CHAPTER TWO

THE TWO YOUNG MEN disliked each other from the first. Indeed, it seemed as if nature had intended them to be rivals. Every characteristic, even their good looks, invited comparison. While James Brudenell was brilliantly fair, golden-haired, and blue-eyed, George Bingham was the very model of a Byronic hero, dark, passionate, romantic. Both were soldiers, fiercely ambitious in their profession; both were proud, narrow, overbearing, and peremptory. But George Bingham, three years the younger and far superior in intelligence, had achieved more than James. He had been a professional soldier since the age of sixteen, had seen active service, had been decorated, and now, at the age of twenty-six, was a lieutenant-colonel in command of the 17th Lancers, while James Brudenell at the age of twenty-nine had only reached the rank of captain.

The Brudenells and the Binghams sprang from very different roots, and the origin of the Binghams was stern and fierce. The family was founded by three brothers, Richard, George, and John Bingham, soldiers of fortune in the Irish wars of Queen Elizabeth. Richard Bingham rose to be military governor of the intractable

province of Connaught, and his rule was so merciless that the ferocity of the Binghams became a legend, and to this day his name is execrated in the west of Ireland. Among many massacres, he ordered the execution of all Spaniards shipwrecked on the coast of Connaught after the Armada, and boasted that he had caused the throats of more than a thousand men to be cut.

The Binghams acquired a baronetcy, a stronghold at Castlebar, and vast acreages of wild land in Mayo, but they never became identified with Ireland. They remained, as such families did remain, foreigners, separated from the Irish population by religion and language, preserving through the centuries the outlook and behaviour of conquerors in an occupied country, regarding their Irish estates merely as the source which produced money to pay for English pleasures. As time passed, the wildness of the land abated and a market town grew up on Bingham property at Castlebar, but their great grey fortress, Castlebar House, was seldom occupied. Castlebar House stood frowning above the town, vast, empty, shuttered, and mouldering, while the Binghams lived in England. They were people of fashion and more than people of fashion; their fine town house in Charles Street, Mayfair, was a gathering place for men of intellect and wit, and Johnson, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Walpole were their friends.

An extraordinary and unexpected transformation had taken place, and the ferocious Binghams, the fierce cruel soldiers, had become devotees of culture and authorities on art.

Sir Charles Bingham, seventh Baronet, who succeeded in 1752, was a typical eighteenth-century dilettante. He spent a great deal of time in Florence and Rome, spoke Italian fluently, and collected ivories and intaglios. The most important achievement of his life was his marriage: in 1760 he became the husband of Margaret Smith, daughter and co-heiress of James Smith, a successful hosiery manufacturer. It was said that her origins were obscure and her pretensions laughable, but she had wealth, beauty, and an extraordinary talent for being agreeable." She had also an extraordinary talent for painting. Horace Walpole, who at one time admired her extravagantly, declared she was a "miracle" and that she "transferred the vigour of Raphael to water-colours." Later, however, his admiration waned; Lady Bingham and her

paintings ascended into very high circles indeed, and oddly enough he found her less and less likeable as she became more and more successful. In Paris her pictures became the rage, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette declared themselves "amazed and charmed," and the Duke of Orleans had a studio fitted up for her in the Palais Royal. Under her capable direction ("she leads, he follows," wrote Horace Walpole), Charles rose in the world, and in 1776 he was created Baron Lucan of Castlebar. In 1781 their beautiful eldest daughter, Lavinia, made a match of dazzling brilliance by marrying the eldest son of Earl Spencer. Finally, in 1795, Charles was created Earl of Lucan. Walpole, who had now fallen out with Lady Lucan, wrote that the Lucans owed this last honour to the fact that Lady Lucan's favourite niece, Lady Camden, was at the moment "Vice-Queen."

Charles and his wife were "conscious of having done much to raise the consequence of the family." But in the midst of so much that was gratifying and successful the Binghams had one cause for anxiety—the character of their only son Richard. He seemed everything a parent could desire. He was very handsome, so handsome that it was feared his good looks would turn him into a coxcomb, and very gay, "the gayest of gay gallants," a contemporary calls him. Merriment bubbled from him. One sister describes him as being "always laughing and in high feather"; another longs for his arrival because "he always contrives to keep the house alive." His sisters adored him, "dear, dear, dear, dear, dearest Richard," they wrote, and signed themselves "your sister who loves you from the bottom of her heart." Nor was he wanting in intelligence. Schoolmasters, tutors, dons universally reported his parts to be excellent. His parents were exceedingly ambitious for him. Were they not the friends of Gibbon and Johnson, and was not his mother an international celebrity? They expected him to be, as they constantly told him, a greater man than either Fox or Pitt.

