas was absolutely helpless; but once again the family of Czartoryski came to the rescue, for his kinsman, Prince Adam Czartoryski, the grandson of his uncle, Prince Augustus, appeared in defence of Poland's rights.

Adam had with much appropriateness gone to Scotland for his early education, getting part of his schooling at Edinburgh, and part of it in London. As a lad of four-and-twenty he took part in the great Polish rising of 1794 under Kosciusko, and in after years met Campbell the poet, who popularized the history of the downfall of Poland as no man else has done; and in 1832 he was entertained at a dinner in London, at which Campbell made a notable speech. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," and poor Stanislas resigned his crown at Grodno in 1795. Catherine, quite forgetful of her earlier Julieting, summoned him forthwith to Russia, where he dragged out the remaining years of his futile life on a pension of 200,000 ducats, guaranteed by Prussia, Russia, and Austria. He died on February 12, 1798, fifteen months after Catherine. It is not surprising that both of them succumbed to apoplexy. A charming portrait of the puppet king in his declining years has been sketched by his grand-niece, Countess Anna Potocka. She was a mere child when she met him, but she never forgot his "noble visage, his dignified manner, his gentle and melancholy gaze, his silvery hair, and his beautiful, slightly perfumed hand." What a fate for a man with the blood of such a virile race as the Gordons in him!

Quite as strange, but not so valid, is the legend which grew up round one of his sisters who visited England in 1767, when she struck up an acquaintance with Lady Sarah Bunbury, who was to bolt two years later with Lord William Gordon. Before this the Princess was said to have married a certain Dr. James Wilmot, and to have had a daughter Olive,

who claimed to have married H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland at Lord Archer's house in Grosvenor Square at nine o'clock on the night of March 4, 1767. A child was said to have been born of this marriage, who afterwards drove about London in a carriage blazoned with the royal arms on the ground that she was "Princess Olive of Cumberland." She died in this belief, which was reiterated by her daughter, Mrs. Ryves, but completely dispelled in the courts in 1866, when Sir Roundell Palmer, as Solicitor-General, declared that this story of the Polish Princess was as fanciful as Ferdinand and Miranda.

Stanislas's other sister, the Countess Branizky (1730-1808), was the subject of another legend, which also had an English origin. She was said to have had a natural daughter to Lord Clarendon's son, the Hon. G. A. Hyde, and that the child, brought up by the Duke of Norfolk, became a maid of honour to the Princess de Lamballe, and afterwards married the Marquis Broglio Solari. To her was attributed a chronicle of scandal called *The Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France*, which appeared in 1826, and has been dismissed by the experts as a "prurient invention." The book suggests among other things that the Princess on coming to England was commended by Marie Antoinette to cultivate the acquaintance of Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, "in order to learn the sentiments of Mr. Pitt relative to the revolutionaries." I wonder what there was in these Poniatowskis that made the saga-makers select them as the devoted objects of the gift for fables.

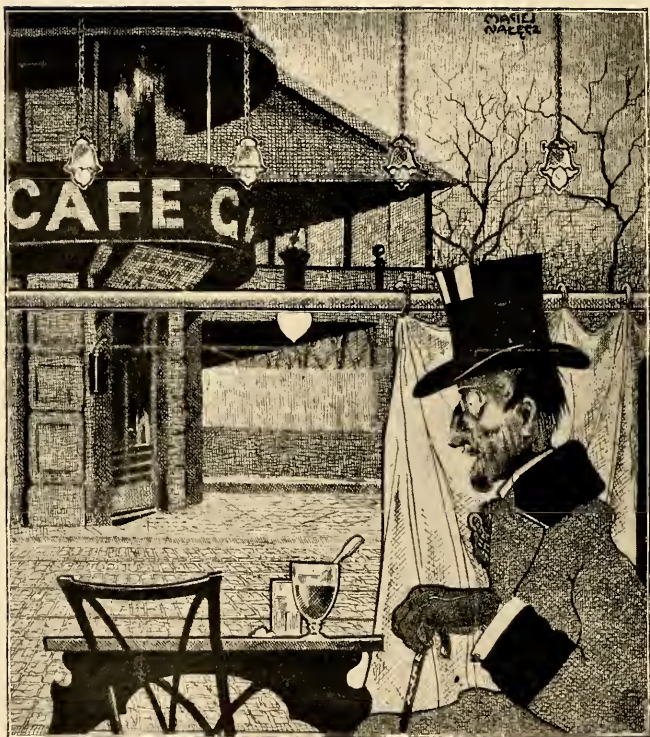
The descent of the Lubomirskis, Czartoryskis,

Poniatowskis, and Potockis from Lady Catherine Gordon is traceable if rather difficult to follow out. But it needs an effort of imagination to trace the present (Polish) Marquis Huntly Gordon to her twin brother Lord Henry Gordon, to whom she was devoted. She introduced him to the Polish Army, in which he rose to be a colonel, and when her nephew, the fourth Marquis of Huntly, was restored to his estates after 1661, when the attainder on the title was withdrawn by the Scots Parliament, she made a bold bid to have Lord Henry and herself recognized as creditors on the estates. On May 16, 1664, she wrote a letter (now in the British Museum) to Lord Lauderdale, the Secretary of State for Scotland, who proved a warm friend to her young nephew. She was so completely foreign, however, that she had to write in French—

I only beg of you, Sir, not to deny me the same privilege as that you accord to my brother [Lord Charles, who had been created Earl of Aboyne], and my nephew [the Marquis], and to receive me among your wards. Your merit in so doing will be far greater before God, and the commendations which have been given you up to this hour for so good a purpose will, no doubt, increase in proportion as it is seen that you do it in order to maintain the justice of which I have every imaginable cause to complain, if it deprives me of being numbered among those who share in the benefits of our house, from which I have had no subsistence since I was born. It is, indeed, true that God has taken care of me, but I have children who assuredly will not renounce their right any more than I, if by chance we are compelled to it. I shall always have the temerity to invoke your goodness and justice, in the assurance that, having such a powerful friend nothing can harm me.

Lord Henry actually went to Scotland to prosecute his claims, about which he wrote several letters in 1665, signing himself "H. de Gordon d'Huntly." He discovered that his nephew, the Marquis's, rent-





"LE MARQUIS HUNTLY GORDON" (OF WARSAW)

Francis George, le Marquis Huntly Gordon, claims descent from Lord Henry Gordon, son of the second Marquis of Huntly (in Scotland) and twin of Lady Catherine Gordon, whose great-grandson, Stanislas Poniatowski, was the last King of Poland. This caricature, by Maciej Nacecz, appeared in the Warsaw comic paper *Mucha* on March 3, 1905, and shows "le Marquis" in a *café* where the waiters had struck.

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roll amounted to £31,000 Scots per annum ; so he wrote (in French) to the King—

I beg Your Majesty to be pleased to ordain of your royal goodness, out of the said rents the portion which I ought to have, according to the right reserved by Your Majesty of your grace in giving the said territory to the Marquis, my nephew. I also beg Your Majesty to take into consideration the great loss I have suffered not having yet received during the thirty years I have lived but the sum of £500 sterling, which Your Majesty of his liberal kindness ordered me to receive nearly two years ago.

He also wrote to Lauderdale in much the same strain.

Whether he got an allowance I cannot say, but he is stated to have died at Strathbogie. Certain it is he was one of the godfathers of Henry Gordon, the son of John Gordon, Aberdeen, and his wife, Christian Smyth, the child being baptized on March 22, 1670. There is no trace of his ever having been married, and even Kosinski's *Heraldic Guide* (which makes him the father instead of the brother of Lady Catherine) does not attempt to find him a consort ; but it is from Lord Henry that the Marquis Huntly Gordon now living at Warsaw is pleased to trace himself. It is rather against the whole supposition that when the second Duke of Gordon got Mr. Finch, our Envoy at Poland, to go into the story of his Polish relatives in 1727, no mention is made of Lord Henry's having had any issue ; but the present Marquis's family point to the "indigenet" which was granted to Lord Henry by the Diet of 1658 recognizing him as "kin by blood to the Royal Highnesses the English Kings and related to the first families of his country. We therefore grant citizenship of our Empires to him and his descendants of both sexes, both from the mother and father." But no descendants are mentioned.

The claim, however, has been made for a long time, and in 1876 the Marquis (Francis George), his brother Charles (who married the Countess Jarnowski), or his father Charles (who was the son of Francis, a major-general in the Polish Army, died 1826), went to Scotland, going as far north as Aberdeen, to investigate what rights he had to the Gordon estates.

The Polish pedigrees include a certain Joseph, about whom nothing is known; but in crossing over to Germany we find a Joseph from Poland who entered the Saxon Army and founded a distinguished military family, of whom General Hellmuth von Gordon, who died at Dresden twenty years ago, was one. Another representative, "Iwan von Gordon und Huntly," lives at Zwingenberg, in Hesse, and has a son, Rudolf von Gordon, an officer in the German Army, and another, Oscar, who is in the Kaiser's Navy.

Another Scots family of Polish origin is that of Gordon von Coldwells, now resident at Laskowitz, West Prussia; but he is descended on the clearest documentary evidence from the Gordons of Coldwells, near Ellon, Aberdeenshire, for the proofs of his descent which he possesses are identical with a birth brief granted by the magistrates of Aberdeen to his migrating ancestor in 1717.

It is difficult to follow these foreign families, but they are all proud of their Scots origins, the tracing of which on the spot would be a delightful occupation for our countrymen who either visit or live on the Continent. None of them, however, is so interesting as this gentleman of the Warsaw cafés.

THE GOVERNOR OF KRONSTADT

WHEN His Excellency Admiral Thomas Gordon, the Governor of Kronstadt, died at his post in the great fortress on March 19, 1741, it is doubtful whether he got more than a three-line paragraph in any newspaper in his native country, and, although Sylvanus Urban, with more time at his disposal, was able to drop a statelier tear, the Admiral has had to wait for more than a century and a half for an appreciation of his qualities.

Nobody has yet discovered his precise origin, though when he was admitted a burgess of Aberdeen in 1736 it was stated (in Latin) "that he was a man of noble birth, being honourably descended from the ancient race of Gordons, whose present chief is the most powerful Duke of Gordon." There is no indication, however, who his father was. He may have been a relation, or perhaps only an acquaintance of a fellow Aberdonian, that queer old soul, Alexander Gordon, the antiquary (also of unknown origin), who dedicated to him in 1726 one of the plates in his once famous *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, immortalized by Scott as the folio which Jonathan Oldbuck treasured. At any rate, the admiral spent his early years as "a most worthy citizen of this city of Aberdeen," for which he always had a warm place in his heart, and for which he did a good deal at the start of his career.

Living on the coast, Gordon took to the sea, and though his early years are hazy we can follow his career minutely from February 1693, when he received a royal warrant to sail for the Mediterranean from Campvere with a hundred men and thirty guns on board the good ship *Margaret* of Aberdeen, and to "assail, sink, or otherwise destroy the enemies' fleet." Nothing is known of his success as a privateer, but it was probably through this enterprise that he got into the regular Scots Navy, for in the following September he is in command of the frigate *Neptune*, and in 1696 he received a pass from Colbert to go to Paris from Holland "pour affaires de commerce."

From 1703 to 1705 he was in command of the *Royal Mary*. This post suited him from three points of view. On his own account he did a little smuggling at Teignmouth on behalf of the governor, Colonel Villiers; on account of his native coast he protected the shipping of the North Sea from privateers; and on account of his Jacobite friends he winked at the constant landing of French emissaries. Any doubt as to the validity of this triple rôle was removed or modified by the gratitude of his town-folk. His capture of two Ostend privateers in 1705 quite heartened the people of Aberdeen, for their fortunes were intimately connected with a clear road on the high sea. Shortly before this three barques of the port had been seized on the way to Campvere, and when the townsfolk heard that the captain had given tit for tat with such success, they petitioned the Government to allow of the exchange of his prizes for their own useful oaks, and the request was granted.

It was a strange position that made Gordon at

once the enemy of the French privateer and the covert friend of the French emissary, but these subtleties delight the true Scots mind ; and Gordon's Jacobite leanings were perfervid. So when Louis XIV, who carried on a correspondence with the leaders in Scotland under the name of "James Gordon," sent across the adventurous Colonel Nathaniel Hooke—a near kinsman in spirit to Mr. Barrie's pirate king—Captain Gordon played the Copenhagen trick and did not see him. Hooke landed in August 1705 at Slains Castle, the most picturesque point on the Aberdeenshire coast, where Dr. Johnson spent a night with Lord Erroll nearly seventy years later. He was received with delight by the Countess, whose mother, the Lady Perth, was a daughter of the second Marquis of Huntly. The Countess was one of those able Scots gentlewomen who took a prominent part in the political movements of the time, and her devotion to the Stuarts cost her dear. Her brothers, James and John, lived and died in exile abroad ; her nephew, James the fifth earl, died on board ship flying from Culloden, and another was attainted. Her son-in-law, the Earl of Linlithgow, was attainted, and her granddaughter's husband, the Earl of Kilmarnock, was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Hooke records the accommodating nature of Gordon and the fascination of his hostess in a particularly ingenuous passage—

While I staid with my Lady Erroll, our frigate was within musket shot of the Castle. The day after my arrival, Mr. Gordon, captain of a Scotch frigate commissioned to guard the coast, appeared in the southward. My Lady Erroll bid me be under no apprehensions, and sent a gentleman in a cutter to desire the captain to take another course ; with which he complied. This

lady has gained him over, and as often as he passes or repasses that way he takes care to give her notice. I have brought with me one of his letters as a proof of his good disposition. Since that time there are signals agreed upon between him and M. Carron [commander of the *Audacious*] that they may avoid each other.

We have corroborative evidence from Gordon's letter, written to Lady Erroll on August 11, 1705, "off Aberdeen," and preserved by Hooke—

RIGHT HONOURABLE MADAM,

Unexpectedly I past the Slains this morning before day, with some veshell under my convoy bound to Leith : from thence I designe for Newcastle. If your ladyship has any service for me theyre, honore me with your commands, which shall be punctually observed. It'll be fourteen days before I return to the North. I shall trouble your ladyship with an account of my coming e're I part from Leith.

Your ladyship's most oblidg'd and most humble servant,

THOMAS GORDON.

Hooke gives a list of signals agreed upon between Gordon and Carron.

Carron shall hoise an Hollands ensign at the main top mast head (the main top-sail half mast down) and a Scots ensign at the mizen.

Captain Gordon shall answer by hoising the Scots ensign at the main top mast head (his main top-sail half mast down) and an Hollands ensign to the mizen picke. And he shall not enquire after, pursue, or concern himself with any such ship.

Hooke also gives a code of crude signals used between Carron and the Countess at Carron's arrival.

To signify that you are sensible of the ship's arrival ; put out two sheets at two windowes above one another.

If no boat be ready at the instant, but you are busy in procuring one, put out three sheets at three windows, one above another.

If no boat can be procured from the shoar, and the ship's boat expected to come ashoar ; put two sheets at two different windows, with a window betwixt them at which nothing hangs, the windows above one another ; and send some person to receive the boat.

That Carron may be sure the foresaid sheets are there for the

signal, and not for any other reason, let the sheets be pull'd in upon hailing down of the ensign ; and upon the hoisting of it again the 2d time, let the signal be again put out. The ensign shall be either Scotch, Dutch, or English.

If a red cloth is hung out immediately after the ensign is taken down and put up again ; then Carron must stay away as many days as the red cloth is put out different times, as long between each time as thirty or forty may be told at leisure.

If a blew cloth be put out : then Carron must stay away as many weeks, if expos'd the same manner as it is put out different times.

If a black cloth is put out ; then all is ruined : we are beset, and can do nothing, nor is it safe for Carron to come ashore.

If a white cloth be put out at a low window, and as it is taken in again another put out at a window above it ; that is to say that all the boats are at sea, and you must provide for yourself.

When Hooke was paying his second mysterious visit to Lady Erroll in the spring of 1707 Gordon was equally obliging. By this time he had added the *Royal William* to his command of the *Royal Mary*, which only added to the irony of his manœuvring for "King" James. During Hooke's absence in Edinburgh, Gordon accommodated M. de Ligondez, the captain of a French frigate who bore down on Slains, for he stepped ashore and assured the Earl of Erroll that he would avoid the Frenchman. Hooke describes the *modus operandi* minutely—

The Captain gave the Earl a signal to be communicated to M. de Ligondez, which, when the latter should display, the Captain would avoid him. The Captain also promised the Earl that he would appear no more upon that coast for fifteen days, and begged he would contrive that M. de Ligondez should not remain long in those seas, because, should they frequently meet, the captain who commanded the other frigate under his orders and whose intentions were dubious, might grow suspicious.

At the same time he desired the Earl would inform me that he should soon be obliged to quit the service, because he refuses to take the oath of abjuration, which is going, in consequence of the Union, to be imposed on all the officers, and by which they are to renounce the King of England, and declare that he has no right to the throne. Thus he, the captain, could not be long in a way

of rendering any service ; but, if the King [of France, Louis XIV] will accept of his service, he offers to come to France with a 40 gun frigate at the first notice of His Majesty's pleasure.

M. de Ligondez a few days after, before my return to Slains, they gave him just the signal mentioned and begged him to keep aloof for a fortnight. He returned at the end of three weeks, when he found me at Slains, where he came on shore, and dined with the High Constable. But, as I had promised to wait for the Duke of Hamilton's answer till the 9th of June, I desired M. de Ligondez to cruise off the coast and return for that day or the day after.

On the 8th of June, Captain Gordon appeared on the coast and the day following, M. de Ligondez. The two frigates gave him chase and gained round upon him, particularly the 20 gun frigate. Then M. de Ligondez made the signal: upon which Captain Gordon fired a gun to recall his companion, which obeyed with reluctance. The two frigates steered off for some time at sea, and Captain de Ligondez, having cruised off for some time at sea, arrived about noon before the High Constable's castle.

Soon after, Hooke went abroad and landed at Dunkirk on June 17.

Notwithstanding all this, Gordon sailing on the *Leopard* (50 guns) and following his topsy-turvy policy recaptured the *Salisbury* (worth 3,000 guineas to him) in 1708. But the day arrived when the Jacobite mood was no longer to be winked at, and so Gordon having commanded the *Active*, the *Moor*, and the *Edinburgh*, was dismissed the service, which made the Pretender write to him in 1716—"I shall retain that sense of gratitude towards you which you so justly deserve from me, for I can say with great truth that your misfortunes weigh more upon me than my own."

Gordon, indeed, may have been "wanted," for it is a curious fact that the Jacobite leader, Major-General Alexander Gordon of Auchintoul, had been attainted under the name of Thomas Gordon, "by which misnomer he was set free"; and as he had once been in the Russian service, it is not unlikely

that he may have introduced the sailor to the Tsar, who was always on the outlook for smart naval men.

At any rate, Gordon entered the infant navy of Tsardom, and rose so rapidly that he was made Rear-Admiral of the Red on New Year's Day, 1719, flying his flag on the *Lesnoy*, which Peter himself had designed. After its loss at Kronstadt, Gordon was transferred to the *Moscow* (64 guns), commanded by his countryman, William Hay, who was dismissed in 1724. Gordon was also a member of the Board which drew up the Articles of War in 1716. The Tsar gave him the "guidin' o't," perhaps because of his surname, for yeoman service had been rendered to Russia by General Patrick Gordon of Auchleuchries (who died in 1699), and by the latter's son-in-law, Major-General Alexander Gordon of Auchintoul.

Peter's preference for Admiral Gordon roused the keenest jealousy among the curious crowd of foreigners whom he had gathered round him for his navy, beginning with 500 Scotsmen and Englishmen whom he collected in London and Deptford in 1688. They had subsequently been joined by Germans, Dutchmen, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, few of whom could speak Russian; certain it is that Gordon could not do so in the early years of his service, though he could get along in "the Holland's language." It is quite easy to understand the fierce jealousies which shook this motley mob, and a picturesque illustration of the extraordinary difficulties experienced in driving the team occurred at a banquet which Peter gave in 1721 to commemorate the anniversary (July 27, 1714) of the Battle of Hango Head, when the Swedish admiral, Ehren

Skiold, was taken prisoner. Everybody got "inflamed with wine, always plentiful on these solemnities," and then in the midst of the junketing Gordon began criticizing his fellow-guest and superior, Peter Sievers, Admiral of the Blue, who was a Dane. He waxed particularly wrath at the fact that Sievers "did not show him the respect due to his character, in not consulting with him on affairs of moment, nor communicating the orders he received from the Admiralty except to the captains." Another grievance was that as the Admiralty appointed only the captains, leaving the distribution of lieutenants and all inferiors to Sievers, the latter had taken the advantage of his power to assign the best officers and men to the Danish and Dutch commanders, while the British contingent were so wretchedly provided, that in the event of their being ordered to sea, they were utterly unable to manage their ships and must infallibly suffer in their reputation, making the Tsar run the risk of losing his ships.

The "General-Admiral" intervened, trying to persuade the Tsar to "remove from Gordon and sit by him." But Gordon was not to be silenced, flouting him with, "You and your Rear-Admiral do this and that," and "threatening them with the loss of their heads if any damage was sustained through their maladministration." The General-Admiral, however, was really on the side of Sievers, and addressing the Tsar referred contemptuously to "*Your* Rear-Admiral." The affair ended for the time being by Sievers leaving the company, while Gordon, "totally ignorant of the Russian language, and none presuming to interpret what the General-Admiral said of him," was silent.

But the dispute was carried "very high" between the Tsar and the Admiral-in-Chief, Count Apraxin declaring that he looked upon Gordon and his associates as "men of turbulent dispositions and malevolent principles; that, having set their native country in a flame without finding their account in it, some of them were forced to fly from justice, and were now caballing to foment divisions in Russia." In conclusion, the Tsar obliged the General-Admiral to submit, and the assembly broke up.

In the morning Peter waited on the General-Admiral, and "according to Russian custom" said, "My lord, I was drunk last night; excuse anything said or done amiss——" only to be met with a reiteration of his belief in the Dane. So Peter went on to Sievers, desiring him to make it up with Gordon. Sievers, however, maintained that the Scot had falsely accused him of partiality in dividing the officers and men; that consulting him would sooner embarrass than ease him in the province under his care. Whilst he served His Majesty, and was Gordon's senior officer and superior flag, the Tsar must excuse the non-admission of Gordon upon the proposed foot of equality; but as soon as the campaign was over, His Majesty might redress all grievances by granting him the dismissal he had long desired, and should insist upon; and then His Majesty might do his pleasure in giving Gordon the flag, and the affairs under his direction. "The Tsar, with some difficulty, got 'em to drink a glass together, under the mask of a seeming reconciliation; but as their variance had been of an old date, and diffused itself amongst the officers, most of them espousing one side or the other, the quarrel went on, and Sievers

gained over to his party Rear-Admiral Saunders." Peter, however, was on the side of Gordon, and had his own way by making him Vice-Admiral in 1722, and four years later he advanced the Scot to the Governorship of Kronstadt, the great fortress which the Tsar founded in 1703 when he robbed Sweden of her Baltic provinces.

Soon after there were other things to think of beside these internal squabbles, for in 1726 Russia had to face the fleet of the quadruple alliance in the Baltic. Gordon, however, knew the difficulty of the situation so well that he boldly told the Empress that action was hopeless; so civilities were exchanged instead of cannon-balls and the fleet sailed away. He was called to action again eight years later. The King of Poland had bolted in 1733 to Danzig, which was promptly besieged by sixty thousand Russians, Saxons, and Poles. France came to the aid of the besieged King with sixteen ships and three regiments. In the next year fifteen hundred Frenchmen arrived, but could not be admitted on account of the scarcity of food. Then was Russia's time to strike, so Gordon, in command of his fleet, bore down from Kronstadt in May (1734), and the town gave way in a few days. The famous Field-Marshal Keith (who remained in the Russian Army from 1728 to 1747, and who was godfather to one of Gordon's grandchildren) wrote to the Admiral from Jaravof congratulating him on "the happy success of the expedition." "All the Poles that I have met," he added, "assure me that the so sudden surrender of the town [on June 16] was entirely owing to the appearance of the fleet, which cut all hopes of succours, and that therefore

they look on you as the main instrument of the loss of their liberty—for that is their ordinary term for us who are employed on this side of Poland.”

Useful as Gordon had been in Scotland, his removal to Russia seemed likely to be of greater value to the Jacobites, for they hoped that he might be able to induce the Tsar to aid them. James had looked for help from one country to another but in vain, for the Stuarts had lost caste. With Russia it was different. Here was practically a new country with an ambitious empire maker. But James did not see, as many other politicians since his day have failed to see, that Russia's policy was not one of outside annexation but an unalterable desire to reach the sea from her land-locked interior. Thus it was that during the first thirteen years of his service in Russia (1716–29) the Admiral was bombarded by a series of letters from the Pretender and his more influential supporters in exile to make him induce Peter and his successor to come to the rescue of the House of Stuart by sending a fleet against this country.

The whole situation was romantic. At one end of Europe there was the vagabond “King,” dragging out his futile days in Rome. At the other was the Scots sailor, in command of the grim fortress of Kronstadt. The speciousness of the Pretender's proposals, the hole-and-cornerism of the whole plot, the unquenchable optimism of the exiled Court, and the persistency of its policy in the face of many discouragements—these things constitute a romance of intrigue that has a fine air of comedy about it, for the plot perpetually poised itself in an atmosphere of airy impossibility, never becoming too hazardous,

since England was content to regard the "King" as an ineffective puppet and his followers as impracticable dreamers. It is interesting at this distance to watch the progress of the propositions and the methods by which James attempted to engage the attentions of the Scots Governor of Kronstadt. The Pretender flattered the Admiral. He took him completely into his domestic confidence, telling him of his family affairs, advising him of coming "increases" in his family, and sending him (as he did in 1729) "my sons' and my own portraits." The courtiers who hung on the skirts of the Pretender at Rome with such devotion had the highest appreciation of the Admiral, and a few of them, including George Keith, Earl Marischal, marked their regard by drawing up (in 1733) a burlesque address to "Our right trusty and right entirely beloved the Honourable Sir Thomas Gordon, Kt., Companion of the Most Ancient, the Most Illustrious, the Most Noble Order of Toboso." William Hay, one of the "King's" enthusiastic fellow-exiles, sent two rings from Rome to Kronstadt for the Admiral and his son-in-law, Sir Henry Stirling, "such as all knights wear. We knights," continues Hay, "after drinking the health of the Royal Family, meet on the green our two young Princes—the most lively and engaging two boys this day on earth." The boys—Charles and Henry, then twelve and seven years old respectively—were "Protectors" of the Order, and wore rings similar to those which had been forwarded to the Admiral, and which Hay had had specially made in Naples.

The Pretender himself masqueraded in his dispatches as "Mr. Brown" or "Mr. Williams" or

“Mr. Trueman”; Peter the Great was reduced to “Mr. Buckley.” Every new success that “Mr. Buckley” scored in the unvarying policy of extending his seaboard would reawaken the hope of “Mr. Brown” in far-away Rome. Thus in November 1721, the year that Peter relieved Sweden of another slice of Finland, the ingenuous “Mr. Brown” wrote off to Gordon—

It was with great satisfaction that I heard of your master's late accommodation with his adversary, and of his having made so advantageous a bargain. . . . He will have, I suppose, many idle workmen on his hands, and a great quantity of material of all kinds. I know his natural disposition to whatever is great and good. Would it not therefore be possible to induce him to employ part of them in my favour, the more the rather since he could not but find his own account in so doing besides the generosity of the action? He knows, I suppose, how ripe matters are at present for such an affair, and that at a small trouble he could make a sure game of it. Pray take a proper time to represent these matters to him, and you cannot say too much of my singular esteem and friendship for him, nor of my desire of acknowledging his favour in the most signal manner.

I am so much convinced of your own desire of being useful to me that I am persuaded you will do your utmost to that effect on this occasion. I heartily wish it may be with success, and that, after having contributed to what all honest men wish, you may reap the advantage of it hereafter by my having it in my power, as it is already in my will, to make you all those returns for your services you can desire or may deserve.

Peter of course did not nibble, but the optimist at Rome was writing in the same old hopeful strain four years later, sending the Honourable John Hay, whom he had created Earl of Inverness, with a very special message in 1725—

I wish from my heart that the Emperor may even for his own sake undertake the proposed project. Never was there a more favourable conjuncture for it; and he hath it now in his power to restore me alone, which may always be practicable for him.

The great trust I now repose in you is a sufficient proof to you of my value and esteem. I depend entirely on your zeal and

prudence on this important occasion, and I hope you may soon have an opportunity of being greatly instrumental in my restoration, by which you will justly deserve the greatest marks of my favour and kindness.

Hay, on his own behalf, pointed out that the "King's" interests were flourishing in Britain and everything was ready for the Tsar's landing. Scotland was never so well disposed as at present. The Cameronians would be among the first to take arms; the Highlanders were ready to a man and not ill armed; and the King had as many arms as would make them a noble figure. Fifteen or twenty thousand stand of arms would be necessary to be carried along with the Tsar's troops, and the execution of the project could not be carried out but in summer, nor could it be done this year. If the Tsar were to send his troops with the Duke of Holstein at the head of them, and conquer Norway, Captain Hay thought it would be quite practicable, and at the same time give a notable opportunity for executing the Archangel project.

Not merely the "King," but all his supporters, bombarded the Admiral in turn. Sometimes they wrote in cipher, sometimes they signed over obviously fictitious names, while the mystic missives were carried to and fro between Rome and Kronstadt by mysterious messengers—from the Duke of Liria, grandson of James II, to plain esquires from the far north of Scotland who had followed their "King" into exile. Playing such a complicated game, the plotters simply revelled in one long excitement, which must have mitigated the melancholy of their exile and added immense zest to the long days of waiting.

Gordon's "zeal and prudence," in fact, was greatly in request on all sides. Thus Lady Jean Gordon, the daughter of the Duke of Gordon and the wife of the Duke of Perth, requested the Admiral from St. Germain in 1717 to get a post for M. le France as "a capitaine of a ship, whiche he understands perfectly uelle, having been imployed in that station in France all the last war, and would be still uer ther now annie service of that kind here" [France]. Then the Earl of Mar, writing as "J. Carny," kept Gordon thoroughly posted up in the progress of the plotters. As early as 1716 he expressed the hope that "Mr. Buckley" would come to the rescue, and to this end he prayed that "Buckley" and "Hanlon" (by which he meant Sweden) "would make up matters between them." "Brown, Buckley, and Hanlon," he wrote, "seem all to have the same rival [England] in trade, and it will be odd, as it will be a pitty, if they cannot make up matters amongst them and join against him [John Bull] who stands in their way."

The hopes of the Jacobites must have risen to a palpitating pitch when the young Duke of Liria was sent in January 1728 by the King of Spain as Ambassador to the Russian Court. The Duke was the son of the gallant Duke of Berwick, and had taken up his quarters permanently in Spain, where he is now represented by the Duke of Alba and Berwick.

The Duke was on the friendliest terms with Gordon, as may be judged from the following letter he wrote to him from Moscow on June 10, 1728—

DEAR FATHER,

I begin my letter as a son, accepting with great pleasure the honour you do me to adopt me, and you will always

find me very ready to obey your commands on all occasions. This is a very great day, and it shall be celebrated in my house as plentifully as can be. I am sure that at Kronstadt more than one great glass will go about to our dear master's health and restoration. I shall not forgett your Excellency's health ; which we generally drink every day. . . . Pray honour me with the continuation of your friendship, and believe me for ever, dear father, your most dutyfull son and most obedient humble servant,

LIRIA.

On November 16, 1730, Liria wrote again from Moscow—

Dear Father,—I have the greatest of concerns that I am obliged to leave this country without taking leave of your Excellency.

The fact was the Duke had come too late, for Russia was entering on a period of internal struggle which absorbed all her energies for the time being. The scene had changed rapidly. Peter died in 1725, Catherine in 1727, and his grandson Peter II in 1730. When the poor little boy, whom James addressed as "Mon frère," died, the princely family of Dolgorouki intervened with a plot which cost five of them their heads at Novgorod in 1739 ; and as one of them was hand-in-glove with the Jacobites, acting as a useful go-between with the Admiral, the last hopes of James crumbled to atoms, and the great plot became a subject of jest in England where the translation of an imaginary letter from "Sophy Solomon" (that is James) to his "dearest brother and great and glorious Majesty," the Tsar, was published as a nine days' joke.

Gordon had been far more useful to Peter as a man of business than as a Jacobite plotter, for the Tsar once asked him to write to Scotland and

England for two men that "knows how to find stone-cole by the marks they know upon the surface of the earth." It was probably Gordon who opened up a correspondence with Charles Ross of Balnagowan, who writing from Tain about the discovery of marble quarries there, in 1719, begs his "Tsarrien" Majesty to test them. Would Peter send some "knowing men" to see the stone, and "then His Majesty might make a better bargain by taking the quarries for a term of years until his great palace was finished."

It may have been in connection with some such commercial mission that the magistrates of Aberdeen made Gordon an honorary burgess in 1736, on the ground that he "still befriends the City." His Scotsness, at any rate, was fully maintained by his having married one of his own countrywomen, a daughter of Sir Thomas Elphinstone of Cadderhall, and the clannishness of the race came out in the elder of his two daughters, Anne Gordon, marrying (at St. Petersburg in 1726) Sir Henry Stirling of Ardoch, now represented by the family of Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, who possess several of the Admiral's letters. The second daughter, Mary, married an Englishman settled in St. Petersburg, named William Elmsal. I am not sure whether he had a son, though a Thomas Gordon, a merchant in St. Petersburg, who died in 1806, might answer to that description.

The Admiral died at his post in Kronstadt—he had a house on Admiralty Island—on March 19, 1741. The Jacobites were very sad, for they were again laying trains for another great *coup*; so when

Stirling told the "King" about the Admiral's passing, James Edgar wrote to Murray of Broughton, "His Majesty regrets the honnest Admiral very much. He would have you—if you find no inconveniety in it—tell so much to Sir Harry."

THE GREAT GLENBUCKET

THE "General"—a "very old man," and "much crouched." He rode on a "little grey Highland beast." He wore the "Highland dress," sported a white cockade, carried pistols, and marched in a hostile manner "at the head of a little army."

You might think this part of the "descriptive" writing of a modern war correspondent; with some emendations it might answer to Cronje after Paardeberg. As a matter of fact it is a collection of phrases from the evidence given in his absence at the Southwark trials of the Jacobite rebels against John Gordon, the laird of Glenbucket—by far the most determined of all the Gordons who followed the flags of the Fifteen and the Forty-Five.

He belonged to an obscure branch of the Aberdeenshire Gordons, who were intimately connected with the ducal line as factors or "chamberlains" of the Strathbogie portion of its enormous estates. His grandfather, George, started life on the farm of Noth, and then purchased from an older family of Gordon the estate of Knockespock. George's son John purchased in 1701 the lands of Glenbucket from another family of Gordon, who having become too big for their position smashed up. This John reinforced the Gordon blood in his son, the famous Jacobite, by marrying a Mary

Gordon (belonging to the Badinscoth family); which accounts for much in the General's career.

Born in 1673 or 1676, he was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, where he had the notorious Lord Lovat as a class-mate, and started his career loyally as a little laird. The parish of Glenbucket, which abuts on the hilly frontier of Banffshire, and its neighbouring parish the Cabrach were then and remained for many years afterwards out-of-the-way, wild places, inhabited by a particularly independent race of people, so that the men who ruled them were leaders of great force of character. Thus the laird became a power in his district, and though but a vassal of the ducal Gordons, "Glenbucket," as he was called, showed himself superior to his "superior" by his attitude to the Jacobite risings.

When the first of them broke out, the reigning Duke of Gordon was too old, too chary, and too closely watched to join. He had had quite enough of rebellion—in 1689 he had tried to hold Edinburgh Castle for the Stuarts—and had so little stomach for more adventure that he showed great disinclination to have any parleyings with the adventurous Colonel Hooke in 1705 and 1707, all the more perhaps because the Duchess, with whom he had parted company, was hand-in-glove with Louis's envoy. His son, the Marquis of Huntly, did join the rebels, but so half-heartedly that his name became a by-word. From the very first, however, Glenbucket remained staunch to the Stuart cause, and Major-General Alexander Gordon of Auchintoul also did much for the honour of the house.

The die was cast on August 27, 1715, when Lord Mar held his historic meeting of the chiefs at

Aboyne, one of the cradles of the Gordon family, and Glenbucket, who attended, was soon in the thick of it. The people in Deeside, Cromar and Strathdon refused to join the standard, so Glenbucket was requisitioned "for cureing of this"—

If you send but one hundred men (wrote Mar, September 9) it will do a great deal of good here (Deeside) and elsewhere too, and it will not only occasion my getting more men out of this country than otherwise I will do, but it will make them go with much better heart, and prevent desertion. . . . For God's sake make dispatch. . . . I'll be impatient to hear from you.

With the best will in the world, however, Glenbucket found the utmost difficulty in recruiting. The vassals of Lord Huntly would not condescend, he says, to give a man, and he adds—"without laying their insolence no man will willingly march from the country." At last he managed to get a following of 300, and joined the Jacobite army at Dunblane. He came in after a hard march complaining "griveously of his men's being fatigued, and of all their powder and armes being poyson'd with rain." They were a lawless lot—Glenbucket himself describes them as a "rabble"—for no sooner were they quartered in the church and town house than they set about breaking the benches to make a fire, Gordon being unable to hinder them.

Glenbucket was ordered to march to Dunfermline on October 22, and execute a series of movements which so undisciplined a battalion would have found next to impossible. As a matter of fact Colonel Cathcart surprised Glenbucket's men in their beds at Dunfermline and took several of them prisoners, including Gordon of Craig, and young Gordon of Aberlour. Indeed, the whole expedition was mismanaged, ending disastrously at Sheriffmuir, where

Glenbucket fought in the first line and presumably came off as badly as his master Huntly, who became the butt of the ballad-mongers.

Glenbucket, as the Marquis's right-hand man, was sent north with his rabble to checkmate the Earl of Sutherland, who, though a Gordon himself, threatened to harry the lands of his chief the Cock of the North. Major Fraser describes Glenbucket's appearance on the scene as "all bragg," but it was sufficiently fearsome to make the magistrates of Banff pay cess to him, and led Keith folk to call his men "monsters of wickedness" when they looted the town.

Early in January 1716, Glenbucket again went south to kiss the "King's" hand at Scone; but the game was up within a month, for the "King" left his realm in February, and Glenbucket surrendered to the laird of Grant in March. He was taken to Edinburgh Castle, from which he was ordered to march out with other prisoners on September 5, apparently on agreeing to put away his Stuart proclivities. At any rate, General Carpenter, who says he had "great power with all the Duke's followers and tenants," was quite satisfied with his protestations in 1719.

During the next thirty years he led the life of a local worthy, siding with his chief in all things. This devotion nearly cost him his life in the spring of 1724. The Duke set him a particularly difficult task—to tackle the Macphersons. His Grace never quite understood the Highland temperament, and both he and his father, the first duke, greatly incensed the Macphersons of Badenoch, who took a special dislike to Glenbucket as the instrument of the Duke's wishes. So as he was preparing

to go to bed one night in March, 1724, five or six of them broke into his house. At first they wished by-gones to be by-gones. They would pay their rent if he would withdraw the legal process he had taken out against them. Gradually edging near Glenbucket, who was ill at the time, they suddenly fell on him with their dirks and inflicted some wounds. But ill as he was, Glenbucket managed to get his broadsword, and, laying about him, as he doubtless did at Sheriffmuir in 1715, drove them out of the place. The incident roused the wit of Alexander Pennecuik, who wrote—

May that accursed clan up by the roots be pluckéd,
Whose impious hands had killed the good Glenbucket.
Villains far worse than infidel or Turk
To slash the body with your bloody dirk—
A fatal way to make his physic work !
Rob Roy and you fight 'gainst the noblest names,
The generous Gordons and the gallant Grahames.

His submission to the throne began to show signs of wavering. General Wade began to doubt him as “a dangerous fellow”—an opinion not shared by old Murray of Broughton, who though on the same side thought him a man of “very mean understanding with a vast deal of vanity.” He sold Glenbucket in 1737 to Lord Braco, the ancestor of the Duke of Fife, and went to live at a farm called St. Bridget. Apparently part of the purchase money he lent to the Duke of Gordon, who borrowed £20,000 from him in September 1742; the other part he spent on a journey to Rome, whither he went in 1738 with a scheme to raise arms for the “King.” His Majesty, however, did not think him well advised, but gave him a major-general's commission, which was burned in his house by the rebels eight years

after, greatly to his grief. Finally, the "King" dispatched him with instructions to "converse" with the leaders of the movement in Scotland.

