

CHAPTER ONE

MMILITARY GLORY! It was a dream that century after century had seized on men's imaginations and set their blood on fire. Trumpets, plumes, chargers, the pomp of war, the excitement of combat, the exultation of victory—the mixture was intoxicating indeed. To command great armies, to perform deeds of valour, to ride victorious through flower-strewn streets, to be heroic, magnificent, famous—such were the visions that danced before men's eyes as they turned eagerly to war.

It was not a dream for the common man. War was an aristocratic trade, and military glory reserved for nobles and princes. Glittering squadrons of cavalry, long lines of infantry, wheeling obediently on the parade ground, ministered to the lust both for power and for display. Courage was esteemed the essential military quality and held to be a virtue exclusive to aristocrats. Were they not educated to courage, trained, as no common man was trained, by years of practice in dangerous sports? They glorified courage, called it valour and worshipped it, believed battles were won by valour, saw war in terms of valour as the supreme adventure.

It was a dream that died hard. Century followed century and glittering visions faded before the sombre realities of history. Great armies in their pride and splendour were defeated by starvation, pestilence, and filth; valour was sacrificed to stupidity, gallantry to corruption.

Yet the dream survived. In England, ten years after Waterloo, in spite of the harsh lessons of the previous fifty years, the humiliation and hunger of the Flanders campaign of 1794, the useless agony of Walcheren, the rags and fevers and retreats of the Peninsula, there were two men, still young, whose minds were obsessed by the desire for military glory. They were men of noble birth and wealth, who were also perhaps the two handsomest men in Europe, James Thomas Lord Brudenell, heir of the sixth Earl of Cardigan, and George Charles Lord Bingham, heir of the second Earl of Lucan.

The Brudenell family was ancient; Brudenell had succeeded Brudenell since the fourteenth century, wealthy, and strongly attached to the Crown. Indeed, it was from the Crown that they had derived their importance, rising in the world as courtiers and emerging from the respectable obscurity of county worthies through the ability to please a prince.

The first Brudenell to achieve consequence, Thomas Brudenell, was one of the original baronets created by James I upon the founding of the order in 1611. James's reasons for selecting him are not known, but when, in 1627, Thomas was raised to the rank and style of Baron Brudenell by Charles I, he first gave £5,000 in cash and a promissory note for £1,000 to the King's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

It was not a characteristic transaction. Bribery and backstairs dealings were foreign to Thomas Brudenell's nature: the main-spring of his conduct was loyalty.

When, in 1642, differences between King and Parliament ended in Civil War, Thomas Brudenell was a "zealous and faithful Royalist"; he raised a troop of horse for the King at his own

expense, was captured, imprisoned in the Tower for two years, and fined £10,000. In 1648, when Charles became desperate, it was to Thomas Brudenell that he turned. Charles was a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, but believed he could escape if he had money. On September 5 he wrote in his own hand to Thomas Brudenell that if he would lend him £1,000, "I do hereby promise you, as soone as I have a great Seale in my owen Power, to confer on you the Tytle and Honor of an Earle of this Kingdome; wherefor I hope you will take and trust to this my word."

Thomas Brudenell was himself in straits, his estate had been sequestrated; he had, he wrote, incurred losses of not less than £50,000 for the King's sake. Nevertheless the money was sent and the warrant made out on October 21, 1648. Within a few weeks Charles was taken to London, tried, and executed.

Thirteen years later, at the Restoration, Charles II fulfilled his father's promise and Thomas Brudenell was created Earl of Cardigan, on April 20, 1661, in the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall Palace.

The Brudenells were now great people, close to the King, moving in the innermost circle of the Court; powerful, and increasing their power by marrying their children into the first families in the kingdom. They were admirably fitted for their part. They were not scholars, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, nor patrons of the arts. They did not desire fame. They were content to be great people, with the only world they valued at their feet, firmly and arrogantly attached to the privileges of their class.

And above all they were good-looking. During the next two centuries the good looks of the Brudenells were to become proverbial.

Perhaps the most notorious, and the most sumptuous, of Restoration beauties was Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, the "woman made to punish men." Her reckless infatuation for the Duke of Buckingham forced her husband to challenge Buckingham to a duel. She is reputed to have disguised herself as a page, to have accompanied her lover to the duelling ground, to have held the

bridle of his horse while he ran her husband through the body, and to have spent the night with him while he wore the shirt soaked with her husband's blood. She was born Anna Maria Brudenell, daughter of the second Earl of Cardigan, and her portrait looks down from the wall at Deene, insolent, contemptuous, and superb.

