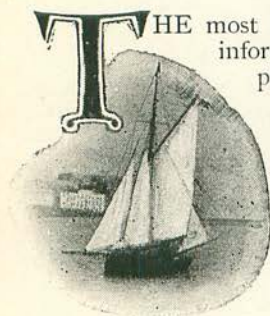


The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.



CLANDEBOVE.



YACHT "LADY HERMIONE."

THE most interesting items of information are apt to pall if subject to too frequent repetition, and the feats of statesmanship, of diplomacy, and of oratory of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava—who spends his life in adding new letters to the "alphabet streaming behind him," as someone writes in verse—are so well known that it is refreshing to turn to less broken ground, and mingle an account of the more serious portion of his life with that which deals in anecdote and incident chiefly, if not only.

In a speech made on St. Andrew's Day, in Calcutta, two or three years ago, Lord Dufferin declared himself to be a Scotchman, though, as he admitted, "greatly improved by three hundred years' residence in Ireland." Notwithstanding this assertion and the fact that he was born in Florence, we may still look on him as the most Irish of the Irish, a statement which the remark above quoted does not tend to disprove.

As a direct descendant of Sheridan, and the son of one of the most brilliant and gifted women of her day, it must always have been held probable that Lord Dufferin would make some mark in the world, but not many might have cared to hazard so bold a forecast as to say he would in turn become Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, Ambassador to Paris, to St. Petersburg, to Rome, and to Constantinople, arbiter of the destinies of the fellaheen on the banks of the Nile, and of the Men of the Mountain in the province of Syria, as well as "Maid of all Work to Her Majesty's Cabinet ministers," as he wittily styled himself in Parliament when appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

By the unfortunate means of the early death of his father, Lord Dufferin began life very young; he was only fourteen when he was called away from Eton to take possession of his estate.

His mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin, Miss Sheridan by birth, a member of an ancient Celtic family in the county Cavan, was the grand-daughter of the great dramatist and statesman, and is still remembered through numerous beautiful and pathetic verses set to music by the hand of their talented composer, and sung by her with exquisite taste

and feeling, which include the well-known ballads of "The Irish Emigrant," "Terence's Farewell," and "Katy's Letter." It is generally said that it was to this distinguished woman, by whose friendship he was honoured, that the poet Moore addressed the following lines:—

"Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lip his true archery wings;
And she who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

Another very charming and gracefully satirical production from the pen of Helen, Lady Dufferin, is entitled, in playful parody of her son's Icelandic tour, "Lispings from Low Latitudes," and relates the adventures of an English lady in Egypt. The numerous illustrations, which are very spirited and full of humour, place the heroine in every situation that drollery and imagination can suggest, and are from the same gifted hand. We are able to give a portrait of Lady Dufferin taken in the latter part of



From a)

HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN.

[Drawing

her life. The remaining two of the brilliant trio of sisters, without mention of whom no published annals of Court and social life during the first half of this century seem complete, were the Duchess of Somerset, who was unanimously elected Queen of Beauty in the celebrated Eglinton Tournament in 1839, and Mrs. Norton, a writer of romance eminent in her day, some of whose songs and verses are almost as popular now as during her lifetime, and whose story of "The Lady of La Garaye," told in verse, has rarely found its equal in simple charm and pathos in any language.

The present Marchioness of Dufferin,

whose family is mentioned elsewhere, is known to all for the great work she undertook in India with a view to ameliorating the condition of the native women, and introducing female medical aid into the zenanas. Only those acquainted through personal experience with the ignorance of the most common laws of nature, and the apathy shown in the presence of the most terrible and most protracted of sufferings, can have any idea of the condition of things in this respect

in our Eastern empire before the noble-hearted Vicereine took the matter in hand. Of the tact and assiduity with which she induced one great Indian prince after another to permit, to sympathise with, and to aid in her undertaking, till the whole vast peninsula was working with her and for her, this is not the place to speak, more especially as an article on "Lady Dufferin and the Women of India" appeared in this magazine last November. Nor yet can more than one brief word be said of the grace and dignity with

which, since she took her place by his side as a bride of eighteen, Lady Dufferin has accompanied her husband from place to place, making his many difficult tasks light in a manner which only a woman can, and adding to his popularity by the exercise of her own unquestioned charms, which have secured for her the respect and admiration of all who have known her on both sides the world.