When he came home he found he was closely watched by the Government, for the Duchess of Gordon gave Sir Robert Walpole warning. The Duchess, who was the daughter of Charles (Mordaunt), Earl of Peterborough, was a strong Protestant, and changed the whole point of view of the ducal family, which had hitherto been Roman Catholic in spite of many presbyteries. But as soon as the breath was out of her husband's body in 1728 she dismissed his domestic chaplain, the Rev. Robert Gordon, who translated the New Testament into English, and brought up her children as Protestants. When the Rebellion broke out she was in receipt of a pension from Government; her eldest son, the third duke, was all for the House of Hanover, two of her sons were in the Army, and another, Lord Lewis, was in the Navy, which he abandoned to follow the Stuart flag.

Whatever devotion went to the Jacobites came from Glenbucket, who had precisely reversed the process of his ducal master, although the instrument was again a woman's power, for his daughters had married real Highland chiefs, whose sympathies were pro-Stuart, and in some cases strongly against the ducal house. His eldest daughter, Helen, married, about 1727, John Macdonell of Glengarry, and thus became the step-mother of the Alastair whom Mr. Lang has described as "Pickle the Spy"—greatly to the indignation of some of Glenbucket's living descendants. She was a very capable woman, and proud of her descent, for, as her husband wrote

to the Earl of Sutherland in April 1745, she was "delighted with your clanship to the family of Gordon." James Roy Macgregor describes her as "a lady of great spirit." Her sister Isobel married her husband's first cousin, Donald Macdonell of Lochgarry, in 1737.

So old Glenbucket kept the flag flying. "I made it my business," he wrote to Edgar, "to keep up a spirit among the King's friends until the Prince came, who I had the happiness to wait off when he arrived (old and infirm as I was) amongst the first, and continued with him till that fatal and unhappy day at Culloden." Although he was seventy, if not older, he threw himself into the movement with the energy of a young man, so that the list of rebels shows 71 men of the name of Gordon as against 60 Macdonald and 57 Grants.

It was a proud day for Glenbucket when he was able to deliver into the Prince's hands at Glenaladale (August 18), Captain Swetenham of General Guise's regiment, who had been captured four days previously when on his way from Fort William to Ruthven. He received the Prince at Glengarry later in the month, and then began to recruit. Here, however, he found considerable difficulty, as he wrote from Huntly to the Prince on September 14, 1745—

I did beleive when I parted from ye armie that I would mete with no difficulty in raiseing ye countries I should come into on ye least advertisement when I had your highness' orders for that effect; but, contrair to expectation, by advyce of some unthinking people, I have had great difficultie to get some few together, and designe to march Munday next, but farther delay, if some unseen accident does not happen. I have not faill[ed] both by word and writ to use all endeavours to prevaill with great and small to joyne ye royall standart, and all pretences cane be used for delays I daily gett. It would be troublesome to your Royall Hyghnes to

give an long detaill of what has happened or I yet come, since ye bearer, Collonell Stewart, knows a good daill, as I have informed him to inform your Highnes. I waite here to have intelligence of two compannies of foott in their march to joyne Cope, and, if practicable, I inclyne to stope their march. Iff I faill or fynd it not convenient, I have advyce that I will fynd some horses and arms with some disaffected persone; and without loss off tyme shall have ye happines to waite of your Royal Highnes. I wish success and prosperity to your Royal Highnes, and ever remaine, with all dutiefull respect,

May it please your Royall Highnes, your Highnes most humble,
most devoted and most obedient servant,

JOHN GORDON.

Glenbucket's methods of getting recruits were frequently conscriptive. Thus a boy of seventeen, Charles Gordon, son of the farmer of Binhall, near Keith, told the judges at Southwark that he was seized by Glenbucket when on the way to a fair with his father's cattle. The father offered money, but Glenbucket said he wanted men not money, and damned him. So he was carried off on a hussar's saddle "surrounded by forty," and all his father, who had previously been imprisoned for protesting against Glenbucket's interference with the Duke of Gordon's men, could do, was to say, "Perdition catch the old villain!" John Burnett, another prisoner, also declared that he had been forced by Glenbucket to take up arms. He had fled from his house, but had been tracked down by the old man and "taken away with drawn swords and bound." Charles Gordon, the laird of Terpersie in the parish of Tullynessle, declared in a petition to the King that he had been press-ganged by Glenbucket, "who by force and violence forced every person residing in that country to join in that horrid attempt"; but this did not save him, for he was hanged at Carlisle. Terpersie's son James, though only a fifteen-year-old

school-boy, was "seized and forcibly carried into the rebellion" by a party of Highlanders, under the command of Glenbucket's son David. He was made a lieutenant in the artillery, which helps you to understand why Prince Charles never became king, and though so young was transported for his pains. A near kinsman of this boy, Alexander Gordon, of the Auchlyne family, who had been in Aberdeen when the old Pretender was proclaimed in 1715, attacked the rebels who were performing the ceremony, and wounded some of them. "It was the first blood that was draven—the first advantage gained in Scotland for His Majesty's cause," he afterwards stated in a petition to King George. Another example of Glenbucket's conscriptive measures occurred in the case of a tenant in Strathbogie named Leith, for he declared in his petition that Glenbucket threatened the neighbourhood where he lived with "fire and sword" if the people did not join him. Leith "fled his own house as long as there was any part to fly to in that country and showed all manner of reluctance to join."

Nor did he stop at poor tenants. Being in want of cavalry, he raided the studs of several lairds, and even seized some of the Duke of Gordon's horses, which made Sir Harry Innes of that ilk send his own horses for safety to the laird of Grant.

Having at last mustered enough of men, Glenbucket marched south to join the Prince, which he did on October 4, no doubt sorry that he had not been able to take his part at Prestonpans. He supplied a hundred men to the Prince's guard, and took a prominent part in the march into England on his "little grey Highland beast." Lord George Murray

says he carried a targe. "It was convex and covered with a plate of metal, which was painted. The paint was cleared in two or three places by the enemy's bullets."

At last Derby was reached in the beginning of December, and the old man must have been glad to get a rest. He was put up in Alderman Smith's house, and his men were billeted over the town. A remarkable account of their manners was sent to Sylvanus Urban by a Derby correspondent—

What really did afford me some mirth for an unavoidable laughter was to see these desperadoes, from the officers to the common men, at their several meals, first pull off their bonnets and then lift up their eyes in the most solemn manner, and mutter something to themselves by way of saying grace, as if they had been so many primitive Christians.

Their dialect seemed to me as if an herd of Hottentots, wild monkeys in a desert, or vagrant gypsies had been jabbering, screaming, and howling together; and really this jargon of speech was very properly suited to such a sett of banditti.

The melancholy retreat to the north found the old man as active as ever. On February 10 his men blew up the castle of Ruthven, and summoned the garrison to surrender—which, however, it did not do without terms. After harrying his district he went off to Culloden, fighting in the second line. Old as he was he managed to escape. "Is that a man or a beast?" asked a child in Auchindoun as it saw the retreating figure of the old man "crouching" over his pony—perhaps the little grey Highland beast which carried him to Derby.

For the next six months he led a miserable life lurking. While hiding in the neighbourhood of his home he saw his house pillaged and burned, and had to take refuge in the house of the Gordons of Croughly, a family which has produced an amazing

number of notable soldiers, including General Sir Benjamin Lumsden Gordon, R.A. He gives a vivid description of his misfortunes, bitter even from the distance of France, nearly eighteen months after the battle—

The damned Government of England had such spite and malice against me that when all was burnt, and taken away (her back clothes and children's), she got into a poor cottage, a tenant's house, there came a party to burn it, and did burn the next, which obliged her in the melancholy situation the children were. I had come out of a desert that morning, twelve miles from any country; where I had lain forty-eight hours under a rock, and had travelled terrible rocks and mountains in a prodigious rainy night; and after I had got a bit of meat, such as my wife had to give, I laid myself down on a little straw to rest; but behold, I was not lain three minutes, when I was told there was a party within half a mile, which obliged me to make off in haste. The party came before I got to a hill on the other side of a river, and burnt a house at the door where my wife and children staid, which obliged them to remove in all haste. I retired to a little wood, and continued there till night, when I travelled till day-break, and lay in a hill all the day. Some parties were near me searching; however, I was not found. When the night came I went to a poor man's house and changed my clothes with his rags, prevailed with the poor man to go along with me, and he put me down to the coast in the low country and returned, where I turned beggar, and allowed my hair to grow on my face, but that could not save me. Whatever disguise I put myself in, I had the misfortune to be suspected. Parties were sent from all places to search all the shires of Aberdeen and Banff for me, and not spare money to find me.

The Government grew particularly bitter when it was known that the Prince had managed to escape. "Our future care," wrote Lord Albemarle to the Duke of Newcastle on October 15, 1746, "must be employed in apprehending those chiefs that remain behind," among whom he names "old Glenbucket." But the old man managed to give them the slip. On November 5, in company with four other Jacobites, he smuggled himself aboard a

Swedish sloop on the coast of Buchan and was landed in Norway. He never saw his native land again.

He had become so used to "lurking" that he skulked about Norway till March (1747). "Through great mountains, rocks, and woods, in stormy, snowy weather," he plunged on and on, until by the time he reached Strömstad in Sweden he was able to go no further, and took to bed with fever. "Nobody," he wrote, with a shudder at the memory of these dreadful months, "expected life for me—people sitting by me every night, still expecting when I should breathe my last; yet it has pleased God to recover me. . . . I hope to see the King restored, and more heads go off or mine goes."

One thing troubled him greatly. His commission as major-general, granted by the "King" in 1738 on the occasion of his visit to Rome, had been burned up when the Government troops fired his house, and he felt the loss of it acutely. So he wrote to Edgar from St. Ouen on August 21, 1747, to get another copy of it for him—

If it is my good fortune [to get the duplicate]—for I esteem the honour more than anything this side of Time—I would beg the commission should be writ on parchment, because paper cuts and even loses the seal.

Edgar duly sent a copy of the commission, which had been dated January 28, 1738, so that the old man was made happy—only it was sent on paper, not on parchment, "on which I have never writ any commission of that kind."

Glenbucket moved in 1749 to Boulogne, which had become a great "howff" for the exiles, but they were all in poor spirits, and he flickered out on June

16, 1750, at the age of 77. His name and fame, however, long lingered in Aberdeenshire, where the legend still goes that George II sometimes would waken from his sleep in terror lest "de greet Glenbogget vas goming."

The rebellion proved a fatal blow to the family. By his wife, who was a Forbes, he had four sons and six daughters. The eldest, John, "younger of Glenbucket" as he went on being called, was blind—he had "drunk" himself into that state according to a manuscript in Mr. W. B. Laikie's possession. He was taken prisoner at his own house, carried to Inverness, and placed on board the transport *Pamela*, which took him to the Thames, where he was captive for months, undergoing "great hardships." His "inclinations," he told the Duke of Newcastle in a petition of September 6, 1746, "led him to remain quiet and peaceable," and he enclosed a certificate from his parish minister to bear witness to his total blindness. He was not released, however, till June 1747, when he was sent home with a solatium of ten guineas. His son William was also "out" in the rebellion. Old Glenbucket's second son, David, of Kirkhill, was his right-hand man. A third son, George, who was a lieutenant in the old man's regiment, was captured at Culloden, and died as a doctor in Jamaica. The fourth son, Alexander, was killed while fighting in the Russian service against the Turks in the Black Sea. In 1740 old Glenbucket wrote to Admiral Thomas Gordon, the Governor of Kronstadt, about "my son Sandie."

The estate of Glenbucket remained in the hands of the Duff family until 1884, when it was sold to a

Sussex banker, whose trustees sold it in 1901, when its new owner reverted to its earlier name of Glenbuchat. But the old warrior who rode into England on the "little grey Highland beast" will undoubtedly go down to history as Glenbucket.

THE WOOIN' O'T

IF the Gordons have found the "guidin' o't" a foregone conclusion in most things, "the wooin' o't" has given them as much trouble as it has to other people. But that has only added to their zest, for its pursuit presupposes precisely those emotional qualities in which they are most successful. It was therefore with rare insight that Scott, modernizing an old story, made young Lochinvar the *locus classicus* of romantic wooing, for although the ballad appears under different forms and titles, its spirit is essentially Gordonesque.

It is certain, and it is equally appropriate, that one of the earliest "parsons" of Gretna Green was one George Gordon. He was an old soldier, and invariably performed the ceremony in a tremendous cocked hat, scarlet coat, and jack-boots with a huge sword dangling from his belt. His "church" was a sort of barn, and his altar an ale-cask on which he placed the Bible. Mrs. Lee who eloped with the brothers Gordon had previously gone to Gretna Green with Mr. Lee, and an army officer, Abraham Cyrus Gordon, had bolted to Gretna Green with a Miss Locke in 1781.

The "hand-fasting" of "Jock" Gordon of Scurdargue with Macleod of Harris's daughter was a variation of marriage-by-capture, and gave the cue

as it were to many subsequent affairs in every branch of the family. Thus Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the second Earl of Aberdeen, really bolted with the third Duke of Gordon when she married him at Dunkeld. Her father, who did not like the alliance, as he was already brother-in-law to his proposed son-in-law, had sent her to her grandfather, the Duke of Atholl, and was thunder-struck when she wrote to him—

My dear Father,—I beg to inform you that I was married this day [September 3, 1741] to the Duke of Gordon. We propose in a few days to present ourselves at Haddo House, when I have no doubt we shall receive your blessing.

Her son Lord William's elopement with Lady Sarah Bunbury was therefore not so extraordinary, and her granddaughter Lady Charlotte Gordon's romantic wedding to Colonel Charles Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, was quite in keeping with tradition. The ceremony was performed in her mother Jane Maxwell's best dressing-room at Gordon Castle (September 6, 1789), and nobody knew of it except two women-servants till three days later, when it was announced at a big dinner-party by the Marquis of Huntly.

Lady Catherine Gordon's half-sister, Lady Henrietta, who married Robert Gordon of Hallhead, had a still more exciting experience, for she had a double dose of Gordon blood, her mother being the sister of Lady Catherine's husband. Lady Henrietta began her career in a courtship with Gordon of Whiteley. The affair fell through, much to the chagrin of both. Whiteley railed against her to everybody, "particularly her own relations, writing of the ill-treatment he had received from her to her

mother and brother," while she railed equally against Gordon and fled from a room as soon as he entered. In the summer of 1759 Robert Gordon of Hallhead arrived in Edinburgh from the Continent. The son of the lady whose Aberdeen residence had been absolutely cleaned out by Cumberland's soldiers on their way to Culloden, Gordon was a widower with a comparatively small estate, but Lady Henrietta agreed to accept him. Her mother was furious; her brother argued with her in vain. The battle raged a fortnight, and she won, in spite of all pressure, setting the lawyers to draw up contracts.

Having so far triumphed, she took quite a new tack, for during the transactions she admitted to her brother, the third Earl of Aberdeen (who had a notoriously bad reputation as a libertine), that she was in love with James Veitch of Eliock, who was afterwards raised to the bench as Lord Eliock. "Were he on the place and would take her yet, she would marry him and not Gordon." Then she got Lady Halkerton and Mrs. Baillie to inform Veitch's sister Mary by letter of her predilection. On Thursday, February 14, 1760, Mrs. Baillie followed up her epistle by calling on Miss Veitch, who described the visit to her brother in a spinsterly letter written on February 16—

I told her that she had many times given me such hints about Lady Harriott in former times, but that I thought it very improper to take notice of it; that Lady Harriott deserved a better match and a younger man; that for my own part I wished Lady Harriott very well, and if my brother and her had been pleased, I would have been pleased also. Mrs. Baillie then expatiated on her good qualities; how well Lady Harriott loved you; that she was sure were you here, she would instantly marry you without conditions and let you make them yourself afterwards. I told her I had never spoken in particular with my brother with regard to Lady

Harriott and could not tell what you thought of her ; but I thought you and she was not well enough acquainted to go so rashly into a marriage, and that your circumstances had not been what would have been felt suitable for the lady ; this and every objection I could make—such as her coqueting and hanging on every fellow she met with ; and I condescended on Whiteley ; on Robert Boggle, a nephew of Lord Woodhall's now at London, who wanted to have gone with you ; and another boy, one Gordon, I had seen with her at Mrs. Baillie's. Mrs. Baillie made light of it ; and said it was through the innocence of her heart and for sport that she diverted herself with these sort of folks.

Lady Henrietta was not satisfied with Mrs. Baillie's intervention, and called herself on Miss Veitch next day, February 15. She came first in the afternoon while Miss Veitch was out, and then called again in the evening, and “fell to the story directly, insomuch as I am quite ashamed of her”—

She repeated all that Mrs. Baillie had said before, and asked if I thought you would accept of her. She would allow me to write you the story and would put delays to the other till Wed.-sen'night, which was the return of this post, and if you should refuse her, she would then go on with the other. Did you ever hear such a story ? And how I am put to it to be civil and not tell her my mind. However, I did the best I could, and told her if such a thing had ever been suggested before and I had talked to you of it, I would then have told her what had passed ; but, as I had never had any conversation on that head with you, I could not tell what you would answer, but that I would write to be sure.

Having got thus far, she left for half-an-hour to see the Hallhead contract that was being drawn up, and, on returning, asked Miss Veitch to write to her brother the substance of the earlier conversation. Having slept upon it, she had strengthened her resolution so much in favour of the lawyer that she called again to get Miss Veitch to write two letters in case one should miscarry. But on leaving the houses she met Hallhead, and, turning back, begged her hostess to delay writing. Miss Veitch, a most

maidenly soul, was simply dumfounded, for, as she wrote her brother—

I thought I never got such a relief, because I'm determined to be off with them ; will keep myself out of their sight ; and, if there is to be any writing to you, let them do it as they please. . . . Nor do I understand such base ways of doing. They are either mad, or think other people very foolish. I'm so jumbled with these people's proceedings, that I'm not capable of saying anything, or giving you my opinions about this affair. But this genuine account will perhaps be of use and prepare you for a degree in case you are attacked from another quarter.

Two days later (February 18) Miss Veitch was still more "jumbled" by receiving the following letter from Lady Henrietta—

My dear Madam,—The many obligations I have received ever since I had the happiness of being of the number of your acquaintances makes me regret when I think of now being deprived, in a short time, of that usual pleasure I had in being allow'd at all times to have the pleasure of being addmitted whenever I did myself the pleasure of calling, and am sorry to say I did not imbrass it so often as my inclination would have led me, from auquardness [awkwardness], being sensible of my own weakness, and not having the least prospect of its ever having my desir'd efect, and am now still more at a loss than ever for words to express my gratitude, and true sentiments for the late and unspeakable favor you was so kind as make me understand you would have had the condensation to have mentioned to one whom I must own I have had an unmoved warm side to for some time past, and shall for ever regard and esteem, tho', alas, I have now no more in my power, nor never had to my knowledge, or none else should have had my hand I must confess, but it was too delicate an affair for me to let be known, as I knew one of so good sense would have shun'd then made up after ; and the prospect for ever debar'd from the pleasure of waiting of you, and of being in the horrid situation of refused, was a thing I could never once lett myself think of. But, in spite of this, I still hope you will allow me to wait of you err I leave the town, and when I return, if ever, will you be so kind as do me the favor of a visit ; at whatever place or time I assure you it will be doing me an unspeakable favour.

On March 2 she duly married Gordon. On the previous day Miss Veitch wrote to her "dear

Jamie," who was made a judge five days afterwards—

This marriage is the subject of conversation to the whole town. Some people who knew the man abroad speak well of him, and he is by no means so ill-looking as he was represented to me : he was pointed out to me on the street.

You see I have nothing to do now but sit still and be civil when she calls to see me, which I suppose she will do for she is allways rambling ; she has been little off the streets this fortnight bypast. I suppose she will follow this practise elsewhere, and that she will be met with in all the odd corners in and about London ; but that's none of my business now ; and everything about her and this affair shall ever remain a secret for me. I forgot to tell you that two days before she went to the country this week she called with an intention to make a long visit and have some conversation, as I was told afterwards. But the Miss Prestons and some others were with me, and she sat near half an hour, and went off, so have not seen her since. She left orders with Mrs. B. to make me acquainted with the man, but I excused myself.

Lady Henrietta bore Gordon three sons and three daughters. Her second son, William, was the grandfather of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the poet, whose eccentricity is not so astonishing when we recall his great-grandmother's curious history. Lord Eliock never married, dying in 1793, within a few months of his rival's own death. As for Lady Henrietta, she outlived both Eliock and her husband by twenty-one years.

Scarcely less remarkable was the marriage of Sir Alexander Gordon of Culvennan in Wigtonshire (1748–1830) with Grace Dalrymple of Dunragit. Sir Alexander, who was the brother of David, the victim of Giurgevo, belonged to the Earlstoun group of Gordons, descended from the seventh Lord Lochinvar. The lady of his choice had the blood of the M'Dowalls in her and did not forget it. She was the sister of Sir John Dalrymple Hay, and the

cousin of the fifth Earl of Dumfries, which only accentuated her pride. She was five years the senior of her wooer, to whom she wrote this remarkable letter on June 4, 1768—

Sir,—If I could have maintained a sufficient degree of composure to render me capable of expostulating with you by word of mouth, I should not have been inclined to have recourse to paper. Why will you subject yourself to perpetual mortifications by so often obtruding your company upon a woman to whom it is odious? You complain that my treatment of you is inconsistent with the delicate humanity I affect to extol. The charge is just, I confess it, and in your absence sometimes repent of it; but the instant I see you this temporary penitence is at an end. I then recollect every rudeness, every absurdity in your behaviour towards me. I regard you as an injurious, a cruel persecutor, who to procure a transient relaxation for his own mind wilfully disturbs the serenity of mine. Sentiments like these awaken my indignation. I am no longer attentive to the fopperies of complaisance, nor indeed have any other solicitude except how to find language expressive of my resentment and dislike. You again remonstrate. Whence arises this dislike? During the earlier periods of our acquaintance you testified no such aversion. Is it reasonable to hate a man merely because he declares himself your lover? My Lover! detested character! at least when assumed by you. Yet not even this could make you completely obnoxious. Look back, Sir, look back on your nauseous importunities, your opprobrious insinuations, your ridiculous jealousies, your insolent abuse, your abject submissions, your indecencies, your outrages—in short, take a retrospective view of your whole behaviour for near a twelvemonth, and blame me if you dare; or, if shame will allow it, continue to insist for my friendship. And yet I am your friend—I mean as far as benevolence requires. We are partakers of one common nature. As such I should pity you in misfortune or disease; nay, if my assistance could avail you, that you might command. Farther I cannot go. Never shall I behold you without uneasiness. Do you enquire the cause? First tell me why the rose is fragrant or the martagon fated? or why you esteem her whom you wish to contemn? A permission to visit here frequently is what I will not grant you; neither is it fit I should. You are wrong to desire it. By cultivating intimacies elsewhere you will quickly get rid of an attachment for me, if you really still feel or ever felt any. An opposite practice might produce an opposite effect, at least if your declaration be true that the worse you are used, you love the more.

If this epistle fails of its purpose, I shall be necessitated to

follow that severe method I hinted at last night. Don't compel me to it ; for I should yet be sorry to shock you : since, tho' you will perhaps doubt of it, I am, Your sincere welwisher.

The marriage was also opposed by Sir Alexander's own mother, for she wrote to Miss Dalrymple's father from Edinburgh on January 17, 1769, protesting—

I let you know that any steps Sandie shall take in that or any other marriage will be entirely without my sanction or concurrence for some years to come, and without my countenance he must bring himself into irreparable difficultys never to be recovered. And, Sir, it will not be agreeable to the rest of your character if you give your countenance to a thing that most hurt the bread of one and break the peace of a fatherless family, which I have reason, by yours of to-night, to be affraid off.

Dalrymple was equally firm, writing to Mrs. Gordon that—

As you are pleased to say, you for ye 2nd time let me know that your resolution is unalterable, so I must repeat it a third time that mine is as invariable as yours can be against concurring in any scheme of your son's without your entire approbation.

Charles Gordon, the first Earl of Aboyne, had once written a cure for rejection—

And if you'll not prove kynd to me
Yet true as heretofore
Your slave henceforth I'll scorne to be
Nor doat upon you more.

I mean to love and not to dott ;
I'll love for love againe :
And if ye say ye love me not
I'll laugh at your disdaine.

But Culvennan, as a descendant of Lochinvar, married his fiery lady-love (July 17, 1769) thirteen months after she had written her furious letter, and lived happily with her for fifty-two long years.

Their third son, David (1774-1829), and his son Alexander (1802-68) are particularly memorable to-day as pioneers of mechanical traction. David

invented portable gas, which was an unconscious step in the direction of the motor-car. He tried compressed air, and when he failed started to improve the existing carts and harness. In 1824 he invented an automobile which propelled itself by six hollow legs, at the lower extremity of each of which were feet to push upon the ground. In the same year he founded a society to promote a scheme for running carriages by means of a high-pressure steam-engine, or a gas vacuum or pneumatic engine, supplied with portable gas.

His son Alexander, who was born in New York, is the hero of a quaint little story. The Earl of Selkirk, an old friend of the family, while on a visit to the States visited the Gordons, arriving unexpectedly for breakfast. Alexander, who was then five years old, was sent in to entertain him. He had never heard of a lord in democratic America, but had been well versed in the Lord's Prayer. So to the Earl's astonishment he knelt down and proceeded to repeat it. He carried on his father's experiments, wrote *An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion by Means of Steam Carriages on Common Roads* (1832), and edited the *Journal of Elemental Locomotion* (1832-33), surely the first motor journal on record. He never ceased to urge the necessity of mechanical traction, for he saw in it an enormous source of wealth.

Of course he was opposed, notably by the great Dionysius Lardner, whom he suspected of damning him anonymously in the *Foreign Quarterly*, and also in the *Edinburgh Review*. But as we in this country have always fought shy of mechanical traction, putting all sorts of obstacles in the way of the

traction engine, and showing a recalcitrancy in the matter of the motor, the opposition to Gordon in 1832 is not astonishing. The opening article of his journal declared—

The substitution of inanimate for animate power is a project of indefinite extent, utility and application, whether viewed in its commercial, the financial, or moral bearings, and is a subject as a whole which nobody can overtake, nor individual adequately do justice to, but requires to be advocated in the popular manner which we purpose in this journal.

In his book on *Elemental Locomotion* he indulges in a peroration which proves that he had the gift of imagination—

We cannot but behold in perspective the certain eventual enlarged application of that beneficent agent which now makes the stately vessel walk the water as a thing of life ; which may direct the gladsome plough over the mountain's side ; and which shall assuredly, and that at no distant date, roll the tide of human life and the produce of human industry through all the, once more, prosperous glens and dales of renovated England.

Which shows that even in this respect the Gordons had the guidin' o't. Perhaps David and his son inherited their practicality from the lady who wrote the fiery letter to her wooer.

These romantic marriages did not always turn out so satisfactorily. A striking case occurred in the Knockespock family. Colonel Harry Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, who did yeoman service for his country in America, was secretly married in 1756 to Hannah Meredith, in her house at Third Street, Philadelphia, where she may have nursed him after the battle in which General Braddock was killed and Gordon was wounded. He was frightened lest his brother, a judge in Grenada, would object, so the ceremony was performed privately by an army

chaplain in the presence of an army surgeon and a lady. About 1763 the ceremony was repeated in public at the request of the lady's friends, who included Benjamin West the painter. Four sons and two daughters were born of the marriage, the two eldest, Peter and Harry, before the second ceremony. The third son, James, a barrister of the Middle Temple, though perfectly cognizant of the secret marriage, declared that his elder brothers were illegitimate, and raised an action to prove his case, which dragged on in the law courts for thirty miserable years. His attitude was a great trial to his mother, who wrote a pathetic letter about him in 1789 to her son Harry—

I am afraid James has lost sight of all affection or what can make him agreeable to an honourable man. God forgive him, and, my dear Harry, I hope you will forgive him for entailing slavery upon you and yours. I may say with Eve, "Curse me not, my son." I must say I erred, not from the rules of honour in what I did [in privately marrying Colonel Gordon] nor deviated from the path of virtue. Had I no child but James I would publish to the world my life. I am confident I shall be excused : but he has none and none shall I ask of him : he has done his worst. May God forgive him. Take care of your health, for from you my support is to come and your dear sister. We think James has dealt hardly with us.

Fortunately the case, which Swanston reports at great length, was decided in 1818 by Justice Parker and a jury against the barrister.

The practical side of matrimony was represented by a parish minister of the name of Gordon, who, on coming from Scotland on a visit to London in 1807, wrote to his consort in the parish of Urquhart—

On receipt of this you will write me. You have great time and you cannot be better (and, I flatter myself, more agreeably) employed. Whether I am attentive or negligent, I must make a



point of your writing once, if not twice, a week. . . . I have neither time nor inclination to write long letters, but I think I have some cause to find fault with you in not writing me oftener.

That seems tyrannical ; yet the lady must have felt justified in her choice by the declaration in a subsequent epistle—

Be sure of my steady love and affection. I find that neither your looks, nor anything else can make any abatement there.

THE ELOPEMENT OF LADY SARAH BUNBURY

ON August 14, 1770, a young man "once esteemed at the British Court as one of the most accomplished noblemen of the age" set out for Rome "with the full determination never to return." Describing him discreetly if incorrectly as "the Right Hon. W——G——," the *Gentleman's Magazine* informed its readers that he had cut his hair close to his head. "He carries a knapsack on his back, and intends walking to Rome on foot with no other companion than a very big [Newfoundland] dog." He had divided his horses and dogs among his acquaintances, several in particular to his young friend the "Earl of T.," so that he was quite the pilgrim.

Such was the dramatic curtain of the dramatic elopement of Lord William Gordon with Lady Sarah Bunbury in January 1769. The affair had been a nine days' wonder, and had made the Quality laugh, and the scurrilous scribes who perpetrated amazing libels amid a great parade of initial lettered dashes had coined money in telling the story with burlesque exaggeration. So different, however, is the manner of our own time that when Lady Ilchester and her son, then Lord Stavordale, wrote the life of Lady Sarah seven years ago, they discreetly fell back on the blank (1768–1775) that occurred in

Lady Sarah's correspondence with her friend Lady Susan O'Brien, which covers the mad moment of her long, and otherwise blameless, life.

Lord William Gordon was the second son of Cosmo, third Duke of Gordon, by his wife Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the second Earl of Aberdeen. This double dose of Gordon blood was bad for the peace of mind of the ducal family, which was emerging from a period of great peril, when its flirtations with Jacobitism had given anxiety to its best friends. When the Duke died at Amiens in 1752 his widow, left with six young children—three boys and three girls—showed the utmost anxiety to assure the Crown of her loyalty, and as if to prove her case up to the hilt she raised a regiment, the 89th—nominally organized by her sixteen-year-old son, the fourth duke—getting the command of it for her second husband, Staats Long Morris, whom she had married apparently to lend her a hand in guiding her brood. She had need, for the boys had high spirits, the youngest, Lord George, being the future rioter, while Lord William was to try her patience in another way.

Lord William was born at York on August 15, 1744, and was so carefully educated that a contemporary critic, not otherwise favourable to him, assures us that he had "the happy art of pleasing in conversation and convincing in argument, founded on great natural parts cultivated by a classical education." As if to ensure his treading the path of duty, which his immediate ancestors and some of his kinsmen had been prone to leave, his mother got him a lieutenancy in her regiment at the age of fifteen; and having travelled in Europe with his brother the

duke during 1762-63, he got a commission in the 37th Foot in 1764.

That was the year when he first came across Lady Sarah Bunbury. The daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, she was born in London on February 14, 1745, being some six months Lord William's junior. She lost her father when she was five years old, and in 1758, at the age of thirteen, she went to reside with her sister, Lady Caroline Fox, at Holland House, where you may still see Reynolds's picture of her leaning from her casement like Juliet from the balcony. The attitude was symbolic, for Lady Sarah had many a Romeo at her feet within the next few years, notably Lord Carlisle, Lord Erroll, Lord Newbottle, and no less a personage than the Prince of Wales himself, who was seven years her senior. From the famous afternoon when, as a tiny maid of five, she had saluted George II in Kensington Gardens with a curtsy and "*Comment vous portez-vous, M. le Roi?*" she had been a great favourite with the Court. The Prince of Wales was desperately in love with the beautiful girl, and when he came to the throne in 1760 he would fain have made her his queen, for as yet there was no Royal Marriage Act in force. But Lady Sarah did not know her own mind. So she went hunting in Somerset, broke the King's heart (and her own leg), and by the time she was better she heard that His Majesty had decided to marry the little Brunswick princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The King, however, selected Lady Sarah—it was a bitter task—to be one of the bridesmaids at his marriage. "She was by far the chief angel," says Walpole, and during the ceremony,

which took place at ten in the evening, His Majesty's eyes were all for the sweet seventeen who might have stood in Charlotte's place had she only known her mind. A few months later she became the wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, a young buck about town, whom all sportsmen remember as the owner of Diomed, the winner of the first Derby. It was a melancholy mating, for the pair had very little in common. She tried a diversion, the *Town and Country Magazine* would have us believe, by an affair with a Captain S., "the submissive duellist," but nothing serious happened till Lord William appeared on the scene.

The two had much in common. Almost of an age they were both handsome. Both of them had lost their fathers while they were yet children, and both of them had brains—Lady Sarah was yet to become the mother of the historian of the Peninsular War. Lord William soon became her favourite. The young soldier was tall, his features were regular and expressive, his hair was remarkably fine, and "his whole person completely elegant." As for the lady, Mrs. Piozzi once called her "gloriously beautiful." She was "a universal toast and admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the constant object of their detraction." She had an oval face, with sparkling blue eyes, "which gave additional lustre to a most transparent complexion, further heightened by the finest auburn tresses flowing down a taper neck that rivalled all touches of the imitative pencil." She was the mistress of "a great extent of knowledge acquired from books, which a tenacious memory and a vivacious imagination displayed to much advantage"; while her

husband was more familiar with racing than reading. Bishop Butler once spoke of Lady Sarah as "our Jane Shore," but he confessed himself unequal to the task of reproving her as he felt he ought to have done.

Lord William and the lady carried on a platonic friendship for four or five years. People talked, it is true. Thus George Selwyn, writing to Lord Carlisle on February 26, 1768, significantly says—"Young Nugent is set out for the S[outh] of France. Lord W. Gordon would not do amiss to do so likewise." But his lordship lingered in London; and the lady got more and more weary of her sporting spouse. The progress of the affair was described vividly, if fictitiously, in a curious book, entitled *The Lovers, or The Memoirs of Lady Sarah B—and the Countess of P—*, published by Mr. Treysac de Vergy, Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris. It consists of fifty-two imaginary letters. One of them from Lord William to Lady Sarah, which may be quoted as a specimen of an out-of-date method of scandal-mongering, runs like very lava—

Thou hast a noble soul, Sarah; that soul I adored long before thy beauty had captivated my heart. Thy virtues every one knew, every one spoke of, with all the enthusiasm of love. I heard the uncommon praises and wished for thee. Wit, sense, vivacity, united to an exquisite form! Rapturous were my longings to see thee. Each hour of the day my imagination realized the moment of our interview. Thou wast the ever pleasant object of my thoughts and dreams—I saw thee, talked with thee, was lost in thee—thy presence enlivened my transports—I admired and adored. Then only I valued a life I could consecrate to thee—dear Sarah, I owe thee more than my life; I owe thee my pleasures—their poignancy is only thine—no other woman can give it. Oh, would that fate had ordered me for thy husband! The name wouldst thou have known—the lover had for ever been

before thee. I know thee—and thou canst not be mine! Excruciating misery! not mine. I'll think myself into madness. For me, thou has despised the opinion of the world—submitted to want. For me thou wearest the fetters of an odious slavery—and thou canst not be mine!

Oh, Sarah! fly to me; abandon the merciless wretches who cry to thee “follow him not”—with mine thy happiness is centred—fly to thy lover—he is not rich, but he loves thee; thou art the sole treasure his heart dotes upon. Come to the hospitable cottage I have prepared for thee—my passion will ennoble it—will diffuse all its illusions—will charm the dreary prospect, ever new, ever enchanting; it will brave the contempt of men and the terrors of indigence. I will see thee, thou wilt smile. Oh fly, fly, my arms are open to welcome thee.

Wholly imaginary as this is, Lady Sarah did “fly” to her William’s arms. Unfortunately for him he had failed to get into Parliament, which might have occupied his mind, for he had been defeated on April 21, 1768, for Aberdeenshire by Alexander Garden of Troup.

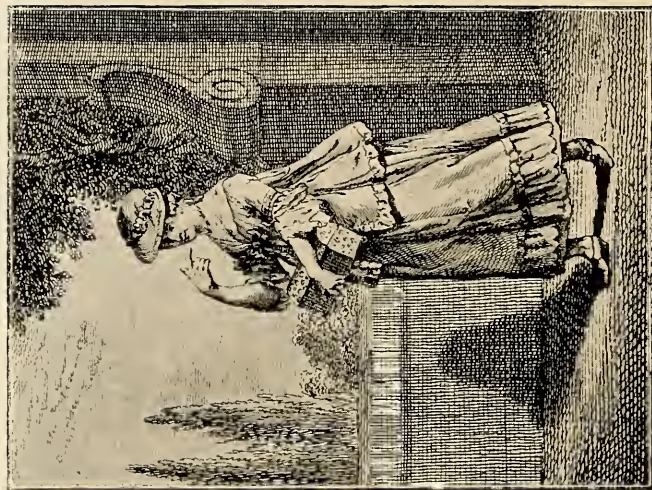
On January 29, 1769, Sir Charles drove with her from his house in Privy (now Whitehall) Gardens to his place at Great Barton, Suffolk. They put up for the night at Hockerill, in Essex, and next morning Bunbury came back to town. Lady Sarah, however, did not continue her journey to Suffolk. She was met at a village by Lord William, bringing with her her two-months-old daughter Louisa, who died of consumption in 1785 in her seventeenth year. A waiter is said to have recognized them, and Lord William drew his sword on the man and fled with the lady.

Crossing the river, they presented themselves at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, the house of the young Duke of Dorset, who had succeeded his uncle only a fortnight before. Being a friend of Sir Charles, his Grace declined to harbour the eloping lovers;



LADY SARAH BUNBURY AND LORD WILLIAM GORDON, WITH WHOM SHE ELOPED IN 1769

Lady Sarah (born 1745) was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, married Sir Charles Bunbury in 1762, and eloped with Lord William Gordon in January 1769. This picture, showing her disguised as a clergyman, appeared in a burlesque of the elopement entitled, *The Lovers; or, the Memoirs of Lady Sarah B— and the Countess of P—*, issued in 1769. Lady Sarah, who afterwards married the Hon. George Napier, died in 1826.



Lord William Gordon (born 1744) was the son of the third Duke of Gordon. He is here shown (from *The Lovers*) disguised as a lady's-maid. When Lady Sarah Bunbury was divorced by her husband, Lord William did not marry her, but took to wife in 1781 an heiress, the Hon. Frances Ingram (who died in 1841). Lady Sarah married six months later. Lord William died in 1823, and his daughter in 1831.

so off they made again. On February 8 Lady Sarah appeared (alone) as "Mrs. Gore" at the door of a Mrs. Bissell at Redbridge, near Southampton. She told the good woman that she had made a runaway marriage; and, sure enough, next Sunday (February 13) "Mr. Gore" duly arrived. Of course the hospitable Bissell had no idea that the pair were to be found in the peerages, and she entertained them until March 30, when she learned the true facts of the case.

From Redbridge they went on to Carolside, near Earlstoun, in Berwickshire, the very cradle of the Gordons, and redolent of the lovers' prototype, young Lochinvar. Here they are said to have made a walk along the banks of the Leader, long known as the Lovers' Walk, and here they planted two thorn trees, which lingered long in the land.

The Town meantime rang with the story of the eloping lovers. Indeed, it is difficult to convey a clear idea of the sensation that the affair caused, for the two were both in the front rank of Society, and were connected with the best families. Lady Sarah's brother, the Duke of Richmond, and his wife, who was a daughter of Lord Ailesbury, were accounted the best-looking couple in England, the Duchess having been painted once by Gainsborough and seven times by Reynolds. One of her sisters, Lady Holland, reigned at Holland House, and another was Duchess of Leinster; while Jane Maxwell, Lord William's sister-in-law, was already a notable. The "gutter press" made merry over the affair. Thus the *Town and Country Magazine* for April (1769) came out with one of its *tête-à-tête* interviews, giving portraits of "Gordianus" and "Messa-

lina"—though it was too bad to compare Lady Sarah with the notorious consort of the Emperor Claudius. "It is pretended," wrote the anonymous gossip, "that B[unbury] consulted some of his most intimate friends as to whether he should fight Gordianus;" but he was dissuaded from a challenge by the advice of a wag, who told him that "if he went alphabetically to work it would not be Gordianus' turn these ten years, though his name was but the seventh in the alphabet."