Alas, nothing on earth, appeals, threats, bribery, or punishment, would make Richard work. He began his career by going to school at Westminister, but he did no good there; and at the age of sixteen he was taken away and sent to a tutor in Neufchâtel, to cram for the university. Gibbon was consulted on his historical studies, and advised memorising quantities of chronological tables

to gain a sense of historical time. Richard was to write home weekly with a diary of his doings, to send his father his essays, and to be industrious, sober, economical, and punctual. He never wrote home, never forwarded his essays, if indeed he ever wrote any, devoted his time to dancing, fencing, and French poetry, bought fine clothes, and embarked on a love affair with a lady whom his favourite sister, Anne, described as "a Neufchâtel monster, a devilish b———h of a Madame, may the deuce take her." At Christ Church, Oxford, which he entered as a nobleman without an examination, he "frequented lazy and inglorious companions," spent his time "supping, hunting, lying in bed, and walking in the street with common whores," came constantly up to London without leave, stayed at a "blackguard hotel," and once more became involved in an undesirable love affair. "Almighty God teach you, my dear brother," wrote his sister Anne, "more wit and knowledge than to be taken in by a good for nothing destructive flirt and devil." Finally his health broke down, as a result of his dissipations, and his tutor recommended that he should be removed. After two years spent at the British Embassy in Vienna, he came of age; and his brother-in-law, now Earl Spencer, put him into Parliament as a Member for Northamptonshire. He became the gayest and most extravagant of young men about town, living with his aunt, Lady Dungannon, as he was on bad terms with his father.

In 1788, when Richard was twenty-three, he fell in love with Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, daughter of Earl Fauconberg. Neither his financial position nor his character was satisfactory. Lady Elizabeth was a noted beauty, and in spite of their attachment the young couple were parted, and Lord Fauconberg forced his daughter to marry Mr. Bernard Howard, heir of the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Elizabeth was married in tears, and declared that she would rather go to Newgate than to her marriage bed. Richard left London, fell into a decline, and remained away for more than a year. In 1791 they met by chance, passion flared up, there were clandestine meetings, jealousy, scenes; and on July 24, 1793, Lady Elizabeth left home in her coach, ostensibly for "Mr. Gray's shop," in fact never to return.

She was already far advanced in pregnancy, and the lovers buried themselves in a remote country manor, Washingley, near

Stilton, where a daughter was born. Here, where they rarely saw another human being, they lived for each other, Richard, to the surprise of his friends, settling down to family life, and "I swear to you," writes one of his friends, "taking as much notice of the baby and being as stupid about it as its mother." In 1794, after an action for damages in which Mr. Howard asked for £10,000 and was awarded £1,000, Lady Elizabeth's marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, and they were married. Richard's family were bitterly disappointed, and the favourite among his sisters, Lady Anne, refused ever to receive Elizabeth or her children.

The subsequent history of the marriage was curious. Year after year they lived on at Washingley, in what seemed perfect happiness. Richard succeeded as Earl of Lucan in 1799, a family of children was born, and still the idyll continued.

After ten years they suddenly returned to the world, were seen at Brighton, "observed to bicker," and in 1804 they separated ". . . more from disagreement of temper and extreme absurdity on both sides than for any other cause," wrote Lady Bessborough, sister of Earl Spencer.

> He had the gout, she took to racketing and neglected him; he grew low spirited and scolded her. Incessant wranglings ensued, mix'd up with accusations of flirtation on the one side and stinginess on the other. This continued for near two years, when, after a violent quarrel, he return'd one night half inclin'd to make it up, but unfortunately mention'd having talk'd on the subject to his Sister (who never would consent to see Lady L or her children). Lady L put herself into a great passion; said it was dishonourable to consult her greatest enemy, and that, far from accepting his proffer'd forgiveness, she never would forgive him or remain another night in the house, and accordingly she set off and went to one of her Sisters in Yorkshire.