Helen, Lady Dufferin, was her son's guardian until he came of age, but before that time he began to put his house in order by planting long avenues of trees in all directions round Clondeboye, his place

in County Down, and by cutting two large lakes, now combined, in the grounds, thus providing much-needed employment for the labouring population of the neighbourhood at the time of the great famine, when general distress was almost as rife in the North as in the South of Ireland. One of these avenues terminates at Helen's Bay, a beautiful little spot well known to sailors on the north coast, in whose proximity a pretty little bathing village has come into existence. Another of the long green alleys leads to Helen's Tower, built by Lord Dufferin in his mother's honour, and which is furnished as a residence, each story consisting of one minute room and its own portion of the spiral staircase, and it rises to such a height that anyone taking up their station by the flag-staff on the platform at the top has a view of the

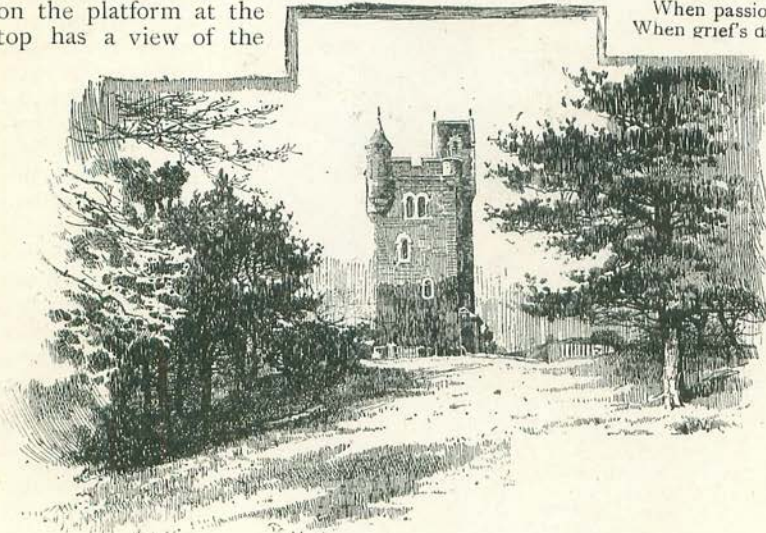
recent editions of Lord Tennyson's works are to be found other lines on it beginning—

"Helen's tower, here I stand—
Dominant o'er sea and land;
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engraved in gold."

Space must also be made for a short extract from the exquisite lines in which Lady Dufferin resigned her guardianship of her son, which are engraved on a marble slab fixed to the inner wall of the tower:—

"At a most solemn pause we stand,
From this day forth—for evermore,
The weak, but loving human hand,
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
Then as thro' life thy footsteps stray,
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
'Let there be light' upon thy way,
And holier guidance far than mine;
'Let there be light' in thy clear soul,
When passion tempts or doubts assail;
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
'Let there be light'
that shall not fail!
... And pray, that
she whose hand
doth trace
This heart warm
prayer, when life
is past,
May see and know
thy blessed face
In God's own glorious
light at last."

Lord Dufferin inherited a love of the sea from his father, a captain in Her Majesty's Navy, and a few years later he struck the keel of his yacht, the *Foam*, against the



HELEN'S TOWER, CLANDEROVE

distant shores or Cantyre, Wigtonshire, and of the Isle of Man.

In a little work published for private circulation, one notices with interest that the lady to whom, in 1850, was assigned the task of christening this romantic tower, was Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, the wife of Lord Dufferin's nearest neighbour and closest friend, and whose daughter was, a dozen years later, to become the Countess of Dufferin.