On the other hand—for Society took sides—Lady Sarah's friends regarded Lord William as the aggressor. They boycotted him, and he not only resigned his commission in the Army but he ceased to appear in public. At last he sought to forget his Venusberg, as Tannhäuser did, by setting out (August 14, 1770) on a pilgrimage to Rome, though whether he ever got there I cannot say.

As for Lady Sarah, she was taken by her brother the Duke of Richmond to Goodwood, where he built her a small house, Halnaker, and there she stayed during the next few years. Three days after Lord William's start for Rome she wrote, according to the fertile imagination of a *Town and Country Magazine* scribe, the following letter to her husband—

MUCH INJURED SIR,

Dare I address these lines to you, after the conduct I have pursued, replete with the blackest ingratitude? The amiable lover, the kind friend, and tender, the too indulgent husband, was requited by a woman, who cannot even plead ignorance for her excuse, and through the choice of her own inclinations, with infidelities forgiven and repeated, till broad shame stared you in the face, and made you most justly abandon her.

But guilty as I have been, more strongly seduced by vanity and fashion, than a natural propensity to vice, I have not lost the power of reflexion; nor are those sentiments you have often

applauded so entirely erased from my breast, as not to make me look back with horror at my past conduct.

Our passions gone, and Reason in her throne,
Amaz'd we view the mischiefs we have done.
After a storm, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

If the most sincere contrition, united to a just notion of your many virtues, most excellent man! if an immutable resolution of never more deviating from the most rigid paths of honour! if an utter abhorrence of my seducers, can form any mitigation of my guilt, can palliate the offences I have given you, let me, I intreat you, lay claim to some small share of your friendship, though I should ever be precluded from your love.

As a prelude to my reformation, be assured that all the regard and partiality I entertained for Lord W[illiam] G[ordon] are contrasted by horror and detestation. The indignities he has offered my person, and the repeated ill-usage I have received from him, would be a sufficient apology from my present sentiments concerning him, did not the least dawn of reason, and a moment's reflexion, point out the infamy of the connexion. Let me cherish, tenderly cherish, the stings of remorse, that now prey upon me almost to despair; for this life has now no consolatory hope in store for a wretch like me, unless I should obtain your forgiveness—but how vain the thought!

Pardon, Sir Charles, the presumption of this letter, and if you have any pity to confer, bestow it on your once loved, and now most miserable,

SARAH B[UNBUR]Y.

*Near Goodwood,
Sussex, August 17 [1770].*

Little is known of Lord William or the lady during the years of their retirement. At last, on May 14, 1776, Sir Charles divorced Lady Sarah. "I am not sorry," she wrote to her friend, Lady Susan O'Brien, although she confesses she had long cherished the hope, "much longer than I ought to have done," that he would take her back. The decree set the world talking again, and Lady Sarah felt it without hearing it, even in her quiet retreat at Goodwood—

Altho' I take care the newspapers shall not offend me by never looking at them, yet I suppose others do. I am very eager to go

anywhere out of the way. . . . My spirits are not so low as they are worried and perplex'd. I long to be gone, as being *quite* alone is not pleasant ; and yet I hate to see anybody even the servants, whom I know studdy the newspapers and I suppose make their remarks upon me, as I sit at dinner.

She felt more acutely for Sir Charles even than he did himself, and, as she says, "never felt satisfied not to have received his pardon." It was, therefore, with delight, commingled with a kind of terror, that she accepted his suggestion of calling on her when she came to town early in 1779. She describes how he set her at her ease by avoiding all reference to the affair of ten years ago, and how he talked about the conduct of Lady Derby, the immediate predecessor of the beautiful Miss Farren, "just as I would wish him to talk about mine"—

The very friendly manner in which he treated me gave me the most comfortable feel, and to add to my satisfaction he has shewn all sorts of kindness to my dear little Louisa, whom he told me he liked vastly.

Sir Charles, in his kind, blunt way, could not understand why she should feel "put out of countenance" ; but, if Lord William kept quiet, the notoriousness of his crazy brother, Lord George, from the time of his election for Ludgershall in 1774 to his espousal of mob law in 1780, and his melancholy death in Newgate in 1793, must have been a constant reminder to her of her escapade with his brother.

Meantime Lord William's sister-in-law, Jane Maxwell, had set herself to rehabilitate him ; for Wraxall declares that it was she who got him the appointment of Deputy-Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks—"one of the most enviable sinecures of the Crown"—in February 1778. The post was worth only £400 a year ; but the Lodge in the

Green Park, which went with it, and which Lord William improved immensely at his own expense, was very much in request owing to its magnificent position. In April 1778 he returned to the Army as lieutenant-colonel of the Northern Fencible Regiment, which his brother the Duke had raised. In 1779 his mother died, and in 1780 he was elected M.P. for the county of Elgin, and in 1784 of Inverness, while in 1782 he was made Vice-Admiral of Scotland, retaining office till 1795.

I have reason to believe that Lord William spent some of the years I cannot account for in Holland, where his brother George was a familiar figure. Despite the fact of his appointment to the Deputy-Rangership of the Parks and to Parliament, he seems to have issued at Amsterdam a curious political squib in Dutch. It consists of an octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages, and will be found in the British Museum bearing this title-page, translated—

Catalogue of an Uncommonly Curious and Rare Collection of Manuscripts relating to the Past and Present State of England: Comprised in 341 Folio Volumes, all handsomely bound in the English fashion, and many other volumes of smaller form, besides parcels of Manuscripts; also drawings and engravings by the most famous artists, some of which are in costly frames with the finest glass, from the Royal Cabinet Art Galleries, unequalled in Europe. All collected with indefatigable industry, and at great expense,

By LORD W. GORDON.

The above will be sold on March 30, 1781, at the house of Thomas Henly, bookseller, London, where the collection may be viewed during a week before the sale, and this catalogue may be obtained, price fourpence.

It is difficult to place much reliance on any statement in this strange Catalogue. A curious

incident is mentioned in the preface by Thomas Henly, the London bookseller, as follows—

Sir,—We have considered it proper—having caused this catalogue of a rare and important collection to be printed in English, French, and Dutch—that a few copies should be presented to you, which we now have the honour to send you. There will, no doubt, be many connoisseurs in Holland disposed to acquire some portion of this collection, but if you favour me with any orders or commission to such an effect I shall have much pleasure in executing it according to your wishes.

You may feel assured that the collection is perfectly genuine. His lordship had while residing here [Holland?] spent a great part of his money, as well as of his time, in procuring and arranging these objects of interest ; but the reputed merit of the collection as formed by him was so much lessened in public estimation by the circumstances of his imprisonment that he determined to part with the whole of it some time ago.

This reference to “imprisonment” is very puzzling. It would apply very well to Lord George Gordon, his brother, who published several skits in Dutch, and who was imprisoned for the anti-Catholic Riots in London in June of the previous year (1780). But though I have nowhere come across a reference to Lord William’s ever having been in prison, his name occurs again in the booklet, so that there can have been no mistake about its having been William and not George who was meant. At the back of the title-page you read—

On account of the peculiar circumstances attending a sale of memorials of this character at the present day, the purchasers will be expected to pay tenfold the ordinary rate of commission to the agent employed to buy them.

Similarly, the items for sale are obvious jokes. Thus—

An excellent collection of journals of almost all the naval conflicts between the English and Dutch fleets related in the English manner, which is very untruthful ! At the end of every paper Lord William Gordon has written, “Heaven preserve us !” with

his signature. To Lord Stormont's account of engagements in which the Hollanders were victorious, if he has not struck them out with his pen, he had added "Dem the Dutchman!"

Programme of a new Common Prayer Book, which is not to contain any prayers for the welfare of the common people. Drawn up jointly by John Wilkes and Lord William Gordon. This project failed, because the upper classes in England have now entirely left off using any prayers.

Lord William may have had some curious experiences in Holland, for a Dutch scholar has drawn my attention to an extraordinary incident in a novel called *Majoor Frans* (1875), written by the Dutch romancer, the late Madame Bosboom-Toussaint, and translated into English by James Akeroyd in 1885. The story, which is told of 1861-5, gives an account of a certain Miss Francis Mordaunt, who lived with her grandfather, General von Zwenken, at the Castle de Werve, near Utrecht. Her father had been an English naval officer, Sir John Mordaunt, who had left England in disgust and married the Dutchman's daughter. Their boy died, and Sir John insisted on turning the girl into a boy, after the manner of the Marchioness of Castlejordan in Mr. Pinero's comedy *The Amazons*, and calling her after her dead brother, Francis. When she was quite a girl an old schoolfellow of her father's at Eton, a certain "Lord William" (she never knew his family name), came to stay with them.

Lord William had left England for a time on account of some painful domestic occurrences with his wife. He seemed to be rich enough, brought his own valet, and placed in his host's house a valuable collection of books and objects of art [which corresponds with the catalogue I quote] and objects of fine art and curiosities. He was a very accomplished gentleman, of highly cultivated mind, a student of history and antiquarian lore, a connoisseur of art, with a knowledge of several languages and literatures, and with an enthusiastic love of poetry. His conversation was most interesting and his manners were most dignified, unaffected, friendly and

charming. Lord William rode well, but did not care for hunting or shooting. In person he was not athletic, but alert and active. Some people called him ugly, but the hard-lined features of his pale countenance, slightly pitted by small-pox, with a sharp, aquiline nose, keen eyes, and high forehead, around which the stiff, short brown hair rose in little curls that no brush could lay smooth, were tolerable in a man between forty and fifty years of age.

The story goes on to state that Lord William made love to the girl, who on hearing that he was married and had to return to London "to preside over the meeting of some Archæological Society to be held there," fought a duel with him. Now it is a curious fact that Lord William Gordon was the grandson of a Mordaunt, daughter of the famous Earl of Peterborough; that he also had literary and artistic tastes; and that he had to leave England "to avoid a lawsuit which would have caused much scandal in high life," and "to escape the condolence of friends and the raillery of adversaries." Dutch critics themselves have failed to identify Lord William, who of course may be wholly fanciful.

For some reason, which is not clear, Lord William did not make Lady Sarah an honest woman, for on March 1, 1781, he married the Hon. Frances Ingram—not "Major Francis"—the second of the five daughters of the ninth and last Viscount Irvine (1726-78). The lady, who was only twenty at the time, was seventeen years the junior of Lord William, and as she was a ward in Chancery, he had difficulty in marrying her, although he did so at her mother's seat. The Ingrams had risen to a Scots peerage in 1661 from a tallow-chandler who married a haberdasher's daughter, but they had been peculiarly unlucky, for the nine viscounts (1661-1778) represented only four generations, the first

peer having been succeeded by two sons in turn, and the third by five sons, and last of all by a grandson. Miss Ingram's elder sister had made a good match five years before by marrying Viscount Beauchamp, afterwards second Marquis of Hertford. Lady Ingram probably had higher hope for Frances, as Lord William was still a marked man. There is a significant reference to him in a letter which James Hare wrote Lord Carlisle on February 13, 1781—"Richard lately held his faro bank at which Lord W. Gordon is the deepest player, meaning, I suppose, by his prudent behaviour to remove the Chancellor's objection to Miss Ingram's marrying him." That Lord William should have bolted with one woman, and then gambled for a second, whom he married in defiance of the Woolsack itself, was very Gordon-esque.

Although Lady William was ultimately well off, her mother, an illegitimate daughter of Samuel Shepherd, M.P. for Cambridge, being an heiress, it seems clear that the young people did not start in the lap of luxury, Lady Irvine apparently having refused supplies. Thus in the year following the marriage we find Lord William borrowing from Captain Finlason, a fellow-officer in the Northern Fencibles, £200 to carry him from Aberdeen to London; he had not repaid the loan twelve years later. When Finlason came to town in 1792 he got a new bill with interest amounting to £310, but though requested "in letters on letters" to reimburse the money, Lord William gave neither payment nor an answer. So Finlason wrote rather piteously to Lord William's brother, the Duke of Gordon's factor, on June 24, 1794—

It is very hard upon my family to lose this money, which I earned hard and paid out of my pocket at a time his lordship needed it much, and the return now is for asking my own, ever begging it in the most respectful terms, *great* offence taken. I may, therefore, say with Shakespear, "The loan oft loses both itself and friend." It occurs to me that if Lord William shall be paid a sum annually by his brother equal to Admiralty out of the Seals, I must try to obtain his consent for the Duke paying me the £300 either in whole or in partial payments and deducting it from Lord W——. The Duke knows very well all about it, and considers my case a very hard one.

At this period (1792–96) Lord William was M.P. for Horsham.

Six months after his marriage, Lady Sarah Bunbury married (August 21, 1781) as his second wife Colonel George Napier, son of the sixth Baron Napier, although after her divorce she had been very dubious of a new experiment. "Nothing," she told Lady Susan O'Brien in 1776, "can possibly benefit any man or me to do so imprudent a thing but a great deal of affection indeed," and three years later she declared, "love has ever given me a heavy heart." Her marriage with Napier proved a complete success. She bore him five sons and four daughters. Three of the sons, including William, the historian of the Peninsular War, were distinguished generals. It is a very curious fact that while one of her daughters married her husband's nephew and successor, Sir Henry Bunbury, her own nephew, the fourth Duke of Richmond, married Lord William Gordon's niece, Lady Charlotte Gordon, the hostess of the Waterloo Ball.

From the time of his marriage Lord William's life was blameless, if we except the debt he owed poor Finlason. He had a beautiful wife—Reynolds painted her in 1786 as Ariadne—a nice house in the

Green Park, and hosts of friends, including the Duke of Queensberry, who left him £12,000. His circle included Lady Hamilton, who, on telling him about her avocations with Nelson, after the Admiral came home from Copenhagen in 1801, received the following rhyming epistle from Lord William, which is buried among the Egerton MSS. at the British Museum, and shows he had a pretty wit—

So kind a letter from fair Emma's hands
Our deep regret and warmest thanks commands.
Ah! Lady, could we both with happier you,
Now form a part of gallant Nelson's crew,
Six sable, foaming coursers, long ere night,
Had brought us willing, to—the Bush—Tom White;
There, to have witnessed Father Thames's pride,
While Anthony, by Cleopatra's side—
While you, I mean, and Henry—in a wherry
Are, cheek by jole—afloat there making merry.
But sickness and old age resist the will,
And keep us bound, in Piccadilly still.
Yet since nor sickness nor old age can bind
The frequent—friendly wishes of the mind,
We send them, fresh and fresh, by every wind,
Though, to say truth, I should not vastly like
To trust my dinner to an uncaught pike.

At five at Staines, I, gladly, would take post,
Close to the Cavallero—and a roast!
And should he talking better like than eating,
Lend him an ear, while mouth was stowing meat in;
And, on his water pranks, while he was dwelling,
Of bites confirmed and doubtful nibbles telling,
I still would listen (though I thought it dull)
Till he was out of breath, and I chokefull.
Or, if it were his fancy, to regale
My ears with some long subterraneous tale,
Still would I listen, at the same time picking
A little morsel of Staines ham and chicken.
But should he boast of Herculeaneum jugs,
Damme! I'd beat him with White's pewter mugs.

The little reverend Mistress Nelson next
Shall be our Muse's very welcome text,
And should the verse of praise be longer far
Than any of her husband's sermons are,

It will be better listen'd to, I'm sure,
 And, what is more—believed by all his cure.
 Next, to her baby [Charlotte, afterwards Lady Bridport],
 with her cheeks of rose,
 Her teeth of ivory—and eyes of sloes ;
 Ah ! henceforth never may she unmov'd look
 On the poor worm—that writhes upon the hook !
 Nor seek, with cruel guile and barbed steel,
 The guileless victims of a murderous meal !
 But, recollecting still the tortur'd fish,
 Heave a young sigh, and shun the proffer'd dish ;
 With glistening eyes confess the morning's guilt,
 And shed atonement for the blood she spilt.

Not so the parson ! [William, afterwards Earl Nelson]
 on it let him fall,

And, like a famish'd otter, swallow all !
 Nor for the gudgeon's suffering care a groat,
 Unless some bone stick in his own damn'd throat.
 Now here, perhaps it may not (by the way)
 Be much amiss a word or two to say
 Of this same pastor, who to every claim
 Of individual merit, adds a name ;
 A name which shall remain to latest time
 In every nation and in every clime
 Revered and honoured ! long as Nile shall flow,
 Long as the changeful winds of Heaven shall blow,
 Long as our ships to northern seas shall steer,
 Or naval glory be to Britons dear.

But stop, my Muse ! avast here, if you please,
 Or, damme ! you'll run longer than all these ;
 Though, when you've got brave Nelson on your back,
 You'd prove yourself a curs'd unworthy hack
 If you should spurring want, or tire, or jade,
 Ere round the world a journey you had made ;
 Though for that job he has a nag more steady,
 For fame has carried him twice round already.
 But, to return to the same worthy vicar,
 Who loves, you say, good eating and good liquor.
 Know, lady, that it is our earnest wish
 That we, ere long, may greet him—Lord Archbish.
 For this no common pains, or I'm mistaken,
 Our best of friends, the Duke [of Bronte] hath lately
 taken.

And if a mitre fall not on his head
 Justice and gratitude are gone to bed !

Of Norfolk Sally you have nothing said
 Though she be such a pretty black-eyed maid.

But, lady, lest the rector go astray,
 Read the commandments to him, thrice each day—
 Once after breakfast, and once after dinner,
 Lest, after full meals, he become a sinner ;
 Thirdly, and lastly, ere he go to bed,
 Lest sinful thoughts or strange dreams fill his head.
 Nor, by our Muse, shall Allen [Nelson's servant] be forgot,
 Who, for himself, nor bullets fear'd nor shot.
 But for the guardian angel of his master,
 Knowing full well the doctor had no plaster,
 He wisely as a lady and a stranger
 Took her below and placed her out of danger. [Lady
 Hamilton's portrait in Nelson's cabin taken down
 during battle.]
 Let not poor Quasheebaw, fair lady, think,
 Because her skin is blacker than this ink,
 That from the Muse no noble praise is due
 To one so faithful, so attach'd and true,
 Though in her cheek there bloom no blushing rose,
 Our Muse nor colour nor distinction knows
 Save of the heart : and Quasheebaw's I know
 Is pure and spotless as a one night's snow.

For thee and Henry silent are our lays,
 Thy beauty and his valour mock all praise.
 Yet, haply, shall these verses serve to prove
 How much, and oft, we think of those we love.

With this little literary gift it is not surprising that Lord William took up Dr. Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*, an old friend of his family, who records with pride having met the Persian Ambassador at the little house in the Green Park in 1781 ; but I do not know how Lady William got on with old Q., and careless Emma, and the rest of that gallery, for she was very religious. She contributed largely to a fund for erecting churches throughout the country ; took a great interest in the conversion of the Jews (by a curious irony, her brother-in-law, Lord George Gordon, became a convert to Judaism) ; distributed religious books ; and was a student of

prophecy. Indeed, she was remarkably like the Duchess of Gordon, the wife of her husband's nephew, the last duke. It is curious that the dare-devil Gordons should have been represented in the first quarter of this century by two such women.

It must have been much more to her taste when Lord William settled down as a Cumberland squire. He bought, with her fortune, the estate of Water End in Derwent Bay, and kept on adding to it until he acquired the whole of the western margin of Derwentwater. He changed the place from a wilderness to a paradise, especially by constant tree-planting. He built a beautiful villa on the margin of the bay, and beautified the place in every conceivable manner. Lady William presented the estate in 1834 to her husband's nephew, General Sir John Woodford, a staunch Peninsular veteran. That part of it (108 acres) known as Brandelhow Park was acquired by the National Trust in 1902 for £6500. Lady William also left an estate in Lincolnshire to her husband's natural son, who founded a well-known military family of to-day; which proves that, though religious, she took a broad human view of the world. Her own only child, Frances Isabella (born March 6, 1782—died unmarried September 2, 1831), was immortalized by Reynolds in his lovely picture "Angels' Heads," now in the National Gallery. It is once more curious that Lady Sarah Bunbury's son, Sir Charles Napier, should be so near, standing on an honoured pedestal in Trafalgar Square.

Strangely enough, the actors in the original drama dropped off one after another in the early



MISS FRANCES GORDON AS ANGELS' HEADS, BY REYNOLDS

This famous picture in the National Gallery was painted in 1786 by Sir Joshua, who took as his model Frances Isabella Gordon (born March 6, 1782), the only child of Lord William Gordon (son of the third Duke of Gordon and brother of Lord George, the Rioter) by his wife the Hon. Frances Ingram-Shepherd (died 1841), daughter of the last Viscount Ingram. Miss Gordon died unmarried on September 2, 1831.

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twenties. George III died in 1820; Sir Charles Bunbury in 1821; Lord William Gordon on May Day 1823; and Lady Sarah Napier, blind, but still beautiful, in 1826. Lady William herself lingered until September 29, 1841, having lived to the last in the Lodge in the Green Park, which was demolished after her death, the only remaining memento of it being the two fallow deer which decorate the Albert Gate.

The drama involving this group, which had begun in 1769 with an elopement, ended in a sermon at St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street, on Sunday, October 3, 1841, when the Rev. William Webb Ellis delivered the funeral address on "this benevolent and truly Christian lady" from the text—

He hath dispersed abroad: He hath given to the poor: His righteousness remaineth for ever.

A BOY WHO WAS BEHEADED AT BREST

ON the afternoon of November 24, 1769—the year when Lord William Gordon had made all England ring with his elopement with Lady Sarah Bunbury—the old market square of Brest was packed by a mournful crowd, for a young Scot, Alexander Gordon, the laird of Wardhouse, Aberdeen, was to lay his handsome head beneath the guillotine. It is true that he had been condemned as a traitor, yet though the French have always had a dread of espionage, strikingly illustrated in our own day in the case of Dreyfus, it was felt on that November day that Gordon's was a hard case, and that he had been more sinned against than sinning. So the people were sorry, especially the women, for he had touched the hearts of more than one of them, and they could hardly believe that he was the scurril knave that the law had branded him.

Gordon was the eldest of the thirteen children of John Gordon of Beldorny, to which he added by inheritance from his grand-uncle Arthur Gordon the estate of Wardhouse. There was a curious strain of cosmopolitanism in the family, for his mother was the daughter of Patrick Smythe of Methven, by Elizabeth daughter of Count Strasburg of the Russian Army, who had married a daughter of

General Patrick Gordon of Auchleuchries, the favourite of Peter the Great. His brother James settled in Spain, and the estate of Wardhouse is now owned by a young man who is Spanish in all but his name of Gordon.

His father and mother were enthusiastic Jacobites, and his grand-aunt Katherine had married the Old Pretender's best leader in the north, Major-General Alexander Gordon of Auchintoul, who had learned his craft in the ranks of Russia, which led to his writing the life of Peter. When Prince Charlie arrived in Scotland, Mrs. Gordon, the mother of the victim of Brest, offered to embroider a waistcoat for him, with an eye apparently to his "coronation," and got as a pattern two yellow waistcoats belonging to His Royal Highness. She started to embroider a crimson one, but as there was much more serious work on hand—including the saving of her husband, who went off to Culloden—she never finished the task. The three waistcoats remained in the family till 1898, when they were brought to the hammer in Aberdeen, fetching £106 15s.

Young Gordon was dragged up rather than brought up. He was twelve when his father died. His mother retired to the country to devote the remainder of her life—she was left a widow at the age of thirty-two, so that the prospect was rather dreary—to the education of her "five daughters." The nearest relations undertook the education of the boys, of whom there must have been eight, as Gordon says his mother was left with a brood of thirteen children, begotten in the fifteen years of her married life.

By some means or other young Gordon, despite

his Jacobite origins, got an ensigncy in the 49th Foot in 1766. He was a lad of high spirits, and when he was just nineteen he narrowly escaped being run through, as he himself tells us, in a brawl in Edinburgh with a man named Stuart, who reappeared sinisterly later on at Brest. His next exciting experience proved disastrous. At 5 o'clock on the morning of November 5, 1767, he was in a Cork tavern kept by one Peter Ashenhurst, along with the doctor of his regiment and with Ensign Clotworthy Thompson of the 69th. For some reason or other, not stated in the Lord-Lieutenant's official account of the affair, a quarrel arose, and the three young officers, "with swords drawn in their hands," set upon a butcher named Patrick Connor, and "did traitorously murder" him. In the confusion that followed the officers escaped, and though £150 was offered for their arrest they were still at large a month later.

What became of the surgeon and the ensign I do not know, but Gordon got on board a vessel bound for Rochelle, and landed at St. Martin de Rhé, having managed to get letters of introduction to some people there. If he had known a little of the history of his name, which he probably did not—few Gordons do—he would have remembered that Hugh Gordon, son of Adam Gordon of Culkour in Sutherland, and an ensign in Sir Donald Mackay's regiment, had been killed during the Duke of Buckingham's attack on Rhé in 1626, after some "ill-usage," which is referred to in a letter written by the Duchess of Rutland, preserved among the Skrine papers. Young Gordon remained nine months on the island, and having made himself popular with the best society

in the little town, set off for Paris in November 1768.

On reaching Paris he got into touch with Lord Harcourt—"Trimming Harcourt," as Swift called him—who was a friend of his family, and who had been appointed our Ambassador that very month. He promised to get Gordon reinstated in the Army, but the lad, running short of money, retired for a time to St. Germain, which had been so hospitable to many of his relations. He had not been there many days when Harcourt sent for him and suggested that he might take a little holiday among the French dockyards, more particularly that of Brest. Harcourt gave him a letter of credit for £200, and Gordon set gaily off with a young doctor, Jean Durand, whom he had picked up at Poitiers on his first journey to Paris.

The pair first stopped at Rouen, and then went on to Havre, where Gordon made friends with the officers of the frigate *La Blanche*, who gave him letters of introduction to other naval officers at Brest. Hail-fellow well met with everybody, Gordon also made the acquaintance of an interpreter named Carmichael, who sent him on some memoranda about the trade of port, which proved a fatal gift. Then they went on to Caen, where Durand left him to see about rooms at Brest, rejoining him at St. Malo, where they made many notes. Durand once more left him, going on to Nantes, while Gordon went off to Brest, establishing himself in the rooms Durand had found for him in the house of a clockmaker named Bordier in the Place Médiance.

He had not long arrived when he was visited by two middies, who knew of his coming from their

friends on the frigate at Havre; they in turn introduced him to the Commander-in-Chief, M. de Kersanson, and very soon he was on friendly terms with everybody who was anybody. He saw a good deal for himself, and was permitted to visit the dockyard on a holiday accompanied by a naval officer. He would have liked to see more, but even a letter from Lord Harcourt to the Naval Commandant failed to get this permission.

Gordon then resolved to get the facts he wanted for the Ambassador in a roundabout way, and he got into touch with a private soldier named Danvais, who was allowed to sell tables showing the strength of the various naval powers. The soldier soon saw that he had got a novice to deal with, and palmed off on Gordon statements about the dockyard and its resources; and one day he brought a friend, named Omnes, who was a writing master, and whom he asked to supply Gordon with a plan of Brest. Omnes agreed, but meantime he told his story to a friend, Lemonnier, a gendarme, and he in turn communicated with the Intendant of Marine.

So a scheme was devised by which Gordon might be trapped. Personating the Intendant's chief clerk, M. de la Ville, Lemonnier (with a patch on his eye) was mysteriously taken to Gordon's lodging. On May 30 he and Gordon dined at Omnes's house, and the plot matured a step further. No sooner had Gordon left than Lemonnier communicated with the authorities, and they sent him, minus his disguise, with fifteen Grenadiers to Gordon's lodging at two o'clock in the morning.

Gordon was lying, in his clothes, sound asleep in his bed, and was at once searched, and taken to the castle.

Here the Count de Roquefeuil, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, treated him with so much consideration that the Governor of the Province took the case out of his hands, and had the lad transferred to the Naval Prison ; and a few weeks later Durand, who had been arrested after much trouble, was sent to the Convict Prison, where the clerk of the Nantes man, who held a trunk of Gordon, and an Irishman named White were waiting him. Danvais was also laid by the heels, Carmichael, the Havre interpreter, was arrested, and the last blow of all was the (voluntary) capture of a person who called himself "Collins," but who said his name was Stuart.

This man was really a notorious blackmailer who had carried on his operations in several parts of Europe. He was the son of an inferior officer at Meudon, but he posed as a son of Prince Charlie by a secret marriage with the daughter of a family in Atholl, though he could not remember his mother's maiden name. He went on to say that he had met Gordon at St. Martin when he was lying in hospital, and that the young Scot had arranged to fire the magazines and ships of Brest, Toulon, Rochefort, Port Louis, and St. Malo. Gordon, when brought face to face with him, denied having ever seen him before, but Collins obstinately brazened the statement out. The appearance of Stuart *alias* Collins seemed kismet to Gordon, who recalled only too vividly that he had once nearly been run through by a man of that name in Edinburgh.

The Duke of Gordon at last intervened in the case. "Nothing," wrote the poor prisoner, "could

have increased my attachment to his Grace and his family, but his kindness on this occasion places me under personal obligations and justifies the high opinion every one has of his virtues." But he was very dowie all the same, and welcomed the approach of his trial. Writing to his uncle, Peter Gordon, a lawyer at Aberdeen, he pictures his state of mind as the memory of a horrible nightmare—

My captivity had thrown me into such a lethargic state of mind, that I had become quite insensible to the situation I was placed in, and this had reached such a point that I frequently passed whole days without giving any more signs of existence than a new-born babe. This must be the excuse for my silence, and although I was roused from time to time by the necessity of producing proofs of my innocence, the grief into which I was then plunged prevented my writing any letters, even those of the greatest necessity.

Thus, I seemed threatened by turns with imbecility or frenzy, but thanks to a well-organized constitution, which enabled me successfully to contend against the violent excitement produced by the reaction from a state of extreme exhaustion, the balance of my mind, which had been overthrown, is beginning to recover itself as the hour of my freedom approaches; but the cure is not yet quite complete, and objects pass before me in rapid succession apparently so remote that my mind cannot grasp the details. My late situation appears to me as the shadows of a camera obscura, sometimes frightful in their vividness, at others indistinct and confused, according as they are brought nearer or kept at a distance from the proper focus; and as the latter point is not settled, things must remain as they are so long as the equilibrium is not re-established. In short, I cannot define the sensations I have experienced.

One can well understand the feelings of his widowed mother and his relations living in the far north, with weeks between them and a post, the lad lingering on in prison to prolong their anxiety. Their anxieties were not allayed with the beginning of the trial, which opened at Brest on November 23, before M. de Clugny, the Intendant, assisted by seven councillors, and lasted two days. To the

prisoner's horror Harcourt denied having dispatched him on any mission, and the evidence looked quite as damning as in the early stages of the Dreyfus affair, so that he had not a leg to stand on. He gave in a written defence, at once theatrical, rhetoric, and pathetic. "Sirs and Gentlemen," it began; "you are fathers—all of you are fathers—happy are your children. They still possess you"; showing that he had grasped the patriarchal theory on which French life is based. Rapidly sketching his family history, he vehemently denied his guilt. He had been led into indiscretion by inexperience of the world and gratitude to Harcourt; and then he added passionately—

Behold Lord Harcourt, a fine and venerable sexagenarian, surrounded by all the influence of rank and experience. In him I beheld the man of high birth, the lieutenant-general of our armies, the ambassador to the court of France, and my protector. What judgment would it not have required to foresee the chain of evils that was to follow the acceptance of a proposal painted in such glowing colours? I was powerless to escape the snare!

I have, alas! but little to hope from the laws. They only take cognizance of facts; but I place my hope in you, who are aware that the interests of your country cannot suffer from anything I have done. I solemnly declare that I never intended getting up any correspondence here. It is a cruel fate that threw the chance in my way.

Mitigate then, if possible, in my case, the rigour of the law. Allow me to appeal to you on behalf of the honour of a numerous family. It is a noble one. But if my fate cannot be avoided, do not expose me to any open shame. Let me act in full liberty. I know how to avoid ridicule.

Finally, as a last favour, allow me to die with my military sash, and have it sent to my brother Charles.

Despite this appeal, the judges unanimously condemned him to death, and their sentence, pronounced by M. de Clugny, ran—

We, Jean-Etienne, Bernard de Clugny, by sovereign judgment, have and do declare Alexander Gordon, of Wardhouse,

accused and duly convicted of having by illicit acts and designs contrary to the welfare of the state, attempted to corrupt, and having in fact corrupted, the allegiance of the king's subjects by inducing them in writing to supply him with information relative to the king's ships and dockyards and to points on the coast where a landing might be safely effected.

In expiation of which acts, and others brought to light in the course of the trial, we have and do condemn the said Gordon of Wardhouse to have his head cut off by the public executioner on a scaffold which will be erected in this town.

We further pronounce all his goods in this country confiscated for the benefit of the king, and condemn him to a fine of one hundred livres in case the confiscation should not be carried out.

The judgment is to be printed and posted, and the trial of the other accused persons postponed till after the execution of the present sentence.

Efforts were made through the family lawyers to get a pardon, but in vain, for the Minister of Marine was determined to make an example of the prisoner. So Gordon made his will, the provisions of which were carried out in spite of the decree of confiscation. After leaving various legacies to his relations, he bequeathed thirty-six livres to an old woman of seventy-six for the purchase of a gold cross, because, having seen him a few days before his arrest, she had exclaimed, "What a fine man! If I were young, he is the man I would choose for my husband;" which shows that he had an ingenuous streak of vanity. Then he sent a letter to his brother Charles, who was to succeed him in the family estates—

It is just before my last moments, my dear Charles, that I take up my pen to let you know my fate. I am condemned to lose my head on the scaffold between four and five o'clock this afternoon, 24th of November.

My only consolation in this dreadful moment is the consciousness that I am guiltless of the crimes imputed to me, and that even my judges were moved to tears on my behalf. Since laws were enacted, never was there such a cruel sentence passed. To what more dreadful punishment, indeed, could I have been

condemned had I been guilty of the crimes charged against me by an Englishman of the name of Stuart? I am the most unfortunate of men.

The two persons whom I believed to be my friends deceived me; they flattered me with the delusion that they would obtain my pardon, and thus prevented my getting the nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland to interest themselves in my behalf. I have been condemned, not for having entertained the design of burning the French dockyards, for my judges were unable to convict me of such a horrible design, but for having taken steps in conjunction with two men employed to lure me to my ruin to obtain some particulars respecting this dockyard.

The fatal moment draws nigh. The footsteps of the soldiers about to lead me to the scaffold are resounding on the staircase.

I earnestly entreat you, my dear Charles, to console my fond mother. I cannot finish my letter to her—my tears efface every word I write. Embrace all my relations for me, and tell them I die innocent.

Thank my uncle, Peter Gordon, for all the trouble he has taken about me. I have fortunately obtained permission to die as a soldier. M. de Clugny, my judge, has promised to send you my sash; you will receive it stained with my innocent blood. What an incentive, dear brother, to inspire you with a just feeling of revenge. I drop my pen to march to the scaffold. Oh, my fond and well beloved sisters! I shall never see you again—never. . . . This thought is a thousand times harder to bear than death itself. Adieu, my brother, my friend; in half an hour I shall cease to exist.

The execution took place in the public square at Brest at four o'clock on the afternoon of November 24. As he was marched through the streets in his black dress he saluted every one, "particularly the ladies," and he carried himself so gallantly that most of the people were very sorry for him; and the Capuchin father who had ministered to him, and to whom he left ten volumes of pamphlets, mourned that he had not turned his back on his Protestantism. On reaching the scaffold he saluted the crowd beneath and around him three times, and said, "Gentlemen, behold the death of a man only twenty-one years old." Then with the utmost

coolness, and a touch of his inherent vanity, he took off his coat and folded it, bound up his hair in a pocket-handkerchief, replaced his sash as if he were dressing for parade, turned down his shirt-collar and dropped his knee with the simple phrase to the headsman, "Don't miss me." The guillotine, which is said to be still preserved at Brest, though I have failed to identify it, did not miss; and then everybody seemed sorrier still. This was borne out by the appearance of stories which laid the lad's fault to other motives than treachery. It was said that he had encouraged the displeasure of Dubarry. Another story suggested that he had caught the fancy of Madame de Clugny—and we have seen that he had an eye for a petticoat. More significant than rumour, however, are the letters of the authorities. His old friend, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, wrote three days later to the Minister of Marine—

All who witnessed the execution agree that he died with the most noble and heroic firmness. His gentle and affable manner during the time he was in prison contributed to the interest taken by the public here in his unfortunate end. . . . It is considered here that there was more against him in appearance than in facts, his youth and inexperience having led him to commit himself: but perhaps it may have been time to make an example for the warning of any strangers who might wish to inquire too closely into matters here.

Even his chief judge, M. de Clugny, admitted that "every one was moved by his sad fate," and he told the Minister of Marine that the judges who condemned him "could not restrain their tears, although fully convinced that he deserved the punishment inflicted on him."

Gordon had died as a brave man must: and for that the French forgave him. But they have never

forgotten, for to this day they are victims to the spy mania ; and so when they celebrated the centenary of the trial at Brest, the librarian of the port, M. Levot, communicated (November 1869) a long account of it to the Academy of Brest, filling seventy-five pages of the *Bulletin* of that learned body.

As for the others, Danvais was tried and executed the day after Gordon. He was condemned to do penance in the chief entrance of the church, whither he was led by a halter, holding in his hand the blazing torch of Truth, while placards on his chest and back proclaimed him "Traitor to his King and his Country." Even the guillotine was too good for him, so his countrymen hanged him as a regular rogue. Durand, the young surgeon, was condemned to imprisonment for a year, but really remained five years in jail, when his uncle, the Prior of Royan, secured his release. On November 28 six other persons were tried, but they all got off. "Collins" was imprisoned until his health gave way, and he was let loose on the world again.

M. de Clugny got his reward, for he succeeded Turgot as Comptroller of France, but his books would not balance, and he was on the point of being cashiered when death saved him (1776). Less than a year later, Lord Harcourt, who was the sole cause of Gordon's death, died rather ignominiously by falling down a well at Nuneham Park. He had acted meanly by his young countryman, and yet Collins, the peerage compiler, described him as "a sincere Christian," offering "with Tears and with Truth," an "imperfect tribute to departed excellences." A superstitious person might regard his fate and that of his house as retribution, for both

his sons died without issue, so that his hereditary honours became extinct.

The Gordons had a chance of inflicting a more direct vengeance, for the young laird's nephew, that hearty old tar, Admiral Sir James Alexander Gordon, spent the greater part of his career as a midshipman in fighting France, which however got a little of its own back by shooting away his leg. The Gordons have had experience of the spy mania in our own day, for Colonel Edward Smith Gordon, R.A., the brother of the pioneer missionary of the Punjab, while on sketching tours has been twice very foolishly arrested—once in May 1900 at the Château du Favreau, near Morlaix, thirty-three miles from Brest, and again in May 1904 at Belle Isle-en-Mer.

Several other Gordons have been prisoners in France. Exactly ten years before Wardhouse's execution nine English captains arrived at Plymouth after some bitter experiences as prisoners in France. At Brest they had all been put down in a dungeon forty feet beneath the ground, and were not permitted fire or candle. The case of "poor Captain Gordon" and his ship's company was particularly hard, being described in a contemporary newspaper as "most deplorable;" for the French ship in which they were confined in irons was lost, and they all perished in their fetters.

A case, typical of many another at the time, occurred in the end of July 1731, when James Gordon, who was engaged by a Westminster bricklayer to work at Dover, was kidnapped. He and twenty-one other men went on board a vessel in the Thames to go to Dover. As a matter of fact they were carried across the Channel, and compelled to

join the Duke of Berwick's Irish Corps in the French service. His wife knew nothing until she received a letter, dated Valenciennes, August 7, 1731—

When they got us on this side, they drove us to this place like a parcell of goal birds, till we came to this place, where they obliged us to engage in the Duke of Berwick's Regiment, where, without help, we must continue for life. Now, this crying injustice, if represented to Court, could be remedied and we all released, as happened already at Doway, where this regiment lay before, and an officer here trapped eight men designed for the Indies, who wrote to London, and got their story represented to the King, who procured all their freedoms.