For more than four hundred years Brudenells have lived at Deene Park, and the walls are lined with their portraits. Century after century, Brudenells look out from their frames, with hardly a plain face among them. Their hair clusters in silky curls, their skins glow, their eyes are large and brilliant, they are magnificently dressed, magnificently jewelled. Like splendid glossy animals they stare boldly at the world, with an arrogance springing not only from pride of birth, but from something deeper and haughtier; consciousness of physical beauty, pride of the flesh.

By the close of the eighteenth century the Brudenells had become of still greater consequence. Through a complicated series of events the immense estates of the Bruces, the Earls of Ailesbury, had come into the possession of a Brudenell. The third Earl of Cardigan married the only sister of the Earl of Ailesbury and had four sons. When the Earl of Ailesbury, in spite of three marriages, found himself without an heir, he adopted his sister's youngest son, Thomas Brudenell. It was impossible for the young man to succeed to his uncle's hereditary titles, but the additional title of Baron Bruce of Tottenham (the Ailesbury seat in Wiltshire) was conferred on the Earl of Ailesbury with a special remainder enabling the title to pass to his nephew; and in 1747, on his uncle's death, Thomas Brudenell became Lord Bruce. The Brudenells were still courtiers, and Thomas became Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George III, Chamberlain and Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, and was offered the post of Governor to the Prince of Wales. When George III wished to elevate him in the peerage, Thomas Brudenell asked that his uncle's title should be revived, and, to the confusion of future historians, he was created Earl of Ailesbury in his own right in 1776.

Thomas Brudenell, Earl of Ailesbury, became exceedingly im-

portant to the Brudenells. He had more ability than his brothers, and his possessions were immense—40,000 acres in Wiltshire, Hampshire and Berkshire; valuable estates in Yorkshire and the disposal of two seats in the House of Commons, Bedwyn and Marlborough. He became the great man of the family; his elder brothers treated him with deference and habitually asked and took his advice.

When, in November, 1793, Robert Brudenell, nephew and heir of the fifth Earl of Cardigan, wished to marry, he sought his powerful uncle's approval with some nervousness. He had reason to be nervous, for he had in fact, without asking anyone's permission, already engaged himself to a young lady who by no means came up to Brudenell standards. She had neither wealth nor title. She was a remarkably pretty Miss Cooke, Penelope Anne Cooke, the daughter of George Cooke, Esq., of Harefield, Middlesex.

Ailesbury was annoyed. Robert was only twenty-four, heir to the Earl of Cardigan and unusually handsome; absurd for him to throw himself away on a Miss Cooke. Robert must be made to see that the match was imprudent and ought to be given up. But, as Cardigan wrote to his brother on November 17, 1793, "There is no giving advice to a young man so much in love." Robert refused to be budged. What about the young lady herself? Ailesbury enquired. Had she been made fully aware of the imprudence of the match? At the end of November Cardigan wrote to report "a very long conversation with our nephew." Robert had "promised to communicate every particular to Miss Cooke," had "expressed himself as feeling very much obliged to us for the advice we gave him, and allowed there was much good sense in all I said." He "agreed he ought not to have made his proposals without consulting his uncles, cried very much and seemed very unhappy."

But, in spite of tears, he would not give up Miss Cooke, and on January 21, 1794, he wrote to Ailesbury "to announce my approaching marriage." He had called to see his uncle, but "finding you was dressing for the House of Lords, did not trouble you by coming in." He hoped "most sincerely" that the step he was going to take would meet with his uncle's approbation, "as nothing could make me so miserable as to forfeit your good opinion." Ailesbury's reply was brief. The match was imprudent, "therefore I never have

nor can I now, express my approbation of the step you are going to take."

The marriage took place on March 8, 1794.