Among our illustrations we give one of the monument which has been celebrated in the verse of some of the greatest writers of our day. A sonnet of Robert Browning's compares this "Love's rock-built tower" of the island in the north to that of the "Greek beauty of the Scæan Gate," while in the

walls of the towers which guard the inviolate sanctuary of the Virgin of the Ice- realm. The title of that most attractive tale of the sea is "Letters from High Latitudes," and the writer, while steering his own vessel through the thick, black night of the North, and wielding with his own hand the iron bars which pushed off the ice-blocks threatening to engulf her, found time to record the legends he heard on the way. He covered a distance of six thousand miles before he returned home, came within six hundred and thirty miles of the North Pole, and re-discovered the island of Jan Mayen, which had so long been lost behind its opaque barrier of fog. Not the least interesting part of this fascinating book are the illustrations from the

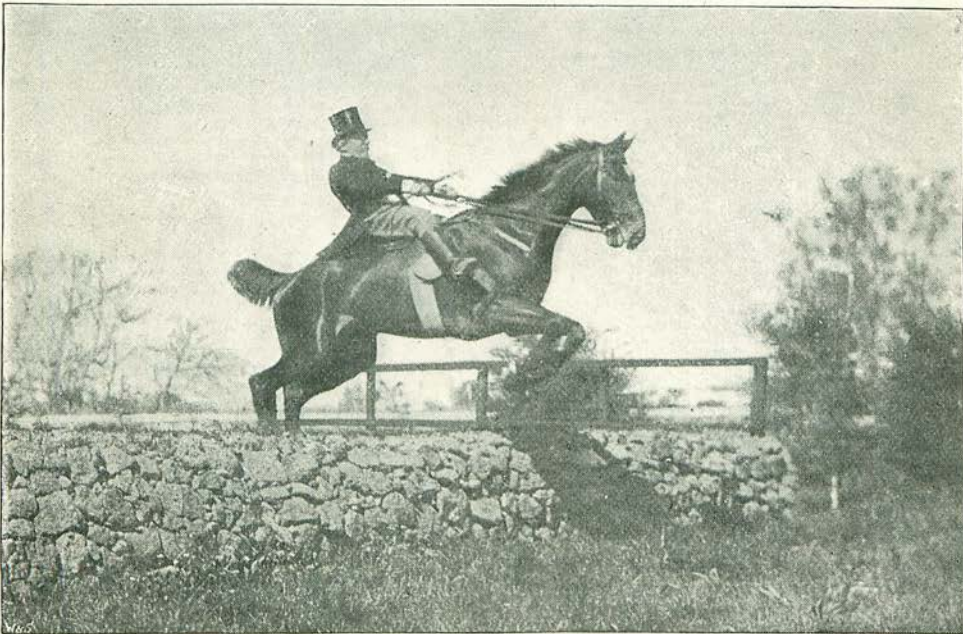
writer's own hand. "Et ego in Arctis" has been written beneath one sketch, where we see a narrow lidless coffin in which rests the perfect skeleton of a man, some whaler who had perished here, according to the inscription marked on a rude wooden cross in the Dutch tongue, just a century before. Another shows us the snow-crested peaks of Jan Mayen, peeping strangely through one diminutive window cut in a dense wall of cloud, at the tiny *Foam* who has come so far to pay her morning call on this giant of the North, and who now stands curtsying gracefully outside the inhospitably-closed doors of her ill-mannered friend. A large painting in oils has been done from this little sketch, which, having crossed more southerly seas, in company with the portraits of the more renowned of the Sheridan family, to adorn the walls of Lord Dufferin's then home, the Embassy of Constantinople, has now returned to the walls of Clandeboye, where likewise is to be seen the figure-head of the gallant little *Foam*, which has made her way so far afield.

The rush and fall of salt water has ever since his first voyage had a charm for Lord Dufferin, and he has rarely failed to snatch some hours from each of the busy years of his life for a tussle with the sea.