Now, my dear, as I am heartily grieved to be so far from you, so I hope you will not fail to cause this crying injustice to be represented to some Person of Quality, who will inform the King of it, who will cause us all to be released, or otherwise I never will see you more. Now, my dear wife, I hope you will not fail to use your interest with your father and mother and all our other friends to get this story represented to the Duke of Argyll and the other Quality in Court to inform the King of it, and likewise cause the parish to represent this to all the gentry, and I am in hopes it will infallibly prove my releasement. I am here in great misery upon fourpence halfpenny a day to live upon and buy stockings, shoes, and linnen out of it. If I run away and am catched, I am hanged ; so that you may easily judge that we have scarce necessaries.

My dear Jenny Gordon, I hope you are well, but I am afraid you are not by my dreams. It is in vain to fret for me at present, for nothing can fetch me back, but the interest of the Quality. . . . I hope, my dear, you will take care of yourself, and if it please God I return to you, I will make you amends for all. I hope, my dear, you will not fail to do this, and let me have an answer how soon you can, for I am so uneasy, I can't rest night nor day. Pray write me how my father, mothers [sic] and sister are. Now they have got their will which wished me away, but I hope to live to return and see them dead yet. You need not mind them I owe any money to at present ; so, leaving you to the protection of Almighty God, I am, your loving and dutyfull husband till death,
JAMES GORDON.

P.S.—I wish you may have a safe deliveray, for I am extremely sorry I can't be with you to assist you.

His wife petitioned the King, but with what effect does not transpire.

A very mysterious case, which I have never been

able to verify, is recorded by Arthur Young, who tells us that Lord Albemarle, when Ambassador in France, got a man named Gordon released from the Bastille in 1753. He had spent thirty years in the grim prison, though he had not the slightest knowledge or even suspicion of the cause of his imprisonment.

Precisely half a century later the Rev. William Gordon, vicar of Dun's Tew, Oxford, while abroad with his patron, Sir Henry Dashwood's son, as pupil, was declared a prisoner of war at Verdun, and was kept eleven years in captivity. Some of his friends at Verdun thought that he was too mundane and "bound to the pleasures of the world most undeniably," but Captain Frederick Hoffman, R.N. ("a sailor of King George"), describes him as "an agreeably gentlemanly person in society and a plain-sailing parson in the pulpit." Certain it is he was of the utmost value to his fellow-prisoners, and "his talent for business, his readiness to oblige, his unremitting labours in the committee of management for the relief of the distressed English in France, as well as the manner in which he discharged his duty as a clergyman, won the respect and regard of all." So that even as prisoner this Gordon "had the guidin' o't."

THE DANGERS OF A SCARLET COAT

THE scarlet coat was the glory of the British soldier till it was discreetly replaced by the jaundiced touch of khaki, but it always had carried risks with it, and within five years two gallant Gordons owed their death to it. If David Gordon had not worn it at the battle of Giurgevo in 1771, he might not have died at the age of twenty-one, and Patrick Gordon might have escaped the bullet of a hidden spy on the banks of St. Lawrence. Not only did these episodes happen within five years of each other, but the victims lived within five miles of each other, for one was the laird of Threave Grange and the other of King's Grange, in the County of Kirkcudbright.

David Gordon was the son of William Gordon of Culvennan, Writer to the Signet, and the grandson of Sir Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, second Bart., ancestor of the late Sir William Gordon (died 1906), who in command of the left squadron of the 17th Lancers received five sabre cuts in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. It was, however, in fighting for, and not against, the Russians that David met his death.

As a boy of seventeen he bought a commission in the 67th Regiment in 1767, but as the fever of fighting was strong upon him and as there was no

immediate prospect of active service in our army, he turned abroad for his field of glory. In order to equip himself thoroughly, he first made a tour of Italy and then went to Switzerland in 1769 to study riding, fencing and military engineering, being coached by an old Prussian officer named Puseelle. Later on he returned to Italy where he met the Emperor, and wound up with a visit to France.

How was he to get a post? He cast his eye on the Russian army, which had its hands full at the time. He was just a year too soon to apply to his countryman, Sir Robert Murray Keith, our Ambassador at Vienna from 1772 to 1792, for the genial old soldier-diplomat was the universal friend to the Scot abroad. Whenever a young Scot wanted a spell of foreign soldiering, he dashed off a letter to Sir Robert, who seems to have stipulated that his correspondents should write him by way of return gossipy letters from home; and so keen were some of these young fellows on their profession that they did not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for the smell of powder. Thus, in asking Sir Robert's advice as to service in Russia (where the Ambassador's father had been our Ambassador from 1758 to 1762), Sir Charles Gordon of the Abergeldie family (who have long had King Edward as their tenant in Aberdeenshire) told Keith in 1783: "If necessary and you approve, I should not scruple to conceal my rank in the British service [he had a company in the Cameronians] and to act in an inferior rank." As a matter of fact, he did not get suited, but he afterwards helped the Duke of Brunswick to capture Amstelveen, for which he got the Prussian Order of Merit.

The young laird of Threave Grange, almost totally without experience, had a far harder task to find a footing, but he possessed the spirit of adventure and perseverance. Writing to his brother "Sandie," an advocate in Edinburgh, on March 25, 1771, he says that his friends applaud his going into the Russian service. General Harvey, in particular, had "approaven greatly of it," and had told him he ought by no means to delay putting it into execution. His own reasons for it were as follows—

I have often told you the dislike I had to throwing away in idleness the time of life that is most proper, not only for learning, but also for practising, the duties of my profession ; and, as we have at present no prospect of anything of that kind at home, I ought by no means to neglect the only one that offers, however difficult it may be in the execution. The only thing that makes an inferior rank in the army supportable is the hopes of advancement. Money alone is not sufficient to accomplish that point, and, as I can lay claim to a very small share of interest, I ought to strengthen my pretensions as much as possible by what must undoubtedly have the preference when it will be necessary to have the service carried on by people that know something of their business.

His resolution had been strengthened by a conversation with a Mr. Falkener, who had lately returned with very strong recommendations from the Empress ; but he was under no illusions about the difficulties to be encountered both in the journey and afterwards—

But these with patience may be all got the better of. In regard to the expense, I find the greatest will be my journey to Petersburg, which may be very considerably diminished if I can find an opportunity of going by water. At any rate, I think £100 or £200 of addition to what I should spend at home will be sufficient, barring accidents, to do the business. I think of setting off about the middle of the month to be in time at the opening of the campaign, which will be about the middle or end of June, in case there is no prospect of a peace with the Turks, or a war at

home before that time, which are the only reasons that can prevent the execution of my project.

You will agree with me in thinking that I have no great prospect of preferment. When I tell you that I have not yet been able to get a definite promise of the commission I wrote you of in the Guards, it surely can be no great favour to allow me, after four years' service, what I might have had on my first coming into the army. When I came to town Mr. Ross M'Kie made me great professions of friendship, but on my asking his assistance in the above affair, he became too much a courtier for me to expect anything from him. Your friend Captain Douglas is so much taken up with his marriage that I have not seen him these two months past. Lord Dumfries [who also was "courting" at this time, and whose grandson became Lord Bute] is the only person that appears willing to do anything for me; but I am afraid he has it not much in his power. The Stewarts have made several offers, but I did not know if that was consistent with your plan. Therefore they were not accepted. Mr. Heron has been very ill ever since he came to town; perhaps he might be able to do something for me either in the Guards or a lieutenancy, and also to get me the King's leave of absence, if you thought it proper to write him on that head.

I am sensible there are many who will think my scheme rash, nay even foolish; but any one that reflects on the advantage it may be to one in my situation to strike at something so far out of the common line, especially at a time of life when a single moment ought not to be mis-spent, will easily see that it is not only a rational, but prudent resolution, and, if afterwards things should not turn out to my wishes, I will at least have the satisfaction of thinking that I had done everything in my power for my advancement.

Lord Dumfries at last managed to get leave for the lad; but his difficulties were not over, for on his arrival in Russia he was seized with fever. He had recovered sufficiently by October 17, 1771, when he wrote once more to his brother giving a vivid description of the state of the Russian army and the barren state of the country. The Czar had between 70,000 and 80,000 men in the field, divided into four commands, and Gordon set off with one which had Giurgevo as its objective. The place stands on the left bank of the Danube, forty miles south of

Bucharest, of which it is the port. It has frequently figured in Russo-Turkish struggles. On March 7, 1771, it was captured from the Turks by the Russians, who lost 1090 in the enterprise. On June 14 it was retaken by the Turks after a siege of three days, the Russian governor, Henckel, marching out with all the honours of war, but minus sixty-four pieces of cannon, for Prince Repnin, who had marched to Henckel's assistance, had arrived three days too late. Russia, however, was not to be put off, and renewed the attack on October 24. The Turks were beaten, but Gordon fell in the fight. Writing from the battlefield on October 27, Alexander Hay, a Gallo-way friend of the young officer, told the sad story to his brother Alexander Gordon of Greenlaw—

If anything could possibly augment the chagrin I feel at the loss of a dear friend, the being obliged to communicate the melancholy news of his death to his brother would do it, for in a skirmish which we had with the enemy on the 24th of October, he had the misfortune to fall. But he fell doing honour to his country and lamented by all who knew him. I got his body carried off and interred. What things he had with him, as they are perishable, I will sell by auction and account to you for the money. His watch I preserve for you.

Though written at the camp near Bucharest on October 27, it was months before the full news reached Gordon's relatives. In the first place Hay had to go all the way to St. Petersburg, where he gave the complete details to Dr. Matthew Guthrie, who retold it to his own father, Harry Guthrie, writer in Edinburgh, in a letter dated December 28, 1771—

He tells me [wrote Guthrie] that my friend was singled out and shot in consequence of wearing on that unlucky day his English uniform, which distinguished him from the Russian troops, whose clothes are green. They found his body afterwards on the field

of battle, but without the head. The Turks had decapitated him after a brave resistance which he had made upon his knees, as is supposed from some terrible gashes with a scymiter, which was found upon his body, and one of them under his right arm, which must have been made when his arm was uplifted in defending himself. However, the very next day, the cowardly Turk who had perpetrated this inhuman act was killed in battle, and Gordon's sword was recovered and the plume reward of inhumanity pulled from his cap (this is a silver ornament with a stone in the middle of it which the Bashaw or commander of the army gives for the head of an enemy of rank). They imagined by my unfortunate friend's dress that he was an officer of distinction. A Turk who deserted to the Russians informed them that the Turks said they had taken in the first skirmish three pieces of cannon and the head of a Bashaw.

The fate of this worthy young gentleman has greatly affected me. I contracted a friendship for him here on his way to the army, we remembering one another at Edinburgh College. He was much with me last summer before his setting out for the army. I found him a most accomplished young gentleman. He had formed a plan to himself, and had been, and was pursuing it, with a most manly perseverance. He came here from making a tour on the Continent, and had not, like many of our modern travellers, been in search of pleasure, but seemed to have pick't up in every place what he could find relative to his profession. Upon the whole, had he lived to return from this campaign against the infidels I flatter myself he would have proved an honour to his friends and his country.

I beg pardon for taking up so much of your time with so disagreeable a subject, but I am so full of it myself that my pen runs away with me. I must own that I sincerely wish I had never known so much of him as I have here related, for I know nothing more distressing than to make an acquaintance with a worthy man and lose him in this manner.

Mr. Hay himself had been severely wounded, but he was more fortunate than his friend. He was struck by two balls in the thigh when a foreign officer, hearing him speak English, asked him in French if he knew Mr. Gomm, of Petersburg. He answered in the affirmative, although as a matter of fact he had never heard of any such person. The answer acted like magic, for the officer immediately ordered his coach and horses to convey him fifty

versts to a proper place for getting cured, and told him that all he asked in return was, if ever he lived to see Mr. Gomm, to give his compliments to him. On the day Guthrie wrote Hay was to call upon him to be introduced to the man whose very name had such a saving power. Guthrie went on to say that Hay had "distinguished himself so much in revenging upon the barbarians the death" of poor Gordon, that he was recommended to the Empress for the Order of Merit.

Like David Gordon, the other victim of the red coat, Brigadier-General Patrick Gordon of King's Grange, also traced back to Sir William Gordon, sixth Lord of Lochinvar. He entered the Royal Scots as an ensign in 1741, nine years before David was born, and, having subsequently served in the 108th and 29th regiments, was given a brigade, consisting of the 21st, 62nd and 29th, in Canada in 1776. In June of that year he was sent from Montreal to La Prairie, where he met his fate on July 25.

On that day he had visited Lord Petersham, afterwards third Earl of Harrington, who was stationed with the Grenadiers of the 29th at St. John's. The road was thought to be so safe that the British officers constantly traversed it without escort, and that gave the cue to the rebels. So as Gordon was riding unconcernedly along, a shot was fired at him from one of the thickest copses on the road. Gordon was wounded in the shoulder, and his horse, startled at the sound, galloped off and brought him in an exhausted condition to the first settlement, where he was discovered, nearly insensible, by an officer's servant, who took him in a cart

to the quarters of Lieutenant Hepburn of the 21st. His assailant, Benjamin Whitcomb, had been told off with four others to "waylay" the road. He had set out on his task on July 14, but nothing worth a shot greeted him till he saw the red coat through the coppice. When he fired he did not know that his prey occupied so high a rank, and he beat a hasty retreat. It soon became known, however, that his hand had fired the shot, and on July 25 General Carleton offered a reward of 50 guineas for him alive or dead, his Order running thus—

Brigadier-General Gordon was dangerously wounded yesterday by one of those infamous skulkers. Precautions are taken to get intelligence of other parties, and, in order to be expeditious in the pursuit, a sergeant's guard (which is quite sufficient to quell such an enemy) is to be ready, distinct from the picket, in every cantonment. This guard are not to take off their accoutrements or shoes in the night, but are at all times to be prepared to turn out at the instant.

The person who commanded the party which attacked General Gordon is Whitcomb of Connecticut, calling himself Lieutenant. He is between 30 and 40 years of age, to appearance nearly 6 feet high, rather thin than otherwise, light brown hair tied behind, rough face, not sure whether occasioned by small-pox or not. He wears a kind of under-jacket without sleeves, slash pockets, leather breeches, grey woollen or yarn stockings and shoes. Hat flapped, a gold cord tied round it. He had a firelock, blanket, pouch, and powder horn. Should he or any of his party of the same nature come within the reach of our men, it is hoped they will not honour them with soldiers' deaths if they can possibly avoid it, but reserve them for dire punishment which can only be effected by the hangman.

Whitcomb, however, managed to get safely to Ticonderoga, but he was not received with the gratitude he had expected, for all he had been commissioned to do was to bring back a British officer prisoner. His commanding officer therefore, according to Anburey, "expressed his disapprobation in the highest terms, and was so much displeased at

the transaction, that Whitcomb, in order to effect a reconciliation, offered his services to go again, professing he would forfeit his life if he did not return with a prisoner." As a matter of fact in the following winter he was promoted to a majority.

His victim lingered in extreme agony until August 1. Two days later he was buried with full military honours—perhaps in the red coat that had wrought his death.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE ORANGE RIVER

ON the night of August 17, 1779, a little boat with three white men pushed off from the bank of the "Great River." They were the veriest specks in the dense blackness of the "Hottentot" country; but they had the indomitable daring of the true pioneer. So, when the boat drifted into mid-stream, one of them, a tall handsome man, rose, and, unfurling the colours of Holland on the end of his staff, christened the water "Orange River," in honour of William, the Hereditary Stadtholder of the Netherlands, whose mother had been an English princess; while his two companions, raising glasses, drank to the health of the States and the Prince of Orange.

It was a weird and picturesque ceremony, of unusual significance as viewed to-day from the standpoint of over a century and a quarter later; for while the celebrant, Colonel Robert Jacob Gordon, who had really discovered the river two years before, was a Dutchman of Scots descent, one of his companions, Jacobus van Reenan, was a typical Afrikaner, and the other, William Paterson, the historian of the occasion, was a British officer, probably of Scots birth. The pos-

session of the river has since been fought for by combatants of much the same blood—the native-born Dutch Afrikaner, the Hollander imported from the Netherlands, and the Britisher born and bred.

The career of Robert Jacob Gordon is full of interest. He and his father before him had fought the battles of the Dutch on European soil. He had explored the Cape and knew the country better than any man of his time. It was he who commanded the Dutch Army which surrendered the Cape to us in 1795, and he blew out his brains when he found that we meant to keep the flag flying there. The fact of his mixed ancestry might have insured his remembrance by posterity ; but you will search many records without finding a trace of him. Our own *Dictionary of National Biography* just mentions his name in connection with Paterson. The Dutch *Biographisch Woordenboek der Nederlanden* does not even do that. The only memoir of him I know of is a rhetorical panegyric in a forgotten volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Thus his biographer to-day is left to piece his story together from many insignificant sources.

Gordon was descended from one of the many Scots who settled in Holland during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and established themselves as the master merchants of the Baltic and the North Sea. That was the time when Holland was much easier of access to the Scot than England was, in point of transport and of temperament, for England was a closed door to all Outlanders from the north. To which branch of the great house of Gordon he actually belonged I cannot say ; but in all probability he represented one of the many families

settled in Aberdeenshire, which grew fat on the fortune and fighting of the Low Countries.

Proud as he was of his Scots ancestry, his family had been settled so long in Holland that when his grandfather, who was Burgomaster of Schiedam, got a place for his father in the brilliant Scots Brigade—he joined Colonel W. P. Colyear's regiment on November 21, 1724—the other officers, who were mostly direct importations, resented his appearance in their midst. At every possible point they remonstrated against his advancement, for they regarded him as a Dutchman pure and simple. His doggedness was certainly Dutch, for the young officer wore down all objections, and won his way to an important place in the brigade. Within twelve years he became brevet-colonel, and in 1748 he got a battalion of his own. He succeeded Charles Halkett as colonel in 1758, and seven years later we find him a major-general, at the head of a battalion, his son Robert Jacob being lieutenant of the fourth company. The general saw a great deal of fighting. He went through the war in Flanders, and in 1747 he was taken prisoner at Bergen-op-Zoom, where the Gordon Highlanders so greatly distinguished themselves forty-eight years later.

The general's son, Robert Jacob, was born with his father's regiment in Guelderland in 1741, and thus became dedicated to the State in his cradle. He seems to have begun his public career at the age of twelve; for, writing in 1795, he speaks of having served Holland "these forty-two years." He might have risen to a post as high as his father's, and lived to fight England on Dutch soil.

As it was, he had to meet her in Africa. The life of a soldier in peace-time had no charms for him ; and so, having risen to a captaincy in the Scots Brigade, he gladly took advantage of the chance of escaping to South Africa, the undiscovered country of his time, where he landed on June 1, 1777, as an officer in the service of the Dutch East Indies Company.

He had not been in Africa many months when he came across William Paterson, a lieutenant in our Army, whose spirit for adventure was as keen as his own. Paterson was a strange and puzzling person, who ultimately became Governor of New South Wales, where a mountain and a river bear his name to this day. Gordon met him at the Cape in October 1777, and the two set out together to explore the untraversed north. Gordon had many qualifications for the task. He had gone to the Cape with a knowledge of Dutch, German, French, and English. He had mastered "Hottentot." He was an enthusiastic botanist and zoologist—his museum came to be one of the wonders of the Cape, which no traveller dreamed of missing—and he had an iron constitution.

When they had been a month together, Paterson fell ill (November 3) and halted at Beer Valley ; but Gordon pushed on, and was rewarded by striking the Orange River, quite unexpectedly, near the twenty-sixth meridian from Greenwich. In 1779 he picked up Paterson, then on a third journey ; and, as I have noted, the two explorers, accompanied by Van Reenan, a travelling merchant, christened the river. Gordon made many another voyage of discovery into the wilds of South Africa, and

accumulated a vast quantity of geographical and ethnological information ; but never again did he figure amid such romantic circumstances as on that August night in his boat on the Orange River.

His purely official career as a servant of the Dutch East Indies Company, no less than his scientific services, affected the destinies of the Cape. In 1780 he was appointed to the command of the garrison at the Cape, where he had a charming villa ; and on 1795 he became Commander-in-Chief, a battery in the Hout Bay being named after him. The great point to note about him in his capacity as administrator was his utter inability to deal with the "slimness" of the Dutch settlers. Fearless as an explorer, on the best terms with the natives, profoundly skilled in physical science, "open, candid, and sincere ; of strict integrity, punctilious honour, and unshaken principles," he found the Cape Dutchmen too much for him. If anything were needed to demonstrate the complexity of the Dutch Afrikaner, it is Gordon's absolute failure. His panegyrist in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing at a time (May 1796) when there were no South African questions to complicate the issue, declares that Gordon was possessed of "too little subtlety and of too impatient a mind to treat with sufficient indifference the continual vexations he met with in a colony where despotism and speculation were uncontrollable, and where self-interest was universally prevalent." A century and more has gone, and many of the problems which vexed the scientific soul of this old soldier are taxing the energies of our administrators and the temper of our politicians at this moment.

Gordon's difficulties were increased tenfold when the English fleet, conveying Major-General Craig's army, bore down on the Cape to demand surrender in the name of the Dutch Stadtholder, who had taken refuge in England after the dominance of France had been demonstrated in Holland, to be unbroken by England until 1815. Gordon and the Dutch rulers at the Cape, including the Governor, Sluysken, favoured the Orange or Conservative party represented by the Stadtholder. "I abhor French principles," wrote Gordon to Admiral Elphinstone, on June 14, 1795, "and if our unhappy Republic, where I am born [his English, you see, was distinctly Teutonic] and served these forty-two years, surrender (which God forbid) then I am a Greatbritainer." He felt interested in this country, not only from the point of view of a Conservative or Orange Dutchman, but also on account of his Scots descent, although "he never suffered the least bent of his inclination to warp him from his duty as a Dutchman." In proof of his warm feeling towards this country, it is mentioned of him that he erected a handsome monument "to the amiable Colonel Cathcart, who, in his passage to the Embassy to China, died in the Indian Sea, and was buried in one of these islands."

When France declared war against the Stadtholder and England in 1793, the Cape Dutch had raised a ramshackle army, 1200 or 1300 strong, under the chief command of Gordon. It was composed of clerks and civil servants, of Hottentots and half-breeds (styled the Corps of Pandours), and of the riff-raff of Europe, under the command of Colonel De Lille. By a strange irony, the English troops

sent to the Cape included the Scots Brigade, which had been reconstituted in 1793; for in 1783 it had been broken up, owing to the attempt of Holland to turn it into a Dutch national corps and force its officers to forswear Britain. Still more strange is the fact that new colours were presented to it by Lord Adam Gordon, the uncle of the notorious Rioter, in June 1795. It was in this very month that the English fleet anchored in Simon's Town Bay, and handed the Prince of Orange's demand to the authorities, who found themselves between two fires—France and England. A long correspondence between Governor Sluysken, Colonels Gordon and De Lille, and the English commanders—occupying over 200 pages in Mr. G. M. Theal's elaborate *Records of the Cape Colony*—ensued. The Dutchmen shilly-shallied, in the way they have. From the first they seemed to have made up their minds to obey the exiled Stadtholder; but they pretended that they were in earnest in defending the colony. In the midst of their indecision, the English seized Simon's Town without opposition. On August 7, 1795, they advanced on Muizenberg, De Lille opportunely retreating, for which he afterwards got a commission in our Army. On September 14, 5000 troops advanced on Cape Town, of which General Craig took possession two days later in the name of His Britannic Majesty, George III.

Sir John Malcolm declared that Gordon's supineness during the period of hostilities, "when he certainly neglected all his official duties," and his having recommended the acceptance of the first offers of the British, rendered him suspect by the Dutch. "These circumstances occasioned his being very

grossly insulted by the men of his own regiment the day they laid down their arms." He thought he had fallen into disgrace with both parties, and "could not support the reflection." So on the morning of October 25, 1795, he put a pistol to his head. He was buried "privately," but his corpse was attended to the grave by forty British officers.

Colonel Gordon (who is described as having been "handsome in his person, elegant in his manners, upwards of six feet high ; thin, but muscular, strong, active, and capable of enduring great fatigue ; and of a dark complexion ") was only fifty-four when he died (his old friend Paterson survived until 1810). His villa, on a hill a few miles out of Cape Town, "commanding a most pleasant and extensive view by sea and land," was for long the hospitable rendezvous of all distinguished strangers in the Colony, and Mrs. Parker, who wrote a *Voyage Round the World*, speaks of the "good Colonel" with enthusiasm. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in its stately fashion, refers to it as "the seat of hospitality," which "at once exhibited the learning of the man, the dignity of the chief, and the felicity of the husband and father."

He left a large collection of drawings and topographical data, which seem to have been commandeered by the British. They were given over for collation to John Pinkerton, the famous Scots antiquary, who in a letter to William Windham in 1806, strongly advised the Government to buy them from Mrs. Gordon, for they were "of great importance to this commercial country and to the interests of our oriental colonies." What became of the collection I cannot say.

Gordon's wife is described by Sylvanus Urban as an "amiable and sensible Swiss," who returned to her native country with her four sons, the eldest of whom, born in 1778, had borne a commission in his father's regiment at the time of the surrender; but Sir John Malcolm had "heard that the stream of his domestic joys was poisoned."

Another Gordon, who had been in the Dutch service, came to a more untimely end in France, and strange to say his name was also Robert. At the beginning of the campaign of 1815 he was chief of the staff of the General of Division. On June 15 he went over to the enemy. On July 7 he entered the garrison of Condé, neglecting all the formalities usual upon presenting oneself as a parlementaire. The Governor of Condé, General Bonnaire, regarded him as an emissary of the Dutch Army, so he had him tried and convicted of desertion to the enemy and of treason. On the way from the house of the Governor to the gate of the town the soldiers who escorted Gordon overwhelmed him with insults and threats. Then either on their own initiative, or at the instigation of Lieutenant Miéton, who was Bonnaire's *aide-de-camp*, they shot him dead. When the Royalist reaction set in, Bonnaire and Miéton were brought before the Council of War (June 5, 1816) and condemned—the first to transportation and the second to death. Miéton was shot on the plain of Grenelle, and on the same day Bonnaire was degraded in the Place Vendôme; much of which is set forth by Count Maurice Mejan in his rare *Histoire du Procès*.

Lest it be thought that the Scots Brigade bred nothing but black sheep, I must mention another



OTTO DIRCK GORDON, THE DUTCH PATRIOT

He was of Scots descent, and joined Gordon's Regiment in the Scots Brigade in Holland in 1774. He became colonel of the "Pro Patria" Company of the Civic Guards of Utrecht. This portrait was drawn in 1784 by C. V. Cuylenburg, engraved by Rienr, Vinkeles and C. Bogerts, and published by Weppelman and Liefstink.

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Robert who had begun his career there as an ensign in Colyear's Regiment in 1745. He apparently belonged to the Gordonstoun family, as he left his fortune (in 1777) to some of its members, and soon found his way into our own Army, joining the 33rd Regiment. His fortunes took him to India, where he distinguished himself in the attacks on the towns of Wandewash, Vellore, and Pondicherry, crowning himself with glory in 1774 in the difficult task of capturing Thana, the principal fortress on Salsette. He remained an inveterate Scot amid all his experiences, for when Ensign Nugent reported to him that the breach in the walls was practicable, Gordon, "one of the bravest and best of men," sent for his *aide-de-camp*, Captain Maclellan, and made use of the expression, preserved to us by the prosaic Philippart: "Maister Nugent tells me he could dance a minuet in the breach."

Many of the Gordons in the Scots Brigade settled down in Holland, where their descendants are still to be found, and closely identified themselves with the fortunes of the country. One of these was Otto Dirck Gordon, who had been a captain in the regiment commanded by the father of the man who christened the Orange River. He was a kinsman of the Dutch poet, Gertrude Gordon, who claimed descent from the Gordons of Letterfourie, in Banffshire. On leaving the brigade, Otto identified himself with the Home Rule party of his time, and became colonel of the Pro Patria Company of the Civic Guards of Utrecht, and lieutenant-colonel of the "Hand and Foot Bowmen" in 1784. When William Gordon of the Abergeldie family was passing through Holland on his way to London in 1785, he

caught a glimpse of the hero, for writing to Sir Robert Keith, our delightful Ambassador at Vienna who was always interested to hear from his countrymen, he said—

You will see by the newspapers that my namesake Mr. G. is playing the deuce in Holland. He entered the Stadthouse of Utrecht the day I was there and obliged the magistrates to repeal an act they proposed the day before. He insists that the common people should have a part. His corps consists of about 700 effectives completely armed and even with cannon. Almost all the inhabitants of Utrecht and a great number of ladys have subscribed to furnish him with powder for exercising his corps. Several of the English merchants at Amsterdam told me he was a most turbulent man and had done them great harm during the war.

His property was forfeited, and such was the animosity against him in certain quarters, that when the Stadtholder was at Rhenen in 1787 the people burnt Gordon's effigy to show their devotion to the Prince. But Utrecht loved him, and for many a day remembered him in a street song beginning, "Mynheer Gordon is een brave kapiten"—

Captain Gordon is our leader, the bravest man of all,
He can manage all the people whether great or small ;
His jolly good health let us drink in liquor that is fine,
A glass of good French brandy, or the best of foreign wine.

A FATAL DUEL IN HYDE PARK

FROM a carriage on the racecourse at Ascot an umbrella was abstracted. That would neither dismay nor surprise anybody to-day, but in the eighteenth century the umbrella was rather a novelty. This one was a marvellous structure. It was mounted on a strong bamboo cane, "having a tuck within side." It had copper springs with a cover of dark brown Padua silk; and round the top of the cane in a circle ran the legend, *Hon. Col. Cosmo Gordon*. So much store did the owner place upon it that he adventured a guinea reward for its return to the King's Head at Egham.

Had the umbrella been stolen fourteen years before, one might have supposed that it had been purloined for a Chamber of Horrors of the period, for the Colonel had pinked his man in Hyde Park, and had in consequence stood his trial for murder at the Old Bailey; but he had long since retired into private life, and only the old stagers at Ascot remembered his story.

Cosmo Gordon was the fourth of the six sons of the second Earl of Aberdeen, and took the name of Cosmo from the third Duke of Gordon, who by a curious freak of intermarriage, was at once his uncle, and his (half) brother-in-law. His grace had been named after Cosmo Duke de' Medici, and the name has lingered in the family ever since, being borne

by Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon of Maryculter, who is the husband of "Lucile," the maker of smart gowns, and the brother-in-law of the author of *The Visits of Elizabeth*. In the more direct line it is inherited by Miss Marie Tempest's husband, and through the marriage of a Gordon with the sixth Duke of Bedford more than a century ago, it is perpetuated to this day in Cosmo Place on the Bloomsbury estate.

The Hon. Cosmo was born in 1737, and entered the 3rd Foot (now the Scots) Guards as a lad of nineteen. Nothing exciting occurred in his career during the next twenty years, except the usual round of secondings. At last, in 1776, he went out with his regiment as lieutenant-colonel to reduce the rebels in America. The Guards started for the Wild West in an atmosphere of criticism, which was characteristically expressed by an ensign of the Provincial Army in a satirical ode entitled "The Tears of the Foot Guards upon their departure for America." The ensign invoked Heaven for their safety in a spirit of mild mockery—

Protectress, Patroness of Lily-hands,
 O interfere and save me from those lands
 Where savage Indians thirst for human blood
 And make mankind their choicest human food !
 O hear thy gentle Ensign's suppliant strain !
 I feel a tomahawk within my brain.
 I can't support this bloody civil strife ;
 The very war-whoop will destroy my life. . . .
 Curse on the madness of the times and those
 Who made th' Americans our fellest foes !
 I will not leave the maids-of-honours' charms
 For sleepless nights and all the din of arms.
 Oh, shall I yield Cornely's and the Park
 For damned salt beef within a transport barque ?
 Shall limbs like mine be in a hammock slung,
 And my sweet person by the billows swung ?

Not only, however, were linesmen jealous of the Guards ; Guardsmen themselves were jealous of one another. To that feeling and no other is to be attributed the extraordinary vendetta between Gordon and his fellow-officer, Colonel Frederick Thomas, which reached a climax at the battle of Springfield in June, 1780 ; and, unquenched by two solemn courts-martial, was not settled until Gordon killed his man in a duel in Hyde Park more than three years later.

Had there been a cable the world might well have considered that the Gordons had the "guidin' o't," for while London reeked with the anti-Catholic mob, roused to violence by his crazy cousin (and nephew), Lord George Gordon (June 2-8), the Colonel was laying up a store of trouble for himself on the Heights of Springfield (June 23), where he commanded the first battalion of a brigade of Guards. At daybreak the British troops had left Elizabeth Town for Springfield. All went smoothly until between eight and nine in the morning, when Thomas, leading the first company heading the column, sent a messenger from the orchard where he was stationed to look for Gordon, from whom he expected certain orders. The messenger failed to find Gordon. A second and then a third messenger were dispatched with the same result, and Thomas was furious. As soon as he saw Gordon, which he did when the Heights were reached, he had some angry words with his superior, practically accusing Gordon of skulking. As a matter of fact, Gordon had been wounded in the thigh when leading his battalion, but Thomas was so angry that he went about discussing the affair.

Intensely irritated by the gossip of the camp,

Gordon had his accuser court-martialed at New York, September 16-26, only to see him acquitted, while he himself was court-martialed in turn two years later "for neglect of duty before the enemy." The evidence was complex and conflicting, for there was clearly false swearing on both sides. In the result Gordon was acquitted—so that neither officer felt himself righted, and the quarrel rankled, even after the placidities of a voyage across the Atlantic.

When they returned to England, home (and beauty, as befitted Guardsmen), the trouble broke out again, and at last Gordon challenged Thomas to fight him. At first Thomas would not accept, apparently because he did not consider Gordon a man of honour. He was, however, prevailed on to meet his antagonist, and the pair found themselves facing each other at six o'clock on the morning of Thursday, September 4, 1783, in the ring of Hyde Park.

Duelling was then at its height. Between 1767 and 1827 no fewer than 172 duels were fought in this country, in which 69 persons were killed and 96 wounded. The combatants on the present occasion could scarcely have gone to St. James's Park, for the Ranger of that demesne was Gordon's first cousin, Lord William Gordon, who had created such a sensation some years before by bolting with Lady Sarah Bunbury, the aunt of the future Duke of Richmond, who was yet to fight a duel with His Royal Highness the Duke of York. At six o'clock on a September morning Hyde Park would be quite deserted, so that the two aggrieved officers would be left to fight out their quarrel in peace. It

was agreed that they should advance on one another and fire when they pleased. When they were within eight yards of each other, both the combatants drew their triggers, but only Gordon's pistol went off. Thomas calmly cocked again and fired at Gordon, who was wounded in the thigh. Then a second brace of pistols were fired, without effect. Once again the pistols were reloaded, and the two advanced to within the eight yards. This time Thomas fell like a log. He had been mortally wounded in the body, for though the bullet was extracted on the field, the unlucky colonel succumbed to his injuries next day.

Gordon had triumphed; but he was not at the end of his troubles, for duelling was a punishable offence. There was nothing left for him but to bolt, for the coroner's jury sitting at Westminster (from ten in the morning to five in the afternoon) returned a verdict of wilful murder against him. Gordon went to the Continent, and remained abroad for a whole year, resigning his commission in the meantime. At last he surrendered, and on December 16, 1784, he appeared at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Eyre on a charge of murder. The evidence was short, consisting of the stories of Thomas's servant and his second, Captain Hill, and of Mr. Grant and Mr. Hunter, the surgeons who attended the duellists. Nor did the jury take long to decide, for after an absence of ten minutes they returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

"Not guilty"—and yet I am afraid the whole affair ended the colonel's career. He had been acquitted, it is true, but a story of this kind hangs about a man for all that. And then he had

underlined everything by killing his accuser. He outlived Thomas by thirty years, yet during all that time there is scarce a record of him. George Jerningham, afterwards Lord Stafford, met him in Italy in 1792. He saw the rest of his family succeed in life. His brother William, the laird of Fyvie, rose to be a general, represented Woodstock in Parliament, and was an equerry of George III. His younger brother, Alexander, became a Lord of Session under the title of Lord Rockville. But good fortune did not come the colonel's way, and even when he went racing he had the misfortune to lose his "patent umbrella," with the bamboo cane and the dark brown Padua silk. He simply droned through his life, and perhaps he was not sorry when he died, unmarried, at the age of seventy-six at Bath, where he was laid to rest in the Abbey on March 8, 1813.

THE ABDUCTION OF "THE FEMALE INFIDEL"

ONE dark Sunday night in January 1804, a post-chaise drove cautiously into Bolton Row, Piccadilly. After it had waited some time, the door of No. 4, fifty yards off, suddenly opened, and a lady was unceremoniously pushed into the street and bundled into the vehicle, followed by two young men. The servants of No. 4 then appeared shouting, "Fire! Murder! Thieves!" But one of the young men brandished a pistol and the post-boy in fear of his life drove off at the gallop towards Tyburn turnpike. Thereby hangs a very curious tale, though Mr. George Street did not make this Ghost of Piccadilly walk as he might have done.

The lady was none other than Rachel Fanny Antonina Dashwood, or Lee, the "female infidel" of De Quincey's elusive autobiography. She had come out of a bad nest, for she was the natural daughter of the notorious Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord le Despenser, who was born in 1708. Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Bute Ministry, he was summoned to the House of Lords as Baron le Despenser in virtue of the fact that his mother was the daughter of the fourth Earl of Westmorland, whose second title was Baron le Despenser. Indeed, his daughter has left it as

her opinion that "a more constant application to business might have produced a great and valuable statesman." As it was, his lordship delighted in "burlesque pictures of human life." Thus it came about that, while he played the patron to the sombre Franklin by setting up a printing press for him at West Wycombe, he also gathered round him in his mature old age a band of wastrels as irresponsible as himself, and they used to hold high festival at Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow. They called themselves, after the ruling spirit, the Franciscans; but scandalized society called them the "Hell-Fire Club," and by that name posterity will remember them. The curious will find some entertaining information about the whole circle in *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*. Wraxall has recorded that Despensers "far exceeded in licentiousness of conduct any model exhibited since Charles II;" and even John Wilkes, who, with Churchill the poet, formed one of that "unholy fraternity," the Franciscans, has left it as his opinion that his lordship was made Chancellor of the Exchequer "for his skill in casting-up tavern bills."

The death of his wife, the daughter of a Bucks squire, removed the last suspicion of a brake on the wheel, and in his late sixties, Despensers installed a lady named Mrs. Barry in his house. According to a scandalous sketch of his lordship in the *Town and Country Magazine* of 1774, Mrs. Barry was the "lady friend" of a mercer in Ludgate Hill. She bore Dashwood two children, a son and a daughter; and it is a curious comment on the morality of the time to note that Despensers's sister, Rachel, Lady Austen, was quite friendly with Mrs. Barry (who was

baroness in everything but named), and allowed his lordship's natural daughter to be named Rachel after her.

Despenser seems to have had a warm spot in his rakish old heart for his daughter, for when he died in 1781—despite all his misdemeanours he had crossed the three score years and ten—he left the child, then only eight years old, a fortune estimated at between £45,000 and £70,000. His barony became extinct, but the title of Despenser continued to attract public attention until 1829, when Mrs. Lee, who had assumed it—wrongfully, of course—left a world that had not been big enough to hold her. His baronetcy, however, went to his half-brother, and still exists.

The evil reputation which Lord le Despenser—whom his daughter describes frequently in her mystic memoirs as “a beloved nobleman”—had acquired was illustrated in his lifetime by a collection of scandal entitled, *The Abbey of Kilkhampton: a Monumental Record for the Year 1780.* This publication was so popular that it ran through six editions at least, the sixth appearing the year before Despenser died. The epitaph assigned to him runs as follows—

To the merry memory of F[rancis] D[ashwood] Lord Le D[espenser], the most careless and perhaps the most facetious libertine of his age. He was never known to have corrected one error, or to have been reclaimed from one vice he had once determined to indulge. His residence in town and country was a rendezvous for the choicest geniuses of the reign he lived in. Having no religion of his own, he never inquired into the principles of others; and being unable to hit on any moral system thoroughly adapted to his taste, he considered the manner of every man, whether W[il]kes, Lord S[andwich], or P[au]l Wh[itehead], as unexceptional. His notions were peculiar to himself, and originated from a species of good humour highly commendable, though it had not

obtained universally with the less eccentric part of mankind. He built abbies, consecrated churches, and dug caverns for the sake of good mirth and fellowship; and having lived to see his dearest schemes completed, departed this life on the 17th of Jan. 17—, in strong convulsions, occasioned (as his domestics report) by the agitations of his life on hearing that Lord S[andwich, whose "friend" Miss Martha Ray had been stabbed to death by her clerical admirer in 1779], proposed taking the veil and passing the remainder of his days (by express command of His Holiness) in a Roman Catholic nunnery.