Upon this Richard immediately took out articles of separation, removed his children from their mother, and, with what seems a refinement of cruelty, set up house with his sister Anne. "How extraordinary," comments Lady Bessborough, "after giving up the world for each other and living happily near ten years."

The eldest son of this marriage, born in 1800, was George Charles Bingham, later third Earl of Lucan.

He was an exceptionally attractive little boy. With his younger

brother he was sent away early to school, and the principal feminine influence in his life was his beautiful aunt Lavinia, Countess Spencer. Lady Spencer used to have the two little boys out from school on Sundays, and one of her daughters wrote enthusiastically, "They are very fine fellows indeed, and the elder, in particular, has the frankest, most open and affectionate manners that I ever saw."

No description could be less like the character George Bingham became. Some unrecorded experience, some unknown frustration, transformed the frank, open, affectionate little boy into the stern, harsh, suspicious man. He grew up a Bingham in the old style, a throw-back, with the military tastes, the courage, the ruthlessness which had earned his ancestors the epithet ferocious.

At the age of eleven he went to Westminster, and when he was sixteen a commission was bought for him in the 6th Regiment of Foot. Then began the series of exchanges, of quick switches to half-pay, of large payments to buy steps in rank which were accepted operations under the purchase system; and which enabled George Bingham, within ten years, at the age of twenty-six, to attain the rank of lieutenant-colonel in command of the 17th Lancers, one of the most famous regiments in the British Army. The same system enabled his brother-in-law, James Brudenell, to become lieutenant-colonel in command of the 15th Hussars within eight years, at rather more expense.

The purchase system, under which a man first bought his commission and then paid for each subsequent step in rank, and which enabled a rich man to buy the command of a regiment over the heads of more efficient officers, appears at first sight so childishly unjust, so evidently certain to lead to disaster, that it is almost impossible to believe that sensible people ever tolerated, much less supported it. Yet the purchase system expressed a principle which is one of the foundations of the British Constitution; famous victories were won by the British Army while it was officered by purchase, and it was upheld by so great a master of military administration as the Duke of Wellington.

No sentiment is more firmly rooted in the English national character than a hatred of militarism and military dictatorship. "An armed disciplined force is in its essence dangerous to liberty," wrote Burke, and Parliament in its dealings with the Army has always been concerned, above all else, to ensure that no British Army shall be in a position to endanger the liberties of the British people.

The vital period in the formation of Britain's policy towards her Army was the period of government by Cromwell's major-generals. The people of England were then subjected to a military dictatorship, they were ruled by Army officers who were professional soldiers, and who, though admittedly the finest soldiers in the world, usually had no stake in the country, and often were military adventurers. Their government was harsh and arbitrary, and the nation came to detest the very name of the Army.

After the Restoration, nation and Parliament were equally determined that never again should the Army be in the hands of men likely to bring about a military revolution and impose a military dictatorship. With this object, purchase was introduced when a standing Army was formed in 1683. Men were to become officers only if they could pay down a substantial sum for their commission; that is, if they were men of property with a stake in the country, not military adventurers. As a secondary consideration the purchase price acted as a guarantee of good behaviour; a man dismissed from the service forfeited what he had paid. From that date it was the settled policy both of Parliament and of the Crown to draw the officers of the British Army from the class which had everything to lose and nothing to gain from a military revolution. The formation of an Army on the lines of Continental models, officered by professional soldiers, dependent on their pay and looking to the service to make their fortunes, was deliberately avoided. "Parliament has never sought to attract to the command of the army men dependent on their pay, either to hold their place in Society as gentlemen, or to maintain the higher social status assumed by Military officers over the civil community," wrote Clode, the nineteenth-century authority on military administration. Men of no fortune were not wanted; if they chose to come in it was at their own risk. It was laid down that "the pay of an officer is an

honorarium, not a merces," and as late as 1869—purchase was substantially abolished in 1870—the pay of officers remained almost precisely what it had been in the reign of William III, though the pay of private soldiers and non-commissioned officers had been repeatedly increased.

As the eighteenth century passed into the nineteenth, the people of England had reason to congratulate themselves. Gazing across the Channel they observed country after country groaning under military despotism. They observed the fate of France, bled white for Napoleon's wars, passing from revolution to revolution; Spain starving under military oppression; Austria, ruled by an army, where even to speak of liberty was a crime. They alone were free. Thanks to their military system, the country which had the finest troops in Europe, which had broken Napoleon's power in the Peninsula and crushed him at Waterloo, had not, and had never shown any signs of having, a revolutionary army.