A distinguished sea captain was recently heard to remark that His Excellency was

"again trying to make a hole in the list of Ambassadors by tempting Neptune with that water-sprite of his, which has the outward characteristics of a boat and the inward mechanism of a watch." The allusion was made to a graceful little fairy of diminutive dimensions, the *Lady Hermione*, of which we give a representation in our initial letter, and which, succeeding *The Woman in White*, *The Man in Black*, and a host of other craft owning Lord Dufferin as captain, is now disporting herself in the Bay of Naples, but which we may shortly expect to see nearer home, in one of those many harbours which own the sway of the lately-created Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Lord Dufferin is himself a good sportsman; he has shot deer in Russia, bear in the Rocky Mountains, and tiger in India, besides clay-pigeons on the Bosphorus. At his present post in Rome, being Irish, he spends his hours of recreation in the hunting field, where Jaracewski, "The Hunting Colonel," who is not unknown in the English shires, points out his manner of taking his fences to the young Roman officers who are being trained in *le sport*, and bids them do likewise. Copies of a popular illustrated paper, representing His Excellency on horseback poised in the air above a five-barred gate, and instantaneous photographs of him under similar condi-



[From an Instantaneous Photograph]

IN THE HUNTING FIELD—ROME.

[by E. Ghezzi, Rome.]



From a]

THRONE ROOM—BRITISH EMBASSY, ROME.

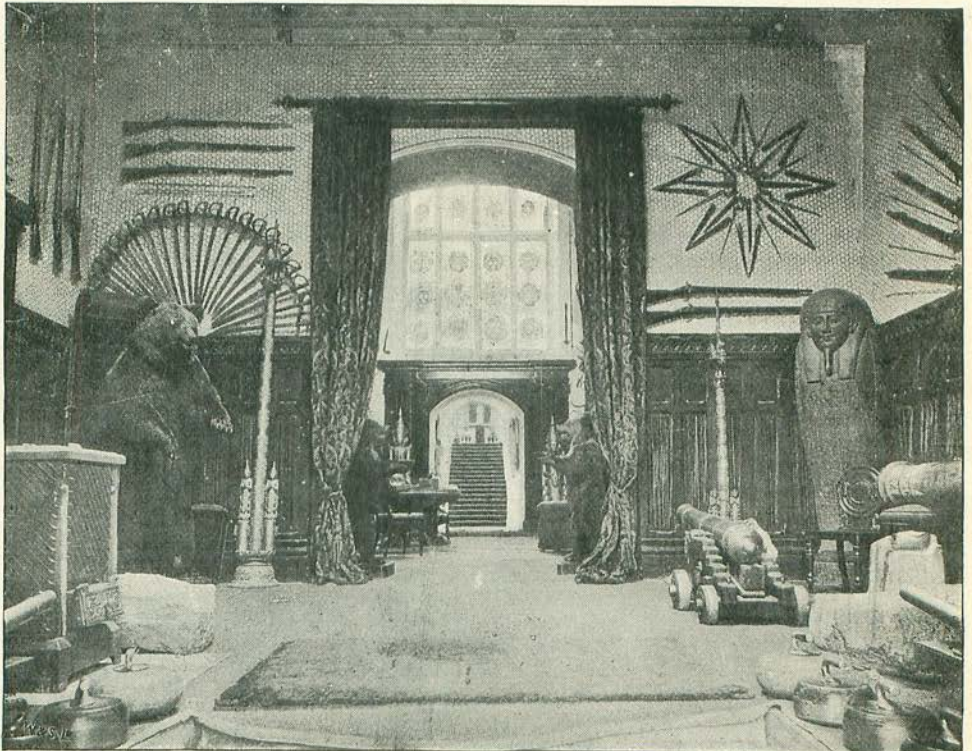
[Photograph.

of the British Embassy in Rome as it appears while in Lord Dufferin's hands. The Throne-room is so called from the Royal seat which is placed on a raised platform at the upper end. The arms of Great Britain and Ireland are richly embroidered in gold on the canopy above the throne, and above that again is the musicians' gallery, with a classic balustrade copied from a fine fragment of one discovered on the Palatine Hill. Spiral staircases passing upwards from either side of this dais, lead up to the gallery, whence one has a view

tions, were to be seen last season in every corner of the city on the Tiber.