All this was a bad beginning for a young girl, but fortunately she owed little or nothing to her mother's training. At an early age she was sent to a French convent (with a view, she insinuates, of making her take the veil), where she met a woman who had a great influence on her lively imagination. On returning to England in 1789, she was placed for nine or ten months in charge of the Hon. Mrs. Lockhart Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon was the widow of the Hon. Lockhart Gordon (1732–88), Judge Advocate-General at Calcutta. The third son of the third Earl of Aboyne, he had begun his career in the army, and having spent twenty years in the service he took the unusual course of turning to law and going out to India. As a lad of twenty-one he had married a Jewess, Isabella Levi.

Gordon has become quite a common name among Jews, but this was the first marriage of Israel with any Scots Gordon of note. In July 1771, a Mrs. Gordon was married at Leeds to Moses Levi: and, just as Gordon brides have had an insistent way with them of getting their consorts to assume their surname, so this lady made her husband adopt her religion, for Moses, greatly to the disgust of the synagogue we may be sure, "embraced Christianity" after the

marriage ceremony. Curiously enough the Aboyne family itself recently afforded another example of a Jewish alliance, Miss Armyne Gordon, the niece of the Marquis of Huntly, having married the grandson of a Levy, the founder of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, who seems to have been a widow when she married, died within a year, and her husband found himself as a defendant among a number of Jews with strange names in an action over her marriage portion, which consisted of some South Sea Stock, inherited from her grandfather, Moses Hart. Gordon lost his case, even although in the last resort he had recourse to the House of Lords, which, considering his origin, might have been supposed to be friendly. In 1770 he married by special licence Catherine Wallop, the only daughter of John Lord Lymington, and the sister of the second Earl of Portsmouth.

In his brief married life of eight years Gordon had seven children, of whom four survived him—two boys and two girls. Mrs. Gordon lived in Kensington Square, and thither came the fascinating Fanny. She was so charming that she even touched the aging heart of John Walker, the lexicographer, who on meeting her at Mrs. Gordon's took a "very flattering" view of her. The Gordon boys saw a good deal of the girl during their holidays. Loudoun, the second son, was shocked that she had not derived benefit from the "virtuous precept and exemplary conduct" of such "a learned, a pious and an enlightened Christian" as his mother; to which one of Mrs. Lee's partisans mysteriously retorted that if Loudoun had recalled "a trial with the late Lord P[ortsmouth?]," it would not be so

much wondered at that neither he nor his brother "derived the benefit so highly spoken of."

During the next four years, Miss Dashwood saw a very great deal of life. Despite her birth, she seems to have moved in the best society; her brother married an earl's daughter, and as an heiress herself, her hand was sought for by more than one suitor. First, she got engaged to one of the sons of the sixteenth Lord Forbes; but her mother broke off the match. Then she promised her hand to a son of the immortal Blackstone; and she wound up by running away to Haddington (May 9, 1794) with a young Oxford man, Matthew Allen Lee, who was "distinguished for nothing but a splendid person, which had procured him the distinguished title of 'Handsome Lee.'" He was put into prison for his trouble, the bride being a ward in Chancery, and when he came out she led him such a dance that they soon took their own ways. A judicial separation finally parted them (January 4, 1796), Lee enjoying half of her fortune until he committed suicide in 1808.

It was during one of her earlier separations from Lee that she encountered De Quincey. She had met De Quincey's sister at the seat of Henry Swinburne (the author of the well-known *Travels through Spain* and the great-granduncle of the poet) in Durham, and Mrs. De Quincey invited her to Greenhay. She dropped on the household like a thunderbolt. She was young (scarcely past her majority), she was exceedingly beautiful, she had many "extraordinary accomplishments"—"not only eminent in their degree, but rare and interesting in their kind." Thus she "astonished every one by

her impromptu performances on the organ and by her powers of disputation. These last," adds De Quincey, "she applied entirely to attacks upon Christianity, for she openly professed infidelity in the most audacious form; and certainly proved more than a match for all the clergymen of the neighbouring towns." Like a great many of De Quincey's statements, this must be taken with a grain of salt, for, as Dr. Garnett pointed out, Mrs. Lee's writings do not bear out this imputation of "infidelity." That she was exceedingly *outré*, however, there can be no doubt, and she shook with horror a house that sheltered John Wesley's niece (the governess of Mary De Quincey), while on the Opium-Eater, then a boy of nearly eight, her visit left an indelible impression. The truth may be that Mrs. Lee simply argued freely with the parsons, for she was "deplorably ignorant of English life," which at that date regarded the intellectual woman as an abnormality. But the picture of the captivating creature (with her footman, "a showy and audacious Londoner," standing behind her chair) disputing with the local clergy at the De Quincey dinner-table is not to be forgotten; and her "marble beauty, her Athenian grace and eloquence, the wild, impassioned nature of her accomplishments, her acting, her dancing, her conversation, and her musical improvisations" startled young De Quincey out of his precocious wits.

A few years passed during which Mrs. Lee resided at different places, notably Bath; and what was only a strong individuality became a pronounced eccentricity. So long as the lady lived among such sober people as the religious Miss Wesley and the

dignified Mrs. De Quincey she was passable, but when she encountered a nature as ill-balanced as her own, the result was instant explosion. That, at any rate, was how her reacquaintance with the Gordon brothers ended.

The Gordons had also been through the mill. Lockhart the elder had taken his degree and holy orders at Cambridge. He had, however, eloped with a pretty girl of one-and-twenty from Shropshire, and had married her in Marylebone Parish Church, greatly to her people's wrath. He had deserted her, and in 1803 had been lodging for three years with a Mrs. Sarah Westgarth at No. 8, Alsop's Buildings, New Road, London, at a guinea a week. At his trial she swore he owed her £26 besides £64, for which he gave her a note. Loudoun describes him as a "great sportsman."

Loudoun had been equally unsuccessful. He had been "superseded" in the artillery for having taken advantage of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. He boldly excuses his debts on several grounds. He says that in the West Indies and British Settlements in America, where he had spent six years, every article was twice or three times the price at home. He was compelled once during that period to return to England, and once to go to America for his health at his own expense. He was confined three months at Bellise, in the Bay of Honduras, by "a dreadful and expensive illness, the terrible effects of a *coup-de-soleil*." Besides, he had been brought up with aristocratic ideas, had lived with those "greatly his superiors in fortune, and had not had benefit of the experience and control" of a father who might have informed him that "a man who lives beyond his

income, whatever may be his situation in life, can neither be respectable nor happy." Furthermore, he had lost his only sister Caroline, who died at Exmouth, December 13, 1801, aged 33, "her heart unwrung by misery, and her mind unblemished by vice"—in striking contradistinction to both her brothers.

Altogether all these three young people were more or less at a loose end—Mrs. Lee (31), a grass widow: the Rev. Lockhart (28), a deserting husband: Lieutenant Loudoun (23), a cashiered officer.

Loudoun landed at Liverpool on October 19, 1803 (without paying the captain of the ship), and joined his brother in London. In the following month he called on his mother's apothecary, a Mr. Blackett, inquiring casually for Mrs. Lee. But it was not till seven o'clock on the evening of December 14, that he found himself on the lady's doorstep at No. 4, Bolton Row.

Bolton Row, which has now vanished in name, was a fashionable terrace at the end of Bolton Street, Piccadilly, a little west of Devonshire House. Several notable ladies—notably, Mrs. Delaney, the friend of Fanny Burney and the Royal Family, and Mrs. Vesey, who gave famous literary dinners—had resided there. Mrs. Lee had gone to live in the Row in 1803 by taking No. 1. In the following year she moved into No. 4 (rented at £250 a year), which, curiously enough, had been previously occupied by two other Gordons. A James Gordon resided there from 1792 to 1796, and was followed by Lieutenant-General the Hon. William Gordon, of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, son of the second Earl of Aberdeen by his third wife, Lady Anne, daughter

of the second Duke of Gordon, and brother of the Hon. Cosmo Gordon, whose duel I have described. The General had been nearly fifty years in the army, and had even raised a regiment, the 81st. He remained in Bolton Row two years, and after the house had stood empty for some time (1799-1802) Mrs. Lee entered it. The little street had thirteen tenants—the number might have warned any one so superstitious as she. Among her neighbours was Walter Aston, who styled himself (and Boyle's *Court Guide* encouraged him) Lord Aston of Forfar, though the peerage had actually become extinct in 1751. Then there were Lord Chetwynd, and Henry Angelo, junior, who helped his better known father at the famous fencing school. The church kept watch and ward at No. 12, which was occupied by the Rev. William Davies Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph for fifty-two years, who had been prosecuted for publishing a seditious libel by issuing, in Welsh, his brother-in-law, Sir William Jones's pamphlet on *The Principles of Government*. At No. 13 lived Sir William Jerningham. Both he and Dr. Shipley were connected through marriage with the Dashwoods, so that the inhabitants of Bolton Row were quite a family party, though most of them looked askance at Mrs. Lee, all the more as she lived very much by herself, her household consisting only of two maids and a manservant.

On Loudoun Gordon, according to his own story, she acted as a magnet. He insists on the deep impression she had made on him "in childhood"—a charm that the years had not effaced. "Separated from her by many hundred leagues amidst the terrors of a vertical sun," he had frequently contemplated,

"with melancholy pleasure, upon her beauty and talents, which even during infancy had created a lasting passion" in his heart. The commentator of the trial, not unjustly, suggests that this appears very much like a piracy from a romance or a novel. "It is a rhapsody of the most unmeaning texture. Mr. Gordon tells you he was eight years old, and with three months' acquaintance falls violently in love with a lady of fifteen. He leaves her for fourteen years, but returns and brings his passion with him," though the lady's beauty is cast in doubt, for Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who was a cousin of the Gordons, declares that she was "exceeding ill-favoured, with a bad complexion and withered lips." At any rate Loudoun says that the "warm reception" which he received "rekindled the latent flame." He was "insensibly ensnared." Even Mrs. Lee admits that her "manners and conversation, general speaking, throughout her life may have been too frank and familiar." In defence, however, she declares that she acted on the principle "that the mind is independent and never can under any outward circumstance, except by its will, be altered; consequently that no communication except by its will can affect it."

The descent to Avernus was so rapid that the best way of looking at it is to take a chronological survey of the course of events—

- December 14.—Loudoun paid his first call on Mrs. Lee.
- December 16.—Called again: was asked to bring Lockhart.
- December 24.—Third call.
- December 30.—Lockhart called with Loudoun.
- January 1.—Loudoun got a letter from Mrs. Lee.
- January 2.—Loudoun called on Mrs. Lee, who was out.
- January 3.—Loudoun again called.
- January 5.—He wrote to Mrs. Lee.
- January 6.—He got a letter from Mrs. Lee.

- January 8 (1804).—He called on Mrs. Lee twice.
 January 9.—He called again: he says she proposed elopement.
 January 10.—He wrote a letter to her.
 January 11.—He received a letter from her: wrote two to her: and called.
 January 12.—He wrote to her.
 January 15.—(Sunday).—He and Lockhart called and bolted with her to Tetsworth in a post-chaise.
 January 16.—Lockhart left them, and was arrested the same night in London. Loudoun and she spent the night at Northleach.
 January 17.—They arrived at Gloucester.
 January 18.—Loudoun was arrested by a Bow Street officer.
 January 19.—Loudoun was taken to Clerkenwell prison.
 January 20.—Lockhart was taken to Bow Street with Loudoun.
 January 27.—They were committed for trial.
 March 5.—They were tried and acquitted at the Oxford Assizes.

There is no lack of material for filling in the interstices, for no fewer than three pamphlets were printed about the episode, one of them by Loudoun Gordon (published by a gentleman with the significant name of Ginger), and two by Mrs. Lee herself. In addition to this the present writer bought from the ingenious Mr. Bertram Dobell a copy of Loudoun's *Apology*, interleaved with the most caustic criticisms written in a neat clerkly hand, perhaps that of the Rev. T[homa]s D[udley] F[osbroo]ke, of Horsley, Gloucester, the historian of Gloucestershire, who befriended Mrs. Lee in after years.

In her curious autobiography—*Memoirs of R. F. A.*—which was suppressed, Mrs. Lee declares that "it is scarcely necessary to attest that neither deception nor collusion existed with respect to the Gordons": that she received them as young men whom she remembered as boys, and who, she presumed, had paid their respect to her with hon-

ourable and friendly intentions. While referring to the Gordons as her "perfidious guests," Mrs. Lee observes: "With respect to any private conversation which may have passed between us, perhaps it would be wiser not to enter into particulars which might give rise to cavils"; and she adds mysteriously: "Were I to mention a circumstance, which was imparted to me by one of the Gordons, I should expose an action, now known only to a few, to very unfair animadversions and excite uneasiness in the breast of a worthy female" [Mrs. Gordon?].

Mrs. Lee's champion declares that the Gordons worked liked "skilful mole-catchers," but a good deal is admitted to have taken place aboveboard. The first critical day was Sunday, January 8, when Loudoun and she discussed elopement. She seems to have thought better of it, for when he called the same night at eleven he was not admitted; yet next day she told him that "she wanted to pass the remainder of her life in the society of a male companion, and with him follow the plan of a sect in Germany who led a monastic life with the exception of celibacy." The commentator admits that Mrs. Lee "only shew'd him that there was a sect in Germany of that description, but did not add that it was her determination, etc." On January 11 she wrote to Loudoun—

You have drawn a true and faithful picture of my situation, but you have proposed a strange means of alleviating it. By consenting to your proposal you will gain much, and I shall lose the little which I still possess; neither your age nor your situation will be able to afford me that protection and support which will be necessary. Consult your own heart, your own reason, and let me know the result. If pleasure were my object, neither my mind nor body are at present in a state which would make the enjoyment of it desirable to me. You must be well aware of the

opinion which the world will form of you and me. You say you are my friend: prove it by the sacrifice of a youthful passion. When you were a boy, I perceived in you generous sentiments. Let me see that time has not destroyed but matured them. You say you will submit to my better judgment and discretion. I now exact from you the fulfilment of your promise. My determination is fixed, and those who will not second it are not my friends. Communicate this letter to your brother, and believe me to be,

Yours truly,

F. A. LEE.

To the plain reader, this letter would seem a clear cry off, but Loudoun saw in it a trap—"She asked Lockhart in the plainest, although the most artful, terms whether he would unite his protection and support to mine." Her champion, however, gives quite a different interpretation—

It must be observed that Mrs. Lee's age and experience had not been matured by adversity—the only school of true philosophy. In fact, she was not so extensively acquainted with the world as to suppose that the author's behaviour arose from any other motives than those he professed. She did not imagine Lockhart Gordon in the sacred character of a clergyman, to be a sheep in wolf's clothing. The design attributed to her could only have been created in the brain of a person famous for plots, and the idea suggested is so much in unison with the author's conduct that no one can seriously doubt his legitimate claim to the invention. Mrs. Lee thought, as every rational being would think, that when a younger brother made an appeal for advice, an elder . . . whose bounden duty it was to snatch even vice from the brink of ruin would feel the effect of such an appeal from a younger brother in such a situation; he would have pointed out to him that path which might ultimately have ensured his honour and happiness. Lockhart's fortune, his support and protection, are repeatedly and highly spoken of. These assertions certainly insinuate that, to the rest of his disinterested services, he was ready and capable of giving his pecuniary assistance. Admit then that this generous, but alas! short-sighted, philanthropist conceived himself, to be purely asked to unite his protection and support with Loudoun and that from his consequent conduct, it implied an admission on his part to accede to it—was he in a situation to effect it? No.

Mrs. Lee's letter was followed by extraordinary epistles from both the Gordons. Loudoun wrote—

MY DEAREST MADAM,

If you assent to my proposition, I shall gain an inexhaustible source of felicity: you will lose the pity of the ignorant and the prejudiced. The protection that I have to offer, Madam, is the strength of body and mind, the courage and the life of a man not unused to danger. My age, Madam, has been matured by adversity, the only school of true philosophy: my situation, though it is not what I could wish, nor what my education and birth might have led me to expect, is rendered less irksome by the possession and enjoyment of that inestimable treasure *mens conscia recti*, which can neither be purchased nor stolen. I have consulted my heart, and would have plucked it out had it dared to think you less than the most perfect of human beings. I have consulted my reason: in a low, but clear, voice it whispered praise. Pleasure, name it not, my heart, for I have found no traces of you imprinted there.

If the union of congenial souls can be rendered more complete by the union of their bodies, obey, Madam, the first mandate of God and of nature, or tremble at the thoughts of your disobedience. The world, Madam, is unworthy of you; the false opinion which it will probably form with regard to your conduct, will never be able to shake your constancy or fortitude. You exact from me the fulfilment of my promise. I have obeyed your injunction by absenting myself for two whole days from viewing the splendour or feeling the vital warmth of that sun which must illuminate or destroy me. In obedience to your commands, I have communicated your letter to my brother. He respects, he admires you, and he says that he will protect you at the hazard of his life and fortunes. I can feel, though I cannot express, what I am to you more than that I am, my dearest Madam,

Your sincere and affectionate,

L. H. GORDON.

The letter which the parson wrote to her in reply was scarcely less vivid—

My dear Madam,—I consent with all my heart to every thought, word, and expression contained in Loudoun's answer to your letter, which you did me the honour to communicate to me. If Loudoun deceives you, Mrs. Lee, I will certainly blow his brains out, and then we shall both be eternally damned as we shall most richly deserve. Strong feelings burst the fetters of ceremony and express themselves in the untutored language of nature. Mrs. Lee will find in Lockhart Gordon a friend who has a head to conceive, a heart to feel, and a hand to execute whatever may conduce to Mrs. Lee's happiness.

Loudoun followed up his letter with a call on January 12, and, according to his own story, declared that if the elopement did not take place, she must never expect to see him again.

The extraordinary situation lasted exactly a month, and then a Sunday (January 15)—the better day the better deed—proved the culminating point of the crisis. The Gordons went to dine with Mrs. Lee between four and five in the afternoon. At half-past six a post-chaise drove up in charge of Mrs. Westgarth, their landlady. Her presence is extremely interesting, for although she was dunning Lockhart for his rent, she was clearly not averse to his schemes; indeed, the commentator might have pointed out that her presence there gave colour to the suggestion that the elopement was a plan for raising money. The night was very dark, but the chaise took the precaution of drawing up fifty yards from Mrs. Lee's door. Meantime a curious scene was being enacted in the lady's house. It is very difficult to say exactly what occurred, for three completely different accounts are given. According to Loudoun, Mrs. Lee took the proposal to elope at first as a boyish jest; the post-boy who drove her away said she entered the carriage laughing; but according to her maid, Janet Davidson, and other servants, there was quite a scene. Davidson attempted to rescue her, upon which Lockhart Gordon took a pistol from his pocket and swore he would shoot her if she made the least noise. Even Loudoun admits this. In any case the three got into the chaise, Lockhart telling the post-boy to drive on or he would shoot him—"a phrase" which Loudoun says his brother, "from having been a great sports-

man, is very apt to make use of." Meantime the servants were in the streets shouting "Fire! Murder! Thieves!" but the post-boy galloped off with the three, and they were soon on the Tyburn turnpike.

We are equally in doubt as to what occurred in the carriage. There was much to do about a ring which the Gordons had brought with them. They tried to get Mrs. Lee to wear it in Bolton Row, but she had declined; yet in the carriage she slipped it on her finger. The commentator of the trial writes very sarcastically about the ring—

I have watched this wonderful ring like a lynx; and yet I cannot discover by any clue they give me by what magic it was conveyed to the author's finger in the post-chaise. On one page he leaves it motionless on the table, and perhaps it is too insignificant for him to state by what conjuration a small quantity of gold travelled a short distance in the hope of its attracting a greater portion at the expiration of the journey. However, it clearly proves that amidst the hurry and confusion of taking Mrs. Lee from her house, not one particle of that dark and systematic plot they had arranged ever escaped them. The ring must have been conveyed into the chaise by the author or his brother. There it was nursed, like the darling offspring of a priest's creation, who gave it birth to answer purposes (which tho' many may presume) few but themselves can explain.

Then there was a mysterious steel necklace bearing a camphor charm which was supposed to save the wearer from the baser man. But Mrs. Lee threw it out of the window of the carriage, declaring that she had no more use for it.

The horses were exchanged at Uxbridge, then at Wycombe, the ancestral home of her late father, and a halt was drawn at Tetsworth. Here the lady calmly discoursed on the Pyramids, Greek architecture, and the source of hieroglyphics.

The night was spent at Tetsworth in a way which

Lord Campbell's Act precludes my detailing. To use the words of the *Apology* itself, "the curtains were drawn." Indeed, they were drawn to such good purpose that it is difficult to understand why Lockhart set off to London by himself next day, Monday, January 16. The commentator feels the hiatus so great that he (or she) has been at the trouble to fill it in thus—

On Monday morning, the 16th of January, Lockhart, who had slept with four loaded pistols at his bedside in an adjacent room, rang his bell about eleven o'clock, and on its being answered by the chambermaid, desired her to bring him pen, ink, and paper, which she did, and he began writing in bed. He then desired the chambermaid to ask the lady if she would have a fire in her bedroom. Mrs. Lee declined. Loudoun pressed her to have one, but she still refused. Lockhart's bell again rang, and on the girl's going in, he desired her to tell the gentleman to get up immediately. Loudoun did so, and went into Lockhart's room. . . . The chambermaid was then desired to quit the room and go and assist the lady. This she did, and Mrs. Lee then went down to breakfast. Mrs. Lee waited a considerable time, and at last sent up to Loudoun and Lockhart to say breakfast was ready. After they had spent an hour in conversation, they at length came down, apologizing for their not appearing before, and say'd they did not know she was there.

Conspirators generally manage their proceedings in that secret way, that it is rarely if ever you can get any positive evidence of the fact unless you seize their documents, or one of the accessories afterwards become a witness; but as the author has pledged himself to lay an accurate statement of the whole before the public, I would ask him why the above transaction has been omitted. I would ask also the contents of those papers which were so immergent as to require writing in bed. I would ask him why Lockhart's summons was so important as not to allow him time to put on his clothes before he went to the conference. I would ask him the nature of this mysterious conference which was so pressing as to require his attendance for an hour in direct violation of good manners to a lady for whom he professed the greatest regard, but whom . . . he left to breakfast by herself. On Lockhart's coming down-stairs, I would ask him why he should bring paper and desire Mrs. Lee to write for her clothes: why he should tell her he would be her best friend, or most bitter enemy. Why he should look in the glass and observe he thought he saw the devil, and that if he was a villain he was no common one, and many other

expressions equally violent. I will assert these facts have been omitted, and leave the reader to draw his conclusion.

This rhetoric leaves us almost as ignorant as before. Equally mysterious is the commentator's account of what happened after the parson left—

Soon after Lockhart was gone, Mrs. Lee retired to her bed-chamber, and sent for [Mrs. Edmonds, the innkeeper at Tetsworth]. On her going up, she was asked by Mrs. Lee if she had any sincerity. Mrs. Lee at that time looked at her very steadfastly, and she felt alarmed at the question and the manner it was expressed, but reply'd, "Madam, I hope I have." Mrs. Lee again say'd, "Have you any integrity?" She told her she might rely on her integrity. Mrs. Lee then say'd, "I suppose you know my situation here?" She say'd she did not, but had understood from the chambermaid that she was very ill equipped for a journey. Mrs. Lee then delivered to her the letter [written to her maid Davidson, bearing the words, "No money, no clothes; death or compliance"] : saying, "now that I can rely on your integrity, you will not mention till after I leave this house that I have given you a letter, or what I am now going to say to you." She then told her that she had been dragged there with pistols over her head, from her own table in danger of her life. Mrs. Edmonds say'd she was very sorry for her situation, but from this unconnected story, and what she had heard before, she was induced to suppose that Loudoun was actually Mrs. Lee's husband, from whom she might have been separated, and that he was then forcing her to live with him again. Mrs. Lee [then declared of Lockhart, whose cropped hair did not give him the look of a parson]: "He is mad and very mad too; he may well look grave for he is a great villain and a hardened villain, and he will surely suffer for this."

Mrs. Edmonds then left her, but soon after returned and say'd if she could render her any assistance she should be happy to do it. Mrs. Lee again requested that she would send the letter either by some private hand or the post, and not mention it till after she had left the house. She added: "They want me to write for my clothes, but that I do not chuse to do, and further begged to be accommodated with a shawl, upon which Mrs. Edmonds asked her if she meant to pursue her journey; and Mrs. Lee replied, "As things are, I suppose I must."

The alarmed and unsettled state of Mrs. Lee's mind is so forcibly portrayed in the above recital of facts that after what I have written all comment on them is perhaps needless.

Notwithstanding all this, the solid fact remains that Mrs. Lee and Loudoun continued their journey,

stopping at Oxford to buy some haberdashery, for Mrs. Lee had brought no clothes with her. They changed horses at Witney. Then driving on again the extraordinary pair put up for the night at Northleach.

Meantime the hue and cry had been raised. Mrs. Lee's maids had gone to her attorney and trustee, Anthony Parkin, in Great Ormond Street, at whose request a warrant was issued for Loudoun's arrest. The same night (January 16), Lockhart actually had the effrontery to present himself at Mrs. Lee's house at eleven o'clock armed with a loaded pistol. He had first gone to a ball in Portland Place, then drove to Bolton Row. Finding a stranger in the house, however, and scenting danger, he returned to his carriage, and was driving off, when Miller, the Bow Street officer in charge of the case, came up with another officer, while two local watchmen stopped the carriage by striking one of the horses on the head. Lockhart then bolted towards Clarges Street with a pistol in each hand, but was arrested and taken to St. Martin's lock-up.

In the morning he was conveyed in a hackney coach to Mr. Parkin's house in Great Ormond Street. The annotation of the *Apology* gives an account of this interview as minutely as if the writer had been a stenographer in Parkin's employ—

Lockhart, in the utmost apparent agitation, was brought into the presence of Mr. Parkin, who say'd : "I understand, sir, you wish to see me." Lockhart reply'd : "I wish, sir, to have a private interview." Mr. Parkin : "After the manner you have behaved I shall not suffer it." Mr. Gordon : "All I have to ask of you is that I alone may be prosecuted, because I alone am guilty ; give me your word that I alone shall be punished, as I only am to blame, and I will give up everything." Mr. Parkin : "I shall not promise any such thing ; those who are to blame shall be proceeded against,

and take the consequences. How can you talk of your being only to blame? Did not your brother assist in carrying her off, and is he not with her at this very time?" Gordon: "Yes, certainly, he is; and all I ask is for him to leave the country. I don't want but for him to leave the country—he tenderly loves her—he acted from passion—what I did was cool and deliberate. I had pistols; he had none. I declared I'd shoot him if he did not bring her down. O, sir, I feel much for her condition—she has no clothes; but my brother is not to blame. It was only me; I am willing to meet any prosecution. It was a mercy to God I did not shoot him. Will you consent to strike his name out of the warrant, and I will immediately give up where she is?" Mr. Parkin: "I will not, sir." Mr. Gordon: "Will you indulge me with a private meeting before the Magistrates?" Mr. Parkin: "I will speak to them, and I have no doubt that they will grant me that favour if you give up where Mrs. Lee is."

Mr. Gordon again urged that his brother might not be proceeded against, and Mr. Parkin say'd he should not make terms with him; the first thing he ought to have done was to have given up where Mrs. Lee was, as an atonement for his past conduct.

Mr. Gordon: "Then, sir, I have nothing more to say." Mr. Parkin: "I will not be talked to in this way; we shall meet at Bow Street. Take him away." The officers and Gordon were retiring, when the latter returned and said: "Mrs. Lee has no clothes; I pity her condition. I will write where she is." He wrote on a paper the word "Gloster" and delivered it to Mr. Parkin, who say'd: "It is a very general direction." Gordon: "It is the best I can give; they will be at the head inn. I promised to bring her clothes there if I was alive." As Mr. Gordon went away, he say'd he was given to understand Mr. Parkin was a gentleman, but he had found him very different.

While this interview was in progress, the Bow Street officer (Miller), accompanied by the maid Davidson, was off in pursuit of the other brother, and he encountered the elopers in the Bell Inn at Gloucester on Wednesday afternoon (January 18). He brought them both back to town, which was reached on the evening of January 19, and Loudoun was taken to Bow Street, while the lady went to Parkin's house, "being conducted into a room in which his wife and daughters were sitting. A friendly interest cannot be presumed. The measure

was perhaps taken to make witnesses against R. F. A. in case of necessity, and she holds that she has proved her interpretation, because she never saw them afterwards, and Mr. Parkin after the trial almost wholly neglected her."

The affair became the talk of the town. Edward Jerningham describes how the inhabitants of Bolton Row peeped out of their windows to catch a glimpse of the lady on her way to Bow Street—

Nothing else is talked about but this perplexed, unaccountable story. Buonaparte will be jealous of Mrs. Lee. I dined in a French set yesterday, and their observations upon this romance of the day were entertaining. . . . The tense of the conversation took its course from Mrs. Lee, and as it flowed it imbibed a tincture from every person's remarks till it sparkled with wit and gayety.

On January 20, the brothers were placed in the dock at Bow Street. In her memoirs Mrs. Lee writes that she found it "impossible to dwell without a mixture of horror and indignation on her appearance at Bow Street, and afterwards at Oxford." She says that she was conveyed to Bow Street in a hackney coach by Mr. Parkin "with a mind full of the oppressive circumstances which had led to the event in question, and with a certainty that all possible means had been taken, though under somewhat specious appearance, to prejudice individuals and the public against her."

On January 27, the brothers once more came up at Bow Street, and were committed for trial at the Oxford Assizes. The case came on before Mr. Justice Lawrence and Mr. Justice Le Blanc, the grand jury being presided over by the Marquis of Blandford. The Gordons were charged under an Act passed in the reign of Henry VII with having

to "the great displeasure of Almighty God, the disparagement of Rachel Fanny Antonia Lee, and the evil example of His Majesty's subjects," forcibly carried away the lady. The Gordons pleaded not guilty in a court crowded with undergraduates. De Quincey, who was then tormenting his bewildered tutors at Worcester College, was present, and has left a picturesque account of the scene. "Pitiable," he says, "was the humiliation expressed by Mrs. Lee's carriage as she entered the witness-box. Pitiable was the change, the world of distance, between this faltering and dejected accuser and that wild leopardess that had once worked her pleasure amongst the sheepfolds of Christianity."

When Mrs. Lee admitted that she had thrown away her necklace and camphor, the judge stopped the case, remarking that "it did not appear that any force had been used to bring Mrs. Lee into the county of Oxford. She might have had assistance at the different turnpikes through which she passed on the road to Tetsworth, as well as at the inns where the horses were changed." "You must therefore acquit the prisoners"; and a verdict of not guilty was pronounced. Had they been tried in their father's native country, the verdict "not proven" would probably have been given. The commentator of the *Apology* gives this curious gloss on the verdict—

It ought to be recollected that this trial ended equally on a point of law as well as fact; for admitting the camphor bag to have fell in the county of Oxford, and that to have been proved, the trial would have went on, but the impression the judge made on the jury was, that at the time the bag was thrown away, the force ceased, and that a jury in that county could not decide on facts which passed in another.

It is, I believe, generally admitted that Mrs. Lee, in giving her

evidence at the trial, acted with the most rigid impartiality, and it is doubted whether in order to preserve an unlimited degree of candour on her part she did not give an assent to or at least not positively contradict questions that were put to her, which, in truth, she might have negated without hesitation.

When it is considered the very extraordinary situation in which Mrs. Lee was so suddenly placed at Tetsworth, I trust every candid person will make some allowance for her conduct. Mrs. Lee has sworn "that she was apprehensive that a serious scuffle might ensue in which lives might be lost," and has repeatedly declared that all her fears arose from the violence of Lockhart's behaviour, who even held his brother as well as herself in terrorism.

When the whole of the rashness of Mr. Lockhart Gordon's conduct in this affair is seriously reflected on I would ask any impartial person if there was not just grounds for her apprehension. But if there wanted a further proof of her real feelings on the occasion I submit with some degree of confidence that her manner of sending for and behaviour to Mrs. Edmonds is one of the strongest confirmations of her testimony. It is worthy of remark that before Mrs. Lee sent for Mrs. Edmonds, Lockhart had set out for London; consequently the principal cause of her alarm was removed.

As it was, Mr. Justice Lawrence tacitly took up this attitude. According to the *Apology* he said that their acquittal was no cause of triumph to the Gordons, as their conduct had been disgraceful. The annotator of the *Apology*, however, gives us the benefit of the judge's complete rebuke, which, not unnaturally, is omitted in the pamphlet—

Loudoun and Lockhart Gordon, you are acquitted, but it is no cause of triumph for you. Your conduct has been disgraceful, and your letters infamous.

You, Lockhart, in the sacred character of a clergyman, have not only attempted to seduce a defenceless woman and plunge her into a state of vice and dissipation, but have endeavoured to lug your younger brother into the diabolical plan. However, you are acquitted, and I have nothing more to say to you.

According to the *Apology*, Mr. Abbot, the Gordons' counsel, "exactd a promise from Lockhart, just

before the judge made his observations upon their conduct, that he would not speak: which promise was the cause of his silence."

De Quincey tells us what happened to Mrs. Lee. "In the dusk of the evening, the lady, muffled up and in some measure disguised, made her way to a chaise. Before she could reach it, however, she was recognized by a mob that had been waiting. A savage howl was raised, and a rush made to seize her. Fortunately a body of gownsmen formed round her, so as to secure her from personal assault; they put her rapidly into the carriage, and then joining the mob in their hootings, sent off the horses at a gallop. Such was the mode of her exit from Oxford." She tells us that after the trial she was called on by a man who offered to be of "service by writing in the newspapers." In her *Vindication* she makes some extraordinary statements about receiving anonymous letters, and having had letters forged in her name sent to her friends.

Loudoun's trials, however, did not come to an end with the close of the trial, for he was immediately arrested for a debt of £200. Of this sum £118 was for a debt contracted in the West Indies. A sum of £58 was due to the captain of the ship which brought him home; and the rest of it was to his tailor. The issue of the notorious *Apology*, which ran through at least six editions, was clearly to raise the wind. Although Loudoun's name is on the title pages as the author, it is probably the case, as the commentator makes out, that "those who are acquainted with the methodical cant and hypocritical writings of a crafty priest will not long study to

discover its real author." The commentator is severe on Lockhart—

It is say'd [by Loudoun]: "Lockhart went to London after his acquittal with a determination to bear the whips and scorns of outrageous fortune rather than publish a single line in his defence." Generous philanthropy! Perhaps, as he observed in the *Morning Post* soon after the trial, "because he would not injure Mrs. Lee's reputation." Yet now it is tauntingly observed, had he known the whole of her conduct, he should have expected the return she made him. "Women who have once forfeited their characters, etc." Is this mean, unmanly assertion substantiated here by any kind of proof made by the man who only nine lines before talks of the eternal love and friendship which he must for ever feel for Mrs. Lee? Is this the effect of that sacred regard? Or has the dignified resolution of his noble brother to bear the whips and scorns of outrageous fortune been abandoned by him, and has he at last had the condescension to hammer out a quotation, and cram into his brother's book applied with a scurrilous meaning to swell the catalogue of abuse and calumny, while by extending the pages it draws money from the purchasers for sentences reprinted which his own brain was not prolifick enough to produce?

In her *Memoirs*, Mrs. Lee states that she received a few lines from Loudoun after the trial. They were "written in a style in which he evinced gratitude and respect towards her, and apparently contradicted the supposition that he had been willingly concerned in a publication which had reflected much additional disgrace on him. She could not for obvious reasons, but particularly with reference to the situation in which she had been placed, answer the letter."

It would seem as if the *Apology* had been issued as a threat, for in her vindication Mrs. Lee states that after the trial she got a letter from Lockhart "threatening to injure her by all possible means in the public opinion; and his intention was made evident some time afterwards by the communication of a bookseller."

Soon after, Lockhart was held up to public obloquy by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which stated that his deserted wife had died on May 1, 1804, in poverty and broken hearted at Dorchester, and was buried at Holy Trinity Church there at the hands of charity. The burial book tells nothing of her history, making the simple entry: "May 9—Mary Ann, the wife of the Rev. Lockhart Gordon." Mr. Thomas Hardy, the great man of Dorchester to-day, might very well cast her sad story into one of his *Life's Little Ironies*.

I have not discovered what became of Lockhart. His brother Loudoun so far retrieved himself as to get a commission in the 56th Regiment, June 18, 1807, and in 1828 he was living in retirement and unmarried at Laverstock, near Salisbury.

The Gordons' mother came to a tragic end, for on the morning of May 29, 1813, she flung herself into the street from the first floor of No. 39 Somerset Street, Portman Square, where she had resided with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Williams. She had suffered from "great depression of spirits"; and small wonder with such sons.

As for Mrs. Lee, she went on (for a quarter of a century) as she had begun, age only accentuating her peculiarities. After the trial she was placed by her friends in the house of a Gloucestershire clergyman, and Mrs. De Quincey was glad to think that "in submitting to a rustication so mortifying to a woman of her brilliant qualifications," Mrs. Lee "must have fallen under some influences more promising for her respectability and happiness than those which had surrounded her in London." But she quarrelled with the clergyman, as, indeed, she

ultimately did with everybody she had anything to do with—every squabble being recounted by her in pamphlets long forgotten. Amid all this, however, she led a curious intellectual life, even studying Hebrew with H. V. Bolaffey. In 1808 she published, under the pseudonym of "Philopatria," an *Essay on Government*. It is an extraordinary fact that Wordsworth, "who read so very little of modern literature, in fact next to nothing," should have admired the book. Indeed he spoke of it frequently to De Quincey "as distinguished for vigour and originality of thought." Cosway painted her portrait. She departed this life, which had been too much for her, in the early part of 1829, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, leaving nothing for posterity to remember but her eccentricities and elopements. She was a New Woman in an Old Age, and therefore an anachronism.

ABOUT GORDON TARTAN

THERE is a tendency on this side of the Border to regard everything and everybody north of the Tay—certainly north of the Grampians—as “Highland.” The idea is particularly fallacious in the case of the Gordons, for, having started out as Lowlanders, they never quite understood the Highland character. This was especially so with the ducal family, who owned vast tracts of real Highland territory, and for many years a fierce struggle waged between the Cocks of the North and their Highland vassals. In the early days the Clan Chattan raided their lands by fire and sword; and when the times became too civilized for that the hatred found expression in tedious lawsuits and fierce indictments like Æneas Macpherson’s *Loyal Dissuasive*.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the backbone of the regiments raised by the fourth duke was Highland, so that the term Gordon Highlanders is not so far wrong as some critics (curiously enough they are nearly always Scots) have tried to make out. In order to encourage enlisting in the latter half of the eighteenth century it was necessary to repeal the act making the wearing of tartan and the kilt a penal offence. That was how the Gordons came to have a tartan at all.

The inspiration to do so came from the Black Watch in 1791. There is no doubt that the fourth duke’s first regiment of Fencibles (1778–83) wore a tartan,

but of what pattern I cannot say. In the autumn of 1790, his elder son, the Marquis of Huntly, after a brief spell of service in the 35th Regiment, resolved to play the Highland chief by raising an independent company, which he took early next year to the Black Watch, then in great need of replenished ranks.

He was duly presented at Court in his kilt, and the sight fired the ardour of his devoted mother, Jane Maxwell, a Lowlander of the Lowlanders. At that time she was a great figure in the social life of London, with a harmless craving for notoriety; so the idea at once struck her that it would look well in silk. She sent a pattern of it to China, and in due course back came a tartan plaid. One day the Duchess of Cumberland called on her Grace in Pall Mall and learned with dismay that she intended appearing at Court in a tartan frock. She could scarcely have thought otherwise, for it had been largely through a victory at Culloden of her husband's uncle that the kilt and tartan had been debarred as the very symbols of disloyalty. "It may do for yourself very well," said her Royal Highness; "but it would not do for me. That put the Duchess of Gordon on her mettle. So off she went to Spital-fields and got a silk weaver to make a large quantity of the tartan, and one day her Grace of Gordon appeared in tartan at a Drawing-Room and made an immense sensation. She was a particularly handsome woman, and showed off the material to advantage.

Within a very short time tartan became the rage of the town, the Duchess of Cumberland herself succumbing to its charms, while the men got waistcoats made of it. The engaging Mr. Matthias D'Amour, groom of the Duchess of Gordon's



JANE (MAXWELL), DUCHESS OF GORDON AS A "TARTAN BELLE"

Her Grace introduced tartan to Court in 1792; apparently using the plaid of the Black Watch, to which her son had just been appointed. This caricature was issued at the time to burlesque the fashion which Her Grace had set both in London and in Paris, which still remains peculiarly faithful to tartan. Gordon tartan was not designed till 1793, and was based on the Black Watch pattern.

chamber, tells us in his forgotten *Memoirs*—to which we are indebted for many a good story about Jane Maxwell—that so much was this silk tartan in demand, that the lucky weavers “for a considerable time could do no such thing as finish a piece before it was hurried away but they had constantly to cut it from out of their looms by piecemeal to supply present demands. In the end,” adds the vivacious valet, “scarce a respectable female but wore a tartan waist to her gown at least, and there was hardly a waiter at any inn in London but appeared in his tartan waistcoat.” It was a fine thing for the caricaturists, and in 1792 Fores issued a coloured cartoon of her Grace as “A Tartan Belle.”