It was not a union which seemed likely to prosper, since its chief characteristics were imprudence, youth, and extreme good looks. But the married life of the young Brudenells unexpectedly turned out a rustic idyll. They chose to live quietly in the country at the Manor, Hambleden, Buckinghamshire, a Jacobean house set on gently rising ground and framed in chestnut trees. The rector of Hambleden at the time has left letters in which are glimpses of an amiable, charitable, and democratic pair. They preferred not to use their title and, even after Robert had succeeded his uncle as Earl of Cardigan, they were known in Hambleden as Mr. and Mrs. Brudenell. They were much given to good works, and Robert, "ever a good friend to Hambleden," bought two and a half acres of land and presented it to the village for cottagers' gardens; "these gardens are a great benefit and much prized." Penelope interested herself in the village women and the school. "She is a sweet woman, possessing a temper both mild and engaging," wrote the rector.

And at the Manor on October 16, 1797, their second child and only male infant was born and christened James Thomas.

The circumstances surrounding his arrival were impressive. It was three generations since the succession of the Earls of Cardigan had gone direct from father to son. The much desired heir was of almost mystic importance, and, as he lay in his cradle, wealth, rank, power, and honours gathered round his head.

It was unfortunate that he was destined to grow up in a world that was almost entirely feminine. He already had an elder sister, and seven more girls followed his birth, of whom six survived. He remained the only son, the only boy among seven girls, unique, unchallenged, and the effect on his character was decisive. He was brought up at home among his sisters, and he grew up as such boys do, spoilt, domineering, and headstrong. No arm was stronger than his. No rude voice contradicted him, no rough shoulder pushed him. From his earliest consciousness he was the most important, the most interesting, the most influential person in the world.

He retained, however, from these early years, a liking for the society of women and a softness in his manner towards them which, having regard to his manner with men, struck his contemporaries with surprise. For a woman, a pretty woman, above all a pretty woman in distress, James Brudenell, later Lord Cardigan, had an almost mediæval deference, a chivalrous turn of phrase, a sometimes embarrassing readiness to protect and defend, which, though productive of astonishment and mirth, were nevertheless rooted in a genuine sympathy.

It was to be expected that his parents and sisters should be passionately attached to him, and natural affection and pride were immensely heightened by the circumstance of his extraordinary good looks. In him the Brudenell beauty had come to flower. He was tall, with wide shoulders tapering to a narrow waist, his hair was golden, his eyes flashing sapphire blue, his nose aristocratic, his bearing proud. If there was a fault it was that the lower part of his face was oddly long and narrow so that sometimes one was surprised to catch an obstinate, almost a foxy, look. But the boy had a dash and gallantry that were irresistible. He did not know what fear was. A superb and reckless horseman, he risked his neck on the most dangerous brutes. No tree was too tall for him to climb, no tower too high to scale. He excelled in swordsmanship and promised to be a first-class shot. He had in addition to courage another characteristic which impressed itself on all who met him. He was, alas, unusually stupid; in fact, as Greville pronounced later, an ass. The melancholy truth was that his glorious golden head had nothing in it.

In 1811 his father succeeded as sixth Earl of Cardigan, and the family took possession of Deene Park. James was fourteen, and the young lord with his beauty and daring became a local legend. There is a tradition at Deene that through his reckless riding he had an accident which was responsible for the uncertainty and violence of his temper. The nearest town to Deene is Oundle, and it was his habit to scorn the road and gallop to Oundle across country. One day he was tearing along to Oundle on a young and intractable horse, forced the pace, was thrown at a gate, struck his head, and lay for weeks at death's door. When finally he recovered, his disposition had changed greatly for the worse. Where he had been imperious, now he was harsh and domineering; where he had

been impatient, now he was uncontrollable and subject to fits of extraordinary and unreasonable rage.

In 1816 he went for two years to Christ Church, Oxford. Because he was a nobleman he was able to enter on a special and privileged footing. He wore a silk gown, brought his own horses and servants, provided his own food, and, had he taken a degree, would have been entitled to present himself after keeping fewer terms than a commoner. However, he left without undergoing any examination. A grand tour, more exciting than usual, followed, and when, in 1820, he was elected an original member of the Travellers' Club, he had visited Russia, Sweden, and Italy, and had acquired a taste for seeing the world which remained a pleasing characteristic. When he came of age, Lord Ailesbury gave him a seat in the House of Commons for Marlborough, one of the Ailesbury pocket boroughs.