Among our illustrations is included one

Palatine Hill. Spiral staircases passing upwards from either side of this dais, lead up to the gallery, whence one has a view



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE HALL, CLONDEBOYE

[J. Mack, Coleraine.

of this magnificent room, down the side of which runs a long corridor, the latter being separated from the main body of the apartment by pillars and hanging draperies. The windows on this side overlook the gardens of the Embassy, which are bounded in one part by the Aurelian wall of Ancient Rome while on the other one surveys the Via Venti Settembre, and the gates by which, twenty years ago, Garibaldi entered Rome. Under the régime of former ambassadors, this saloon was used only as a ball-room, but Lord and Lady Dufferin furnished it completely, and use it as their favourite

At the foot of the staircase, which is of white marble with balustrade of the same, and branches off to right and left, is another Oriental memento, the gilded figure of an Indian god; and behind that is the fine entrance hall, its roof resting on columns of marble, and which, under Lord Dufferin's directions, has been fitted up with divans and lounges in crimson cloth.

The rest of the interior views which we have included in our series, are those of Lord Dufferin's estate in Ireland. The mansion of Clondeboye was erected in the reign of James I., but has been frequently altered



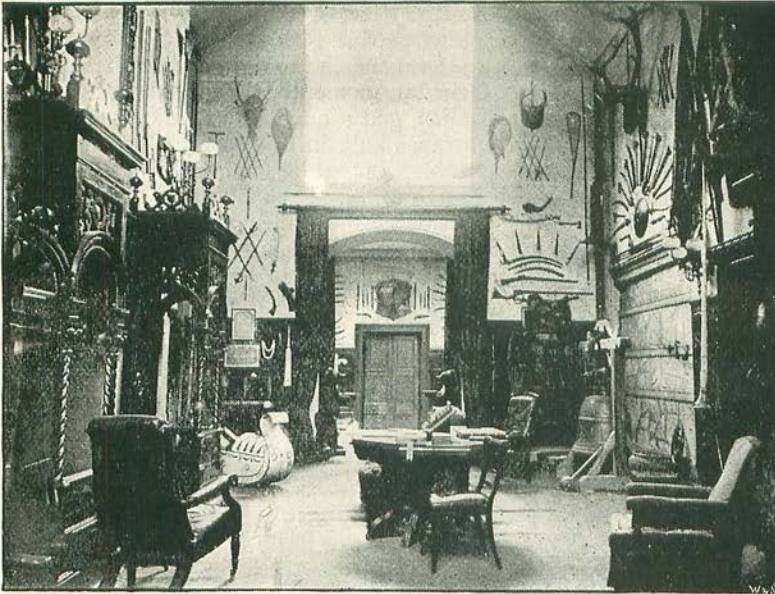
From a Photo. by)

INNER HALL, CLONDEBOYE.

[J. Mack, Coleraine.

sitting-room. On the walls of this and the adjoining apartments, are shields and weapons brought from India and Burmah, with a fine collection of the portraits of the great tributary princes of our Eastern Empire. On the tables lie the beautifully wrought cases of gold, silver, and ivory in which addresses were presented to the former Viceroy; among them is the casket of gold and gems that contained the documents in which the freedom of the City of London was bestowed upon him on his return from his brilliant rule in the East.

and enlarged since that time. From the terraces one has a fine view over the lake, which has already been mentioned, and of the park, which, among its other features, includes a well-grown pinetum. Within, the interesting appearance of the entrance-hall at once strikes one, as here are collected treasures from all parts of the world—stuffed seals and skins from the Arctic regions, great brown bears from the Rockies, and tiger-skins from the East. The native weapons of different savage tribes, including the tomahawks of the Red Indians, form



From a Photo. by]

INNER HALL, CLANDEBOVE.

[J. Mack, Coleraine

trophies on the walls. The big round eyes of grotesque idols from the same part of the world, stand against the walls, and about their feet are curling-stones from Canada ; guns from Burmah point their long tubes at the passer-by, and the rounded outlines of an elaborately decorated mummy-case from Egypt are seen beyond them. Shells brought over at a much later date from the fields of Tel-el-Khebir are grouped together in one corner, and near them is a large bronze bell in its stand, from still further East. Banners wave from the roof, hanging above the handsome chimney-piece of carved oak, which, enclosing an open hearth, makes room for two large crimson-cushioned settees beneath its wide-spreading canopy ; while, looking down on the whole, is a fine portrait of Lord Dufferin in his peer's robes, by Ary Scheffer.