When her husband raised his second regiment of Northern Fencibles in 1793 the Duchess seems to have asked herself—why not have a tartan of her own? So the Duke applied to William Forsyth, a manufacturer in Huntly, who supplied much of the clothing of the regiment. Forsyth experimented with the Black Watch tartan and, introducing yellow stripes, sent the patterns to his Grace. “I imagine,” he wrote, “the yellow stripes will appear very lively.”

A Scots verse-maker of to-day has given it another character in picturing the tradition that the Duchess kissed the lads who 'listed in the Gordon Highlanders raised in 1794—

There's a yellow thread in the Gordon plaid,
But it binds na my love to me;
And the ivy leaf has brought dool and grief
Where there needs but love should be.

For my lad would 'list: when a Duchess kisst
He forgot a' the vows he made;
And he turned and took but ae lang, last look
When the “Cock o' the North” was play'd.

THE STORY OF A KISS

THE annals of our army supply a thousand stories which show us in the light of a martial, if not a military, people : but few of them have caught the popular imagination more completely than the famous tradition that the Duchess of Gordon 'listed men for her son, the Marquis of Huntly's regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, in 1794, by giving them a kiss. The story has got quite a new vogue in our day by reason of the remarkably interesting revival of territorial soldiering, and also because it seems the fine flower of a feminism which existed long before the modern movement took shape.

Jane Maxwell was one of these flamboyant figures of the eighteenth century of whom the story might very well be true. A woman who could marry three of her daughters to dukes and one to a marquis ; who could sue for the hand of Napoleon's own stepson for one of them, and for the millions of the author of *Vathek* for another ; who could keep together a political *salon* for a Prime Minister, and hold her own with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, was just the type to enlist a regiment ; all the more as her consort, the fourth Duke of Gordon, had rinsed the country dry for three regiments which he had previously raised, including a Fencible one in the previous year.

At any rate the Gordon Highlanders, largely on the strength of this tradition, supported by their fine achievements in many campaigns, which has given them a place as a supporter of Lord Roberts' coat-of-arms, have become one of the pets of a public which is extraordinarily indifferent to soldiering and wonderfully ignorant of its history. Since Richard Cannon wrote his official account of the Gordons in 1851, four histories have appeared, varying in price from two guineas to a penny. It has become the theme of a musical comedy and of half-a-dozen melodramas more or less lurid: and the story of the Kiss is known all the world over.

Cannon, a dry-as-dust old soul, finding no mention of the story in the archives of the War Office, does not even mention it, but in 1860 William Grant Stuart, in his curiously named *Lectures on the Mountains*, told how the Duchess and her daughters helped the recruiting, as one of them, Lady Madelina Sinclair, most undoubtedly did—

In a crowded market at Tomintoul, dressed in Highland bonnets and feathers, tartan scarfs, short tartan petticoats and pantaloons, in a circle formed by their attendants, appeared some of those young, gay, and lovely ladies (the Duchess's daughters), afterwards the consorts of ducal coronets; and danced with any young man willing to wear a cockade, to the music of the bag-pipes; and at the end of each reel handed to each of their partners a guinea and a cockade in the name of King George and Huntly. Candidates for the honour of a dance crowded around emulous for the next vacancy, and in spite of the remonstrances and lamentations of female friends, they bounded in rapid succession into the enchanting circle, going in as civilians and coming out as soldiers. At the end of the day the noble marquis and his fair assistants had reason to be satisfied with the day's sport—scores of young men, the finest of the fair, having become stricken, proud, no doubt, come what might, they had been partners for once with "Nighean Duchd Gordon" (the Duke of Gordon's daughters).

The tradition that the Duchess also kissed the

recruits has long been known in the north, although it is difficult to trace its first statement in print. It received its greatest imprimatur in 1901, when Colonel Greenhill Gardyne set it forth in *The Life of a Regiment*—

She rode to the country fairs in Highland bonnet [now in possession of the 2nd Gordons] and regimental jacket [it was not unusual in those days of military enthusiasm for ladies to wear the uniform of their husband's or brother's regiments]. It is told how she gave a kiss to the men she enlisted—far more valued than the coin by which it was accompanied, as in the case of a smart young farmer at Huntly market, who took the shilling and the kiss, and then paid "smart" [that is £1 which a recruit forfeited if he repented his bargain before being sworn in], saying, "A kiss from your Grace is well worth a pound note." Sometimes she is said to have placed a guinea between her lips. There was in a Highland village a young blacksmith remarkable for his strength and good looks. Recruiters for the Guards and Line had in vain tried to enlist him, but he could not resist her Grace. He took the kiss and the guinea; but to show it was not the gold that tempted him, he tossed the guinea among the crowd.

Colonel Greenhill Gardyne goes on to note that when a Gordon Highlander was wounded in battle a Highland comrade would say, "Och cha n'eil ach pog ede o'n Bhan Duic," or as Aberdonians would facetiously put it—"Mind, lad, ye got a kiss o' the Duchess o' Gordon for that."

You see he does not place the story on any stronger basis than tradition, but during the South African war a little book called a *Souvenir of Sympathy* appeared at Banff, in which a writer averred that his grandmother, aged ninety-seven, told him "with her own mouth," that she stood one day beside the plainstones in the Old Square at Elgin and saw the Duchess ride up in search of men for her regiment, and seeing a fine young fellow standing in front of the old jail she waved her hand

for him to approach her, which he did. After a little talk with him, she dismounted and approached him with a sovereign held between her teeth. The gallant lad wiped his mouth, and the next moment the coin was transferred and held between his teeth, she remarking—"You will get maha to-mo'o" (you will get mair to-morrow, or mae to-mo'o). She could not pronounce the letter "r."

I have said that if any woman could have raised a regiment by such means it was the Duchess. But did she do it? That the local newspapers of the period make no mention of any such kiss is not to be wondered at, for they dealt with every kind of news—except local affairs, which was condensed into three or four inches against ten or twelve columns of "foreign intelligence." I have long questioned the story, and a recent examination of a great mass of documents dealing with the raising of the regiment—and never before touched by any of its historians—in the possession of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, shows that scepticism is only too well founded.

There is no doubt, however, that her Grace's daughter, Lady Madelina Sinclair—the only one of her brood who married a commoner—set out recruiting for the Gordons with her husband, Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart., of Stevenson in Haddington and Murkle in Caithness. She had just tried her hand in recruiting for the Northern Fencibles, raised by her father in 1793. In particular, she listed at Forres Charles Ross, son of one of the tenants of Miss Grace Grant of Inverlochy. Her husband, writing on March 29, 1793, says—

Ross said he would go with the Duke. He is about the handsomest recruit I ever saw. I have given him £3 9s., but, as he said he was determined to be totally the Duke's recruit, I shall not mark him as one of my men. I only persuaded him to enlist with Madelina for fear of the Grant recruiting parties. He lives at Inverlochy. He is a charming lad. I am at present giving out a great deal of ready money for lads, more than I can conveniently spare.

When the Marquis of Huntly got his mandate in the following year to raise the Gordon Highlanders (or the 100th Regiment as it was at first called) he was only too glad to get help from all sides, for the conditions of regular soldiering were of course more exigent than in fencible regiments, which were not supposed to leave the country. As his brother-in-law, Sir Robert, was governor of Fort George and a man of mark in Caithness-shire, the Marquis requisitioned him to scour his family district for men. Unfortunately, however, the county was then being recruited for its own Fencible regiment, and the Sinclairs found great opposition. Writing from Fort George after his tour, on June 22, 1794, Sir Robert told the Duke of Gordon's factotum, Mr. Menzies, that he had had "a dreadful hard drinking campaign." The country was "quite drained," and the young men, so far from being fascinated by the merry Madelina, had run "to the hills." The authorities recruiting for the Fencibles were, however, quite as unlucky, and Sir Robert says that some of the men they had got "were offering money to officers to get off to go with Lady Madelina." That bears out part of the story; but Sir Robert adds—

I met with great opposition from the Fencibles, but we conducted ourselves so as to put it out of their power to speak truths that *at last they were reduced to the necessity of saying something false, which was truly ridiculous; that Lady Madelina marched*

through Thurso in the filibeg and hose, and enlisted men with a kiss and a guinea in her mouth; which she very properly, at Lord Caithness's table, etc., made a very laughable joke of.

I have italicized Sir Robert's statement, for here, I think, we have the kernel of the story as applied to her mother. Although there is no actual denial of the legend as told of her Grace, we have here the curious point that the story was told by rival recruiters by way of disparaging the daughter, who "made a very laughable joke" of it. I wonder what she would have thought if she had heard of its being related as a shining example of her mother's patriotism.

Although not a single document in the Duke of Richmond's possession gives the slightest colour to the suggestion that the Duchess kissed the recruits, and although his Grace owns a yellow silk flag (6 ft. 3 in. by 5 ft. 10 in.), which she is said to have used in recruiting the second battalion of the regiment in 1803, the Duchess was, as I have said, quite fitted by temperament to have resorted to this means. But if she was prepared to kiss the men, it is very certain they were not prepared to accept a paltry guinea for their services.

I have had some qualms in telling the true story of the kiss, for it is a pretty romance; and the woodman-spare-that-tree injunction might have prevailed, but for the ill-informed nonsense to which some appraisers of the "patriotism" of the past have treated us recently in their criticism of the present Government's territorial scheme. This of course is not a political pamphlet, but surely the time has come when we may look eighteenth-century "patriotism" steadily in the face, for a clear percep-

tion of it will help to solve many difficulties of the future.

There is a wide-spread belief that the Highland people answered a course of outrageous treatment, in the shape of de-kilting and the like, by smartly springing to arms the moment Mr. Pitt held up a beckoning finger. It is true that thirty-four years after Culloden no fewer than 12,500 of them joined the British army within a period of eighteen months; but it is also true that the difficulty of getting men became so great that by the time the Gordon Highlanders were called into being, bounties had risen to £25 or £30 per man, as the recruiting accounts of the Gordons, set forth with clerkly skill, amply testify. So far from being satisfied with a guinea, that sum was often paid to men who brought a recruit, as for example the entry of May 27, 1794—

To George Urquhart for bringing his brother Donald
[whose bounty was £19 19s.]

£110.

The Government itself gave £5 bounty, and that had to be increased privately. The Marquis of Huntly's difficulties were further accentuated by the fact that a rival regiment, the Aberdeenshire, was being recruited in the city of Aberdeen at the same time as the Gordons, much to the dismay of his agents there. "For God's sake," wrote one of them in despair, "lay every oar in the water." The real facts about recruiting in the Highlands during the eighteenth century are, in short, a perfect revelation of self-interest, which has never yet been set forth to an ingenuous public, and form a complete demolition of many of our "romantic" presumptions.

Curiously enough, though tradition has assigned to the Duchess such a prominent part in raising the Gordon Highlanders, the military historians have forgotten the fact that she actually did raise a company for the Fraser Highlanders in 1775 on behalf of her brother, Captain Maxwell.

Women, indeed, were regarded as the natural co-adjutors of the Duke in recruiting for his various regiments. Thus, when he raised the (first) Northern Fencibles in 1778, his factor wrote to "Lady Rothiemurcus"—

Many of the Duke's tenants have bestirr'd themselves of late to send his Grace some men for his regiment, and some of the Kincardine tenants have done as much in that way as could have been expected. Mr. Ross, therefore, begs leave to put Lady Rothiemurcus in mind that she holds the Mill of Kincardine of his Grace, which certainly can afford to furnish a man, as well as the other possessions; and he cannot doubt but that her Ladyship will exert herself to appear at least neighbourlike upon the present occasion.

"Lady Rothiemurcus" answered the covert threat in a spirited letter of July 31, 1778—

The noble dear Dutches Douager of Gordon gave her lieve to occupy that milln [of Kincardine] at a publick roup, she having intimate to her grace that it would be useful to her as being nigh her. Her noble Grace generously and friendly, like herself, said it was a pity any of those little creatures would have preference in anything belonging to the Duke of Gordon that could serve her. As her grace knew, she would not ask any diminution of his grace's rent, but carefully pay at every term what was required of her. This she has done.

As to recruiting men, she is now too old for that business and the country is really quite drained of men. When she was able to act, she was note behind other women, even, in finding men fore the Duke of Gordon: which, she believes, there are some alive as yet of the family could prove.

Again, Lieutenant James Shaw, writing on July 13, 1778, announced that he proposed sending

Mrs. Shaw to Ross-shire, "where she may have some success among her friends, Mrs. Ross of Ankerville being in the country."

On the other hand, women frequently were the greatest obstacle to the Gordon recruiters. Shaw himself had a typical experience later in the same year. He tried his hand on the lands of The Mackintosh, and apprehended a certain McBean : whereupon—

Captain John Dow McPherson's lady appeared at the head of upwards of sixty men and women with staves and stones sufficient to attack Tingal himself. Their goddess declared McBean should not move a step further, and all said in the words of the Ephesians that blessed was the words of their Diana. I behaved with all possible politeness to her, being a woman, and though she had a bad cause ; but the sacrament had been that day administered to her ; her violence led her so far as to call me an eternal scoundrel etc. I should have made her bow, but being so unexpectedly attacked, an ungarded spark kindled in my breast that led me to tell her that none but an ill-bred hissie durst tell me so.

Another case in point is related by Lieutenant Charles Gordon of Wardhouse, the brother of the young man who had been executed at Brest nine years before. Writing from Gordonhall on August 1, 1778, he says—

On Friday night, as you will see by my return, I enlisted Alexander Anderson, son to Brideswell, his Grace's tennant. Yesterday his mother came here and made a terrible racket about giving up her possession, not being able to hold it. He made some objection when he was attested about his mother not being satisfied. I told him I should endeavour, and made no doubt of satisfying her that it was the best thing he could do, as I made no doubt if he behaved himself well and learned his exercise soon, I should get him made a sergeant : which I believe his not being made so at present is his principall objection to his going. She will make a prodigious outcry to his Grace against me ; but he was perfectly willing to enlist, and very well satisfied. He wanted an obligation from me for a tack after the reduction of the regiment, which I gave him, learning that he was to have the offer of any tack out of lease or the first to become so in my

interest, that he was able to stock and fill ; which I mean to perform. After all, if the Duke incline to let him pass, I shall upon his order deliver up the attestation, but he should not be rash, as she will probably come to herself again.

A curious case of the intervention of a woman is recorded by Charles Stewart, Drummin, writing under date February—

A certain number of the people in the low end of Strathdown engaged a young lade [Stewart] to teach their children. . . . and he set up at Inverlochie. Upon the 27th ult. Doctor Ffarqrson, now Lieutenant [of Fyvie's regiment, a rival to the Duke's] Robert Ffarqrson in Arbrachan and Mr. Farqrson went from the manse to the boatman's house near Inverlochie, where the former two housed ; and the latter went to the school and carried the young man with him to the boatman's house, where they drank some drams ; and then they adjourned to the manse, and carried the Dominie along with them (who is a native of Strathaven). Soon after that, a woman in the neighbourhood, who nursed the young man, got notice of the company he was with. She repaired [as] fast as possible to the manse and asked one of the parson's sisters if Stewart, that is the lades name, was there. To which, Miss F[arquharson] gave a doubtful answer, but promised to inform her soon ; and according went up stairs. And the woman went in her rear, and upon the second floor being oppened, the woman saw Stewart, and immediately laid hold upon him in order to carry him down stairs, but was prevented by Mr. Ffarqrson, who threatened to toss her over the window if she would not forthwith depart, and he at the same time thrust or pushed her down stairs. And upon her coming to the closs, she, repeated times, begged to speak one word to her "child" as she called him ; upon which Mr. Ffarqrson, over a window, desired her begone, otherwise he would cause his dogs use her ill ; which so horrified the poor woman that she went away home. That morning she sent me notice what had happened [to] the boy ; upon which I set out for the manse, but before I got there the whole of them had decamped.

In the case of the Gordon Highlanders themselves, there are fewer cases of women influencing recruits, but a Miss G. Gordon corresponded with the Duke's secretary, John Menzies, on March 2, 1794, about a nineteen-year-old apprentice of Provost Robinson, stocking weaver at Banff. The Provost

had had a great deal of trouble with his apprentices, many of whom naturally preferred the roving character of a soldier's life to the hum drum of the loom. This particular lad had 'listed with the Sea-forths, but on his indenture being produced, he was given up. Miss Gordon says—

Men do not like going to the kill, they say. I offered a fine handsome and stout young man twelve guineas, but no money could make him go.

So you see that if the Duchess did not actually kiss the recruits she was in touch with the soldiering experiments of her consort, and her daughter was in the thick of it; and as I have already noted it is peculiarly appropriate that a woman should have undertaken the immense task of compiling a biographical dictionary detailing the career of every officer of the name of Gordon who has ever figured in the services.

THE GAYNESS OF A DIPLOMAT

SIR WILLIAM GORDON was quite a figure in his time. He was a member of Parliament: he was our Minister in two capitals: he had the misfortune to shoot a prince: he married a lady with £7000 a year: and he had a Rabelaisian talent as a letter-writer which a change in public taste does not permit of my reproducing *in extenso*. And yet I cannot trace his origin. His family seem to have had estates in Jamaica. His nephew, Thomas Gordon, of Middleton Court, Somerset, had a niece, Louisa Power Short (1798-1872), by whose wish her cousin, Captain Charles Henry Short, took the additional name of Gordon in 1873.

As Sir William was seventy-two when he died in 1798, he was probably born in 1726. Of his early career I know nothing, though he must have made some mark. He does not emerge till 1764, when he was sent as our representative to the Diet of Ratisbon. In that and the following year he wrote a series of lively letters to Richard Phelps, Under-Secretary of State for the Northern Department, which are preserved among the Stowe MSS. at the British Museum. The first of the series is dated Calais, June 28, 1764—

After a passage of twelve hours, I now find myself upon the Gallich shore—cursed low spirited and the gout in one of my feet

so bad that I was obliged to be carried in a Sedan chair from the packet boat to my inn. However, in a quarter of an hour, I will get into my post chaise, and go day and night to endeavour to reach Brussels, lest I should be laid up in some infamous house upon the road. Had this accident happened to me in London, I know you have so much feeling in your constitution that you would immediately have said, "Gordon is a fine fellow; he can command a gout whenever he pleases."

You never gave me any directions about the Rhenish wine, and to whom I am to address myself at Frankfort. Therefore, if you intend I should send you any, write to me directly, and address your letter for me at Bruxelles.

Remember me kindly to my worthy friend, Lord Sandwich [then Secretary of State for the South]. Tell him I love and esteem him.

Adieu, dear Phelps. Don't give yourself any airs by now and then writing to me as Mr. Secretary Phelps, for, if you do, by all that is holy, I won't answer you; but, on the contrary, if you will now and then write to me as a friend and let me know how you and my worthy friend goes on, you will find me a very honest, good-natured fellow. This I expect you will do, as you know how very anxious I am about you.

The next letter is dated from Aix-la-Chapelle, July 14, 1764—

My dear Phelps,—I was in hopes to have had a letter from you before I left Bruxelles, in answer to the one I wrote you from Calais, but I find the dignity of office must not be let down, and that the moment I crossed Westminster Bridge, I became a little, poor, insignificant Foreign Minister entirely at the mercy of your honour, to treat as you please.

Gods! That a man who has filled so many high offices of rank and dignity, with honour and credit to himself, and has done such infinite service to his King and country, should now find himself neglected and forgot.

I am at last got here, but I believe no man breathing ever suffered more pain than I did upon the road between this place and Bruxelles, for the very day after I wrote to my Lord Sandwich I was seized with gout, which kept me confined five days to my bed, but impatient to proceed on my journey. I did a very foolish thing, which was to leave Bruxelles before the fit had entirely left me, so that when I arrived here, instead of having it in one foot, I had it in both. I am now a little better, and the moment I can put on a shoe, will depart for Bonn.

God bless you, my dear Phelps; don't forget me, but do let me hear from you now and then.

He was back at Ratisbon on August 20, 1764, when he once more wrote to Phelps—

How do you do, Phelps? I fancy before you got to the end of my last letter you were very dry; but that the like accident may not happen to you again, I now acquaint you, that I have got for you an excellent oahme of old hock, which, by the Lord, is Nectar. . . . By the return of the post, let me know if I shall send it directly to Holland and to whom there. I hope in a few weeks to be able to procure some excellent tokay for Lord Sandwich, but of this say nothing till you hear further from me, for, unless I can get the very best, I won't send any, tho' I have not the least doubt but that in a very little time I shall be able to get what I want.

Enclosed I send a letter from Madame La Jeune Princesse de Taxis to Madame De Saileon. She has given me sixteen guineas to remit to her. As I have no way of doing it, I must beg the favour of you, to pay the money to her and make Jouvencal give it to you out of my next payment. I beg, my dear Phelps, you won't neglect this, for if you do, by God they will think I have pocket'd the money.

I must go and make out my Ministerial despatches to the Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich. *A propos*, do you abuse my despatches monstrously? Are you of opinion that my lord some day or other may have the thanks of the nation for employing so able and so skilfull a Minister? Or, *malheureusement pour lui*, do you rather think if the minority get the better, they may not make it one of their articles of impeachment against him for having employ'd me in a place of such infinite consequence, as the Diet of the Empire is to Great Britain? But, to be serious, my dear Phelps, as my desire, my ambition is to gain the approbation of my good and worthy friend, you will lay me under an eternal obligation, if you will but now and then drop me a line, and let me know where I fail, and I will endeavour to the utmost of my abilities to correct it. By acting this friendly part with me, in a little time (if there shou'd be anything to do), I hope to convince my lord and you, that I am not the worst Minister he has in his department.

I really like the trade I have taken by the hand. There may be very great difficulties in it, and it may require more than ordinary abilities to get through it, but I protest to you, as yet I cannot find it out. The most difficult part of the trade, I think I am now employed in, which is to write letters to a Secretary of State from a place where there is nothing to do. Adieu, my dear Phelps. My kind love and regard to my lord and Miss Patty.

Lord Sandwich, as already noted, was the admirer of Martha Ray, who was shot dead by her clerical admirer, James Hackman, while leaving Covent

Garden theatre on April 7, 1779. It is not so well known, however, that he had another "friend" of Gordon's name, for he is shown in a cartoon, referred to by Henry Angelo, between two "elegant females, more distinguished by their beauty than for those superior qualities which adorn the sex: one the celebrated Miss Gordon, the other the unfortunate Miss Rae." The fame of Miss Gordon, however celebrated in her own day, has not been sufficient to identify her in ours. Fortunately it is known that Mme. Gordon, the "friend" of Napoleon III, was only the wife of a Gordon, having married at London in 1831 a certain Archer Gordon (or Gordon Archer) colonel in the Foreign Legion in the service of Isabella II. Her own name was Eleanore Marie Brault.

Sir William Gordon's next letter to Phelps from Ratisbon, dated January 14, 1765, is too strong for complete quotation—

Mr. Secretary Phelps,—By God, you are a damned lazy fellow, and I think your time would be full as well employ'd in writing to a friend, as playing quadrilles with your cursed ugly dowagers. . . .

As I have been obliged to send my servant express to Lord Sandwich, I must entreat it of you to despatch him back to me immediately, for, till he returns, everything is in confusion.

I have wrote to Juvenal to let him have £100, but shou'd he not be in cash, do you give it to him and stop it out of my pay, which I imagine will now be soon issued out of the Treasury. In case the scheme of my worthy friend, Lord Sandwich, shou'd take place, you will in that case, tell my servant that it is needless for him to order out the several things I have commissioned from England.

This is certainly a damned infernal place, but bad as it is, it has its advantages, for being a country of extream plenty, and of course tolerably cheap, a minister with the King's pay can jog on pretty well, till something better offers. Copenhagen is damned expensive, and I am damned poor, and, unfortunately for me, I have more ambition than pounds sterling, but, as that place may

lead to preferments, I am ready to go there or anywhere else, you in your great wisdom, Mr Secretary, shall think proper to send me. Don't keep my servant, but despatch him to me immeidiatly, and, if I am not to remain here, recall me directly. May the Beggar's Blessing attend you, and believe me to be, Mr. Secretary Phelps, yours most sincerely,

WILL. GORDON.

In 1765 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark, as assistant to Walter Titley (1700-68), who is remembered for having "imitated" Horace. Lord Sandwich, in appointing Gordon, wrote—

I need not recommend to you a constant attention towards the age and infirmities of that Minister, who has been approv'd of and rewarded by the King as an old and faithful servant of the Crown. His Majesty's goodness has given him the most honourable retreat by allowing to him a handsome pension, and reserving to him the rank and privilege of his envoy at a place where he will naturally wish to finish his days. It is, therefore, the King's intention that you should act in concert together upon all occasions where he would wish to take a share, and that he should be eas'd as much as he can desire from the labour and fatigue of his office.

Titley lingered on until 1768, but Gordon was sent to Brussels in 1766. From the Belgian capital he wrote a series of interesting letters to Sir Andrew Mitchell (1708-1771), who was our Ambassador at Berlin, though he was also M.P. for the Elgin Burghs. He was the son of the Rev. William Mitchell, minister of St. Giles', Edinburgh, who came of Aberdeenshire stock, and was a close friend of Frederick the Great. The latter says that Mitchell got apoplexy on hearing that the British Government had stopped Frederick's subsidies by way of ending the seven years' war. The sixty-nine volumes of Mitchell's letters in the British Museum are full of interest. Gordon wrote to him from Brussels on July 6, 1766—

My dear Chevalier,—I am glad to hear that you are got safe to your journey's end, and as you have now much more time upon your hands than God knows you have had for many years past, I hope you will bestow some of it for the thorough recovery of your health. Ease of mind and moderate exercise will soon make you stout and vigorous. I know little at present what is doing in England, most of my friends being at this season of the year in the country, and those that remain in town are on the wrong side of the post, and of course not in the secret. At present everything is quiet, but generally after a calm comes a storm, and I am inclined to think that about the beginning of next November there will be very hard gales in England.

Another letter to Mitchell is dated Brussels, May 11, 1767—

I have nothing new to communicate to you. The weather is not more unsettled than the Ministers and those that oppose them have been for some time by past. Lord Chatham remains firm and stout, and is resolved not to give it up, but how far he agrees with those that act under him, I really cannot say; but I believe not very well, which makes me imagine that before the session of Parliament is up there may be some little changes.

All your friends here [Mitchell was in Brussels in 1751-2] are well and often ask me about you. His Royal Highness in particular often talks to me about you. He loves you most sincerely. For many years past the Prince has not enjoy'd the health he does at present. We were greatly alarmed about him last winter. I hope, my dear Chevalier, that you enjoy a perfect good state of health, and that you now taste some sweets after the many fatigues and troubles you have undergone.

Another of Gordon's confidants was Sir Robert Murray Keith, our good-natured Ambassador at Vienna. Writing to him from Brussels, November 13, 1772, Gordon says—

MY DEAR SIR,

I ran day and night through Germany in order to get time enough here to have the pleasure of seeing you, as all my letters from England assured me you wou'd take this place in your way to Vienna. Judge, then, how great my disappointment was when I received your letter the day before yesterday from Hanover. I most heartily congratulate you upon your nomination to Vienna. I hope you will not have so hot work there as you had in your last place [Copenhagen, where in 1771 he had rescued Sophia Matilda, the sister of George III], but shou'd there

be any, and it intends as much to your honour and reputation as the last did, I do not care if all the devils in hell were to appear to you.

Believe me, my dear Chevalier, for many, very many reasons I shou'd have been happy to have passed a few hours with you. One favour I must beg of you, and that is that you will now and then drop me a line, and let me know what is going on in your part of the world. Be assured I will make no bad use of any intelligence you may give, and it may be of great service to me in the post I occupy; and, in return, be assured . . . I will always execute your commands with the greatest pleasure.

Upon my return to my post, I thought I shou'd have found everybody in these countries very elate upon their sovereign's having made so large an acquisition of territory. But on the contrary I find a universal damp, and a few chusing to talk upon the subject, and those that do approve this that the late partition of Poland was much against the inclination of the E. Queen, but that she was forced into it from the circumstances of the times; and that she had no other choice left, but either to come into the plan that the Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin had adopted for the pacification of Europe, or else to be the cause of a general war—*risum teneatis amici?*

Does your couriers pass through here or Holland? If they come this way give them orders to call upon me. Adieu, my dear Chevalier: let me hear frequently from you, and, if we do not meet in Germany, I hope we shall some day or other over the brown table in England, *le vin a la main*. The best wish I can make you in the post you now occupy is the beggar's blessing, and that you may possess it in the greatest degree is the sincere wish of him who is most truly your sincere friend and humble servant,

WILL. GORDON.

Gordon wrote again to Keith from Brussels on April 4, 1773—

Had I not seen lately General Lockhart, who arrived from Vienna and who informed me that he left you in health and spirits, I should have concluded by your long silence you was dead. What are you about? Are you in health and spirits? Are you quite content with your situation? Are you in love? Are you successfull? As nobody, my dear Chevalier, wishes you happier than I do, so I assure you it wou'd give me great pleasure to be informed by yourself that you really are so.

This letter will be delivered to you by a friend of mine, Mr. Wallis, an Irish gentleman, to whom I owe many obligations during my ministry in the empire, and, therefore, if you can be of

any service to him, I most sincerely recommend him to your friendship and protection.

He was long in the service of the late Prince la Tour and Taxis, to whom he was thoroughly attached ; but, the present Prince and he not agreeing together during the life of the father, he has quitted the family. You will find him a good-natured, honest fellow ; and, therefore, if you can be of any service in the place he is now, you will oblige me very much in doing it.

In this part of the world, we talk of nothing but war ; and what our neighbours the French are about it is more than I can pretend to say. At present they are shipping off great quantities of canon and other war-like stores from Dunkirk, and my intelligence says that they are destined for Sweeden. It is certain that at this present moment there are many very heavy clouds in the air, which I think will scarce be blown away without a storm.

It is with great pain I have wrote this, as I am laid up in bed with a fitt of the gout. Do, my dear Keith, drop me a line at your leisure, and let me know what you think of the present situation of affairs, and what all your intended camps will end in.

Another letter was written from Brussels, November 4, 1773—

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

This instant my friend Lt. General Ferrari tells me he is going to sett off for Vienna ; so that I have only time to give him a line to introduce him to your acquaintance, for which I am shure you will thank me, as he is a very worthy man, and an officer of distinction. I wish I had known sooner his intentions, as I wou'd then have seized the opportunity of writing to you at large, for as the things are managed at this post office it is allmost impossible for me to trust to cypher.

I am just returned from The Hague, where I drank your health in a bumper with our worthy Ambassador, who, I assure you, is your friend. Let me know if you are happy, and let me know, I beg of you, if you think the Emperor will pay us a visit this spring. As these two questions interest me very much, I hope you will answer them. Your old acquaintance, Baron de Salis, dines with me to-day, and you may depend upon it that you will not be forgot.

Gordon was created K.B. in 1775, being installed on January 27. There is a playful reference to these honours in a letter he wrote to Keith from Brussels on January 14, 1775—

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

Your packet came safe to my hands yesterday afternoon, and, as I send off a servant of mine to-morrow morning to Ostend, he will be the bearer of it to the Consul at Ostend. I highly approve of your not having trusted it to the post office (even had it been in cypher), for the most infamous one I believe upon the face of the earth is the one of this town. Nothing escapes them. Nothing is sacred to them. But, happily for me, being so near Ostend, they have my leave to inspect every bit of paper I receive or send away by post.

On Wednesday next I go for England myself, where I wish most ardently to be, to throw myself at the feet of the best of masters, and I may boldly say the best of men. What stay I shall make in England I cannot say. I do not imagine it will be a very long one, but when I am there, if I can be of any service to you, let me know and I will execute your commands with the greatest pleasure. Address your letter for me under cover to the office.

And now, my dear Bob (for Bob you shall allways be with me), give me leave to embrace you as a brother knight. It is true that as yet I have not got the blushing ribbon on my shoulders, but I fancy I shall very soon after my arrival in England. It is true that I do not believe that either you or I, my dear friend, are the richest knights of the Order, but I will be damned if any of them can drink or laugh more than we do. . . . but I suspect that we are both the worse for wear, and I hear that you are grown sentimental—a bad sign indeed. Thank God, it is not quite so bad with me. Adieu, my dear friend, I shall often drink your health in England, and have once more the pleasure of clapping my legs under the brown table, a joy unknown to all the foreigners upon the face of the earth.

These pleasantries are interrupted by an unfortunate accident, for on September 9, 1775,* Sir William had the misfortune to blind Prince Louis Engelbert of Arenberg (1750–1820), when they were out shooting. The family were extremely unlucky. Owing to the action of Napoleon the Prince lost all his sovereign rights. His lands were confiscated, being returned only in part to his son, the Duke Prosper. The blind Prince's son was killed at Vienna, March 7, 1815, when riding a spirited horse. His mother was guillotined. His

brother was obliged to banish himself in consequence of having killed a man in a duel, and his sister was burned to death at Prince Schwarzenberg's in Paris. It was left to the Gordons to inflict another blow on the house of Arenberg, for Colonel the Prince of Arenberg (whom Wellington calls a "great card") was captured at the battle of Arroyo del Molinos, October 28, 1811, by a sergeant of the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders. The Prince, aroused by the sound of the pipes, "came out half dressed, when a sergeant of the 92nd seized him. He resisted, but the sergeant, applying the point of his sword, compelled him to move forward as his prisoner."

The accident of September 9, 1775, occurred during a hunting expedition. According to Mr. A. Frazer, writing from L'hooque, near Ypres, October 17, 1775—

Sir William fired, as he thought, at some partridges, but lodged the whole fire in the Prince's face. At first he only complained of want of sight in his left eye, but now these past 10 days he is totally blind. Mr. Adair is with him, and has been for about that time, and gives some hopes, but faint ones, of the possibility of recovering the sight of one. This young man was exceedingly promising, and adored by the people of this country, but now all hopes from his abilities are blasted, and Sir William Gordon is inconsolable. He has, it is said, asked to be recalled from that Court.

George Selwyn (who dined with Gordon at White's on May 31, 1781), writing to Lord Carlisle in 1776, tells the story thus—

I suppose you have heard of the accident which happened to the Duke of Arenberg's son. Poor Sir W. Gordon is quite distracted about it, although it is manifest that the Duke of Arenberg himself would have shot his son, and perhaps killed him, if Gordon had not fired, which they say has mangled the face of

the poor young man in a most horrible manner. He was reckoned also very handsome. Whether he will be entirely deprived of his sight or not is not decided.

The present Duke of Arenberg informs me that the Prince bore no ill-will to Gordon; and the Gordons made some amends by inviting the Duke of Arenberg and Princes August and Pierre to the Duchess of Richmond's famous Waterloo Ball at Brussels in 1815.

In July 1781 Gordon was made Comptroller of the Green Cloth Board, and became M.P. for Portsmouth in 1786. The only thing he did in the House was to help Lord Rawdon to defeat the Leicester Bill by nine votes; Daniel Pulteney thought that quite a feat. Wraxall, who knew Gordon well, says that he was sent (about 1787?) to Paris in order to "compose Spain." And he afterwards represented us at Naples, but very little of interest is known about his closing years, which were spent in the lap of luxury at home.

Gordon was married on July 6, 1776, at Hugo Meynell's house in Hill Street, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Alsop of Loughborough, and widow of Samuel Phillipps of Garendon Hall, Leicester, whose second wife she had been. Phillipps (whose first wife Septima, sister and heiress to Charles Lewis of Stanford Hall, Nottingham, died in 1766), "concluded the too short-lived race of a most respectable and worthy family, March 15, 1774, at the age of 65." He left his mansion at Garendon, with an income of £7000 a year, to his widow. On her death (at Little Chelsea on August 5, 1796) her income and estates went to her first husband's maternal cousin, Thomas March of Moore Critchell,

Dorset, who took the additional name of Phillipps. The family name is now March-Phillips de Lisle.

Gordon outlived his wife by two years, and his rollicking old friend Keith by two, dying at 14, Curzon Street on January 26, 1798, at the age of seventy-two.

The Gordon temperament, as I have pointed out, is not suited for the arts of diplomacy—"Chinese" Gordon is a conspicuous example in point, clashing violently with the calmness of a Cromer. The Gordons begin to act to some purpose when diplomacy has finally failed. The most distinguished diplomat of the family was George Hamilton-Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, Byron's "travelled Thane," but there is much diversity of opinion now-a-days about his skill. He set the example to his family, however, for his youngest son, the present Lord Stanmore, has done excellent work as a colonial administrator, and his grandson, the present Earl (who has dropped the Hamilton out of his surname), has served us in Canada and in Ireland. The travelled Thane's brother, Sir Robert Gordon, who really introduced Queen Victoria to Balmoral (where he died in 1847), represented us in Persia, the Hague, Vienna, the Brazils, and Constantinople.

Serving in the minor ranks of the diplomatic service Charles Gordon, our Consul at Tunis in 1750, had a sad experience of life in "Barbary." It was the occasion of a petition to the Crown by his wife and orphan children, which speaks for itself, giving a grim picture of Barbary—

That the said Charles Gordon having served nine years in the office of your Majesty's Ordnance at Gibraltar, was appointed to

the Consulship of Tunis in the year 1750, where he continued in performance of his duty for four years without any salary.

That he had the good fortune to prevent during the reigns of different princes two embassys from Tunis to this country, which embassys are generally attended with great charge to the nation ; and by his assistance and endeavours several advantageous articles were added to the treaty for the benefit of the British nation, at the times Commodores Keppel and Cleveland were sent to Tunis to renew such treaty ; on which occasion the late Lord Chatham was pleased to signify to the said Charles Gordon your Majesty's most gracious approbation.

That during the Civil War which happened in 1752 between Ally Bacha and his son, altho' Mr. Gordon's situation was very precarious and his life endangered by being exposed to both parties, yet he had the satisfaction of obtaining due consideration for the British Consulate, when other consulary and Christian houses were plundered.

That in the year 1756, when the Algerines conquered Tunis and plundered the town, the said Charles Gordon was again successful in procuring proper respect to be paid to the British nation in so much that the consuls of all other nations and several hundred Europeans were preserved by taking refuge under the British flag, being the only asylum at that critical period, where they received succour during the space of forty days.

That the said Charles Gordon by these circumstances and by his obligations of supporting the interest and dignity of his station, incurred expenses beyond his salary by which his own private fortune was impaired and himself involved in debts he was unable to pay.

That is how the Empire has been built. Gordon was so put out that he asked for an assistant. As a matter of fact a successor, named Traill, was appointed, who was to allow him a paltry £200 a year. In pure chagrin Gordon died, and his widow succumbed six months later, leaving "five helpless orphans, who must have perished in Barbary," but for the assistance of their brothers-in-law, who were respectively Danish and Swedish Consuls at Tunis.

After such treatment the Gordons have been, perhaps, wise to give diplomacy a wide berth. It certainly crushed another and a greater Charles Gordon in the same continent in our own day.

AN OLD MAN OF THE SEA

CAPTAIN PETER GORDON, mariner, missionary, and militant reformer, spent his later years at No. 8, Barnesbury Street, Islington, but I can hardly think that such a desert of smug streets could ever have bred a soul so adventurous. True, there had been Gordons in Islington before his day, but the fate of Mr. Gordon, the milk-seller of Park Street, near the church, who was gored to death when putting a halter on a cow in 1798, was much more in keeping with the environment of the neighbourhood. Barnesbury Street, however, had been once known as Cut-throat Lane, and the dash of romanticism involved in the name was very much more in the line of Peter's progress.

I do not know when he was born or when he died, but between the years 1809, when he was captured by the French, and 1841, when one of his many grievances was presented to the House of Lords, he had packed many adventures into his life, and exhibited in a high degree the true Gordon spirit.

Almost the only reference to his early career occurs in an entry in his diary of March 15, 1823, when he says that on landing at Madras he met quite unexpectedly an old school-fellow, who took him to his house. "This was not an accident," he says,

“for some days I had been regretting being cut off from my New South Wales friends.” A little later he recalls Daniel Wilson and St. John’s Chapel in Bedford Row.