During the first half of the nineteenth century any attempt to attack the purchase system was howled down as an attempt to provoke revolution. In 1856 Lord Palmerston told the Commission on Purchase that he

> thought it was very desirable to connect the higher classes of Society with the Army; and he did not know any more effective method of connecting them than by allowing members of high families who held commissions to get on with more rapidity than they would by seniority. . . . If the connection between the Army and the higher class of society were dissolved, then the Army would present a dangerous and unconstitutional appearance. It was only when the Army was unconnected with those whose property gave them an interest in the country, and was commanded by unprincipled military adventurers, that it ever became formidable to the liberties of the nation.

The purchase system became hallowed, as the public-school system was hallowed. It was allowed to have grave faults, to lend itself to abuse, even, to foreign eyes, to appear ridiculous, but it suited Englishmen. And it worked. Had not the British Army defeated the most formidable army in the world, were not the British masters of three continents?

It was useless, of course, to deny that the hardships inflicted

by the purchase system were very great. Gronow, himself a Peninsular veteran, wrote of the men who fought at Waterloo, "Under the cold shade of the aristocracy, men, who in France would have been promoted to the highest grades of the army, lived and died, twenty or thirty years after the battle, with the rank of lieutenant or captain." "Society," wrote *The Times*, "abounds with military men who attribute their low position in the Army, or their retirement from it in disgust, to nothing but the purchase system—they had no money, so how could they get on." For men who could not find the sums necessary to buy promotion the outlook was hopeless. Sir John Adye, in his *Recollections*, mentions a captain who had been twenty-three years in that rank, and cites a regiment in which, in 1845, there were three officers who had fought at Waterloo thirty years before, of whom only one had attained the rank of major. When the Commission on Purchase was set up in 1856, Jacob Omnium, the radical journalist, described it as "ordered to enquire whether promoting officers because they were rich, and preventing those who were poor from rising in the Army, was, or was not, of advantage to the service."

With an avowed bias in favour of aristocracy and wealth, the Government allowed men of wealth and birth to manipulate the system to suit their own convenience. Half-pay, for instance, had been devised as a retaining fee. Officers whose services were temporarily not required went on half-pay, but could be called up at any time. All half-pay officers were recalled and given marching orders at the time of the Jacobite rising in 1715. But in the nineteenth century half-pay was used as a means of avoiding distasteful service and hastening promotion. Although each step was bought, the ladder of promotion had to be climbed rung by rung, and no man could be promoted until he had attained the immediately preceding rank. A young man would buy a vacant captaincy in a regiment in which he had no intention of serving, and next day he would go on half-pay; though no service was done with the regiment, he had become a captain, which qualified him to buy his next step as major in a more desirable regiment. Transfer to half-pay was made by Royal Sign Manual, countersigned by the Secretary for War. It was granted at discretion, and the service of a

single day gave a claim to it as complete as the service of twenty years.

By going on half-pay, or by exchanging, at a price, into another regiment, wealthy officers avoided uncomfortable service abroad. When a fashionable regiment had to do a turn of duty in India, it was notorious that a different set of officers went out from those who had been on duty at St. James's Palace or the Brighton Pavilion. When the regiment returned, the Indian duty officers dropped out and a smarter set took their place.

These, however, were minor grievances; the major, the overwhelming evil of the purchase system, was the enormous size of the sums expended to buy promotions, especially command. Legally the sum to be paid was fixed. In 1821 the War Office issued an official tariff laying down the amounts to be paid for a commission and for subsequent steps in rank in the different types of regiment in the service. Any payment in excess was declared illegal, and was to be punished by prosecution in the King's Bench, a fine or imprisonment, and cancellation of the transaction. In fact, such prosecutions never took place, and additional payments were almost invariable. Indeed, officers who did not wish to retire would be bribed to do so by the offer of a sum of money, and officers who did intend to retire would refuse to send in their papers until they had secured an amount far in excess of the regulation figure.