The walls of

the staircase by which one passes to the principal rooms, are lined with pictures, many of them from Lord Dufferin's own hand, the pursuit of art having always been one of his favourite occupations. At the head is the alabaster figure of one of the earlier Egyptian kings, from a tomb discovered by Lord Dufferin during his explorations in Egypt many years ago. This leads one on to the picture gallery, where are excellent copies of some of the masterpieces of mediæval art. Here, also, is a bust of the Marquis when a young man, by the sculptor Macdonald ; and in the neighbouring room are copies of the portraits of the female members of the brilliant Sheridan family, among whom beauty and wit have been said to be hereditary. Another staircase leads from this room, and at the point where its balustrades terminate, the tusks of narwhals, brought by Lord Dufferin from the North, rise high,



From a Photo. by]

PICTURE GALLERY, CLANDEBOVE.

[J. Mack, Coleraine.

their counterparts being also seen in other parts of the house.

In 1860 Lord Dufferin went as British Commissioner to Syria, to regulate the home policy of the Lebanon district, then a scene of perpetual turmoil and a very maëlstrom of blood-feud, but which has since become the most peaceful and prosperous portion of the Turkish Empire. On his return, he gave a most interesting lecture, entitled "Notes on Ancient Syria," at the Young Men's Christian Association in Dublin. The address has since been published, and in it the following passage occurs:—"The first visit a man pays to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, produces a greater revolution in his ideas, a larger expansion of thought, a warmer



From a Photo. by

LIBRARY, CLANDEBOVE.

[J Mack, Coleraine

stimulus to his imagination, than any other process his mind can undergo. . . . Along the path leading from the village of Nain," Lord Dufferin went on, "little effort is required to picture to one's self the memorable procession that once left its streets—the veiled and weeping mother, the friends and neighbours with their sad burden, and

above all, that beloved and awful Presence Whose memory is associated with every step we take among the hills of His earthly home."

In 1872 Lord Dufferin was sent as Governor-General of Canada, when the tact and personal influence exercised during his tours through the vast provinces of the North-West, brought about the pacification of British Columbia, then



From a Photo. by

DRAWING-ROOM, CLANDEBOVE

[J Mack, Coleraine



LORD DUFFERIN—VICEROY OF CANADA.
From a Photo. by W. Notman, Montreal.

clamouring for separation from the Dominion.

We find an excellent pen-portrait in a letter from the well-known American writer, Mr. Moncure Conway, at the time of Lord Dufferin's appointment to our American colonies. He met the future Governor-General on the top of an omnibus running from Richmond Hill to Piccadilly, both, as Mr. Moncure Conway explains, having ascended to that eminence in order that they might enjoy a balmy April morning, and each, it is necessary to add, ignoring the name of his companion.

"By my side," the letter says, "there sat a middle-sized man, with a very intelligent countenance. We had a good deal of conversation. He was particularly interested in America, and indi-

cated such an intimacy with its politics that he might have been mistaken for an American, especially as there was very little of the Englishman in his appearance. He had a face more Celtic than Saxon—a fine, intellectual forehead, a light, soft eye—in all, a face of delicate beauty, but at the same time vigorous in expression. I was much delighted with my companion's ideas of literature, art, and politics; while his charming voice and his beaming expression convinced me that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. By the time we reached Regent's - circus, cigars were ended; my new acquaintance alighted and disappeared among the millions of London, with a fair prospect of remaining with me for the time to



From a Photo. by LORD DUFFERIN—VICEROY OF INDIA. [Bourne & Shepherd, Bombay]



From a]

THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S STATE BARGE.

[Photograph.

come, only as a pleasant omnibus-top mémoires.