The world was at his feet, and it was a world unimaginable today. It is almost impossible to picture the deference, the adulation, the extraordinary privileges accorded to the nobility in the first half of the nineteenth century. A peer was above the laws which applied to other men. He could run up debts, and no one could arrest him. When a famous set of roués and spendthrifts, including Beau Brummell, came to grief, one only, Lord Alvanley, survived, "invulnerable in his person from being a peer," wrote Greville. He could commit a criminal offence and no ordinary court had jurisdiction over him.

And the strange, the astonishing fact was that public opinion accorded these privileges not merely with willingness but with enthusiasm. Foreigners were struck by the extraordinary and eager deference paid by the English to their aristocracy. It was, as Richard Monckton Milnes wrote, "a lord loving country." Honest British merchants quivered with excitement in the presence of a peer, as if they were susceptible young men in the presence of a pretty girl. True, beneath the surface dark and gigantic forces were beginning to move, and in mines and mills, in rural hovels and cholera-infested city rookeries, half-starved, sub-human millions were beginning to stir in their sleep. But the wind of revolution that had blown from France seemed to have died away, and in England rank and privilege had never appeared more firmly entrenched. Flattered, adulated, deferred to, with incomes enormously in-

creased by the Industrial Revolution, and as yet untaxed, all-powerful over a tenantry as yet unenfranchised, subject to no ordinary laws, holding the government of the country firmly in their hands and wielding through their closely knit connections an unchallengeable social power, the milords of England were the astonishment and admiration of Europe.

Of this aristocracy, James Brudenell, with his good looks and his physical prowess, was a superb specimen, and he had, even for his period, the prospect of enormous wealth. In spite of the imprudence of his father's marriage, the revenues of the sixth Earl of Cardigan were now estimated to be £40,000 a year.

What career should he adopt? Since the world lay at his feet, what use should he make of it? In an autobiographical document, preserved among the Brudenell papers, he writes that from boyhood he had only one desire, he wished to be a soldier; but he was prevented by his parents. He was an only son, the hopes of the family centred on him, and he was not to be allowed to endanger his life.

It was a bad moment to keep at home a boy who longed for soldiering. Throughout James Brudenell's childhood the Peninsular campaign was being fought, and the names of British victories, Vittoria, Badajoz, Salamanca, were on everyone's lips. He was eighteen at the date of Waterloo, lads younger than he took part in that great combat, and his mother's brother George Cooke commanded the first division and left an arm on the field.

But James, with his fearlessness, his physical energy, must stay at home; James the precious heir, the last of the Brudenells, must be kept safe. As a concession he was allowed, in 1819, to raise a troop of yeomanry from among the tenantry at Deene and to drill them in the Park.

There was perhaps a further reason. The violent estrangement between George III and his sons, those Royal Dukes whom Wellington described as, "the damnedest millstones that were ever hanged round the neck of any Government," had split Society into two camps. While the Royal Dukes and their friends were racing, drinking, piling up debts, and creating public scandals, surrounded by a cloud of mistresses, jockeys, and prize-fighters, the Court of George III and Queen Charlotte was sober, economical, and domestic. The Cardigans were loyal to the Court, and Lady Cardi-

gan was Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte as late as 1818, when George III was hopelessly insane and the Prince of Wales had become Regent.

But Lady Cardigan's family, the Cookes, had very different connections. Her brother, Colonel Sir Henry Frederick Cooke, a famous military dandy, was private aide-de-camp, secretary to, and intimate of the Duke of York, who had been Commander-in-Chief until in 1809 he was dismissed on the insistence of Parliament, following an enquiry into the sale of commissions by his ex-mistress, Mrs. Clarke. Though Greville said that the Duke of York was the only one of the Royal Dukes who had the feelings of a gentleman, he was also drunken, given to the society of disreputable women, perpetually in debt, and notorious for the coarseness of his language and humour. Colonel Cooke, known as Kangaroo Cooke from the immense length of his legs, wrote his letters and arranged his confidential business. In this direction he was employed not only by the Duke of York but by the hideous and vicious Duke of Cumberland, the most hated man in England. When the Duke of Cumberland was alleged to have made an indecent assault on Lady Lyndhurst, wife of the Lord Chancellor, Kangaroo Cooke was despatched to make things smooth. Famous for the daring elegance of his trousers and his cravats, moving in the best society, equally at home in London and Paris, and, thanks to his matchless knowledge of the lower side of high life, employed by the Government on important secret negotiations, Kangaroo Cooke was a man of immense backstairs influence.