It was by this method that George Bingham obtained the command of the 17th Lancers. He joined the regiment as a major on December 1, 1825. He was then twenty-five years of age, had been in the Army nine years, had twice bought a step and next day gone on half-pay, and had appeared on the roster of five different regiments. His cavalry experience, however, was limited to a single appointment with the Life Guards.

It happened that the senior major of the 17th Lancers, Anthony Bacon, was an outstanding officer with a long and brilliant service to his credit. He had served in the Peninsula and taken part in the great assault on San Sebastián, the passage of the Bidassoa, the battle of the Nivelle, and the crossing of the Nive and the Adour. He had fought at Waterloo, and Lord Uxbridge, who commanded the cavalry, had said of him, "Anthony Bacon is

without doubt the best cavalry officer I have ever seen." His personal history was romantic. He had married Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the celebrated Lady Oxford, with whom both the Prince Regent and Byron were in love. Lady Oxford's children, from the suspected variety of their fathers, were known as the "Harleian Miscellany." When Lady Charlotte was a lovely child of eleven, Byron dedicated the first canto of *Childe Harold* to her. The match was reckless, neither Anthony Bacon nor Lady Charlotte had any money, but their devotion became a legend, they were never apart, and Lady Charlotte, a superb horsewoman, rode with her husband in his campaigns.

But Anthony Bacon did not, as he confidently expected, succeed to the command of the 17th, even though he was senior major and a brilliant officer with a lifetime in the service. In November, 1826, eleven months after joining the regiment, George Bingham bought the command for £25,000, paying £20,000 above the regulation price. Anthony Bacon, in despair, sold out and entered the service of the King of Portugal as a mercenary, and one of the finest cavalry officers in Europe was lost to the British Army.

George Bingham now had his chance to show what he was made of, and, as the 17th soon discovered, he was made of very stiff material indeed. True, he poured money into the regiment, the men had their uniforms made by a fashionable tailor, they rode blood-horses and were nicknamed "Bingham's Dandies," but in return he demanded perfection.

Officers and men began to groan. Drills, parades, inspections came upon them in an unending procession, followed by reprimands, punishments, floggings. George Bingham was a martinet. He worked incessantly, rose before dawn, and expected his officers to do the same, ate and drank little, and unquestionably possessed abilities of a high order. But there was a fatal flaw—with all his talents he had no common sense. He was totally unable to distinguish between what was important and what was not. He was perpetually entangled in trifles, forever struggling in a web of

trivialities. His temper was irritable, and his severity grew. With a literal mind and a furious conviction of being always in the right, he enforced every law to the letter and exacted each pound of flesh with ruthless accuracy.

Presently his harshness began to be talked about. The regiment was said to be "always in hot water," at mess tables the 17th was "an object of pity"; George Bingham himself was described as quarrelsome, troublesome, and difficult. When he had been in command of the regiment for ten months, in October, 1827, his aunt Lavinia, Lady Spencer, thought it her duty to write him a letter of remonstrance, "however painful it may be for you to read and for me to write." She had been staying, she wrote, at Cassiobury, where she had heard "universal criticisms of your conduct as Colonel of the 17th . . . your martinet zeal, reputation of great severity and harshness, lack of self control and unpopularity with your officers." She implored him

> to moderate your desire of producing perfection, temper your eagerness to produce faultless performance . . . and soften your manners towards those who are subordinate to you. . . . You are entitled by your station in society, by your professional ambition, and by the natural advantages which belong to you, to look forward to every distinction which can attend military life. . . . Every professional feather will float on to your helmet, *if* you conduct yourself so as to acquire the good will and the estimation of the well judging public. . . . A few years hence, when Time shall have silvered o'er that black pate of yours, you will have found that Man is governed by a thread, if it is imperceptible, when a cable will not turn him if it is imprudently displayed. . . . I have run the risk of displeasing you by conveying this to you . . . but believe me nothing but the tenderest concern for your welfare impelled me.

It was the voice of good sense, but alas that voice he was incapable of hearing. Time had done its work, and only the eye of affection could now discern the frank affectionate open little boy in the complicated suspicious violent young man. Yet the letter had its effect; he who could not endure the mildest criticism kept it among his private papers all his life, and he wisely left the regiment for a time. The Russians were engaged in the Balkans in a campaign against the Turks, and early in 1828 he managed to ob-

tain an appointment on the staff of Prince Woronzow, who was commanding a brigade outside Varna.