Certain it is he had been cradled in adventure, for in a petition he once presented to Parliament he stated that his father was “domiciliated” in Calcutta as an owner and commander of the merchantman *Wellesley*, serving the Government for a time as Commodore of the expedition to Egypt. He afterwards fell in with a French frigate *La Franchise*, off the coast of Brazil, while on a voyage with Government stores for the Cape. He beat the *La Franchise* off, and for this action received a service of plate, which became a family heirloom. It may be that the gallant mariner was the Captain Peter Gordon of Islington who had died before December 5, 1806, when his daughter married Ebenezer Alexander Whyte, Esquire, of St. Swithin’s Lane.

The captain was much more lucky than his son, Peter, whose first adventure was to fall into the hands of the French, as the second mate of the barque *Joseph* of Limerick. He tells the story of his escapade in a volume published in 1816 on behalf of the Patriotic Fund.

The *Joseph* left Oporto on August 10, 1809, with two mates, six men, and two boys. It was one of a fleet of twenty-six merchantmen, and sailed under the convoy of a gun-brig. On August 20 it was chased by a large French frigate, *La Virgine*, but managed to escape, only, however, to fall into the hands of a much less romantic captor, namely, a French lugger, which was run as a privateer under the command of a Dutchman. Gordon and his comrades were landed

at Dieppe on August 25, and for the next six months he was a close prisoner. The prisoners were marched by slow and distressing stages in a northeasterly direction to Eu, Abbeville, Doullens, Arras, and Douai, and then south to Cambrai, which they reached in a miserable plight on September 24. Here they stayed until February 4, 1810, when Gordon could stand it no longer, and made a bolt of it. He could speak a little Dutch and a little French, and he masqueraded as "John Keith," declaring that he was under American protection. The main thing that he had to do was to get out of France, so on the first day he covered eighteen miles, landing on the night of February 5 at Mons. He managed to reach Rotterdam on February 18, having travelled at least two hundred miles in the fourteen days, his course lying along the valley of the Meuse, by way of Charleroi, Huy, Liege, Maestricht, and then in a northerly direction by Weert and Heusden to Rotterdam. He reached Yarmouth on May 15.

He seems to have gone immediately to India, where he entered the "country" service in 1810, and he was "occasionally" in the service of the East India Company during the next fourteen years. The intervals he spent to some purpose. The most extraordinary of all was the voyage that he made in 1817 to Siberia. This and a subsequent voyage he described in a pamphlet entitled, *Fragment of the Journal of a Tour through Persia in 1820*. We have not got the whole of the story, because, according to the preface, the journals of the two voyages from Calcutta to Okhotsk, while in the hands of a printer at Bristol, named Fuller, were destroyed by a fire. The journal of the journey from Okhostk

to Astrakhan was seized upon by the mayor of a small place near Astrakhan ; while some of the pages of the remaining manuscript were lost.

One of the most extraordinary things about the voyage was that Gordon sailed from Calcutta to Okhotsk in a little 65-ton schooner, called *The Brothers*, along with six men. He sailed in May, and he reached Okhotsk, on the coast of Siberia, on September 27, 1817, being "the first navigator to carry the British flag" to that sea. The tiny vessel carried a cargo of merchandise, which he had some difficulty in disposing of owing to the fact that the merchants had left the town. The cargo was therefore housed under the care of Mr. Eddis, a partner in the speculation, and the vessel returned to Calcutta, which it reached in January, 1818.

Perhaps he was familiar with the Rev. Patrick Gordon's once famous text-book, *Geography Anatomised: or a Compleat Geographical Grammer* [*sic*], which made its first appearance in 1693, and ran through scores of editions, being very popular throughout the first half of the eighteenth century. Peter would have read in it this characteristic observation about Russia—

The Muscovites are generally looked upon as a rude, deceitful and ignorant sort of people. They are much addicted to excessive drinking, and to unlawful and beastly pleasures. They are said to be great abhorers of tobacco.

There was much in common between Patrick and Peter, for the parson as chaplain of H.M.S. *Salisbury*, which, as I have noted, was recaptured from the French by Admiral Thomas Gordon, was a man of the sea, and the missionary spirit was so strong upon him that he was one of the founders of

the S.P.C.K., and went out to convert the North-American Indians.

Peter Gordon made a second voyage, and then he set out from Okhotsk on September 19, 1819, on a remarkable journey across the Steppes. He reached Yakutsk on October 10, and Irkutsk on November 4. He took six days to cross Lake Baikal, which has figured so largely in the outlook of the world during the last few years. He had gone out of his way to visit a missionary of the London Missionary Society, Mr. Stallybras, who was living at Selingsk. He recrossed Lake Baikal on a sledge, and arrived again at Irkutsk on December 29. He reached Tomsk on January 14, 1820, and on March 10 we find him as far west as Astrakhan.

It would be tedious to follow him through Persia, all the more so as his journal is very fragmentary. Suffice it to say that he visited many important places and encountered many adventures. "I am sadly robbed," he says on May 6, "and can scarcely get bread enough to eat." On May 20 he was at Teheran, and on July 16 he found his way to Bushire. He made a point of visiting Shiraz to see the tombs of the Persian poets, Hafiz and Sadi; and he picked up all sorts of information, and in return seems to have distributed Bibles and tracts, which held out until July 10, when he gave the last of them to a mullah. His observations on the political state of the country are extremely interesting in view of Russia's scarcely concealed desire to-day to become the preponderating influence in Persia, a desire which we have attempted to check by our recent agreement with her. He tells

us that the Persians were frightened lest Russia should annex them. "Was Russia," he says, "to occupy Persia, besides accelerating the dismemberment of Russia (which I look upon to be certain at no very remote period), it would inevitably drain Russia of money as well as of men who ought to be at home making it." His strange olla podrida ends with (1) "a Memorandum concerning the Propagation of Christianity in Persia"; (2) "a very rough estimate of Armenians in some places in Asia"; (3) "Geographical Memoirs to accompany a chart of the most eastern parts of Asia (1818)." His work on Persia, rough and fragmentary as it was, was recognized by those who knew as a real contribution to geographical knowledge, for the *Eclectic Review* of December 1833 presented his readers with the following comment—

An ill-printed tract on coarse paper containing the rough notes of a trader's journal drawn up without any regard to the usual laws of good writing and full of all sorts of inaccuracies! It may be asked why notice such a publication, which would scarcely fetch a penny at a bookstall? For this good reason, that we happen to have ground for the assurance that it is an authentic narrative of certainly an extraordinary journey, undertaken by a very enterprising and worthy man.

It was probably during these years of voyaging that Gordon "attempted," as he says, "to open up commercial enterprise with Japan and become acquainted with China." The result of his journey or journeys there was his contribution on commerce to Hugh Murray's *Historical and Descriptive Account of China*, first published in 1836.

Gordon seems to have settled down and given up his wandering life in 1823. At any rate in 1824 he

says he entered into a contract with the East India Company, which conveyed to him "an authority almost absolute and similar to that of Zemindar over more than 3000 families."

Gordon was engaged in the pearl fisheries, but amid all his wanderings he had always kept an eye on the religious side of India, and on every occasion he stood up for the rights of the natives, pillorying John Company in such a relentless way that at last he got into trouble, although he declared that his sole desire was "that India might become truly British—and Christian." His religious tastes were of the widest, for he declares that "it cannot be a duty to stay away from the Catholic churches on account of the candles or the rude cross. I cannot understand a word of the service, but it is the house of my God."

In 1824 he visited Ceylon, and in the following year he came into serious collision with the Company's authorities in Madura, where he carried on his pearl fishings, presumably in the Gulf of Manar, which gave its name to the Aberdeenshire estate of Badifurrow, when it was bought by Hugh Gordon, who made a fortune as a jeweller in India.

In 1826 he sent four letters to the Governor in Council, containing charges against the municipal collector at Madura, Mr. Rous Peter, of "various misdemeanours in the execution of his duties to the great pecuniary detriment of the East India Company, and the great vexation of the inhabitants of the district"; practically charging him with authorizing the frequent infliction of torture contrary to the law. At first Peter seems to have been content with bullying Gordon, who lived "in

hourly dread of being ordered to quit India, which would have made it impossible even to have wound up my accounts ; and this would have involved me in a most unpleasant manner concerning very large sums of money." Finally he was summoned by the Government to Madras, where he was allowed to reside unmolested and at perfect liberty, although in a constant state of extreme anxiety as to his fisheries, while his other concerns were quite ruined by the powerful opposition he encountered.

In 1827 he set out again to his fisheries, returning to Ramnad, but on December 28, 1827, he was suddenly arrested by Peter's assistant, Jonathan Duncan Gleig, and imprisoned as an "improper person" to be in the country. That arrest gave the authorities a great deal of trouble, for Gordon was not a man to take it lying down, and during the next thirteen years he petitioned everybody who was anybody, including Parliament itself, to redress his wrongs. In the first place, he complained that the Company had no jurisdiction over him, and that he had been arrested by a native. He was imprisoned for two months in a room (the prison being uninhabitable for Europeans), where for the first fortnight he was closely confined between four men with drawn swords and a party of Sepoys with fixed bayonets at the door. At the end of a fortnight he was allowed greater liberty by the order of the Governor in Council in Madras, who seems to have begun to feel that he had caught a tartar. Gordon also complained that he was never informed of the cause of the arrest ; and last of all that during his imprisonment James Scott and Company, with whom he was associated, became bankrupt.

Gordon applied constantly during two years to the Government in Calcutta, and was then referred to the Directors at home. He reached London in 1830, but the Directors declined to see him. He attended the Privy Council in 1832, and as he got no redress he promptly pilloried the Company in the columns of the *Times*, where on March 13, 1833, he published a sensational letter, in which he said he had seen the wives of the god Rama in the temple threatened by Europeans with flogging, and bought and maintained for the vilest purposes by the Company, by which they were, when sick and old, neglected, forsaken, and abandoned. "And yet," he says, "these crimes form a part of the dividend in Indian stock of which a great many English clergymen are holders." General Montague Burgoyne had called upon him to substantiate his charges against the Company before the Christian Knowledge Society, and he accordingly met the General in the Society's great room, the Bishop of London presiding. In 1834 he returned to his "solemn protest" against the British Government in India, declaring it to be "wholly unconstitutional, utterly anti-Christian, and totally abominable." He then presented a petition to the House of Commons, in which he declared—

Although your petitioner has been in other circumstances, as a prisoner of war, chained and thumb-screwed by the gendarmes of France for disliking their dungeons ; and although he has also been driven along the frontier posts of Russia by Cossacks, in spite of the utmost regularity in his passport ; your petitioner can truly aver that neither on these, or on any other occasion of his life, has he ever been treated with anything approaching the cruelty, brutality, and insult with which he was treated during the period of his imprisonment by the authorities of Madura.

On October 4, 1841, a petition from him was

presented by Lord Clifford, whose statement, together with Lord Ellenborough's reply, was printed in pamphlet form, apparently for Gordon, by William Davy, London.

It is not quite clear how far Gordon was recompensed, but his quarrel with the Company did not end with his own troubles. He made a fierce attack on the organization of the Company at home, especially as regards its treatment of its Chinese MSS. in its Library and Museum, which he had been permitted to use, May 2, 1835. His criticisms were published in a twelve-page pamphlet, entitled *The Oriental Repository at the India House*, which the Company so keenly resented, that they withdrew the permission in the following July. Besides the pamphlets I have mentioned—he clamoured for a little recognition from posterity by presenting a fairly complete set to the British Museum—he wrote one giving "instructions for preserving the health of the Lascars." His reforming zeal made him produce some *Notes on the Administration of the Establishment in India for Piety and Commerce under the East India Company*, while his *Christian Researches in Northern India*, 1823-28, reflect his religious bias.

Despite the example of Peter Gordon, the Gordons have not contributed so much to the ranks of sailors as you would expect. There was, however, a Hull venturer, William Gordon, who made two trips to Arctic seas, as you will find in the delightful pages of *Purchas his Pilgrimes*. On April 11, 1611, he sailed from Blackwall as pilot of the *Amity*, sent out by the Worshipful Company of English Merchants trading in Russia, and spent some

weeks among the Samoyeds, returning in September. He made another similar voyage in 1614.

Then the "Ettrick Shepherd" tells the story of a certain Allan Gordon who sailed on a Greenland whaler, the *Anne Forbes*, in 1757. The vessel was crushed in the ice, Gordon alone escaping; so he played Robinson Crusoe, finding his Friday in a bear cub, whom he called Nancy, and was not rescued till 1764. Hogg tells the story with a great air of verisimilitude, tracing him to Aberdeenshire, but I have my doubts whether it is more than a mere story. There is little doubt that *The Story of Allan Gordon*, by Lindsay Anderson, which the publishers of the present volume issued in 1893, is fiction. Perhaps it was through reading it that a Scots lass named Esther McEwan shipped at Dundee under the name of "Allan Gordon" on board the *Discovery*. She subsequently sailed (still in trousers) on the *Stokesby* and the *Gem*, and might have been sailing to this day but for the fact that a medical examination of the crew at Alexandria disclosed the fact that "he" was really "she"; which brought poor Esther to the Bristol Police Court in 1902.

SOME "GEY" GORDONS

IF a man with a thoroughgoing Cockney accent had occasion to speak of the Gay Gordons, a north-country Scot unacquainted with the evaluation of his vowel system might consider that the adjective was not quite appreciative; for "gey"—which is something like the sound it would assume—hardly comes within the category of compliment. It is not easy to define "gey," but it may be said that such a phrase as a "gey lad" is a canny connotation of character from the point of view of disapproval. It is "gay" run to seed, as it were.

"Gay-ness" is a quality difficult to keep in hand, and the Gordon family have frequently made it toe the line of "gey"; varying from mere foolishness to positive wickedness. A considerable literature has risen round the subject, of which one of the most familiar to the old book collector is a pamphlet of 1734 entitled—

The Masterpiece of Imposture, or the Adventures of John Gordon [of Glencat, Aberdeenshire, a "stickit" priest], and the Countess of Gordon, *alias* Countess Dalco, *alias* Madam Dallas, *alias* Madam Kempster: containing the reality of an history and the amusement of a romance: being an answer to the late memoirs of the said John Gordon of Glencat: done from authentick accounts.

Again, *The Great City Frauds of Cole, Davidson and Gordon*, which the author, Mr. Seton Laing,

dedicated to Lord Clarendon in 1856, is a florid example of the old gay-ness of the Gordons, valid enough in rieving days, but not tolerated by our modern commercial code. Needless to say it finds no place in the printed history of the highly honourable family to which Mr. Gordon belonged, and happily for their peace of mind his commercial critics were not interested in genealogy.

Naturally enough the pedigree of these "gey" Gordons is not always forthcoming. For instance, no family will claim Nathaniel P. Gordon, the first man hanged (February 21, 1862) under the laws of the United States; while the freed slave, George William Gordon, who was hanged in Jamaica by order of Governor Eyre on the charge of rioting in 1865, was a gentleman of colour, with a Scots father (though he was not so swarthy as Sergeant W. J. Gordon of the West India Regiment, who won the Victoria Cross for saving his officer's life on the Gambia in March 1892). Nobody to this day knows the real name of the notorious swindler of 1869, "Lord Gordon," although Dr. William Chambers devoted a good deal of space to him in his *Stories of Remarkable Persons*.

The "gey-ness" of the Gordons has been strongly marked in what is euphemistically called the literature of *facetie*. For example, the "amours of Lord Skinflint" in the *London Magazine* of November 1771 is an amazing story unknown to the pages of Burke, though it throws a flood of light on the third E—l of A——, as the daring scribes of that day would have tantalized their readers by writing.

Then there is another side of the "gey" character, in the copious annals of eccentricity. Even the

Dictionary of National Biography touches on this aspect of the Gordons, for having omitted a large number of notable men and women of the name, it finds a niche for Jimmy Gordon, who was well known to Cambridge men a hundred years ago. Jimmy, who was born in 1762, was the son of the chapel clerk at Trinity, a man of some property, who gave him a good classical education, and afterwards articulated him to an attorney. At the expiration of his articles he began practice in Free-school Lane, in the house which ought to have been occupied by the master of Perse School, but was at that time let to the highest bidder. Here he led an "expensive and profligate life," aided and abetted by a lady whom he placed at the head of the table, as the "Duchess of Gordon."

Soon after the General Election of 1790 began (the candidates for the representation of the University being William Pitt, the Earl of Euston, and Lawrence Dundas) Gordon entered the crowded senate and joined Mr. Pitt. He was handsomely dressed in the Windsor livery—a blue coat, with red cuffs and collar. He congratulated the Prime Minister upon his coming triumph and proceeded to walk backwards and forwards with Pitt, much to the indignation of all who knew Jimmy's character. At last Beverley, the senior beadle, intervened, and approached with two constables to turn him out. So Jimmy beat a hasty retreat, greatly to the astonishment of Pitt. The statesman was an intimate friend of the real Duchess of Gordon—she always called him Mr. "Pett"—who gave many political dinners for him, and tried to marry him to one of her five daughters.

Early in Jimmy's career his law business went to

pieces. For a time he did not mind that, for his father made him a good allowance. But that came to an end, and from being the convivial sport of undergraduates' dinner-parties, he degenerated into the mere mountebank. He would get himself up in the old uniform of a general or admiral, and wander about the streets singing scraps of songs to all hours of the night.

At last he became such a public nuisance that the magistrates deported him. So one day he betook himself to London, picking up a precarious existence by begging from passengers on the Cambridge coaches. In the long run he homed back, and lived thenceforth in great destitution. In the summer he slept in the grove of Jesus College, and in the winter was allowed to lie in a loft at the Hoop. One night, when he was drunker than usual, he fell off the ladder and broke his thigh, and died in consequence at the workhouse of St. Leonard's on September 16, 1825. He figures in one of Lytton's novels, and is said to have written his memoirs; apropos of which it is interesting to remember that it has been left to a Gordon (of the noble house of Aberdeen) to give us his autobiography under the title, *Fifty Years of Failure*.

Perhaps the best example of gey-ness in the Gordons is to be found in the Border gipsies who took that name, for if they cannot claim kin with the family, they have shown much of its spirit. One of them, Jean Gordon, has been immortalized by Scott as Meg Merrilies. A very notorious one, Tam Gordon, who died in 1810 at the age of ninety, escaped the gallows through the intervention of the great Duchess of Gordon.

A LIBERATOR OF GREECE

IF Thomas Gordon had taken the advice of his learned countryman, Finlay, the historian, he might have been President of the National Assembly at Athens, as well as laird of Buthlaw and Cairness in Aberdeenshire.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more different than Buchan and Hellas—the one bleak, prosaic, and successful, making a fine future from a most unprepossessing past: the other picturesque, shifty, and somewhat unworthy, the mere shadow of its former greatness. Nor would you expect an idealist, such as any believer in Greek independence must have been, to have risen on the soil of an Aberdeenshire laird; but Gordon came equipped for the task with an inherited taste for letters.

The Buthlaw family—or families, for different lines of Gordons seem to have held the property—had shown a great leaning towards the law. The Greek hero's grand-uncle, Charles Gordon (died 1751), varied his economic life as an advocate by erudite historical and philological studies. In 1749 he published a very curious work in Latin dealing with the marriage of Robert II of Scotland with Elizabeth Mure, which was praised by Chalmers in his life of Ruddiman. He also seems to have had

a knowledge of the "ancient Northern languages," for he wrote in 1776 a learned letter to Rev. Edward Lye, the author of the famous *Dictionarium Saxonico et Gothico-Latinum*, who had applied to him for help. Lye refers to him as "a very learned advocate in Edinburgh," and describes him as "the author of some curious remarks on the Gothic Gospels." He possessed a fifteenth-century MS. on the laws promulgated by various Scots kings, which is now in the British Museum.

Thomas Gordon was the son of Charles Gordon and his wife Christian Forbes, representing a name that long struggled for mastery with the Gordons in Aberdeenshire, and he was born at Cairness on December 8, 1788. He came into the world well endowed, for his ancestors' knowledge of the law had made it easy for them (as it so frequently does) to acquire land. Then they all accommodately conspired to die out and deposit their accumulations, namely, the estate of Newtyle (which came from the Sandilands), Cairness, Cairnglass, and an estate in Jamaica (from the Barclays), Lonmay, and Buthlaw, at the infant feet of Thomas, who was the last male of his line. His father died at Banff when Thomas was seven years old, and his mother when he was thirteen. She had, however, such hopes for her boy that she placed him at Eton, taking a house in the neighbourhood, where she died in 1801.

Gordon remained at Eton until 1804, when he was sent to study with the Rev. Charles Latham at Melton Mowbray. He went up to Brasenose in 1806, but for some reason did not take his degree. Instead, he entered the Scots Greys as a cornet in January 1809, but exchanged in the following

December into the 43rd, which now comprises the 1st Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry. The regiment went to the Peninsular War, but Gordon does not seem to have gone with it.

He left the service in May 1810, and started out on the travels which proved of such enormous importance in his life. In August we find him in Albania, being received by the Turkish Governor; in October he arrived in Athens, and went on to Constantinople, and during the two following years he visited Salonica, Smyrna, and many other places in the Ghilan district of Persia, besides travelling extensively in Asiatic Turkey. It was during this period that he acquired his remarkable knowledge of Turkish which led him to translate a work of Tshelebi-Effendi on the Turkish military system for Consul William Wilkinson's *Wallachia and Moldavia*, 1820. He was also represented by the translation of an anonymous history of *The Secret Motives which induced Alemdar Mustafa Pasha and the Leaders of the Imperial Camp to march to Constantinople*. Gordon had also mastered French, German, and modern Greek.

After his tours in Turkey he became a captain on the staff of the Russian Army—a favourite aspiration of the adventurous young Scot—and in November 1813 he acted as A.D.C. in Mecklenburg to Major-General von Arenschild in the army of Count von Walmoden. In 1815 he tried to get an appointment in Wellington's army before Waterloo, but failed. The next few years were filled up with duties at home—he figures as a subscriber to the Aberdeen horse-races in 1818, 1820, and 1821—and various journeys abroad. His great chance came

in 1821, when the Greeks made their bold bid for release from the Ottoman power. From that moment Gordon had a much more serious aspiration than horse-racing; and he was to hear a Doric very different from what he had been accustomed to in his native Buchan.

The attitude of most of the world to the rising of 1821 was not unlike the emotions experienced by spectators of the Russo-Japanese struggle eighty years later, for the hope "that Greece might yet be free" was mixed up with a fear (fully realized in 1897) that her aspirations would be unequal to her achievement. Aberdeenshire in general, and Gordon's district in particular, had a great interest in the struggle, for it had its eye on Byron. It is a strange fact that "Buthlaw" and Byron never seem to have met one another. They were born within a few weeks of one another in the same year (1788); Gordon was at Eton almost the same time that Byron was at Harrow, and as a member of the Greek Committee he heartily recommended the poet's mission to Greece; and yet Gordon does not refer to him in his diary.

Moreover, Lord Aberdeen, who owned the estate of Gight, which had to be sold to cover the debts contracted by the poet's father—a fact that possibly animated the inclusion of the Athenian Thane in the oatmeal phalanx—was heart and soul with Greece, and joined the committee of 1821. He had travelled the country in 1803, had founded the Athenian Society in 1805, had written about Troy in the *Edinburgh* in the same year, and knew much about its architecture. Against the wishes of his colleagues he wished to see her independent,

and worked with a will in favour of this consummation. His kinsman, General Cosmo Gordon, published in Athens in 1838 an account of the highlands above Thermopylæ, and in after years his son, the fifth earl, wandered over the country.

The laird of Buthlaw flung himself into the Greek movement with the feverish enthusiasm of an idealistic soldier, and he served throughout the opening of the campaign of 1821 in the Morea as "Chef d'etat Major" under the patriotic Ypsilanti. Gordon needed indeed a double dose of devotion, for there were many features in the Greek character that strongly repelled those who had her interests most closely at heart. The first great disappointment which he received was at the siege of Tripolizza, in which he took an active part. After the capture of the town the Greeks treacherously massacred several thousands of Turks. Gordon strongly remonstrated, but his representations were unavailing. So he quitted the Greek camp, and retired for a time from the service.

In November 1822, the provisional Government of Greece at Hermione sent a florid and flattering letter to Gordon—

You, noble and generous Englishman, no sooner heard the trumpet of popular rights echoing melodiously from the summits of Taygetus, of Ida, and Pindus and of Olympus, than, turning with listening ears to the sound, and immediately renouncing the delights of country, of family ties, and (what is above all) of domestic luxury and ease and the happiness of your own fireside, you hurried to our assistance. But suddenly, and in contradiction to the universal hope of Greece, by leaving us you have thrown us all into great perplexity and amazement, and that at a crisis when some were applying their minds to military pursuits, some to the establishment of a civil administration, others to other objects, but all alike were hurrying and exerting themselves wherever circumstances seemed to invite them.

Meantime, the Government of Greece, having heard many idle rumours and unauthorized tales disseminated, but such as seemed neither in correspondence with their opinion of your own native nobility from rank and family, nor with what was due to the newly-instituted administration, have slighted and turned a deaf ear to them all, coming to this resolution, that in absenting yourself from Greece you are doubtless obeying some strong necessity; for that it is not possible nor credible, of a man such as you displayed yourself to be whilst living amongst us, that he should mean to insult the wretched, least of all to insult the unhappy and much-suffering people of Greece. Under these circumstances, both the deliberative and executive bodies of the Grecian Government, assembling separately, have come to a resolution, without one dissentient voice, to invite you back to Greece, in order that you may again take a share in the Grecian contest—a contest in itself glorious, and not alien from your character and pursuits. For the liberty of any one nation cannot be a matter altogether indifferent to the rest, but naturally it is a common and diffusive interest; and nothing can be more reasonable than that the Englishman and the Grecian, in such a cause, should make themselves yoke-fellows, and should participate as brothers in so holy a struggle. Therefore the Grecian Government hastens, by this present distinguished expression of its regard, to invite you to the soil of Greece, a soil united by such tender memorial with yourself; confident that you, preferring glorious poverty and the hard living of Greece to the luxury and indolence of an obscure seclusion, will hasten your return to Greece, agreeably to your native character, restoring to us our valued English connection. Farewell!

Gordon declined the honour, but he became an original and enthusiastic member of the Greek committee in London, which was formed in 1823, and, fascinated by the righteousness of the cause despite the surface discouragements, he contributed money and warlike stores. The committee wanted him to go to Greece as one of the three commissioners who were to take charge of stores and funds. In July 1823—the very month that Byron set out from Genoa—Gordon declined this honour also, on the ground that the Greeks were unwilling to submit to European discipline, and that his old comrade had been expelled from office.

This was but a specimen of the discouragements which he constantly encountered. From first to last, he must have been almost paralyzed by the enormous difference in character between his neighbours of the north—douce, canny, with fixed principles, steadfast in all their relations of life, and the shifty, devious policy of his protégés, whose internal dissensions at times “quenched their animosity to the Turk.”

The struggle swayed from point to point. Early in 1824 a Greek deputation managed to raise a loan of £70,000 in Europe, and made another attempt to induce Gordon to return to Greece. But Byron had died at Missolonghi, and there were other discouragements which led Gordon again to decline the arduous task, although Trelawny had written to his brother from Argos on April 5, 1824, “All my hopes are placed in Colonel Gordon’s return.” He seems to have been led to change his mind by the run of ill-luck which set in against the Greeks. Missolonghi fell in April 1826, and so Gordon returned, reaching Napoli di Romania in May 1826.

He was well received, and was just in time to prevent the disorganization of the regular corps. He determined, however, to remain “a traveller unshackled in his movements” until the arrival of his extraordinary countryman, the great Lord Cochrane, declaring that he would still “stand aloof,” though he trusted that “during the fifteen days that I have acted as Minister of War, Minister of Marine, Commissary-General, and Inspector of Fortifications, I have prepared everything for his [Cochrane’s] arrival if he chooses to come in time.”

It was about this time that he bought a brig called the *Achilles* to convey stores and to aid his own movements. But even then discouragements dogged him, for at the end of June (1826) an outbreak among the Roumelists at Napoli made the Government seize 10,000 dollars belonging to Gordon, and give them to the Suliote captains. By the close of the year he had paid away all the public funds with which he had been entrusted by the Greek deputies in London.

Just as the hopes of the patriots were flickering out, help came from England, where Canning began to interest France and Russia. The year 1827 was the hardest that Gordon had to face, for he had to play the part of practical strategist in the field. In January he accepted the command of the expedition to Piræus, with the intention of relieving Athens, which was under blockade. Landing his troops at Port Phalerus he was attacked on February 11 by the Turks, whom he drove back with great slaughter, and he remained in command there till the arrival in April of General Sir Richard Church, who took over the supreme command, Gordon being content to act as director-general of ordnance. He arrived at Ampelakeia near Larissa on April 21, just as a vessel arrived with provisions and twelve barrels of powder which were covered up by flour. His hopes were realized later on by the Turks evacuating the Morea in October, and he returned to his estate at Cairness with letters of thanks from the Greek leaders.

He was back again in Greece in the summer of 1828, and seems to have remained there during the next three years. In many ways he had become

quite Greek. He had married (in 1816) Barbara Kana (afterwards Baroness de Sedaiges), a lady of Armenian Greek extraction, and he built a house for himself at Argos.

When he returned home to Cairness in the course of 1831 it was to devote himself to writing his famous *History of the Greek Revolution*, which was published by the Blackwoods in two volumes in 1832, the preface being dated from Cairness, November 1, 1832. It is a curiously aloof piece of work, which might have been written by a professional historian and not by a man who had had anything to do personally with the Revolution. Indeed, it would be extremely difficult to write his biography on the basis of his important book. On September 3, he had written from Cairness to his old friend Church about the book, asking the loan of the general's journals (now in the British Museum), "of which I will take very particular care. I have done my best," he adds, "to tell the truth and avoid offence"—

As for the state of unhappy Greece, it has long been so melancholy that I am unwilling to allude to it, especially to you who have lived there constantly, and are so much better acquainted with every circumstance. We shall see what result will be produced by the accession of King Otho [elected May 7, 1832], and the arrival of his regency.

I am quite sensible how much I am indebted to you for the protection afforded to my house [at Argos], and beg you will make use of it on the same terms as long as you think fit, or at least until the establishment of a new Government, when I suppose buildings of that description will be in request. Any little kindness you can show the porter will be an obligation upon me. Findlay [that is Finlay, the historian of Greece] came home lately to take his wife to Athens, and has sailed again: we were in correspondence, but his stay was so short that I did not see him. Many thanks for your kindly inquiries about my accident. I was lame for six months, but have now quite recovered, and am perfectly able to walk, leap, or play cricket.

Gordon's book proved a great success. De Quincey reviewed it enthusiastically in *Blackwood's*, it was translated into German, and a second edition was published in 1842.

Otho's succession was more hopeful than Gordon's cautious Scots nature allowed him to suggest in advance. The Bavarian appointed him Colonel *a la suite* and Colonel on the staff of the Greek army by commission, although Gordon had asked only for a lieutenant-colonelcy. The honour set his mind once more on Greece, for he wrote to Church from Cairness on April 28, 1833—

The public prints say that you are to command the new Greek army; I shall be glad to have the rumours confirmed under your own hand, and trust should it be so, you will not forget your old friends and lieutenants. I advert to what you write respecting your return to Greece. I desire nothing better than to have the opportunity of serving King Otho, but I live at too great a distance and have too many private affairs on hand to leave home without being assured of a decent rank: I think you cannot but approve of my resolutions.

All the friends of Greece are delighted to learn that everything in that long afflicted country now looks *couleur de rose*, and that the Regency is acting with so much wisdom and firmness. You must have spent there two melancholy years since we met last.

Of course in mine, as in all books, there must be some mistakes, which I will be much obliged to you to take the trouble of pointing out, that they may be rectified if the work should ever reach a second edition.

With regard to making for myself a few enemies, that is only what I had a right to expect, although I endeavoured as much as in me lay to avoid all unnecessary offence to individuals; but a conscientious historian is bound to unfold the truth to the best of his ability, otherwise he is only imposing upon the world.

The glamour of Greece was still strong upon him, so he returned in the summer of 1833, and stayed three years, being appointed Major-General in 1835 when he was commanding the troops in Roumelia,

and acting as chief of the general staff of the Greek army. In 1839, on his retirement, he was appointed by the King Major-General *a la suite*, and was made a Grand Commander of the Order of St. Saviour; he also held the Gold Cross of the Order of the Saviour, and he was a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem.

He returned to Cairness in 1840, dying suddenly there on April 20, 1841. *The Times*, which had described him in 1821 as "Sir Thomas Gordon, an Englishman," for which it afterwards apologized, devoted but nine lines to him, in which it described his wife as an "American."

The remarkable feature of Gordon's life was his combination of practical soldiering with real scholarship, for he was a member of many learned societies both at home and abroad. The Royal Society had recognized his ability by making him a Fellow in 1821 before he started for Greece; he was also a member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and of the Royal Asiatic Society. He was a great collector both of books, coins, and antiquities, most of which were sold in 1850. A catalogue of his coins, however, is tentatively dated 1835 by the authorities of the British Museum, which was presented by Sir Theodore Martin with a manuscript volume of narratives and poems written in modern Greek about the Revolution of 1821, and gathered together by Gordon.

The estates which his family had accumulated were broken up after a long lawsuit, Cairness going to the general's natural son, James Wilkinson Gordon, who reinforced his paternal strain by marrying into a remarkably able family, the Gordons of Edintore;

while Buthlaw went (through marriage) to the Pirie family, who took the name of Pirie-Gordon.

It is always fascinating to watch the traces of heredity. So it is interesting to see the present laird of Cairness, Gordon's grandson, following the arts of lawyer and soldier. The Buthlaw family preserve the historical bias in Mr. C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon, who recently wrote a learned life of Innocent the Great.

THE STORY OF A FATAL FLUTE

IN their pursuit of adventure the Gordons have met many deaths, but few so sad as that of the poor crazy captain who in a moment of despair flung a flute, on which he had built his hopes, into the Lake of Geneva, and then died in an asylum.

The origin of the captain is unusually mysterious. Nobody knows even his Christian name—some call him “W.” and some “J.”—for he had a magnificent way of signing himself “Gordon,” just as if he had been the ducal head of the house. Mr. Christopher Welch, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the flute which Gordon invented, describes him as a “Swiss gentleman of English extraction,” but that is probably because Mr. Welch does not recognize that Scotland is not England, especially for the purposes of biography. He may have been a son of Colonel Robert Gordon, of Orange River fame, whose wife went to live in Switzerland after he committed suicide. He may, on the other hand, have been a descendant of one of those exiled Jacobites who discovered to their sorrow that St. Germain's was not a temporary asylum. Indeed, at the very time that the captain was in Paris, Made-moiselle Angelique Gordon, of Scots descent, was penning guileless romances for the Young Person—*Azine et Deliska* appeared at Nantes in 1829, and

Victorine et Eugenie blushed timidly in 1832. There had been a race of bankers named Gordon at Boulogne and in Paris, who were hand-in-glove with the Jacobite wanderers, while the Counts of Gordon, undoubted descendants of the Earls of Huntly, had served the kings of France for three centuries. They sent across Count Andrew Gordon, who had served the Duc de Broglie as a captain of horse in Bohemia, to Aberdeen in 1754, to investigate the history of the family, though the *Concise History of the Antient and Illustrious Family of Gordon*, which he issued in Aberdeen in 1754, has not till recently been recognized as his work.

All that, however, is mere guesswork; what we really do know about the fanatic flautist is that he was an officer in the Swiss Guards, whose fate on the Place de Carrousel on July 29, 1830, is familiar history. Captain Gordon was one of those lucky enough to escape; and he spent the rest of his life in fighting a long battle against the famous Munich flautist, Theobald Boehm. To this day the umpires have not decided who won the contest.

Gordon had studied the flute under Drouet and Tulou, flautists to his royal master, and though he knew nothing of acoustics as a science, he saw very clearly that the existing flute was very defective, for not only was it much out of tune, "but scarcely two of its notes were alike in quality or power, some of them being strong and clear, others weak and muffled," while the shakes were wretched. To remedy this he lived—and died.

While Charles was plunging from foolishness to foolishness, Gordon was experimenting. The ex-

pense was great, for every new arrangement of the holes which he attempted involved the making of a new instrument. At last, in 1830, after four years' hard work, he managed to turn out a flute which satisfied him; and now that his military occupation was gone he threw himself into the subject with renewed energy. Some time in the spring of 1831 he came across to London with his flute and showed it to Boehm, who had made his first appearance in this country in the April of that year. Now Boehm, who had begun life in a watchmaker's shop in Switzerland, had also been experimenting, for he had been immensely struck with the fulness of Charles Nicholson, the English flautist's, instrument. The secret of this was the big holes that Nicholson had made in order to suit his large and powerful fingers. So Boehm got a firm of piano makers in Cornhill to make a new flute for him in which the scale was more completely identified with the natural scale of the harmonic succession. Boehm showed his instrument to Gordon, who went back to Paris and produced his Diatonic Flute, borrowing F sharp from Boehm.

I shall not attempt to enter into a discussion of the technical differences between Boehm's and Gordon's flutes, for I do not pretend to understand the mechanism of flutes. Suffice it to say that the two inventors continued to experiment—Boehm with a thorough knowledge of acoustics, Gordon quite empirically. In 1832 Boehm produced another model, and in 1833 Gordon spent several months in his workshop in Munich experimenting. One of the most ingenious parts of Gordon's invention was a plan for carrying the notes of the fingers from one

part of the flute to another by means of wires and cranks or angular levers. This required the aid of Boehm's skilled workmen at Munich to fashion, but the mechanism was too complicated to work well. Gordon afterwards seems to have gone to London, staying at 22, Newcastle Street, Strand, for he had an intense belief in his instrument, and wished to put it on the market.

But Boehm's flute alone made headway, and poor Gordon saw his invention fall out of the race. He had laboured so incessantly at it that he had injured his brain, which had already been affected by the Revolution of July. One day he threw the thing in sheer disgust into the Lake of Geneva, and was removed to an asylum, where he died some time between 1839 and 1847. Could anything have been more pathetic than the disappointed inventor? He had lost his post as a soldier; he had utterly beggared himself in pursuing his Magic Flute; and he saw his rival succeed.

But after all he was a soldier and a gentleman; and it was left for another to rouse the angry controversy which pitted him against Boehm as the pioneer of the new flute. In 1838 Victor Coche, the flautist at the Paris Conservatoire, fell out with Boehm and published a drawing of a flute (which he said was Gordon's) to show that the Swiss had been first in the field. He wrote to Gordon to champion himself, but the poor soldier was a helpless lunatic. The quarrel soon assumed an international character. France faced Germany. The battle was still being vigorously fought out long after Gordon had left a world that had been too much for him. It was renewed in 1881 when Boehm died (at the age of

88). It was once more set a-going in 1890, when the late Mr. R. S. Rockstro published his book on the flute ; and it has been thoroughly thrashed out to the extent of 504 large octavo pages by Mr. Christopher Welch in his *History of the Boehm Flute*. Mr. Rockstro lived and died a Gordonite. Mr. Welch is a judicious Boehmite, and Boehm, he points out, admits that one of the two causes which operated in inducing him to abandon the old familiar fingering was the impression he received on seeing the ingenious attempt which Gordon showed him in London in 1831. "That Gordon exercised an influence on Boehm is undeniable, but to what extent will never be known." And there the matter must rest.

The real tragedy of the flautist lay in his having been bred to the soldier's art, in which the house has most greatly distinguished itself. Had France not deposed his royal master he might have made his mark with the sword. As it was, he turned to the flute and went the weary way of so many inventors—what a tragedy could be written round the Patent Office! Years of patient experiment; then the Lake of Geneva; then a madhouse in brooding solitude; and, last of all, a posthumous squabble.

The story interests me only by reason of the appearance of a Gordon in it, for the Gordons have rarely practised any of the fine arts, music least of all, though the fourth Duke was a good amateur and used to play Strathspeys with his butler William Marshall. A John Gordon, son of a London watch-maker of the same name, was Gresham professor of music from 1723 till his death sixteen years later.

The Rev. William Gordon, a Scot who became the parson of Blickling in Norfolk, seems to have been the father of an "eminent" professor on the 'cello, who played at the opera, and whose brother played first violin in Drury Lane in 1744.



GEORGE, FIFTH AND LAST DUKE OF GORDON

His Grace was born in 1770 and died in 1836 without leaving issue, so that his dukedom became extinct and his marquisate went to his distant kinsman, the fifth Earl of Aboyne, while his estate fell to his sister Charlotte, Duchess of Richmond, whose son adopted the name of Gordon-Lennox and whose grandson was created Duke of Gordon in 1876. This picture, painted by George Sanders (1774-1846), shows the fifth Duke in a Gordon tartan kilt.