By preventing James from entering the Army, his parents had wished to keep him morally as well as physically safe. They paid dearly for their decision. At this point something could have been made of him: he was young, he had courage, he had family affections. But since he could not be a soldier, he did nothing; and idle, frustrated, gloriously handsome, and immensely rich, he now formed a connection which was to prove fatal.

He had taken to spending a considerable amount of time in Paris. The pleasures which Paris offers, her elegance, the refinement of her luxury, had never been in sharper contrast to London than in 1823. Paris had invented the restaurant, and in place of the rough, bawling, steamy eating-houses of London were novel resorts with wood fires, thick carpets, snowy table-cloths. In place of the gar-

gantuan excesses of the Regency, tables groaning under a mass of food, diners pouring bottle after bottle down their throats until they slid under the table, eating and drinking were raised to a delicate art. The city itself was still intricate, fantastic, and mediæval. Haussmann had not yet done his work, his boulevards did not exist, the Rue Richelieu was a fashionable street, the Palais Royal a fashionable promenade. The Second Empire, gaslight, the Rue de Rivoli, the Paris tripper had still to be born. Poor men did not come from London to Paris; it was a city of pleasure for the rich.

In Paris there was an English society, considerably more easy-going than society in London, and one of its leaders was Elizabeth, Countess of Aldborough, who had for many years reigned in Dublin as *maitresse en titre* to the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Westmorland. She declared that she had come to Paris for six weeks and stayed for six years, but the truth was that too many doors were closed against her in London. Though now approaching old age, she had still astonishing power to amuse, and almost every eminent person in Europe, including the Duke of Wellington, was her friend. She dressed and painted gorgeously, swore like a trooper, combined extraordinary effrontery with extraordinary good nature, and conversed with frankness of a past which had contained a remarkable number of lovers.

Her salon was one of the most entertaining in Paris, but it was hardly the circle the Cardigans would wish their only son to frequent. Moreover, in January, 1823, there was a special danger: Lady Aldborough was sheltering her beautiful granddaughter, Elizabeth Johnstone, who had just run away from her husband, Captain Johnstone, who happened to be an old friend of the Brudenell family.

Lord Brudenell and Mrs. Johnstone met and fell instantly and violently in love.

Elizabeth had been born a Tollemache, one of the family which owned the strange fairy-tale mansion of Ham House, a Sleeping Beauty's castle where almost nothing had been changed, or has yet been changed, since the seventeenth century. Her father, Admiral Tollemache, originally named Halliday, had assumed the name on inheriting property from an aunt. The Hallidays had become rich as sugar-planters in Antigua, and some tropical heat and fury seemed to linger in their blood. Elizabeth's father was a vio-

lent man, who put one of his grown-up sisters-in-law across his knee in the drawing-room and gave her a beating for making fun of him, and the family history was full of sudden infatuations, elopements, and frantic jealousies. Violence, passion, and recklessness were in Elizabeth's blood, but her appearance was fragile. She was lovely, with a delicate pointed face, enormous dark eyes, a cloud of hair, a rosebud mouth, and a childlike wistful charm.

She had married Captain Johnstone against her parents' wishes. The match was not a good one; the Tollemaches were rich, while Captain Johnstone had only very moderate means. However, Elizabeth was wildly in love, and married they were. Within three months Captain Johnstone begged his wife's father to arrange a separation. Elizabeth could not endure being a poor man's wife, furiously resented being deprived of the luxuries she had at home, and made their life together intolerable. Admiral Tollemache attempted to reason with his daughter. Her temper equalled his, high words passed, and Elizabeth rushed from the house to her grandmother in Paris. There she found she was pregnant, and she was persuaded to return to her husband. A daughter was born and they set up house together again, living, according to Admiral Tollemache, "very unhappily" together. On January 7, 1823, Captain Johnstone went to stay at Crichel in Dorset to shoot with Mr. Henry Charles Sturt, who had recently married Lady Charlotte Brudenell, one of the seven Brudenell sisters. As soon as he had gone, Elizabeth left home, appeared at her father's house, quarrelled furiously with him once more, and once more fled to her grandmother in Paris.

This time she did not return, and during the summer her husband learned that she had eloped with Lord Brudenell and was living with him at Versailles.