"But it was not to be so. A few evenings afterwards, I happened to be in the strangers' section of the House of Lords. My eyes were wandering about from face to face, lingering here and there upon one which seemed like an historical figure-head of ancient historic England. But a voice struck me as one I had heard before. I could not be mistaken in that low clear tone. . . . It was my friend of the omnibus-top. Dry as the theme was—I have forgotten it—the speaker had invested it with interest. He had looked deeper into it than others, knew the point on which the question turned, and in a few simple words made the statement to which nothing could be added. Since then it has been my privilege to meet Lord Dufferin in society, to listen to him, to know something of his life, and my first impression has been more than confirmed. I am quite sure there is no one among the Peers of England who surpasses him in all that goes to make the gentleman, the true-hearted man, and the refined scholar. . . . Many most influential men at once named him as the right man to succeed Lord Mayo in India. There was, indeed,

a slight disappointment in some quarters, that Lord Northbrook should have been preferred for the post in question. But Canada gains a great deal by it. England could send her no better man."

In 1879, at the moment when diplomatic relations between England and Russia were strained almost to snapping point, Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador

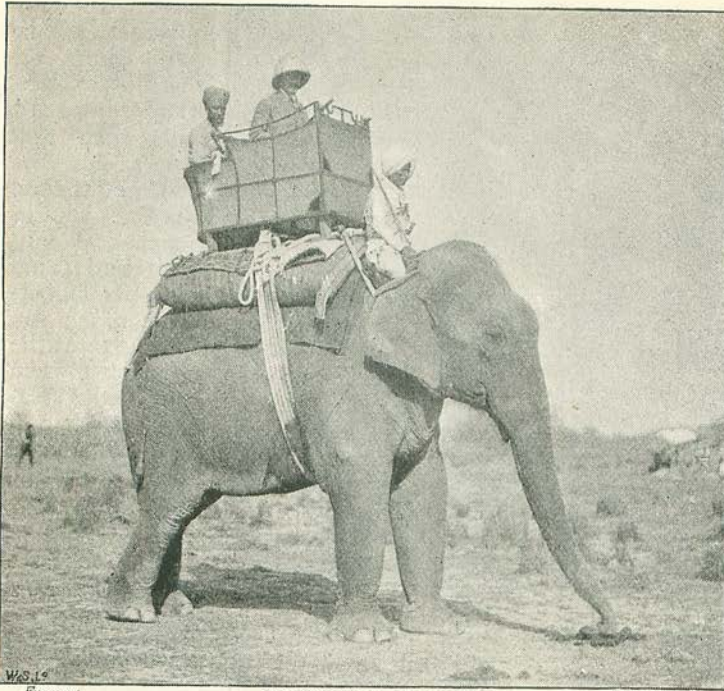
to St. Petersburg. The threatened outbreak of hostilities averted, he was transferred to Constantinople. Of his sojourn on the Bosphorus and on the Nile mention has already been made.

In 1884 he proceeded as Viceroy to India,



From a]

NATIVE FEEDING TIGER CUB WITH BABY'S BOTTLE. [Photograph.



From a

STARTING ON A TIGER HUNT.

[Photograph.

the conquest of Upper Burmah, which country he visited at the close of the war, and whence he derives his second title, being the leading event of his four years' brilliant rule in the East.

We give various illustrations of His Excellency's progress through the newly-conquered province. In magnificence and wealth of resource this journey can only be likened to the State processions of the ancient Byzantine Empire. As the *Clive*, which had conveyed the Viceroy and his

destination, the city of Mandalay.

In 1888 Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to Rome, a post he has held till the present moment, and during his tenure of which he has, in conjunction with Sir Evelyn Baring, carried through the work of the delimitation of the sphere of British influence in Africa.

Lord Dufferin has now entered a new sphere of action. On the lamented death of Lord Lytton, her Majesty's Government appointed him as Ambassador to Paris.

staff from Diamond Harbour, Calcutta, steamed into that of Rangoon, a salute of thirty-one guns was fired, while the British men-of-war, the *Bacchante*, the *Woodlark*, the *Turquoise*, and the *Sphinx*, manned their yards, and saluted in their turn. The viceregal party then proceeded to a large temporary building, richly decorated and gilded, and which had been copied from a Burmese pagoda, after which the State carriage conveyed them to the palace. Later on, the State barge was placed in requisition to convey the representative of our Empress-Queen part of the way to his final



From a

AFTER THE HUNT.

[Photograph.