As a fighting man he was successful. He ignored discomfort, was indifferent to hardship, and possessed great physical courage. As one of his officers was to say twenty-six years later in the Crimea, "He's brave, damn him!" Very encouraging reports came home to Lady Spencer. "Lord Bingham never let slip an opportunity to be in the fighting, even more than I could wish," wrote Prince Woronzow on September 23, 1828, and Lord Heytesbury, the British Ambassador to Russia, forwarding the letter, added,

> His conduct has been such as to draw the attention and merit the approbation of the Emperor. The Empress was pleased to inform me a few days since that the Emperor had mentioned him upon more than one occasion in his private letters to her, doing full justice to his zeal and gallantry and adding that he was "Un fort bon garçon."

At the close of the campaign he received the order of St. Anne, second class, and reached England early in 1829. In June he married Lady Anne Brudenell, youngest of the seven Brudenell sisters, tall, extremely handsome, but, according to Queen Adelaide, who had observed her behaviour at Court, "worldly and not over-wise." After a prolonged honeymoon abroad, the young couple went to Ireland, where George Bingham reassumed the command of the 17th Lancers.

A curious incident now occurred. In 1826, after a violently contested election, George Bingham had been returned to Parliament as member for Mayo. A number of votes in the constituency were controlled by a Major Fitzgerald, who caused them to be cast for Lord Bingham, alleging that he was induced to do so by the promise of "a comfortable appointment, either civil or military, in a good climate," in spite of other tempting offers, notably from Lord Sligo. However, the Government went out of office, George Bingham went to the Balkans, no comfortable appointment was forthcoming, and financial disaster overtook Major Fitzgerald, who "with a numerous family was compelled to flee the country and reside at Ostend." Letters, first of complaint and then of threat, pursued George Bingham through the Balkans, on his honeymoon,

and then to Ireland. Finally, in 1830, Major Fitzgerald played what he evidently considered to be a trump card: he issued a challenge. Someone had misinformed Major Fitzgerald as to George Bingham's character, and the major was under the delusion that he would rather pay then be shot at. Immediately on receipt of the letter George Bingham obtained leave from the Commander-in-Chief and hurried with a second to Ostend, where he knocked the major up in the middle of the night and offered to fight him then and there. The major's consternation was not to be described; he attempted to temporise, there had been some misunderstanding, no challenge had been intended, and as a matter of fact he had mislaid his pistols. George Bingham would allow no delay, the major must fight or apologise—and he would lend him pistols. A meeting was fixed for dawn, but unfortunately the major took the wrong road. George and his second waited. The major appeared, but now his second had taken the wrong road. The major disappeared once more, and still George Bingham and his second waited. The sun was high in the sky when the major's second at last appeared without the major, but with an apology. George Bingham set out at once for England with the apology in his pocket.

Within a few months a whispering of scandal began. It was said that no duel had taken place because Lord Bingham had refused to fight, that he had first ruined Major Fitzgerald and then denied him satisfaction. By January, 1831, statements were being made in the press, and an article in the *Telegraph and Connaught Ranger* asserted that as a result of his behaviour in the duel with Major Fitzgerald, Lord Bingham was to be removed from the command of the 17th, which was to be given to—Lord Brudenell. A copy of the issue containing this article was sent, by some unknown person, to the mess of every regiment in the service. In Dublin, the district where the 17th was stationed, a paragraph appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* stating as a fact that Lord Bingham was to be removed from the command of the 17th and that Lord Brudenell was to be appointed, and the estate agent wrote from Castlebar urging that there should be a public contradiction, as Ireland was humming with gossip. A captain in the 61st Foot, a complete stranger, wrote to Lord Bingham, "Your courage is more than

doubted. From the same source it is rumoured that you are retiring from the 17th in favour of my Lord Brudenell. . . . For God's sake, my lord, vindicate your character."

George Bingham refused to descend to explanation. He published the correspondence with Major Fitzgerald in the *Court Journal,* he submitted a long private memorandum, describing the affair to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hill; beyond that he would do nothing. Nevertheless, his brother-in-law, James Brudenell, did not get the command of the 17th, the 17th remained "Bingham's Dandies." In the following year, however, Lord Brudenell did achieve a command: he bought the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 15th Hussars, at a cost, it was stated in *The Times,* of between £35,000 and £40,000.