In the autumn they came back to London and lived together as man and wife in an hotel in Bond Street; and the following June Captain Johnstone brought an action for damages against Lord Brudenell, the first step in the long, costly, and cumbrous process, involving a special Act of Parliament, at that time the only method by which a marriage could be dissolved.

Captain Johnstone had known the Brudenell family all his

life, and had been intimate with James Brudenell since boyhood. It was, however, repeatedly stated in the course of the action, and nowhere contradicted, that nothing had occurred between Mrs. Johnstone and Lord Brudenell until she was in Paris, "though as the wife of a friend she was known to him."

Lord Brudenell offered no defence and did not appear. He was represented by Counsel, who made a speech on his behalf submitting unreservedly to the discretion of the court. Lord Brudenell, said Counsel, "was a nobleman of the strictest honour, who had insisted that no slightest reflection was to be made, either upon the lady or the plaintiff in the case . . . his client would willingly submit to such damages as the jury might think it proper to award. . . . Whatever occurred between Mrs. Johnstone and Lord Brudenell did not occur until after the lady had quitted her husband. . . . Lord Brudenell could not be accused of having recourse to the arts of the seducer." References were made to the high station in life of both parties, to Mrs. Johnstone's "great personal charms and distinguished beauty," and to "Lord Brudenell's violent and irresistible attachment." The jury awarded Captain Johnstone £1,000.

After the trial Lord Brudenell sent a messenger to Captain Johnstone, offering to "give him satisfaction," to fight a duel with him for having run away with his wife. Captain Johnstone burst out laughing in the messenger's face. "Tell Lord Brudenell," he said, "that he has already given me satisfaction: the satisfaction of having removed the most damned bad-tempered and extravagant bitch in the kingdom."

Two years later, on June 26, 1826, a divorce having been obtained and a special Act of Parliament dissolving the marriage passed, James Brudenell and Elizabeth Tollemache were privately married in the Chapel at Ham House, among antique splendours of dark oak and crimson velvet, at the altar where a prayer book Charles II left behind still lies. Elizabeth was described as "being now single and unmarried."

The marriage was a disaster. They had been living as man and wife for more than three years, and he was aware that she was promiscuous, extravagant, and bad-tempered. Only a strict sense of

honour, according to the second Lady Cardigan, compelled him to make her his wife. His contemporaries, even those who dislike him most, point to the union with Elizabeth Tollemache as the decisive misfortune of his life. There were no children of the marriage; he received no affection, no assistance, no control. It is too much to say that married to a different woman he might have been a different man, but perhaps married to a different woman his faults might not have been so public a nuisance.

Meanwhile, when it was too late, his parents had withdrawn their opposition to his entering the Army. Through the interest of the Duke of York a cornetcy was procured for him in the 8th Hussars, and he began his service in May, 1824. He was twenty-seven, a good deal older than was usual, but the Duke of York, he writes in his autobiographical sketch, "promised that if I paid attention to my military duties he would push me in the service." The Duke of York certainly kept his word. Six months after Lord Brudenell joined the regiment he was promoted lieutenant and, after two years' service, just before his marriage in 1826, he was promoted captain.

The next few years were comparatively serene. His mother, perhaps fortunately, died in 1826. He employed himself, he says, "attending with the greatest assiduity to his regimental duties," proving himself at once rigid, tireless, and meticulous, indefatigable regarding details of discipline and precedence and all matters relating to the arrangement of epaulettes and the colour and tightness of trousers. His own opinion of his military capacities was very high; he thirsted for command, nor did he hesitate to seize it when opportunity offered. On one occasion, the colonel being away on leave, and the senior major in bed with a cold, Lord Brudenell, happening to find himself senior officer present, instantly assumed command and ordered the regiment out for a field day, though it was winter.

He was not, however, merely ridiculous and a nuisance, he was dangerous, for it was a period when an assertive, quarrelsome man was exceedingly dangerous. His readiness to duel was notorious, he challenged on the slightest provocation, lying in wait, it seemed, during an argument for a chance to enforce his opinions with a pistol. Contradiction, correction, difference of opinion, even

of the mildest kind, had a frightening effect on him ; his face became suffused, the veins on his temples swelled, the good looks were wiped from his face.

Then in 1829 an event which seemed merely of family importance took place : his youngest sister Anne married George Charles Lord Bingham, eldest son of the second Earl of Lucan.