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THE LAST OF HIS LINE

IN the Castlegate of the city of Aberdeen a colossal granite statue of the fifth Duke of Gordon stands. It has dominated the scene since the spring of 1844. It has seen the dingy old tolbooth replaced by a fine pile of granite. It has outlived the coaches and the New Inn, a few yards in front of it, where the ducal Gordons always stayed on passing through the town, and to-day it faces the electric car and the swish of the overhead wires ; but change, and wind and weather, have not affected it a particle, for it is as fresh as if it had been placed in position yesterday. Granite is the symbol of endurance ; the features that were fashioned from it with enormous labour sixty-four years ago are those of a man who was the last of his line : and therein lies the contrariety of things.

George Gordon was the elder son of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, by his wife, the vivacious Jane Maxwell. They were married in October 1767, and six children were born to them, two boys and four girls, of whom no fewer than three became duchesses. Charlotte, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, who gave the famous Waterloo ball, came first in September 1768. George was born at Edinburgh on February 1, 1770. His father had had another son George before marriage : but the Duchess was a sensible woman, so she distinguished the boys,

who were remarkably like each other, as "the Duke's George" and "my George": and the love child (born on July 30, 1766) was always an honoured guest at the castle, and through his father's influence became a colonel of dragoons. Such humanity would be impossible to-day.

The little Marquis of Huntly was baptized in Edinburgh on March 2, his sponsors being the King, George III (who was represented by the Earl of Eglinton, his mother's cousin); his grand-uncle, Lord Adam Gordon, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland; and his grandmother, who was the daughter of the second Earl of Aberdeen. His advent was the scene of great rejoicings, especially at Huntly, where the night was spent in the "most chearful" manner, "many hats and wigs" being burnt in his honour.

The Marquis was unusually handsome, and his mother was inordinately proud of him. Mrs. Rose of Kilravock described him at the age of seven as "a lovely boy," with "something very intelligent in his countenance." Mrs. Grant of Laggan tells us that he had his mother's "fine eyes," and that his countenance was "animated and penetrating." Better than all, he had the gift of great good-humour.

Lord Huntly's early education had been conducted by a Swiss tutor in Geneva. He seems to have liked the place, because he spent his honeymoon, or part of it, in Switzerland, and one of his great friends was Colonel Tronchin of Geneva. His portrait was also painted by a Swiss artist. He went to Eton, and then entered St. John's College, Cambridge, taking his M.A. in 1791. Fond as his mother

was of him, she was far too astute a woman to have other than doubts about his instincts for scholarship. Writing to her great friend Beattie, the Minstrel, she admitted that "accounts of Huntly from friends and foes is all that I can wish," and that he seemed "very happy" at college. "He has talents for everything: college will determine if he has application, which," she added, "I am doubtful of." Nobody ever accused Huntly of bookishness. Thus there was something fantastic, if friendly, in the fact that Beattie dedicated his *Dissertations Moral and Critical* in 1783 to his Lordship, then a boy of thirteen. The dedication reads very quaintly in view of the statement of his admirer, Joseph Mitchell, who has to admit that his Lordship was "not very perfectly educated" —

MY LORD,—

The Duchess of Gordon having condescended to read the greater part of these papers, and to say that they may be useful to young persons, and that some things in them are not unworthy of your attention, I am encouraged to make them publick, and have taken the liberty to inscribe them to your lordship. To regulate the principles, and form the taste of young men, has been my employment and favourite study for many years. I cannot affirm that my success has been equal to my wishes, for then it would have been great indeed, but I have the satisfaction to know that my labour has not been vain. Let me, therefore, indulge the pleasing hope that your lordship, when a little further advanced in life, will one day do me the honour to declare that the following discourses have afforded you some amusement, and that you approve of the sentiments conveyed in them. And from that quickness of parts, gentleness of manners, and generosity of mind which you inherit from your noble parents, may I not presume that the day is not far distant.

Such talent as he possessed lay far otherwise than in moral philosophy, and at the age of twenty he was sent soldiering in the 35th Regiment. In the

end of the same year he raised an independent company which he took to the Black Watch in the spring of 1791. In the following year he joined the Scots Guards and fought beneath its colours at the siege of Valenciennes. Then in 1794 his father raised a regiment (the fourth he had organized) for him, namely the Gordon Highlanders, of which the Marquis became the first colonel, and served it for ten years. When the regiment set out on the Helder expedition of 1799, Mrs. Grant of Laggan wrote in his honour the famous song, "O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"

Suppose, ah ! suppose that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound !
The pipes would play a cheering march, the banners round him
fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye.

Well, a cruel, cruel wound did pierce the Highland laddie, for the Marquis was knocked over by a bullet on the shoulder in the fight at Bergen-op-Zoom on March 2, 1799. "Go on, 92nd," he cried, "never mind me; my wound is a slight one." It certainly was not dangerous, but it gave him a great deal of trouble, then and long afterwards. He was taken to Edinburgh, his kinsman Captain Alexander Gordon, who was afterwards killed at Talavera, accompanying him, and having been carefully nursed there by his widowed sister, Lady Madelina Sinclair, whose husband had much to do in the raising of the Gordons, he went north to Gordon Castle on board the excise yacht, *Royal George*, as he could not stand the jolting of a carriage by land.

A wonderfully enthusiastic welcome awaited him,

the country-side turning out to greet him, and an ox was roasted in the streets of Fochabers, for if we doubt the statement that since the days of Prince Charlie "no one so much possessed the Highland hearts," the Marquis's good-nature and democratic ways had made him a favourite. His only other chance of active soldiering occurred in 1809, when he served on the Walcheren expedition, and it was a source of keen regret to him that he could not be at Waterloo, for he was honeymooning at the time in the neighbourhood, and just missed his sister's ball at Brussels by a few hours. On the road to Brussels he and his bride passed scores of carts filled with wounded men, and for some time they could not learn what had actually happened. As soon as he reached his sister's house he rode off to examine the battlefield where his regiment had fought so famously. When he came home he saw to it that many men and officers of the 92nd should get good farms on his father's estates. In 1819 he became a general, next year he was made colonel of the Royal Scots, and in 1834 he succeeded the Duke of Gloucester as colonel of the Scots Guards.

Of course he went through the treadmill of aristocratic youth. In addition to his soldiering, he entered Parliament, being chosen member for Eye, in Suffolk, in 1806. But he graced the House of Commons with his presence a very short time, for on the change of the Ministry he was summoned (April 11, 1807) by writ to the House of Peers by the title of Baron Gordon of Huntly, in the County of Gloucester—a barony that had been granted to his father twenty-three years before. But the Marquis had nothing of the politician in him, and he

cut a very poor figure in either House. He never would speak. On one occasion Lord Liverpool suggested that he should move the Address, but he replied that he would be glad to entertain their lordships if they would adjourn to the City of London tavern.

He had, however, quite a turn for the conduct of local affairs, and was very popular with his tenants. Although the family fortune had received some shocks since Lord Kames described his father as the "greatest subject in Britain," the Marquis never allowed the fact to acidulate his sunny disposition. When you understand something of his character, it is easy to understand why he endeared himself to the people, even although their religious strenuousness warned them that he was not altogether immaculate. But he had humour, and sympathy; he was absolutely without "side," and if he had been living in our own day would have passed as a "good sort."

Many stories are told about his sense of fun, and his great good sense. A certain gentleman who was allowed a donation annually by the Marquis's father for incidental charities was strongly suspected of curtailing them to the advantage of his own banking account. So Huntly rigged himself out as a beggar and called on Mr. Bountiful for alms. The almoner ordered him off and threatened him with a dog. He said nothing, however, at the time, but at the next annual settlement drew his pen through the usual debit "to incidental charities," recalling to his recollection the appearance of the old beggar.

He had, indeed, a great facility in making up, and

became famous for his disguises. His skill was once the subject of a bet, one of his most intimate friends wagering that my Lord could never outwit him. So he transformed himself into a "tink" and called at the knowing one's house, where he was given food. His host, who met him in the drive, asked him how he had fared. "Very so so indeed," replied Huntly; "nothing but cold beef, sour bread and stale beer." "You must be a rogue," retorted his irritated friend. "Not exactly that," said Huntly, "but I have never been accustomed to such low fare;" and he threw off his disguise in proof of the statement.

Like his family and father before him, the Duke was a lavish host. One of his most notable guests was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, who visited the North in August 1819. There was an appropriateness about this acquaintance, not without sad memories for the Duke, however, because the Prince had been introduced to his wife, Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, at the Pulteney Hotel, where the Duke's mother had ended her career so ingloriously. The Prince was entertained by the Marquis at Dalwhinnie and at Kinrara. Ascending to the summit of Tor Alvie, where a monument had been erected in memory of Waterloo, he was met by almost all the country gentlemen of the district, and the Marquis's piper. Then the party sat down to a vast feast, consisting of two deer, a hundred loaves of bread, several ankers of strong whisky, some barrels of beer, and a large hogshead of cold punch. Last of all the Prince sampled many snuff "mulls."

After he succeeded to the Dukedom, which he did

in 1827, he entertained (1831) N. P. Willis, the American poet, who has left a vivid account of it in his *Pencillings by the Way*—

It seemed to me, as I looked back upon it, as if I had passed a separate life there—so beautiful had been every object on which I had looked in that time, and so free from every mixture of *ennui* had been the hours from the first to the last. I have set them apart in my memory, those ten days, as a bright ellipse in the usual procession of joys and sorrows. It is a little world, walled in from rudeness and vexation, in which I have lived a life.

From the moment of his entry to the day of his departure the Castle seemed an enchanted palace to Willis. At the door stood “a canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery.” In the “policies,” the scene was even more wonderful to his unaccustomed eye—

Light carriages passed me, driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down a beautiful blood horse, prancing along with side saddle and Morocco stirrups [apparently one of the Duchess’s famous four coal-black Flemish mares]; and keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. . . . All the little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day’s journey almost from the possessions of another human being! I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

Willis had never met the Duke, who was out when he arrived, but he had received a “kind letter of invitation.” Suddenly he heard a knock at his room, and the Duke entered—“a tall, white-haired gentleman of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address . . . with a broad red riband across his breast.” He welcomed Willis “most heartily to the castle,” and as they went down to dinner the Duke named all the guests. These included Lord

Aberdeen, Lord Claude Hamilton, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lord and Lady Saltoun. Above thirty sat down to dinner. After the ladies retired, "the wines began to be circulated more freely. The men did not join the ladies till eleven. Cards, tea, and music filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure and the gentlemen sat down to supper." Willis did not get to bed till about two that night, and he never forgot it. His picture of the country-house party is almost comic in its general air of wonderment.

His Grace's genius was not in the least contemplative, and I doubt whether he had ever read any of Willis's verse. His tastes were all for an outdoor life, for soldiering, hunting, and the pursuits of the country gentleman. He was physically very strong, and could endure much fatigue without turning a hair. A story is told of him which illustrates his powers. He and the chief of Glengarry once drank between them five bottles of raw whisky at the inn of Dalwhinnie. Huntly then rode over to the inn at Pitmain, some eighteen miles distant, where he ordered a beef steak and drank two bottles of port. He then rode on to Gordon Castle, forty-five miles away, arriving at four in the morning. He rose at eight and went out and shot a deer, and then attended his sister's wedding. This was probably the marriage of his eldest sister Charlotte with the future Duke of Richmond. A better authenticated story notes that in October 1808, he rode from Aberdeen to Inverness, a distance of 105 miles, in less than seven hours, having eight relays of horses on the road. He was so little fatigued, however, that his "convivial powers" were "unremittingly and

most successfully exerted to increase the pleasure of the company," for he had ridden north to attend the Northern Meeting, at which his mother and his sister, the Duchess of Manchester, were present. One can well understand the fellow-feeling he must have felt for Captain Robert Barclay, the famous pedestrian, who was his aide-de-camp in the foolish Walcheren expedition of the following year, 1809. Perhaps he chose Barclay on that basis.

To Barclay has been credited the famous breed of Gordon setters, for he is said to have given the Marquis two black and white English setters to breed from. As a matter of fact, however, there had been tri-coloured dogs in the kennels at Gordon Castle before Barclay's day. Experts are inclined to fall back on the theory that the Marquis, or his father, had crossed a common setter with a black-and-tan collie, which had a great faculty for setting game, but this again has been disputed on the ground that a collie finds by the foot scent. In any case the Duke's setters long enjoyed a high reputation, and when he died his kennel fetched what was then high prices at Tattersall's. He was a keen deerstalker, and indulged in a little mild horse racing. Like his father he liked music, and in 1827, for instance, he played the patron to a young German, Carl Eulenstein, who tickled the town by playing on sixteen jew's-harps at a time. The feat is said to have worn away the enamel of his teeth, and he gave it up in favour of the concertina and guitar, which he taught for many years at Bath.

With a nature essentially casual and easy-going, the Marquis chose a wife who was exactly the reverse, for Elizabeth Brodie was a strenuous soul,



ELIZABETH (BRODIE), DUCHESS OF GORDON

She was the daughter of Alexander Brodie of Arnhall, and married in 1813, at the age of nineteen, the Marquis of Huntly, and afterwards fifth and last Duke of Gordon, who was twenty-four years her senior and whom she outlived by twenty-eight years. She was a deeply religious woman of strong evangelical tendencies, and founded the Gordon Schools at Huntly, Aberdeenshire. She died without issue at Huntly in 1864. This picture is reproduced from the miniature in enamel by William Essex (1784-1869) at Gordon Castle.

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who ever had her mind on the peaks and the great silences of high endeavour. The wedding took place on December 11, 1813, in St. Mary's Chapel, Queen's Square, Bath—in which good town handsome Jack Byron had married poor little Catherine Gordon of Gight eight-and-twenty years before. The Marquis was forty-three; and the lady was but nineteen. She came to him with £100,000 inherited from her father, Alexander Brodie of the Burn; and though at first she was not so strenuous as she became later, her tastes were always different from the Marquis's, and the reverse of all her predecessors. The first Duchess, a Howard, was an uncompromising Catholic and Jacobite; the second, a Mordaunt, was bookish to the point of a strange suspicion; the third, a Gordon, was pushful and quite worldly; the fourth, Jane Maxwell, was stylish and dashing, and her husband's second wife was only a housekeeper. Altogether the Marquis's marriage, with the plain little nun, was amazing, justifying its description by Miss Grant of Rothiemurcus as a climax to his "rackety" life.

But it was essentially a happy one, for the Marquis settled down quietly in the north, as if he had never been the beau of the ball and the ideal of many a belle; and he delighted to hear his wife play the old Scots songs, which stirred the blood of N. P. Willis "like the sound of a trumpet" when he heard the Duchess sing them.

The Duke—he succeeded in 1827—and Duchess spent most of the year 1835 in foreign travel, seeing, as he told his tenants, "emperors and the wonders of the world." During his tour he had dined at Neumarkt, in Silesia, with the King of Prussia, and

the Emperor and Empress of Russia were "exceedingly civil to him." During the tour, moreover, the efforts of the Duchess "were unceasing on behalf of her husband's soul." She often read the Bible to him, and he told his Swiss friend, Colonel Tronchin, that he was "a very changed man." The Duchess herself expressed the belief that the "Spirit of God is really at work" on her husband. On their return, in December 1835, the town of Fochabers held high holiday, and the enthusiasm was so great that the *Times* itself thought it incumbent to devote half a column to the reception. Their Graces were met on the public road by the inhabitants, one of whom made a speech, in which, referring to the political atmosphere of the day, he declared—

If in these eventful times a crisis should occur at which we might be called upon to prove the sincerity of these professions in a manner more significant than words, there is not one among the numbers here assembled who would not risk his life in defence of his Grace's property and rights, and that with as determined a zeal as ever clansmen evinced in the cause of their beloved and hereditary chief.

The greatest enthusiasm followed this peroration, in which cries for the "Duke and Duchess for ever!" echoed again and again. Nor, says the reporter of the period, was this "the heartless tribute of civility, a fear extorted by haughty aristocrats from a crowd of hireling dependents, which is so often as coldly received as reluctantly bestowed; but it was a spontaneous and genuine expression of attachment and duty offered by a reflecting and grateful people to their illustrious benefactor, and received with the greatest condescension and kindness." The school children appeared with sprigs of heather and ivy in their caps and "other badges of joy," and when they

were joined by the infants from the school which her Grace had established, the Duchess burst into tears. It had greatly grieved his Grace (in 1832) that he could not subscribe more liberally to the Duchess's school. "My situation," he wrote, "vexes me, but I bear up as well as I can. For did my excellent wife know my feelings she would be miserable. . . . It annoys one with a generous heart not to be able to meet the constant applications made to me." Rather a sad admission for the Cock of the North.

The Duke came south to die, for he succumbed to a very painful illness at his house, 34, Belgrave Square, on May 28, 1836; and he was buried with immense ceremony, as a gallant soldier should, especially one who was the last man of his line. The body was conveyed from Belgrave Square to Greenwich on June 3, 1836, by the 3rd Foot Guards, of which he was colonel. The coronet of his Grace was carried on a crimson velvet cushion by a mounted page, and the hearse was drawn by eight horses. Eight mourning coaches followed, each drawn by six horses. The King's private carriage was drawn by black horses, and the Queen's by six white ones. There were six other Royal carriages drawn by six horses, including the Duchess of Kent's (mother of Queen Victoria) and the Duke of Cumberland's. All the Royal servants wore their splendid Court dress, and each Royal carriage had four footmen in attendance. Police lined the route, and the *Times* was probably not far wrong when it said that the funeral procession was "one of the most grand and imposing spectacles ever witnessed in this country." The chief mourners were his Grace's nephews, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Arthur

Lennox, and Lord Cosmo Russell, his grand-nephew Lord George Lennox, and Mr. Brodie of Brodie, all of whom accompanied the body to the North. At Greenwich the old sailors in the Hospital, as a guard of honour, received the body. The coffin was lowered into the Royal barge, and "the boatswain of the immortal Nelson" took the helm and steered the barge towards the Government steamer *Firebrand*, while the band of the Fusiliers in another barge played the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the regiment itself was drawn up with arms reversed on the platform facing the Thames. The whole ceremony was extremely impressive. A party of the 3rd Foot Guards accompanied the body to Gordon Castle. The *Firebrand* arrived at Speymouth on Monday, June 6. After lying in Gordon Castle for some time the Duke's remains were laid to rest on June 10, in St. Mary's Aisle in the Lady Chapel of Elgin Cathedral, where most of his fathers sleep.

As he had no issue (legitimately, at least), the dukedom of Gordon (created in 1684) and the earldom of Norwich, with the barony of Gordon of Huntly (created in 1784), came to an end; and the barony of Mordaunt fell into abeyance between his sisters and co-heirs. The marquissate of Huntly (created 1599) devolved on his kinsman the Earl of Aboyne, whose line had branched off so long before as 1660; that is to say, the entire male stock of the Dukes had completely died out. With the female line it has been very different, for the Duke's five sisters are represented by about a thousand descendants to-day. Nor have they forgotten that they are Gordons. The Duke of Richmond, son of the eldest of them, Lady

Charlotte, assumed the name of Gordon-Lennox three months after the fifth Duke's death, and in 1876 the dukedom of Gordon was re-created for the father of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon. It is curious that Charles should have been the Christian name of all the Richmonds and all the Aboynes, who shared the Duke of Gordon's honours between them, while George was the favourite name of the original Huntly family. The Duke's youngest sister, who became Duchess of Bedford, carried her family names to the London estates of the Bedford family, as "Gordon Square" and "Huntly Street," in Bloomsbury, testify to this day.

The fifth Duke's consort outlived him by eight-and-twenty years, dying in 1864 at Huntly, where the Gordon Schools still proclaim the philanthropic purpose of her life.

The Duke himself stands steadfast in his granite, greater perhaps in death than he ever was in life.

A NOBLE EARL AS AN A.B.

AT four o'clock on the morning of January 27, 1870, while the three-masted schooner *Hera*, six days out from Boston, was on its way to Melbourne, the first mate, George H. Osborne, was swept overboard, and was soon lost to sight. He had shipped as a native of Massachusetts, and was usually taken for a "down easter." As a matter of fact, he was the Right Honourable Sir George Hamilton-Gordon, sixth Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount of Formartine, Lord Haddo, Methlick, Tarves and Kellie, in the peerage of Scotland, and a member of the House of Lords in virtue of his title of Viscount Gordon.

His story is particularly interesting, not only as a typical example of the adventurous instincts of his race even in modern times, but because he belonged to a line which has showed fewer dare-devil characteristics than many of the other branches, and he himself exhibited tastes which are not usually associated with venturesome sailormen.

Born in Holyrood Palace on January 10, 1841, he was the eldest son of the fifth Earl of Aberdeen by his wife, Mary Baillie, of the Jerviswoode family, whose estates had been temporarily annexed by the first Duke of Gordon in the end of the seventeenth century. The Earl, absolutely devoid of all the easy-

going methods of their Graces of the ducal line, was famous for his evangelical and philanthropic activities, as is sombrely recorded in two religious biographies. He had peculiar ideas about the rearing of his children, to whom he was devoted. Indeed he spent so much time in their nurseries, entertaining them, that one of his biographers calls him a "sort of domestic Punch." He was specially fond of showing them the marvels of chemistry, to their delighted cries of "Please, papa, do 'speriment." As they grew up, he took the boys with him on fishing expeditions, and, as he had a great love for sailing, he used to cut out and rig little boats for them.

That struck the keynote of George's ambitions. Educated at home without any tutor by his father and mother till he was fifteen, he developed, amid rather mollycoddle methods of training, a craving to go to sea, for which his happy, romantic spirit peculiarly fitted him. His father described him, when a boy of eleven, as "full of spirits, and getting somewhat impertinently familiar with me ;" "but," he added, "he is such a nice companion, I shall get too fond of him." That fondness made the Earl turn a deaf ear to the boy's entreaties to go to sea until he was fifteen, when an application was made on his behalf for a middy's berth in the Navy, in which two of his father's brothers became admirals. But the boy's hopes were soon dispelled by the discovery that he was over age, and so he let his hunger for the sea go by the board for a time, satisfying himself with an occasional night afloat with the herring fleet from Boddam, one of the fishing villages nearest his home. He became a first-rate rifle shot, was an expert at

the lathe, played the piano, showed an aptitude for mathematics, and was altogether a model scholar and a "firm believer in the Word of God"—qualities which are not always associated with a rough seafaring life. In 1861, he was prepared at the family seat, Haddo House, for St. Andrews University, whither he was accompanied by his tutor, the Rev. William Burton Alexander, during the session 1862-63. Then he paid a visit to his uncle, Sir Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, who was then Governor of New Brunswick, returning in March of the following year to succeed his father in the earldom, and taking his seat in the House of Lords (July 25, 1864) as third Viscount Gordon.

He was now a free man on his own resources, and he gave full swing to those seagoing ambitions which become extinct in most boys long before manhood is reached. During 1865, he and his brother James, then a Cambridge undergraduate, made a voyage together in a small skiff from Hastings to Boulogne and back. It was such a daring experiment that the owner of the boat was glad to see her brought back safely. All this, however, struck the Earl as mere playing at seamanship, which he quietly determined to take up without kid gloves. His tutor, Mr. Alexander, tried to dissuade him, but the young man would not give up his project. Besides, he thought it would be for the good of his health, for, though six feet two in height, and broad shouldered, he had had a rather delicate chest. So he left Haddo in January 1866—never to return again.

He crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool in a sailing ship, the *Pomona*, with "a careful captain, a clean, nice steward, but bad grub." During the voyage, he

played the surgeon to four men who fell from aloft, and, after forty-five days at sea and three weeks in the river, landed at St. John, visiting his uncle at Fredericton.

On April 27, he arrived at Revere House, a hotel in Boston, with his friends, Lord Gosford and Mr. Grant Peterkin. On May 2, he set off by himself to New York—where he heard Beecher preach—returning alone on May 22 to the hotel, where he entered himself in the visitors' book as "George H. Osborne." From that day till his death, four years later, he was never known by any one he met as Lord Aberdeen, for he took inordinate pains to conceal his identity.

His first experience of the real life of an able-bodied seaman was on board the brig *R. Wylie*, which sailed in June from Boston with a cargo of timber for Palmas, the Earl being taken on as a seaman. He was immensely struck on passing Teneriffe at sunset, for it called up in his mind "solemn thoughts and good resolves, and especially vivid and pleasing recollections of dear papa." The brig went in ballast to Turk's Island, and then set out with salt for Boston. From first to last the voyage was trying, but he revelled in his new experiences, which he described in a breathless letter of December 5 to his friend, Auldjo Jamieson of Edinburgh—

I never told you my adventures . . . about the mysterious man, or about the wounded cook turned sailor; or the amorous mate; or the mate in fits calling on his mother; or about the cook drunk, a Frenchman crying, the second mate bullying; or about the captain drunk, the mate three-quarters drunk, the second mate green, and the ship running on George's Shoal and being saved by the undersigned, who was not drunk; or about the undersigned sick with cholera; he gets well; he gets his toe crushed [at Palmas by a pitch-pine log falling on it. He had

also a sore on the instep of his other foot, so that he could not wear boots for two months, and when he got well his feet were so large by going barefoot that his boots "nearly killed" him].

Or about the undersigned painting yards—tired and hot, lets bucket fall—covers clean white boat with paint—sputters captain over with paint—captain swears—mate runs—undersigned tries to look serious—gets soap and hot water and cleans boat—no more painting for undersigned—just what he wanted . . .

Homeward bound—provoking calms—gale of wind—the shoal of dolphins, of whales, of porpoise; Nantucket shoal, thick fog, and a half line—all hands 'bout ship—turn out here—no clothes on—work hard—get ship about. Fog-horn! blowing the fog-horn all night and all day—pleasant sound—sore lips. Boston—pilot boat—pilot's long coat—nice man—said undersigned good helmsman.

Old Boston again. Home at last, runners and pipes—man the boat, undersigned stroke oar: take captain ashore. Cook drunk, no supper—cook drunk, no breakfast—cook drunk, no dinner. Second mate drunk—captain ashore—undersigned steals bread and sugar: Alongside the wharf—sleep ashore—pay day. Savings' bank.

He reached Boston, which he loved, in October, only to find to his dismay that his uncle Sir Arthur had left New Brunswick, he knew not where, for Osborne felt in a financial fix. The experience, however, put him on his mettle, and he resolved to spend the little savings he had on equipping himself thoroughly for the sea. So he went to study at the Boston Nautical College, and to such purpose that he gained a first-class certificate in navigation and a second in seamanship on November 13. Then some one wanted him to go into partnership in a navigation school at Gloucester, but as he was convinced that any one who had not been round the Cape or Horn is "small potatoes," he brushed past the prospect of a landlubber dominie and looked out for another ship.

Now at that moment there was lying at the quays a vessel which would have suited his taste as a sailor and as a deeply religious young man. She

was the brig *Morning Star*, built by cents contributed by Sunday-school children in New England for missionary work in the Sandwich Islands. So Osborne called on one of the managers and asked for the post of first officer. The manager was polite, for the "cultivated and gentlemanly manner" of the young man impressed him—you did not want a sailor of the Big big D. type on a missionary ship; but he was unable to give him a berth, his regret being all the more acute "as missionary ladies and gentlemen were to sail as passengers in the ship." The *Morning Star* sailed without him; but Osborne's star did not set, though he admits to having been keenly disappointed.

For a time he earned a livelihood by teaching navigation, for though as keen as ever on the sea, he could not get a ship at Boston. Then he resolved to try his luck elsewhere and took a passenger's berth from New York in February 1867, on board the brig *William Mallory* for Galveston, in Texas. He made a great impression on the captain, John P. Wilbur, for during the voyage he talked religion, temperance and astronomy with him, gave an occasional hand in taking in sail, and made a clothes-bag for him.

After staying two or three days at Galveston on the brig, he set off by boat for Houston, a hundred miles up the river. Then he reached Mobile, where he took post as second mate on a barque (name unknown) which was taking in a cargo of old iron and machinery. In the process of loading, a piece of metal two tons in weight fell, and Osborne had three fingers on his right hand "a good deal mashed."

Later on he reached New Orleans, and on April 25 (1867) boarded a schooner, the *Arthur Burton*, to ask for a job. He was taken on as a seaman, and sailed with a cargo of corn for Vera Cruz, in Mexico, then in the throes of one of its many wars. His hands looked soft, said a fellow-sailor, and his legs seemed to totter when he started carrying the sacks of corn ashore, but he "never gave in," toiling along industriously while the city was being bombarded as industriously. The vessel was in consequence held up, and he had the opportunity of watching some phases of the fighting. One day he saw "seven large boxes full of people who had died of vomito"—

The stench of them in the broiling sun (he wrote) was such that I could not stand, and had to lie down inside an old boiler. As soon as I was able, I went through the gates of the city and took a huge drink of gin pure, about three-quarters of a tumbler, and this restored me, and prevented me getting sick, I am pretty sure. What would a T-totaller say to this? Was I justified in drinking spirits to save my life probably?

One day a cannon ball came and struck a tailor's shop close to me, just about six feet from the ground. I immediately went and stood with my head in the hole, until the cannonading ceased. I thought it unlikely that another shot would come just to that same spot, but, while I was there, seven people were killed in the same square.

In parenthesis, his adventures at Vera Cruz put me in mind of the experience of a Captain Gordon of the barque *Roebuck* at Santa Cruz four years after this. He was rowed ashore by the ship's carpenter in order to inspect a guano island. When he returned to the shore he found to his horror that the vessel had sailed away, and it was only after many privations that he managed to reach Buenos Ayres.

To return to Osborne, the *Arthur Burton* sailed

from Vera Cruz to Frontera, in the State of Tabasco, Mexico, where she took in a cargo of logwood, and having loaded up with mahogany at Chihiltipeck, sailed for New York, which was reached in August, so that Osborne had put in a good deal of experience in the six months since he last saw the Hudson.

During the next few weeks he made a voyage to Baltimore on a schooner which took fire, and in October shipped as an A.B. on the schooner *Zeyla* for Trinidad. On the voyage, the vessel encountered a fearful thunderstorm (November 27), when "corposants" or balls of fire fell over it and sat three or four at a time on the top of the mast or on the jib-boom. Shortly before this Osborne had had a narrow escape. The main boom got adrift somehow while he was at the end of it to shake out the reef. He was swung from side to side across the deck, and was in great danger till his messmates got it secured. On November 30, the *Zeyla* reached Port of Spain, where his uncle Sir Arthur Gordon was Governor. Osborne did not, however, look his relative up, but wrote to his mother on December 8—"I saw Arthur this day," without saying where. The Countess, noting the postmark, immediately wrote to Sir Arthur, who made inquiries for him under the name of Anderson—of course in vain: for the vessel had left for Turk's Island, where it took in a cargo of salt. She was so heavily laden that the deck was not above water more than six inches at midships, and in consequence the *Zeyla* shipped very heavy seas. The crew's belongings were drenched, and in the process a diary which Osborne had kept was so much damaged that he threw it overboard in disgust. Later on he was almost frozen to death.

His next engagement was on a brig which carried a cargo of mules and horses to Barbadoes. On the voyage "home" he encountered a gale after passing Bermuda, and "had not a dry rag night or day for three days," while the deck-load of molasses was nearly swept away.

Arriving in Boston in April (1868), he shipped on the schooner *W. Croker* for Philadelphia, and returned on the same vessel with Sewell Small, who had been with him on the *Arthur Burton* and the *Zeyla*. Small resided at Richmond, Maine, and Osborne took lodgings with him, remaining there from May to August, during which he engaged in fishing, and ran a business of shipping ice. He put his little savings in the Trust National Bank, and he also had balances to his credit in savings banks at Philadelphia and Boston. He joined the Good Templars, became a Mason, attended the Baptist, Methodist and Advent chapels, and amused himself a great deal with his rifle and revolver, with both of which he was an expert. He made himself a great favourite with the children of the town, especially with "Abbie," the seven years old daughter of Small, and the children of a barber named Call, writing out for them Longfellow's "Rainy Day" (which was a favourite song of his mother), repeating poetry to them and giving them a "tin" picture of himself, all of which points were given in proof of his identity later on.

Life ashore, however, never suited his adventurous spirit. So he bade good-bye to his Richmond friends, big and little, and in October, 1868, joined a local schooner, the *Walton* (137 tons), then lying in the Kennebec River, being appointed mate. In taking the vessel, which was deep loaded and very leaky, to

New York, he encountered fearful weather, and thought his last hour had come, as he told his mother in a letter dated December 3—

A furious gale came on right on shore: the water gained on us: we could not keep her free. As morning dawned, the gale increased if possible in violence. To windward there was nothing but rain and wind and the ever-rising white-capped billows. To leeward was the low quicksands with roaring breakers, on which we were slowly but surely drifted. We carried an awful press of sail, but the poor water-logged schooner lay over on her beam ends and made two miles to leeward for every one ahead. We were toiling at the pumps and throwing overboard our deck load, but already there was five foot water in the hold and nothing could have saved us but a miracle or a change of wind. At 10 o'clock God in His mercy sent a sudden change of wind all in a moment right off shore, with perfect floods of rain, which beat down the sea, and in half-an-hour the wind moderated. After toiling seventeen hours we got a suck on the pumps, and took heart of grace and ate a little food.

His skilful seamanship resulted in his being promoted captain of the vessel on December 4, the day after he wrote this letter, so that at last he had achieved one of the ambitions for which he had worked and waited so long—if it was only the command of a 137 ton tramp. Her size did not matter, for he had assured his brother James in March 1867, that “there is no better or happier place in the world than a *good* small American vessel.” Indeed he was strongly pro-American in many things, and sided with the North against the South. He ran the *Walton* for a whole year, making voyages to Galveston, Pensacola and other places, carrying every manner of cargo. In the inquiry as to Osborne’s identity held at Richmond on December 7, 1870, Mr. C. H. T. J. Southard, one of the owners of the *Walton*, declined to be put on oath or give evidence without an undertaking being given that he would be paid five per cent. on the value of the

estate : which was very rightly refused. But even when he appeared on subpœna, he did not bring the necessary ship's-books with him, though Osborne had served him well and faithfully.

Osborne made his last voyage as first mate on a new three-masted Boston schooner, the *Hera* (387 tons), and it was certainly strange that having braved all sorts of dangers for three and a half years he should perish on the voyage which took him back for the first time to the Empire land of his own country. He had almost a premonition, one would think, for before the *Hera* sailed he expressed regret that he was going in her, because he thought he might have got a bigger boat. But as he had given his word to the captain, he stood by it. Another strange fact was that on the day he sailed he happened to speak to one of the owners' clerks who was going to a funeral. He referred "very solemnly" to the suddenness with which death sometimes comes to us and "the little we do in preparation for it." The same witness afterwards described the last meeting. There was, as usual, a great deal of bustle among the teamsters and stevedores engaged in loading the *Hera*, and they were continually calling out for the mate, "sometimes very roughly": but Gordon's temper never gave way.

At last the *Hera* sailed away for Melbourne with a general cargo on January 21, 1870. When six days out, in latitude 40° 10' north and longitude 58° 14' west, he was helping William Scott, the son of a farmer at Pathhead, near Edinburgh (and the only fellow-Scot he ever met on his adventures so far as we know), to lower the mainmast. At that moment—it was about four o'clock in the morning—the

ship gave a heavy roll and the downhaul got slack. Then with another roll the downhaul got taut. Both men were caught in the bight of the downhaul. Scott, however, had time to lay himself down and the rope passed over him, but his companion was dragged across him and pitched into the sea, which was running high. It was all the work of a second. Scott saw him come to the surface: the crew, hastily summoned, threw out planks and ropes, which he failed to catch; the boat was cast loose as quickly as possible, but before it could be lowered, Osborne had disappeared and was never seen again, although the vessel lay to till daylight. And that was the end of the sixth Earl of Aberdeen.

Nothing of course could be done to advise his friends till Melbourne was reached on May 27: but when the captain came to look into Osborne's chest he could find nothing whatever to identify him, except the address of one Jesse Green, a carpenter living in Richmond, Maine; and of course Green did not know who Osborne was.

Meantime the Earl's family were in a state of great anxiety, for they had not heard from him since April 1869. In November they had dispatched his old tutor, Mr. Alexander, to look for him. The task presented extraordinary difficulties which would have tried the wit of a professional detective, for though Osborne had written numerous letters to his mother, he had only signed himself "George," so that she had not an idea of the name he went by. Moreover he had never once made a single reference to the name of any ship or of any individual, from the idea that his mother might try to trace and find him out and interfere with his freedom of action.

So all that Mr. Alexander could do was to go to Molino in Florida, from which the last letter had been sent. But he failed to trace "George" there. Then followed five weary months of fruitless search over the face of the great continent. At last, relying on a sentence in a letter written early in 1867, he got into touch with Wilbur, who had taken Osborne to Galveston on the *William Mallory*, and who was then living at Mystic—an appropriate name in the circumstances—in Connecticut. Finally he ran Osborne's name to earth, but only to learn that he would never see him again.

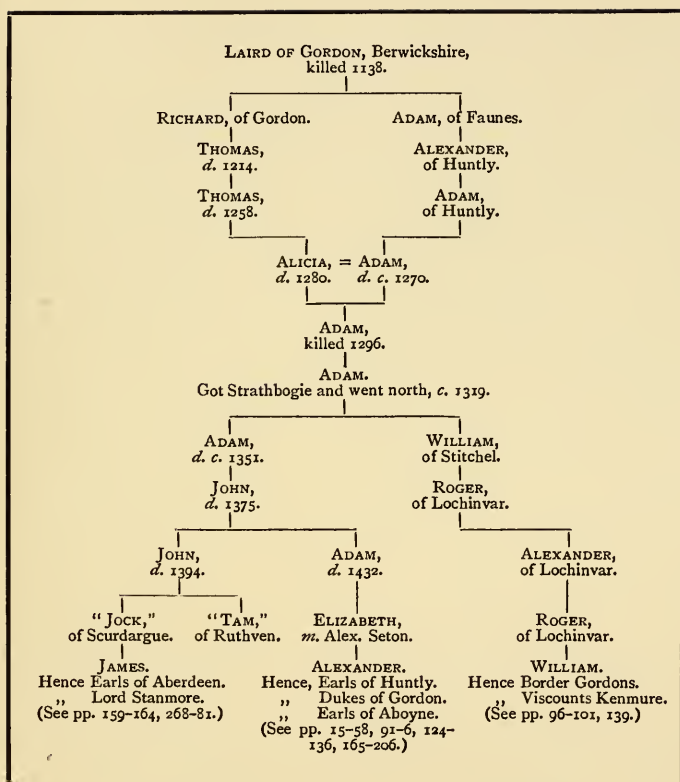
But the trouble was not at an end, for the question remained—was George H. Osborne and George Hamilton Gordon, sixth Earl of Aberdeen, one and the same person? And it had to be answered before the Earl's only surviving brother John could succeed. An exhaustive inquiry had to be instituted, at which the evidence of sea captains, seamen, shipowners, a fisherman, a carpenter, and shoemaker, John E. This and John P. That, and a great host of people of the type who are rarely the companions of peers, was given, and the story as I have told it was pieced up bit by bit with great painstaking. It was May 6, 1872, before the House of Lords decided that the present Earl might take his seat. He had been indeed particularly situated, for his second brother, James, had been found shot dead in his rooms at Trinity College, Cambridge, on February 12, 1868. Like "Osborne," he had been very fond of sailing and rowing and had his place in the Boat Race of 1867. It is very strange that at the end of the year when this tragedy occurred, Osborne had written to his mother—

A sort of vague dread fills my mind and I seem to feel rather to go on in doubt than to learn what would kill me, or drive me to worse—I mean, were I to return and not find you. How many times has this thought come to me in the dark and cheerless night watches : but I have to drive it from me as too dreadful to think of.

The love of the sea seems to have been inherited by the present Earl's second son, Mr. Dudley Gordon, for he served his apprenticeship exactly like any other boy learning the business, as an engineer in an Aberdeen shipbuilding yard, and he once made a record swim in the sea from the mouth of the Dee to the Don, a distance of nearly two miles, in 44 minutes 38 seconds.

The really remarkable point of "Osborne's" career was this—that there was absolutely nothing of the swashbuckler about him. We all know the wild sort of boy who runs away to sea. George Osborne, on the other hand, was quite a mild boy, and grew up to be a deeply religious man. Yet the old Gordon love for adventure triumphed in him through the narrowing conditions of the modern world and in spite of the innate refinement of his nature.

Romance is certainly not dead in the House of Gordon.



THE GORDON FAMILY AT A GLANCE

Showing the divisions of the family in the north and the south, and giving a rough clue to their representatives in this book.

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